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No. 340. NEW SERIES.

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## A HEROINE OF BURNS.

THE peasant poet of Scotland had many loves; but amongst them all there is none which has held forth such images of purity and tenderness as his attachment to one on whom he has himself conferred the poetical appellation of Highland Mary. The love of the poet for this young woman was broken off by the event of her sudden death. She also appears, from his own descriptions, to have been a singularly gentle and affectionate creature. These circumstances, embalmed in the heart-touching strains of the poet himself, have excited regarding her an interest such as has rarely indeed befallen a maiden of her humble rank.

All that has hitherto been known or understood regarding Highland Mary may be expressed in a few sentences. Her name was Mary Campbell, and she had been a servant at Coilsfield House, in Burns's neighbourhood in Ayrshire, and likewise with his friend Mr Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. Burns himself places on record that she was 'a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love.' He adds—'After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.' This is the bulk of her story. Mr Cromek, who published 'Reliques of Burns,' had learned some more minute particulars. 'The adieu,' he says, 'was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they lav'd their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again.'

There are, however, no memorials of this parting comparable to the verses in which Burns has recorded it. For example:—

'Wi' many a vow and locked embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging a't to meet again,  
We turn'd ourselves around.  
But, oh, fell death's untimely frost  
That nipt my flower so early!  
Now green's the sod and cauld the clay  
That wrap'd my Highland Mary.  
Oh pale, pale now those rosy lips  
I left her kiss'd so fondly!

And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me so kindly;  
And mouldering now in silent dust  
That heart that loed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary!

Or the still more affecting verses, 'To Mary, in Heaven,' which he composed several years after the death of their subject, under remarkable circumstances. Burns was now a farmer on the banks of the Nith—a husband, and the father of several children. He had passed through scenes of gay and elegant life in Edinburgh, and indulged in many passionate, though temporary attachments. Still, under all circumstances, the image of the simple Highland girl had remained deep in his heart, and he could never recall her melancholy fate without a pang. One harvest evening in the year 1789, after he had been busy all day with his reapers, his wife observed him grow very sad about something. He had remembered that it was the anniversary of the death of Mary. He 'at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, intreating him in vain to observe that the frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon," and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses:—

'Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?  
That sacred hour can I forget—  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace,  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!  
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn bow,  
Twined ambrosious round the reared grove;

\* Lockhart's Life of Burns.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray—  
Till too too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the splendour of winged day

Still o'er these scenes my memory wails  
And fondly but in vain my care  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels keep wear  
My Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See at thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear at thou the groans that rend his breast!

It was impossible for any one to be the theme of such verses without becoming an object of profound interest to all who are capable of appreciating them. Accordingly, it is not surprising that, in later times particularly, everything which could be readily learned regarding Highland Mary has been brought before the public. It, after all, amounted to little, and that little apart from the love of Burns, was commonplace enough. It was learned, for instance, that her father was a sailor belonging to a revenue cutter stationed at Campbeltown—that her relations latterly lived at Greenock, where her mother died in poverty in 1828—and, strange to say, that her friends had entertained so strong a prejudice against her lover, as to burn his letters, and withhold silence about his name. One memorial, however, of the love of Burns and Mary made its appearance not long after the mother's death, and was heard of with a thrill of interest all over Scotland. This was the identical Bible which the poet had given to his mistress on the day of their parting. Passing to Canada in the possession of a collateral relative of Mary, it was there redeemed for a large sum by some enthusiastic Scotmen, and sent home to be deposited in the poet's monument at Ayr. It was a plain and somewhat worn copy in two volumes, containing the poet's name on a blank leaf of either, together with two texts marking the intense feeling of that memorable second Sunday of May:—'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord' *Levit. xix. 12*. 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths'—*Matt. v. 33*. This relic, it is needless to say, has been preserved with great care and is, during the travelling season, viewed with deep emotion by thousands.

It was strange, all this time, that no biographer of Burns had undertaken to assign a date to the affair of Mary Campbell. Mr Cronin had called her 'the first object of the youthful poet's love,' and Professor Wilson, in his beautiful, generous 'Essay on the Genius and Character of Burns,' also spoke of the attachment as occurring at an early period of the poet's life. Burns himself, in sending a song written about her to Miss Thomson, had said, 'In my very early years when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl,' the song was one beginning—

'Will ye go to the Indies my Mary  
And leave auld Scotia a shore?  
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across the Atlantic's roar.'

Language, by the way, which does not look very like a farewell to a sweetheart. He had said of still another song on the same person—one entitled 'The Highland Lassie'—'This was a composition of mine in my early years, before I was known at all in the world.' These expressions, with the very character of the whole affair—invested, it seemed to be, with a purity bespeaking the untroubled morn of life—led all alike, writers and readers, to rest quietly in the assumption that Burns had courted Mary at some early period of his career, when contemplating a voyage to the West Indies to push his fortune there. Yet no notice of any such design could be traced to in his life, or any letter or other document connected with him, anterior to the summer of 1786, when Jean Armour had assumed such a posture between him and his future wife, that he did arrange a voyage, from which, indeed, he was only with-

held by the success of his poems, published at that crisis.

The mystery thus attached to the story of Mary at length attracted the attention of a gentleman whose name had hitherto been unconnected with the history and works of the Ayrshire bard. It occurred to Mr William Douglas of Edinburgh that the idea of its being a juvenile attachment of Burns had hitherto been too easily acquiesced in. The Bible bore on its title page the date 1782, when Burns was in his twenty-fourth year. It must have been later than that time. After the poet's name was inscribed that of his residence, 'Moss-gul.' He did not live there till the spring of 1784. It must have also been later than that time, more particularly as Burns was most unlikely to be thinking of a voyage to the West Indies when just entering upon a new farm, the fortunes of which were all to be proved. Mr Douglas was less forcible in his objections to 1783, neither could he be considered as settling the event as not earlier than the spring of 1786, on the mere showing that Burns up to that time was accustomed to spell his name 'Burnes,' whereas it is 'Burns' on the Bible inscriptions—because the spelling of names is in no degree a matter of caprice, and it is certain that at least other people wrote his name 'Burns' before 1786, so indeed, it is entered in the register of his birth. It was nevertheless remarkable that we should be forced back to 1784, when Burns could not be considered as very youthful and brought into a period of his life of which the details are comparatively well known, there being amongst these no recognised or authoritative trace of Mary. In 1785 Burns was devotedly attached to Jean Armour. It was a year of great and brilliant literary exertion, being that in which the bulk of his poems was composed. There is no room here for the contemplation of a voyage to the West Indies, or the love of Highland Mary. In 1786, as has been mentioned, Burns was brought by evil fortune to prepare for such a voyage, but then his other circumstances were such as, in his sight, to preclude such an attachment. With Jean he had avowed a private marriage in spring—not a moment too early, one would have said, for the young lady's peace, though, strange to say, her father had forced her to disclaim Burns as her husband, infinitely to the grief and resentment of the unhappy poet. Was it now that Burns loved Mary Campbell? It could not be at any later time—that was quite clear for Burns had no need to think of exile from his native land after Oct. 1, 1786, when his success as a poet was decided. Much reason was shown why it could not be earlier. Not without some hesitation, Mr Douglas became convinced that think what we might of it, it was in the May of 1786, little more than a month after he had been thrown off by Jean Armour, that he took that tender farewell of the simple Highland Lassie on the banks of the Ayr to know her thenceforth no more as a living woman, but as an image of beauty, and tenderness, and truth, resting in his bosom for ever.

On his bringing this theory before a learned society in Edinburgh, the ingenuity and acuteness of his arguments were acknowledged, and many admitted that he had made it all but certain that 1786 was the true date. On that occasion a member said that, if this should prove to be the case, as seemed likely, he did not see how it should greatly affect our feelings regarding either Burns or the story of this attachment. The vacillating pulses of the heart are a great mystery. Burns, we know well, had been rendered half frantic in consequence of his repudiation by Jean. At such a crisis his soul would rush to a compensation in the affections of some more devoted fair one, especially if, as was not unlikely, he had felt favourably disposed towards that other person before. A month or six weeks was a long time in the almanac of the heart, at least a Solway-sided heart like that of Burns. It often happens that, under a disappointment or rejection from one woman, a man will abruptly pay addresses to and marry another. Some other persons spoke on the occa-

sion, but generally expressed themselves as inclined to regard the point as still greatly doubtful.

In a new biography of Burns which Mr Robert Chambers is preparing, upon a plan which will include his poems and letters, and involve greater accuracy and greater detail than any preceding one, it has been necessary of course to treat this question, and, if possible, to settle it. For this purpose the author made some personal investigations, which resulted in bringing such powerful documentary evidence in favour of Mr Douglas's theory, that he has felt himself entitled to introduce the affair of Mary as occurring in 1786. The present paper may best be completed by an extract from the work: \*

'Mary, we are to presume from the narration of the poet, had proceeded immediately after their parting to Campbeltown, where her parents then resided. She had spent the summer there; but whether she had taken any steps in arranging matters for a union with Burns seems doubtful, as it is the report of a very intelligent member of the family that her mother used to speak as if she had never been consulted on the subject. Another report in the family is, that while Mary resided with her parents, they became alarmed at her receiving a letter weekly from one whom they heard spoken of as "a strange character," and "a great scoffer at women." Mary met the account of her lover's character with a smile, and thereafter was allowed to continue receiving his letters.†

'A sister of Mary's mother was the wife of one Peter Macpherson, a ship-carpenter at Greenock. It being determined that her younger brother Robert should be entered with Macpherson as an apprentice, her father came to Greenock to make the proper arrangements, and Mary accompanied him. For this step on Mary's part we can well surmise further and private reasons of her own, since Burns has expressly said that she crossed the sea [the Firth of Clyde] to meet him. There was what is called a *brothering-feast* at Macpherson's on Robert Campbell being admitted to the craft; and it is the distinct recollection of a daughter of Macpherson still living that Mary gave her assistance in serving the company. Next morning, according to the same person's recollection, the boy Robert was so indisposed as to be unable to go to his work. When Macpherson came home to breakfast, he asked what had detained him from the yard, and was told that the young man was very poorly. Mary jocularly observed that he had probably taken a little too much after supper last night; and Macpherson, in a similar spirit of badinage, said, "Oh, then, it is just as well, in case of this worst, that I have agreed to purchase that lair in the kirkyard," referring to a place of sepulture which he had just secured for his family—a very important matter in Greenock, as there was then no resting-place for the remains of those who did not possess such property, except the corner assigned to strangers and paupers, or a grave obtained by favour from a friend.

'The young man's illness proved more serious than was at first supposed, and Mary attended him with great tenderness and assiduity. In a few days Robert began to recover, but at the same time Mary drooped, and became seriously unwell. Her friends believed and said that she suffered from the cast of an evil eye, and recommended her father to go to a cross burn—that is, a place where two burns meet—and select seven smooth stones from the channel, boil them with new milk for a certain time, and then give her the milk to drink. It must be remembered that these were Highland

people, and that the Highlanders are to this day full of superstitious notions. The drink was duly prepared, as had been recommended, and given to Mary; but her illness was soon declared to be fever, of a malignant species then prevalent in the town, and in a few days the poor girl died. She was buried in the *lae* which her uncle had so recently bought, being the first of the family who was placed in it.

'Such are the particulars derived from Macpherson's daughter, and from a male relative of the family\* who has often conversed on the subject with Mary's mother. There seems to be no good reason for doubting them, or any of them. The only point in which the story is defective is the date, a matter regarding which the memory is apt to be less faithful than with respect to events. There is, unluckily, no register of deaths or funerals for this period in Greenock. In my efforts by other means, to ascertain the date of Mary's death, I met for some time with little success. On a visit to the town for the purpose of making investigations, my first attention was given to Mary's grave. It is in the burial-ground of the West Church of Greenock, the original and principal parish of the town—a melancholy and half-deserted precinct, so close to the Firth, that a stone could be thrown into it from the passing steamer. In a central situation are two flat stones, recording the ancestors of the illustrious James Watt. Near the west end is the little plot which had belonged to Peter Macpherson, the ship-carpenter. Shading it from the setting sun is a tall, elegant structure which a few admirers of Burns have erected for the commemoration of her whom the poet loved. It contains a sculpture representing the parting of the lovers, while a ship in another compartment hints a different part of the story. At the foot of this lofty structure nestles the original *High headstone* of Macpherson. In its semilunar upper compartment are carved the tools of a carpenter, with the date 1760. Underneath, on the square body of the stone, is the legend—"This Burying-Place belongs to Peter Macpherson, ship-carpenter in Greenock, and Mary Campbell his spouse, and their children. 1787." There was an uncertainty here. The stone might have been erected in 1760 by some member of Macpherson's family, from whom he had inherited it; and, notwithstanding the legend and second date, Mary might have been buried there at any time from 1760 downward. I observed, however, that the legend and second date are inscribed upon a surface half an inch or so *inward* from that on which the tools were carved, as if an earlier inscription had been obliterated—implying that the stone had undergone a renovation in 1787. If that was to be regarded as a doing of Macpherson when he became possessed of the lair, the tendency of the evidence might be said to be in favour of a late rather than an early date for the death of Mary. Still, the matter was left at an unsatisfactory point.

'At this stage of the inquiry it was brought to mind that there was a Register of Lairs, in which it might be hoped that the date of Macpherson's purchase was entered. A wretched tattered old volume was found buried in a mass of similar rubbish, in the possession of Mr Teulon, superintendent of the burying-grounds of Greenock, by whose obliging assistance, with no small difficulty, an entry was at length found, to the following effect:—

"1760  
"Janr 14. Duncan Robertson, carpenter 5. 20. 0.  
"1786  
"Oct. 19. This lair & this day transferred to Peter Macpherson, ship-carpenter in Greenock."

There could not of course remain the slightest doubt that the ground which contains the ashes of Highland Mary was bought by her uncle at the very time when Robert Burns designed to sail from Greenock for the West Indies. Macpherson, exactly as I had conjectured, had succeeded to a stone, which he had renovated, and

\* Mr R. Chambers takes this opportunity of stating that he will receive with thankfulness any paper written by or respecting Burns. He pledges himself to take the greatest care of any which may be forwarded to him, and to return them carefully. In a subject so obscure and confused, even a date may sometimes be of consequence. He would therefore intrust that persons possessing documents, and willing to interest him with them, will not be too ready to think them unlikely to be useful.

† Letter of John Kerr, Esq. of Glasgow, in the 'Glasgow Times' newspaper, Nov. 7, 1829.

\* Mr J. C. Roagins, Glasgow, Greenock.

only the sculpture of his predecessor's emblems of trade, because these were equally suitable for himself. Unless, then, we are to reject the family story entirely, and suppose it possible that Mary was buried here while Duncan Robertson possessed the ground, which, I am informed, the customs of sepulture in Greenock render to the last degree improbable, we must admit that her death took place in the latter part of 1786—consequently after her poet-lover had broken off his match with Jean Armour; in short, the piteous tale of the Highland Lassie comes in as one of several episodes that chequered the main attachment of Burns's life—that which terminated in making him at length a husband.

Mary's parents and other near relations, who afterwards settled in Greenock, were of such a grade of mind and strain of sentiment as to shrink for many years from all acknowledgment of Burns as her lover. It cannot be surprising that a man who could think of administering a decoction of pebbles as a cure for his daughter's illness, was narrow-spirited enough to burn the letters of a great poet, and forbid his name to be mentioned in the family. The mother, who was a good, kind-hearted creature, was more relenting. She learned to sing the song of the "Highland Lassie" to her grandchildren. On being asked by her grand-nephew, Mr J. C. Douglas, if she thought that Mary would have married Burns, she said that she could not tell what might have happened if Mary had survived; but she did not think her sweet lassie could have ever been happy with so wild and profane a genius as Burns; yet she would immediately add, that he was "a real warm-hearted chield"—for such was the impression he had made upon her when he had subsequently paid her a visit. The old woman always spoke of Mary, who was the eldest of her eight children, as a paragon of gentleness and amiability. Her sincerity was a quality which, above all others, the mother fondly dwelt on. There is, indeed, all desirable reason to believe that Mary was of a character to have graced, if not even rectified, a companion spirit such as Burns—who, in subsequent years, might well have imagined that with her he could have been something different from what he was.

"What conquest o'Foech erring thought  
Of that fierco realm had Agnes wrought!  
I had not wandered wild and wide  
With such an angel for my guide;  
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,  
If she had lived, and lived to love me."

We have now to turn to Mossiel, where the poet was living in an unsettled state, looking forward to the Jamaica voyage, but still hopeful that a ram would be caught in the thicket—that is, an Excise situation prove attainable—so as to save him from exile. It was a late harvest that year. According to Burns's own description—

"Autumn mourns her ripening corn  
By winter's early ravage torn."

Mrs Begg \* remembers that, after the harvest-work was over, and she had, as usual, taken to the big wheel, in which either her mother or one of her sisters was assisting her—Robert and Gilbert being also present—a letter for the former was handed in. He went to the window to open and read it, and she was struck by the look of agony which was the consequence. He went out without uttering a syllable. The family learned nothing of the facts of the case till after the publication of some of the songs written upon Mary; and even then, they were aware of this strange passage in their brother's life only as something too sacred for discussion or question. So deep was this impression upon the mind of Mrs Begg, that she never spoke of the story to her children, till Mr Douglas's investigation broke through the silence, and she added her testimony as to the truth of the facts, and related the above particulars.

\* The surviving story of Burns.

ject, as he has evidently done, can only be matter of conjecture. He might have some sense of remorse about this simple girl—he might feel some little shame on account of her humble position in life—he might dread the world's knowing that, after the affair of Jean Armour, in the midst of such calamitous circumstances, and facing a long exile in the West Indies, he had been so madly imprudent as to engage a poor girl to join him in wedlock, whether to go with him, or to wait for his return. Some remarks of Dr Currie, in which this affair is touched upon, and which significantly occur immediately after the recital of the rencontre with the Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle [an affair of summer 1786], are here worthy of attention, as helping to verify a narration otherwise apt to appear a modern myth. "The sensibility," says he, "of our bard's temper, and the force of his imagination, exposed him in a particular manner to the impressions of beauty; and these qualities, united to his impassioned eloquence, gave him in turn a powerful influence over the female heart. The banks of the Ayr formed the scene of youthful passions of a still tenderer nature, the history of which it would be improper to reveal, were it even in our power; and the traces of which will soon be discoverable only in those strains of nature and sensibility to which they gave birth. The song entitled 'Highland Mary' is known to relate to one of these attachments. 'It was written,' says our bard, 'on one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days.' The object of this passion died early in life, and the impression left on the mind of Burns seems to have been deep and lasting." It seems not unlikely that Currie had got a hint of the affair from Gilbert Burns, but with injunctions to touch on it lightly.

## CHEMISTRY OF CREATION.

CHEMISTRY is the science *par excellence* of experiment. Other sciences investigate the laws of nature by means of inquiry and induction; but the chemist places himself in the position of nature herself, and strives to obtain the knowledge he seeks by imitating her processes. His workshop is a copy in little of the great laboratory of creation, and we find there the human insect, whose life is but a span, dealing boldly with the elements of the universe, and turning by his art the wildest fictions of romance into every-day facts. The other sciences expand the mind and enlarge the knowledge; but chemistry, in addition, devotes herself to the physical service of the human race. She heals their diseases, indicates and prepares their food, adorns their garments, warms, lights, and ventilates their dwellings, fertilises their fields, wafts them with the speed of the wind along the land and sea, flashes their distant messages, like lightning, through the air and underneath the waters; and deserting not her votary in the day of calamity, neutralises his pain, dispels his terror, and soothes him in death.

The chemistry of creation, from which is derived the knowledge that governs the processes of practical chemistry, is not only the most useful, but the most elevating of studies; and we have accordingly been careful from time to time to present to our readers a popular glimpse of the progress of speculation and discovery connected therewith. We are now called to the agreeable task of noticing a very clever *resumé* of the whole subject, by one of those chemists whose peculiar province is the healing art, a rising young surgeon in London.\* The volume commences with a slight sketch of the history of chemistry, and then proceeds to treat separately of the chemistry of the earth, the air, and the ocean. All this is done with so little technicality of language, that the book, although in reality of considerable scientific pretensions, and embracing notices of the most recent

\* The Chemistry of Creation: being an Outline of the Chemistry of the Earth, the Air, and the Ocean. By Robert Ellis, M.R.C.S. &c. London: Printed for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1850.

discoveries, may be used as a rudimental work by common readers. We consider the publication, therefore, as meriting general attention, although it will be found more especially useful by those whose means or leisure does not admit of a regular course of study. To enable such readers to form an idea of the contents of the volume, it will suffice to notice a few points in each of the three departments of the volume. These, however, we must premise, will probably not be the salient points; for we must be guided in our choice by the novelty the subjects may have in our own pages.

In Part I. there is an interesting account of the natural process by which the substance of rocks is dissolved by the agency of air or water; and Mr Ellis proceeds to describe the results occurring on a large scale, and observable in a very few years. In one place, only six years after a path had been blasted through solid granite, those apparently indestructible walls were so much decomposed by the influence of the carbonic acid in the atmosphere, 'that the solid rock, to the depth of three inches, was in a crumbling condition.' In such districts, when a traveller steps upon what seems to be a piece of granite in its normal state, it falls to powder. In the quarries at Dartmoor, the rock is found to be more or less decomposed to the depth of fifty or sixty feet; and the walls of the prison, unadvisedly built of blocks taken from that surface granite, have 'become a spongy mass, absorbing moisture continually, rusting the iron bars, and rendering the cells so damp, that they can only be used by covering the walls within and without with Roman cement or tiles.' The granite used in the Nelson Monument in London is from the same locality; but being quarried, according to the admonitions of chemistry, from a depth beyond the influence of atmospheric decomposition, the column will in all probability be much more lasting than the prison. 'All our earthenware,' says Mr Ellis, 'from the commonest jug to the house-tile and flower-pot, is in like manner produced from a material which is formed by the influence of water, air, and carbonic acid, upon rocks of various kinds, but all more or less agreeing in composition as to their chief ingredients. In certain districts in Devonshire and Cornwall there exist rocks of a fine white granite, which exhibit the decomposing effect of these agents in a remarkable manner.\* On the surface, and for a considerable depth into their substance, the rock is altered to a soft matter resembling mortar. This is collected and washed; the water which comes from the washing of it being of the colour of milk, in consequence of its containing a quantity of white earthy substance suspended in it, is conducted into tanks, and in its passage through several reservoirs, deposits this white earthy matter at the bottom. The tanks are then emptied of water, and the white deposit being removed and dried in the open air, and subsequently more completely by a drying-stove, constitutes the beautifully fine white clay employed in the manufacture of porcelain. Not less than about 10,000 tons of this white clay, thus derived from the decomposed material of the granite rock, is exported annually for the use of the potteries. Its chemical composition—the composition in great part of our china cups and ornamental ware—is alumina (the basis of common alum), silicic acid, a little alkali and lime, and, in the unburnt state, a large proportion of water, together with a variable amount of sand. The Chinese, as well as ourselves, employ the same material for the manufacture of their exquisite porcelain.'

The remarkable phenomenon of the geysers in Iceland is traced to a similar decomposition. The geysers, our readers know, are immense boiling fountains contained in lofty basins supplied from the common hot springs below by a natural tube; and the grand agent in producing them is the decomposition effected in a rock called palagonite by hot water, carbonic acid, and

sulphuretted hydrogen. The explanation is as follows:—'The water of these boiling springs contains a dissolved hydrate of silica, which, on its evaporation, is deposited around the mouth of the spring, on the margin projecting beyond the level of the water. Of course, in the basin of the spring, and below its surface, no evaporation takes place, and therefore no incrustation can occur. Imagine, then, this process of incrustation around the edge of the spring to continue for years, the natural result would be, that the margin would become higher and higher, forming a rocky tube of siliceous matter. As the margin rises, the water of course rises also, being always a little below the former. The consequence is, that the spring, by this continued process of deposition, increases in height, until, reaching a certain altitude, it becomes converted into a regular geyser. Surrounding the tube formed in this simple manner is a hillock of siliceous matter, formed by the overflowing of the water of the spring. These tubes are fed with water from the mountains above them, which becomes heated in the volcanic subterranean channels along which it is conducted. This high temperature converts a part of it into vapour, and the result is, that the water elevated by its expansive force, foaming, and hissing, rises up through the tube which the incrusting waters have reared, and rushes boiling out of the mouth of the spring.'

In Part II., relating to the air, there is a passing notice of the question as to the limits of the atmosphere. It is now recognised, though not proved, that the air does not extend more than about 50 miles into the regions of space. Astronomy discountenances the idea of illimitable extent, by showing that there are only two other planets in our system which appear to be provided with an aerial atmosphere; and chemistry applies the atomic theory to prove that there is no such thing as infinite divisibility of matter. 'It is held, for instance, as certain that we cannot subdivide matter beyond a certain point; at this point, its particles are called atoms, and these atoms have a certain size and weight. Applying the same reasoning to the air, it is considered that there is a point at which it cannot be expanded further, and this point is supposed to be the true limit of the air.'

The air has recently been supposed to be subject to a phenomenon called atmospheric waves, which is only now in process of examination. These waves—discovered by the barometer—do not resemble the undulations of the sea, but pervade the whole depth of the atmosphere, and occupy several days in their duration. The most remarkable has been observed for some years past to occur about the middle of November, when it lasts, from the commencement of its rise to its subsidence, about sixteen days. Sometimes it begins and closes with a gale of wind. This subject is so obscure, that the phenomenon called the Indian Summer can as yet be only connected with it as a coincidence. In America, at this period, generally from the 12th to the 17th of November, after a foretaste of the severities of winter has been felt, a sudden change of temperature takes place, a delicious warmth is felt, the sky is without a cloud, not a breath of air is stirring, and the whole atmosphere is filled with a glowing transparent haze. In three days this is all gone, and winter comes on quickly afterwards. In Switzerland, the same phenomenon has been remarked from time immemorial. About the 11th of this month, the fête of St Martin is celebrated, and the inhabitants call the delightful four or five days' return of summer weather at that time, after to all appearance, the summer has ended, *L'été de St Martin*, or St Martin's Summer. Whether these interesting facts are more than mere coincidences, whether the great wave has anything to do with them or not, is not at present possible to ascertain.

Rain acts as a great sanitary agent, by washing down the impurities contracted by the atmosphere from the smoke and exhalations of the mass crowded hordes of human beings. These are so the intention of the

\* At Skaw, a few miles from Plymouth, the surface for hundreds of acres consists of decomposed granite, in a state resembling flour. When purified and baked it forms a fine porcelain.

respiration, but they are much more so to that of the plants, which never enjoy health in large towns. Instead of complaining of the rain as we do, in this variable climate, we should consider it a blessing: but let us follow the beneficent fluid in its descent into the earth, and we shall find further cause of thankfulness. 'Whatever soluble matter is met with by the rain at the surface of the soil, it carries with it as it sinks downward into the earth. All the unpleasant results of organic decay on the surface that are soluble are conveyed downwards by it, and the water, thus polluted, sinks to the underground reservoirs, from whence man draws his supply of this indispensable fluid. What results might we not, therefore, anticipate on an examination of water drawn from such receptacles; and what a polluted condition might we not expect the soil to be in, which forms the filter through which this decaying organic matter penetrates! Yet, when we come to examine into these matters, "we do not find them," in the words of Dr Smith, "present that exaggerated character which we might suppose." It is surprising, on the contrary, to find that organic matters, properly so called, are scarcely, in reality, found in these wells; and, more singular still, the wells nearest to a source of organic matter frequently contain less than others farther removed from the apparent probability of contamination.' The chemical explanation of this seeming paradox is, that the filthy nitrogenous matters carried down by the rain into the soil, combining with the oxygen they meet, result in nitrates which are comparatively harmless; and in the same way the carbon of the soil is supposed to be oxidised, so as to form the carbonic acid gas which gives its sparkle and exhilaration to spring water.

A proposal has been made by Mr Rowell to bring down rain, when wanted, by means of electrical conductors sent up towards the clouds in balloons. He tells us that, on several occasions, when his own electrical kite came immediately under a light fleecy cloud, after a free current of sparks had passed from the apparatus for ten or twelve minutes, he found himself suddenly bedewed with fine misty rain.

The carbonic acid formed in the air by respiration, putrefaction, and other processes, is considered to be the source of the carbon which forms the great bulk of plants. In fact the grandest trees of the forest derive their substance from the thin air. Mr Ellis describes several experiments which prove that plants draw their nourishment from carbon, and then inquires whether the air can really be supposed to contain food enough for the whole vegetable world? Humboldt tells us that in some parts of America a monkey might run for a hundred miles upon the tops of the trees. 'Does, in fact, the atmosphere contain a sufficient amount of this element to account for the separation of so great a mass of it as exists in this single instance, not to take into consideration the entire vegetation of the rest of the globe? The carbonic acid of the atmosphere has been estimated at one-thousandth of its whole weight. The entire weight of the atmosphere is known; and calculating from it, it has been found that the entire weight of carbon contained at one time in the atmosphere is about three thousand and eighty-five billions of pounds. Calculations have been made as to the actual demand upon the atmosphere for carbonic acid of the whole vegetation of the earth. If we suppose the actual surface covered by vegetation to be one-fifth of the entire area of the globe, that will give a space of two millions of square miles, or of 45,124 millions of acres. Let us suppose that each acre derives every year 2000 pounds of carbon from the air; then the whole annual necessities of the vegetable world in a year amount to about 800 millions of pounds of carbonic acid. How is this enormous drain to be supplied? Dr Schlegel calculates that from tobacco-smoking alone we have a drain of carbonic acid in a year equivalent to 1000 millions of pounds. He bases this odd calculation on the fact that North America alone produces

in a year enough tobacco, on its being burned, to yield the immense sum of 340 millions of pounds! The other tobacco-growing districts supply the rest. Yet how insignificant does even this enormous sum appear compared to that which, from combustion of fuel alone, escapes into the air! When it is remembered that from a number of other sources carbonic acid is discharged into the atmosphere, little difficulty as to the existence and constant supply of a sufficiency of this gas in the atmosphere to account for all the wood upon the earth's surface will be experienced.'

Although air gives the substance, light is essential to the life of a plant. The sunbeam has recently been divided into actinic, luminous, and calorific rays.

The actinic or chemical rays are indispensable to germination; under the influence of the luminous rays, a mantle of green overspreads forest and field, and the woody tissue is formed while the calorific rays bring forth flowers and fruit. Thus spring, summer, and autumn, enjoy each a peculiar influence from the sun; although probably in all the three processes of germination, growth, and fructification, the three forces are concerned, but in modified activity. Even during the day this distinction is observed, in the evening there being less actinic power than in the morning, and at noon more luminous and calorific power. These results are of entirely new discovery in science.

We have left ourselves little room for giving a notion of the contents of Part III., relating to the chemistry of the ocean, although it is not less interesting than the others. The quantity of saline matter differs in different seas, owing to the influence of evaporation removing a portion of the watery particles, and to the influx of fresh water from the land. But the quality differs, likewise, in different portions of the same mass of water, from the circumstance of sea water, in consequence of its saline contents, being more dense and heavy than fresh water. 'This is occasionally turned to some advantage by navigators; for it is found that, in calm weather, the fresh water overlies the salt, just as oil does in respect of water: by drawing water, therefore, from the surface, fresh water may be obtained; whereas, if the hose of the pump penetrates some feet down, it may encounter a stratum of salt water.

'A highly-interesting event, in connection with the chemistry of the waves, and important as illustrating their combined mechanical and chemical force, took place on the coast of Ballybunnion in Ireland. The cliffs on this coast contain a large quantity of alum and iron pyrites; and being incessantly exposed to the violent action of the Atlantic billows, they become worn away into the most strange forms. Large caverns, natural bridges, and the resemblances of human architecture, abound on the sea-coast, being produced by the unequal wasting away of different strata. The roofs of these caverns are painted with various hues by the water percolating the overlying strata, and carrying with it a solution of the mineral ingredients encountered in its passage. Streamlets also run down the sides of the cliffs, staining them in ochreous colours, proving that the water contains iron, and probably other salts in solution. These solutions are conveyed into the sea, and there undergo various decompositions in contact with the saline matter of sea water. Some years since, part of these cliffs assumed an appearance of a very extraordinary character: the waves, by continual dashing, had worn and undermined the cliff, which, giving way, fell with tremendous violence into the sea; the consequence was, that several great strata of pyrites were exposed to the chemical influence of the air and sea water; rapid oxidation took place, eliminating such an intense heat, as very shortly to set the whole cliff on fire. For days the great rocks continued burning with great fierceness, torrents of steam and smoke rising up as the heavy billows of the Atlantic leapt upon the glowing masses, and at a distance presenting all the appearance of some violent volcanic disturbance. After the fresh substances,

thus exposed, had become oxidised, the steaming cliff gradually cooled down; and now the slow and silent work of mechanical and chemical destruction is being carried on without any external manifestation of its existence. The heat given out during this singular and grand chemical phenomenon was so great, as to convert masses of clay in its vicinity into red brick! while melted slags lie about, giving to the whole scene such an appearance as to render it a fit representation of the workshop of the mythological Cyclops.

Such are a few specimens of the interesting and amusing contents of a volume which will impart knowledge to the ignorant, while it recalls it in an agreeable manner to the learned.

## THE MUSIC-MISTRESS.

AN ANECDOTE FROM REAL LIFE.

THE fire was burning bright on the hearth, and tea stood ready on the round table before it in a small up-stairs room in a narrow London street, about ten years ago; the curtains were drawn across the windows, though they scarcely met, by reason of their scanty dimensions, and barely served to exclude the uncomfortable light which lingered still in the foggy atmosphere without. The only inmate of the chamber was a middle-aged woman, with worn and delicate features, in whose appearance might be detected somewhat of a foreign origin: she was busied in giving an inviting air as possible to all around her, when a light step sounded on the stairs, and in another moment she was warmly welcoming a young girl whom it was easy to recognise as her daughter. They spoke the melodious Spanish tongue, and there was the dark lustre of the south in the eyes of Inez Castarra, and its glow upon her lips when she entered; but these soon gave way to a languor and a degree of dejection, with which she seemed in vain trying to struggle as she took her accustomed low seat by the fire, and began to tell her mother the events of the day, while she partook of the evening meal.

'My poor child,' said Madame Castarra, 'how often I wish that we could only for once escape this chilly climate, and spend one winter in our own lovely land; there you would never have such an afternoon as this to encounter, nor cold English ears to listen to your beautiful music: there all is warmth, and song, and kindness.'

'Ah, but, dear mother,' replied Inez, smiling sadly, 'there might be want of bread too; and here I can earn enough for us both, and indeed I have no reason to complain of lack of kindness either. I am getting on better than I have yet had time to tell you; some fresh pupils have been offered to me by friends of the lady at whose house I sang last night; and as the spring comes on, I have no fear that my time will not be fully occupied; and then perhaps, when the season is over, you and I will be able to breathe the fresh air too, and walk in the lanes about some country village: I feel as if the sight of trees and wild-flowers would do me so much good!'

'And what are they here compared to the chestnut woods, and the oak-trees looking so hoary, beside the orange groves of our own beautiful Quinta! My Inez, you do not remember it as I do, nor the sky with its diamond brightness, and the air that makes one feel always light-hearted.'

This was Madame Castarra's favourite theme, and her daughter never interrupted her in it; but her eyes now filled with tears as she listened, and she rose and went to the little piano, which, with a few books, and two or three embroidered cushions, formed the only ornament of the room: she touched the first notes of a wild and plaintive melody which brought her mother instantly to her side.

'Forgive me, my child,' she said; 'I do not remember better than you do the days in which Louis Montero used to sing that serenade under our windows, waiting behind the trellis to know if I would let him in! Ah, poor fellow, it was well for him that he escaped when he did from Spain! Cheer up, Inez! we shall hear of him yet some day or other. But in the meantime, how can you go on day after day without rest or change? And now this singing in the evening, I do not half approve of it.'

Inez looked up inquiringly in her face: 'If you really disapprove of it, mother, I will not sing again at evening parties; but yesterday's experience made me fear it less than I did before, and it will enable us sooner to get the change of scene you think we both want.'

'Not me!' cried Madame Castarra impatiently. 'I am well, if it was not for heart-sickness at seeing your bloom fading away, and your talents, which were given you for your own enjoyment, all used for that of others, or to earn our poor livelihood in this smoky city.'

'But what must I do?' said Inez with her sweet quiet smile. 'When nothing else was left us but our love for each other, and my music, God made these sufficient; and hitherto the resource has not failed to supply our absolute wants in this strange land. I have found friends also among my pupils; and last night, as I was going to tell you, my whole heart was warmed by the interest shown towards me, as it would have been by a ray of our own dear sunshine. Lady Levers had asked me in the morning, when I had finished her daughters' lesson, if I would come and sing my Spanish ballads to her friends; and I willingly promised, as you know, to do so, little thinking what a large party there would be.'

'I know all that, Inez, of course,' interrupted her mother; 'and when you went in your black silk gown, with your hair so beautifully plaited, did I not long for some geraniums to put into it?'

'Yes; and picked your only flower for the purpose. Well, dear mother, I wanted to make quite a long story about it, so I would not tell you anything of the party till we were quiet for the whole evening.'

'Ah, poor child, it was one o'clock when you came home, and you were out again at nine this morning!'

'Once more,' said Inez laughing, as she resumed her seat by the fire, 'I shall begin. The rooms were already nearly full when I came in, and no one seemed to observe me, so I took the first seat I saw near the piano, thinking that I should be ready when I was wanted to sing; but one lady after another played and sung, and though I did not think the music very good, the continued sound, and the profusion of light, and the expectation of my own turn coming next, made me at last feel as if I should do myself no credit by my performance; and then the thought that people would wonder at my being employed to give lessons at all turned me almost sick with anxiety. Just as I had reached this agreeable pitch of nervousness, Miss Levers came up to me, saying, "Now I hope you will give us one of your beautiful ballads: I have talked so much of your singing this evening, and I have made every one else tell me, that your voice might come out with greater advantage." I of course signified that I was ready, and moved round to the instrument, feeling that I was the only person who had not been handed to it. Now, mother, you know that was very foolish!'

'Not at all, my love: I remember the time—'

Inez coloured, and continued hastily—'At that moment a lady, whose eye I had caught more than once before, came towards me, and in the kindest manner imaginable offered to accompany me, whispering a few words of encouragement and of evident sympathy; she made me feel almost myself again. I was but the possessor of a few minutes' pause; but you can scarcely fancy what her playing was! She glanced over my shoulder, and then began a prelude which seemed to embody the very spirit of our national songs—low and tender at first, like the voice of lovers by the side of some stream;

ing stream, for they evidently mingled with the sound of waters; then came a spirit-stirring strain, awakening the soul of a hero to bold enterprise; after which the plaintive farewell swelled into fervent and passionate prayer; and oh, mother, I forgot all around me! my own soul was inspired by the gush of melody; and when Mrs Milner (for that, I afterwards learned, was her name) pointed to my music-book, and began the accompaniment to my favourite ballad of the "Roncesvalles Fight," I sang as I believe I never could have sung before, not even in Spain. "Bravo!" said Mrs Milner as I concluded: "this is more than I had expected." And she looked round, as if to gather up applause. There was the usual English silence for a minute, and then a hum went through the room, in which I distinguished the words of "How exquisite!" "What a thrilling voice!" "Such pure taste!" and many more to the same purpose. I felt I had succeeded beyond my hopes, but that my having done so was entirely owing to my generous friend; and yet people did not seem aware of how superior her talent was to mine.

'Nor need they have done that, my Inez,' said Madame Castarra. 'I always said your voice only needed to be fairly heard to be admired as it deserves: you always were too modest about it, and now I dread your exerting yourself too much: you looked so utterly exhausted when you came home, that I could not bear you to speak: though strangers might have been misled by the glow upon your cheek, and the brightness of your eyes, I could not be; and all this day I have been considering how it would be possible for you to go even for a few days into the country.'

'We must not think of it,' replied Inez; 'not now at least, for I was intreated last night to sing one song after another, in some of which I accompanied myself; and at last Lady Levers told me many of her friends wished me both to sing at their houses, and to give lessons to their daughters. She assured them I had never given singing lessons at all; but I believe I might make several engagements both for singing lessons and the piano to-morrow, if only I was as strong now as I was a year ago.' The languor that stole over the countenance of the poor girl as she uttered these words, and rested her head on the back of her chair, made her mother's anxiety about her appear but too well founded. In a few minutes more, early as it was in the evening, she was asleep by the fireside.

How different from Madame Castarra's humble room was the one in which sat the lady who had so kindly befriended Inez on the previous evening! She was conversing with Lady Levers in her luxurious boudoir on the subject which had chiefly occupied her thoughts ever since.

'It is out of the question, my dear Mrs Milner,' said her hostess with the slightest possible sarcasm in her tone. 'What would the world think of your giving music lessons? It might do as the whim of some earl's daughter—there is no accounting for what people of a certain rank will now and then imagine by way of charity; but permit me, as an old friend, to say that you might do yourself serious injury by such a plan: it would not be understood in one who, in fact, has won her very delightful standing in London society by being more accomplished and agreeable than almost anybody else.'

Mrs Milner bowed playfully, and then continued her former proposal.

'I am far from disregarding the world's opinion; I would not willingly draw its censure on any part of my conduct with which it had to do; and I am well aware that, as the widow of a professional man who rose by the exercise of his noble talents, I may be more exposed to the suspicion you hinted at, of wishing to give lessons on my own account, than a person of greater wealth and more established natural position would be. But I am determined to help this poor young creature, if possible; and I see no other way of my doing so. All you tell me of her character and her misfortunes makes

me the more anxious to enable her to take advantage of the fine opening for her becoming known as a first-rate singing-mistress which your kindness last night afforded her. I had already judged of her talents as a pianist by the playing of her pupil, your eldest daughter; and I am sure she will do us all credit by and by, if she has sufficient rest now perfectly to recover her health, and likewise to gain confidence in her own powers.'

'You are very good and self-devoted, my dear,' replied Lady Levers coldly; 'but I never can understand enthusiasm; and there always was so much of that about you! I can give Mademoiselle Castarra a couple of guineas, if that would be of any use; and really, if you knew how poor I am just now, you would see that it is as much as I could afford. Perhaps you might make a little subscription for her besides; but pray do nothing rashly yourself.'

Mrs Milner's clear blue eye glanced round the apartment, with its silken furniture and costly baubles, and a smile just curled her lip; but she answered quietly: 'I also could give something with pleasure; but it strikes me that, under present circumstances, our object must be to enable her to provide for herself, which she can only do by giving lessons. Now if I give them in her name for two months, or even six weeks, I think that is all she will need to support her mother and herself while she rests, and to give her a fair start in the world when she returns to London. Only promise that Augusta and Emily shall continue to be Mademoiselle Castarra's pupils under my instructions, and use your influence with others who have already employed her, or who intend now to do so, and I will take all consequences on myself.'

There was an earnestness in Mrs Milner's intentions, a single-heartedness in her character, which seldom failed of winning confidence and sympathy; and Lady Levers was not proof against the power of her benevolence. She stood her ground as long as she could, and then yielded with a tolerably good grace, especially as she knew how much to her daughters' advantage it would be to receive lessons from so perfect a musician as Mrs Milner; and her visitor departed, leaving her to dress for an eight-o'clock dinner party, just as poor Inez was sinking into her doze by the fireside. Mrs Milner, followed by her page, walked rapidly towards her home, feeling at thirty-five much of the happiness of her girlhood, in the anticipation of a plan which she well knew would subject her to many hours of daily drudgery, at a time when London was filling fast with her acquaintance, and inflict terrible discords upon an ear strung to the highest pitch of musical accuracy. She stopped at a small house in a fashionable street, three or four rooms of which she called her own, and was received by the neatest of maid-servants, who lighted the lamp in her pretty sitting-room, and drew an easy-chair to the fireside. There was a look of perfect comfort in the apartment, and of unmistakable refinement, though it was simple, indeed, compared to the one Mrs Milner had just quitted. All it contained was elegant in itself, and suggestive of high and graceful ideas, from the pictures on the walls to the books on the tables, which seemed to lie there because they were read, and not only to be looked at; but this evening, though she held a volume in her hand as she sat by her cheerful hearth, and recalled many a brilliant conversation to which it had given rise, and though her piano stood open, with tempting new music upon it, her thoughts were still more frequently engaged with Inez, and she was pondering on the best means of making her acquiesce in her arrangement for her. Should she write, or should she go to her? She determined on the latter. I shall know her better, she thought, when I see how she is surrounded. A vision of the old shawl and half-dirty cap, from which dingy chrysalis she had often seen a Parisian belle emerge in noon-day elegance of attire, flitted before her as she settled to call on Mademoiselle Castarra at nine the following morning; and then the dignified simplicity of her manner and appear-

ance chased it away. 'It was such a revelation of soul and of genius,' she thought, 'that lighted up her features as she sang, that I can associate nothing with her that is not pure and beautiful.' Mrs Milner was not disappointed when she found Inez Castarra in her own home, though the flush of excitement had faded from her face, and the sickly hues of anxiety and fatigue were plainly seen upon it. The wondering gratitude of Inez and of her mother may easily be imagined, expressed, too, with the fervent eloquence of their southern blood, when they fully comprehended Mrs Milner's proposal: she would hear of no delays, for she saw that if her help was to effect the good she hoped for, it must be immediate; and she wished Madame Castarra and Inez to go at once to the lovely village in Devonshire in which she had passed her own early youth, and where she promised them a pleasant home in the house of a worthy couple whom she knew well. In the course of that happy week Inez had told her new friend all her own history, which was, indeed, like that of numbers in these last years of agitation and revolution. Her father had only escaped ending his days on the scaffold as a conspirator against the government of the day by dying in prison; her lover had been obliged to fly from Spain from the same cause; and, young as she was, she had persuaded her mother to let her seek subsistence in England for them both: their small estate had passed into the hands of strangers, and they were alone upon the earth.

'No longer alone,' said Mrs Milner with moistened eyes, taking up the list Inez had just given her of her pupils: 'you will find friends here who will not fail you; and perhaps more will be added by the time you come back, well and strong; and able to attend to them all; and then the unselfish exercise of talent is one of the highest enjoyments that can be given to us, and this, dear Inez, you will have.'

'Ah,' replied Inez, 'how happy then your lot must be!'

A cloud passed over Mrs Milner's open brow as she answered, 'This is not the moment for confession; mine will be happier now for some such exertion as you have made for years.'

And who can doubt that it was so? While Inez and her mother were enjoying the soft breezes of the south of Devon, in a cottage embowered in myrtle and chinaroses, Mrs Milner gave lessons day by day to all who would have employed the Spanish music-mistress. She had many clever pupils, whose love of melody she awakened to the uttermost; and some dull ones, to whom a lesson from an elegant and high-bred woman, who was the first of amateur performers, was but a lesson after all—paid for, and disliked; but she went steadily on, listening to the jokes and reproofs of her friends with good-humour that sprang from the depths of a heart in peace; and all the more sunshiny and charming when she mingled in society as usual, from the consciousness of her day's good deeds. Inez returned in the height of the London season, blooming with health and full of vigour: she found her engagements increased to as many as she could fulfil, and far better terms made for her than she had ever ventured to hope for. How far her restored health had been promoted by a letter from Louis Montero, imploring her to remember words spoken under the vine-covered trellis of the old Quinta, and to keep up her spirits for his sake, until he should come to claim his bride, we leave our readers to determine; but so it was that, for three years longer, no young lady's education could be supposed completed without at least a few lessons from Mademoiselle Castarra; and when Louis did come, though he was able to maintain his wife and her mother in comfort—for he had entered a merchant's house at Barcelona—Inez had enough of her own to provide abundantly for Madame Castarra's declining years; and on the wedding-day there was scarcely a happier heart than Mrs Milner's, as she recalled those six weeks of active charity. Even Lady Levers confessed that it would have been a thou-

sand pities to have sacrificed so much solid good to the possible prejudices of London society; which, after all, had known little, and remembered less, of Mrs Milner's singular exertions for a poor friendless foreigner.

#### RESENTMENT.

ALL philosophical inquiries appertaining to the nature and moral circumstances of man, seem to end in establishing the certainty of an adaptation of his attributes to his sublunary condition. His various passions, propensities, and sentiments, are shown to have relation and a reference to objects, modes of action, and states of existence, inseparable from a just development of his being. None of these can be reasonably considered evil in themselves, and do only become so by a vicious and perverted use—by such an inordinate and abusive exercise as transcends the limits of their original intention. Every principle or disposition, therefore, that is indigenous to the human constitution, must be recognised as existing in it for a necessary purpose, and one which, in its rightful manifestations, has a respect to human welfare. In this light it is here intended to consider the feeling of resentment.

Among the sermons of Bishop Butler—which are probably of greater value than all the other sermons in the language—there is one which treats directly of this subject. The good bishop begins by declaring that, in all considerations like the present, it is essential to understand our nature and condition according to their constitution; and thus to learn for what end any particular sentiment or passion has been given us. 'It will be needful,' says he, 'to trace it up to its original, that we may see *what it is in itself*, as placed in our nature by its Author; and thence it will appear *for what ends* it was placed here.' This is evidently the right way; for when we know what the passion is in itself, and the ends of it, we shall readily comprehend all its possible abuses, and may learn to shape our conduct in such wise as to avoid them.

Now resentment, as a natural feeling, manifests itself in two principal ways, according to the circumstances which give rise to it, and also in some degree to the pliancy or obstinacy of character which distinguishes the individual. In one case it is mere anger, hastily or suddenly excited, and usually subsides with the removal of the irritating circumstances which occasioned it; in the other, it is anger taking a deliberate and settled form, which does not disappear with the passing of the occasion, but is in some sort cherished and maintained, so as to become inveterate and habitual. Under this shape it has a natural tendency to become transformed into hatred or revenge; but in its manifestation as simple anger it is morally indifferent, and may be properly regarded as an *instinct*, having, like all other instincts, an appropriate and proscribed function. An examination into the causes by which this feeling is excited will enable us to perceive that it stands in our nature as an active antithesis, or repelling force, to all manner of sudden injury or violence, without relation to the demerit or personal fault of those by whom the violence or injury is committed, or attempted to be offered. Hence the reason and end for which man was created liable to such a passion is, that he might be better qualified to resist, and thereby successfully defeat, any sudden violence or oppositions which would impair the welfare of his being, apart from a regard to the fault or injurious intentions of the individual contemplating or effecting them. 'Yet,' as the bishop remarks, 'since violence may be considered in this other and further view as implying fault; and since injury, as distinct from harm, may raise sudden anger, sudden anger may likewise accidentally serve to prevent or remedy such fault and injury. But, considered as distinct from settled anger, it stands in our nature for self-defence, and not for the administration of justice. There are plainly causes—and in the uncultivated parts of the world, and where

regular governments are not formed, they frequently happen—in which there is no time for consideration, and yet to be passive is certain destruction; in which sudden resistance is the only security.' The feeling or passion of anger must therefore be held as naturally blameless in its spontaneous manifestation, and is even clearly serviceable and indispensable as a weapon of protection against unjustifiable interferences and encroachments.

But from this feeling deliberate animosity, or resentment proper, is essentially distinguished, as the latter is not naturally excited by wrong or injury; nor indeed intended to prevent harm in the mere way of diverting its infliction, since it evidently implies a fixed disapprobation or dislike of the person who has happened to become its object. Let us again, for a few sentences, hear our sensible and worthy bishop. 'In order to see,' says he, 'as exactly as we can what is the natural object and occasion of such resentment, let us reflect upon the manner in which we are touched with reading, suppose, a feigned story of baseness and villany, properly worked up to move our passions. This immediately raises indignation, somewhat of a desire that it should be punished. And though the designed injury be prevented, yet that it was designed, is sufficient to raise this inward feeling. Suppose the story true, this inward feeling would be as natural and as just; and one may venture to affirm that there is scarce a man in the world but would have it upon some occasions. It seems in us plainly connected with a sense of virtue and vice, of moral good and evil. Suppose, further, we knew both the person who did, and who suffered the injury; neither would this make any alteration, only that it would probably affect us more. The indignation raised by cruelty and injustice, and the desire of having it punished, which persons unconcerned would feel, is by no means malice. It is rather resentment against vice and wickedness; it is one of the common bonds by which society is held together; a fellow-feeling which each individual has in behalf of the whole species as well as of himself. And it does not appear that this, generally speaking, is at all too high amongst mankind. Suppose now the injury I have been speaking of to be done against ourselves, or those whom we consider as ourselves: it is plain the way in which we should be affected would be exactly the same in kind; but it would certainly be in a higher degree, and less transient; because a sense of our own happiness and misery is most intimately and always present to us; and from the very constitution of our nature we cannot but have a greater sensibility to, and be more deeply interested in, what concerns ourselves. And this seems to be the whole of this passion, which is, properly speaking, natural to mankind—namely, a resentment against injury and wickedness in general, and in a higher degree when towards ourselves, in proportion to the greater regard which men naturally have for themselves than for others. From hence it appears that it is not natural, but moral evil—it is not suffering, but injury—which raises that anger or resentment which is of any continuance. The natural object of it is not one who appears to the suffering person to have been only the innocent occasion of his pain or loss, but one who has been in a moral sense injurious either to ourselves or others. This is abundantly confirmed by observing what it is which heightens or lessens resentment—namely, the same which aggravates or lessens the fault—friendship and former obligations on one hand, or ingratitude, strong temptations, and mistake on the other. All this is so much understood by mankind, how little soever it be reflected upon, that a person would be reckoned quite distracted who should coolly resent a harm which had not to himself the appearance of injury or wrong. Men do indeed resent what is occasioned through carelessness; but then they expect forgiveness as their due, and so that carelessness is understood as faulty. It is likewise true that they resent more strongly an injury done than one which, though

designed, was prevented, in cases where the guilt is perhaps the same: the reason, however, is not that bare pain or loss raises resentment, but that it gives a new, and, as I may speak, additional sense of the injury or injustice. According to the natural course of the passions, the degrees of resentment are in proportion not only to the degree of design and deliberation in the injurious person, but in proportion to this joined with the degree of the evil designed or premeditated; since this likewise comes in to make the injustice greater or less. And the evil or harm will appear greater when they feel it than when they only reflect upon it; so, therefore, will the injury, and consequently the resentment will be greater.'

The natural object or occasion of settled resentment, then, being *injury*, as distinct from loss or pain, it is not difficult to see that to prevent and remedy such injury, and its incident miseries and disorders, is the end for which this passion has been implanted in mankind. It is to be considered as a weapon or power of defence with which nature has armed us, for the purpose of opposing injury, injustice, cruelty, and oppression; and its employment for such an end is manifestly rational, and in accordance with the tenor of our constitution. It being necessary for the very subsistence of the world, as well as for the reasonable comfort of individuals, that the practice or infliction of injustice should be so far punished or restrained, as to prevent the disorders and irregularities which would proceed from its unopposed indulgence—it is obvious that a naturally antagonistic passion, such as this of resentment, whose tendency it is to operate in the way of remedy or prevention, may be innocently exercised to the very extremity of its functions. Moreover, inasmuch as compassion is also natural to mankind, and would, if unbalanced in the constitution, render the execution and exaction of justice extremely difficult and unpleasant, and thus be oftentimes an obstacle to its fulfilment, a natural indignation or resentment against vice and wickedness would seem to be a fitting balance to the weakness and relenting tenderness of pity, as well as to anything besides which might obstruct the employment of such methods of severity as are required for a true adjustment of men's relations. 'The good influence,' continues Butler, 'which this passion has, in fact, upon the affairs of the world, is obvious to every one's notice. Men are plainly restrained from injuring their fellow-creatures by fear of their resentment; and it is very happy that they are so, when they would not be restrained from a principle of virtue.' Is it not resentment and indignation against injury and the authors of it, that, more effectually perhaps than anything else, secures the peace and consistency of society, in so far as it is maintained by the forcible restraint or punishment of offenders? The good bishop has no doubt that such is eminently the case among the generality of mankind; and holds that it 'is to be considered as a good effect, notwithstanding it were much to be wished that men would act from a better principle—reason and cool reflection.'

As to the *abuses* of resentment, they are palpably such as grow out of its connection with other passions, or consist in an excess and overstrained indulgence of the feeling, or in its mere indulgence as a selfish gratification. When, from partiality to ourselves, we imagine an injury done or designed us, while in reality there is none; when we entertain an extravagant animosity towards one who has innocently offended us; when our resentment is displayed on account of some pain or inconvenience which has accidentally befallen, though no injury was intended; when the indignation against injury and injustice bounds too high, and transcends the proportion due to the particular evil action which drew it forth; or finally, when counter injury in any kind is inflicted in the way of retaliation, and with a view only to gratify a resentful feeling—in these, and in all similar cases that can be conceived, there is an evident overstepping of justifiable resentment, and its manifestation so far ceases to be innocent

or morally permissible. Resentment, indeed, is liable to the same aberrations and perversions as any of the other passions or affections of human nature. There is, however, as Butler has remarked, one peculiarity which so generally accompanies and belongs to the excess and abuses of it as to require mention: 'a certain determination and resolute bent of mind not to be convinced or set right, though it be ever so plain that there is no reason for the displeasure, that it was raised merely by error or misunderstanding.' This is that inveterate and perverse resentment which we sometimes see in men, and which holds such rooted possession of their mind and temper, as to seriously damage and disfigure the whole character: against this it becomes every one to be upon his guard.

Considerations such as have been here presented are not indifferently calculated to illustrate the wisdom displayed in the constitution of our nature. 'Why,' says Butler, 'should men dispute concerning the reality of virtue, and whether it be founded in the nature of things, which yet surely is not matter of question; but why should this be disputed when every man carries about him this passion, which affords him demonstration that the rules of justice and equity are to be the guide of his actions? For every man naturally feels an indignation upon seeing instances of villany and baseness, and therefore cannot commit the same without being self-condemned.' Then, again—'We should learn to be cautious, lest we charge God foolishly, by ascribing that to him, or to the nature he has given us, which is owing wholly to our own abuse of it. Men may speak of the degeneracy and corruption of the world according to the experience they have had of it, but human nature, considered as the divine workmanship, should be treated as sacred; for in the image of God made he man. That passion from whence men take occasion to run into the dreadful vices of malice and revenge—even that passion, as implanted in our nature by God, is not only innocent, but a generous movement of mind. It is in itself, and in its original, no more than indignation against injury and wickedness; that which is the only deformity in the creation, and the only reasonable object of abhorrence and dislike. How manifold evidence have we of the divine wisdom and goodness, when even pain in the natural world, and the passion we have been now considering in the moral, come out instances of it!'

Upon the whole, we may conclude that resentment, as a natural feeling, is an essential and effectual element in our nature, and no more needs cradication than the sense of sight or hearing; that since even these may be exercised profanely, so may the passion or feeling here in question; but that as, according to the old assertion, no abuse of a thing can be an argument or objection against its use, the proper and natural province of resentment is certain and unassailable. Injury, all unfairness, may undoubtedly be resisted and resented to the end—namely, that they may be superseded in the world, and give place to fairness and to justice. Let a man stand upon his rights, and respect the sacredness of his personality, yielding nothing to the presumption or usurpation of another who seeks to violate his due prerogatives; but, if needful for the preservation of his honour or independence, let him hurl defiance in the face of tyranny and unjust pretension, and bide the issue of the conflict with a resolute self-possession. He is justified in resenting whatsoever thing is calculated to humiliate or demean him in his reasonable self-esteem, and in claiming, in the front of arbitrary customs and conventionalities, a just acknowledgment of his individuality in the arrangement and economy of things. Yet, if his lot be hard, and beyond the chance of remedy, let him not lacerate his hands by beating frantically against the walls of the impossible. A day is ever advancing when the just thing shall be established, and there are noble compensations for them that endure well.

Nothing has been said here that militates against that divine precept which inculcates a generous for-

giveness of offences, or anyway disparages the habitual exercise of a kindly and charitable disposition. Let frailty have its fitting benefit of compassion. He who insists on spotlessness in another, would do well to inspect the purity of his own practices; for assuredly it belongeth not to man to ravage the creation under the fanatical pretext of reducing it to the beggarly perfection of his own idea. A man is most manlike, most Godlike, when he ceases to arrogate to his impotence the right of making other men after his own image, and, with a trustful confidence in the God that ruleth all, is content to offer modestly to the world, as a study and an example, a life adorned by earnest effort, sincere purposes, and an unpretending lowliness of mind.

#### STATE AND PROSPECTS OF CALIFORNIA.\*

THE indefinite reports received some eighteen months since from the 'gold diggers' were everywhere laughed at. Men could not conceive the possibility of a metal so coveted as gold being picked up like shells and pebbles on the seashore. Later and more authentic intelligence, however, proved that for once rumour had fallen short of the truth. The gold region of California is of so vast an extent, that, compared with it, all other 'gold placers' (gold grounds) become insignificant. Already has gold been discovered in localities several hundred miles asunder. It is authoritatively asserted that the entire intervening territory, for a considerable breadth, is thickly impregnated with the same precious metal; and it is believed that the veins in the mountains, of which the deposits in the sand are merely the superficial washings, are at least six hundred miles in extent.

Colonel Mason, in his letters to the American government, states that gold throughout the valley of the Sacramento is exceedingly plentiful, and that he has seen thousands of men gold-gathering, none of whom made less than twenty dollars a day, while many had averaged from 500 to 1000 dollars a week. The editor of the 'Alta-Californian' newspaper, who is now a member of Congress, says, 'that with the aid of a shovel and a tin-pan he averaged 100 dollars per diem.' Mr William Dwight has certified to the government that he realised 1000 dollars one morning, and was working with a man named Palmer who was yet more fortunate; the latter having dug out a single lump which weighed four pounds! Mr Larkin, in a letter to Mr Buchanan, a member of Congress, says, 'The very sand in the gross, as it is drawn up from the bed of the river, is so thickly pervaded with gold-dust, as to be worth from 25 to 50 cents a pound.' James Crosby, a disbanded volunteer, writing to his friends, says, 'I have gathered 20,000 dollars' worth of pure gold; and I calculate, estimating my work at its present weekly average, to be worth 50,000 dollars in nine months.' Lieutenant Roach, late an officer in Colonel Stevenson's regiment, a man stated to be of undoubted veracity, says, 'He has so much gold, that he don't know what to do with it, and is anxious to return home, considering that he has provided enough.' These are but as one in a thousand of the certificates of the wealth of California current in all parts of America, and from thence issuing to every quarter of the world, while each despatch from the gold grounds enlarges the evidence.

The natural consequence is an excitement among mankind in all quarters of the globe which finds no parallel in history. Heads of families are rushing from all that is dear to them in quest of 'the root of all evil,' and wives and children are bemoaning the absence of husbands and fathers, and most religiously wishing that the gold-mines had never been heard of, and that California and its 'placers' had long ago been demolished by an earthquake.

\* This paper is from the pen of a gentleman who, feeling a deep interest in the subject, has taken the trouble to collect all the information about it which was within his reach. His bias in favour of the country will be observed by the reader.—Ed.

But the excitement in this country is mildness itself compared with the frantic fever which rages on the other side of the Atlantic, whither we must now beg the reader to accompany us. There, on all sides, villages and towns are being almost deserted by their male inhabitants, who, scarcely giving themselves time to inquire the way, are rushing off to join in the gold hunt. Throughout Oregon and Mexico the roads are filled with travellers, with their faces all turned in one direction. In the village of San Padra not a soul remains. The fever having been wafted across the Pacific, the Chinese were, by the last accounts, throwing themselves into all manner of junks, and trusting themselves to the waves without a compass. The Sandwich Islands are being depopulated, many of them having lost 25 per cent. of their adult male population; and an American paper humorously observes, 'King Ramehamehda has lost his cabinet, and is advertising for a prime minister.'

Nor is the excitement less among the well-to-do in the larger American cities. The papers are crowded with advertisements relating to California, and all articles of merchandise connected with, or likely to be useful, in the gold region, have advanced in price. Merchants throw up their stores, clerks their engagements, lawyers their practice, and physicians their patients. Publishers and editors are joining the runaways by scores; and we have heard of a New York young gentleman who rose from a sick-bed and undertook the journey, in utter disregard of the advice of his doctor, who informed him that he could not possibly live a week among the hardships he was about to encounter.

But a still deeper injury has been inflicted upon the fair sex. Indeed the ladies generally show that they have hearts which 'can gold despise' when the commodity comes between them and their loves. In Lynn, Massachusetts, every second unmarried man has caught the contagion, while a fifth of the whole population are off beyond recall. Throughout each and all of the western states fearful havoc has been made among the bachelors. In Alabama and Louisiana single men are becoming rarities. But the most startling illustration of the point in question is the deplorable fact, that in Sag Harbour and its vicinity on Long Island, where there are two hundred beautiful girls, ranging from sweet seventeen to twenty-five years of age, there are but three males susceptible of hymeneal honours; and these poor fellows are so frightened and perplexed at the hopelessness of their minority, that unless the ladies lay an immediate embargo upon them, it is apprehended they will be off too! Even in New York the ladies are beginning to have more than their legitimate share of the promenades, and numbers of pale cheeks speak eloquently of departed lovers; while ugly fellows, that three months since no girl would think about, are beginning to look up and grow conceited. Indeed, owing to these gold regions, the American belles are in despair; and we shall soon expect to hear of a ship freighted for California with ladies on the search for runaway husbands and lovers, who never could have been true judges of genuine wealth, or they would not have left behind them the treasures they already possessed for all the yellow dross in the modern El Dorado.

The routes to California from New York are various; but the passage round the Cape, as it involves the least trouble and expense, appears to be the favourite. It is to be feared, however, that many who have gone this way lately will never reach San Francisco. Several of the vessels were shattered and leaky affairs, while their crews were apparently as mad as their passengers—willing to adventure anything to get to California, and hugging themselves with a covert determination to desert the ship as soon as they might arrive; and then the way the powder was stowed in many of the craft, was an additional security against a safe arrival at the mines, especially as nearly all the persons who went by them were confirmed smokers. If none of these vessels blow up, it will be rather owing to good-luck than to the prudence of the parties chiefly interested. The

passage round the Cape is variously estimated at from 14,000 to 18,000 miles, and occupies from four to six months, so that those who go that way have plenty of time to reflect on the use they will make of their gold before they begin to dig it. Travellers going this route should avoid going ashore anywhere on the Patagonian coast, as there are awful rumours of huge savages in that region, who are so partial to white men, that they eat up all and singular they can lay their hands on.

The doubling of the Cape, also, is an undertaking which, once effected, leaves a man no chance of being dubbed a fresh-water sailor. The swell of the ocean is enough to astonish even a well-accustomed tar. The calms are unlike those in most parts, for there is always a high sea running, and the lulls of the wind being so short, that the swell has no time to go down, while the vessels being under little or no command of sails or rudder, lie like logs in the water. The cold is intense, and to meet the wind in the teeth is absolutely impossible. The storms also are as sudden as they are unexpected. A cloud is seen to arise from the south-west, and before the order to haul down and clew up the sails can be obeyed, the fury of the tempest is upon the vessel—rain, hail, snow, and sleet, beat her with all the force the maddest wind can give them, and the whole heavens are in a moment as black as midnight. The miseries of the Horn are, however, borne by the sailors alone, for passengers are not even allowed to come on deck unless there is not only a calm, but a pretty considerable certainty of its continuance, and they are sent below at the faintest aspect of danger.

Among the land routes, the two in greatest favour are the one by way of Mexico, and that over the Rocky Mountains. In the former the journey is performed on mules from Vera Cruz, and occupies between a fortnight and three weeks. It is said to be rather pleasant than otherwise. At all events there is less danger of being starved on it than on the way by the mountains; for dreadful accounts have been received of the sufferings, from want of provisions, of persons who chose the latter. In one case it is stated that a party of six were reduced to the dreadful alternative of drawing lots to decide which should die to keep the others alive; and that one of the persons thus preserved was the victim's own brother! Nor is the Mexican mule route without its risks; but as the principal one is from robbers, companies of twenty and upwards incur but little danger, since no number of Mexican banditti will venture to attack such a band of armed Americans. A single traveller, however, is almost certain to be plundered, and may consider himself fortunate if he escapes with his life. A short time since John Anderson, one of a party of gold-hunters who set out from Buffalo, having ridden forward in advance of his companions, was ferociously set upon by three guerillas, who, dragging him from his mule, assaulted him with dirks and pistols, with which they beat and gashed him in a horrible manner; but Anderson being a powerful man, and armed with a stout cudgel, succeeded in killing one of his assailants, and keeping the others at bay until his comrades came up, who very coolly hung the surviving miscreants from a tree in halters made with some of their own habiliments. Mr Anderson's wounds, fortunately, were not dangerous; and he is now in all probability compensating himself for his sufferings by heaping up piles of the precious metal.

The route by the Charges River is regarded with favour by some; but where this route is chosen, care should be taken not to land on its unhealthy banks. So favourable are these deadly marshes to the development of reptile life, that the land appears engrossed by monsters of antediluvian proportions. Even the common ground-worm is said to attain two feet in length, and is as venomous as a viper; while toads, boa-constrictors, crocodiles, snakes, scorpions, and lizards, literally cover the ground. There are also some extraordinary mammoth-looking creatures at present unknown in natural history, but which enterprise has already de-

terminated shall ere long visit more civilised parts. Mr Barnum, the proprietor of Tom Thumb, is said to have started an expedition to the banks of the Charges River to capture some of the monsters for his museum, from whence they will doubtless find their way to England. Whether any reptile really will be found of the colossal dimensions which travellers describe, remains to be proved; but certain it is that the great numerical force of the reptile tribe has given the Charges River almost as wide a reputation as California itself.

Although a number of the fair sex have found their way to California, they bear no comparison with the lords of the creation, and are appreciated accordingly. Most of these adventurous ladies also are married, and with their husbands, which renders the single ones still more valuable, and worth much more than 'their weight in gold.' It is indeed gratifying, say the reports, to see how they are sought after by swarms of the 'diggers,' who offer to lay mountains of gold dust at their feet in exchange for their hands. In some cases the damsels have surrendered, and been made lawful wives; but in the majority the suitors are so numerous, and so fiery, and so equally rich, that they (the ladies) are afraid to make a preference. The complaints which reach home are sufficiently flattering at least to the fair sex; for the loss of woman's society appears to be more keenly felt than any other privation. One man writes, 'This is a fine country no doubt; but to me it is as gloomy as Erebus; there are so few women in it.' Another suggests, 'If you want to do anything really good for California, send us a few ship-loads of marriageable girls. The homeliest woman in Boston, if she were here, would pass for an angel.' And another says, 'The ladies are sufficiently revenged on us; for in leaving them for the gold, we have exchanged the greatest treasure in life for what appears to us now to be a vast heap of rubbish.'

At present, notwithstanding the rumours to the contrary, we believe there has been little or no suffering from want of food in California; but the prices, in Mark-Lane parlance, 'rule high.' Good beds, clean linen, and the general comforts and even decencies of life, however, are things not to be contemplated. As to clean linen, perhaps few of the diggers can boast of the possession of two shirts; for a single shirt is worth so large a quantity of the 'dust,' that no man supposes he can afford to maintain a couple for the service of his own proper person. Moreover, the luxury of the laundry, even if the taste of the diggers ran that way, would be almost an impossibility, there being no ablutionary vessels; everything of that nature, from pearl-oyster shells upwards, being so devoted to the washing of gold, that it would be regarded as a species of profanation to use them for anything else.

Although the last winter has been more severe than has been known for fifteen years, the miners have engaged in the extension of their explorations, and have discovered new and productive deposits in all quarters. At a spot called the Georgetown Digging, twelve miles from Sutter's Mill, a yield has been obtained by many individuals at the rate of one pound per day, and two ounces or three ounces per diem is the present usual produce. Some large lumps of gold have also been found: one of fourteen pounds has been received at New York, and another of twenty-three pounds was lately exhibited at Stockton.

In some of the new 'diggings' the gold is remarkably fine, although so very abundant; and in consequence of the new mode of washing by the aid of quicksilver, coupled with greater experience in the work, and the great increase of immigration, it is confidently believed that at least five times the amount will be produced this year as compared with the last. The mining operations generally are also being conducted on a better organized system than heretofore. At first men rushed hither and thither, now claiming this territory, and anon resigning it for a more coveted spot, leaving frequently the most productive to some more fortunate

or more persevering adventurer. The floods which have been so disastrous this winter, threatening annihilation to the city of Sacramento, have not only washed up great quantities of gold, but have enlightened the miners as to their mode of working. Dams are therefore now in course of construction in many parts of the streams, and on the Tuolumne River a party of 100 men are engaged digging a canal half a mile in length, for the purpose of turning the stream. From their experience of the soundings already made, a certain yield of three to four ounces per diem to each man is confidently relied on.

The gold-gatherers have in a general way no regular meals, but feed extemporaneously on what they can get, standing, running, climbing, or digging, as the case may be. As may be imagined, the cookery is conducted in such primitive sort as would perfectly horrify the disciples of Soyer. But in these days supply of some description soon follows demand, and places of entertainment have been established for the accommodation of those who are more careful of their bodily comforts. These 'places' are principally kept by Indian families, and present a very gipsy-like appearance. They consist simply of a pot of 'lobscouse' suspended from a triangle of three poles in the open air. This 'lobscouse,' which is kept perpetually on the boil, is a miscellaneous preparation of meat, bread, potatoes, cabbage, and anything and everything not absolutely poisonous; the whole being dealt out to the guests at the rate of a dollar per pint. The Indians are well prepared also to accommodate their customers with 'fire-water,' for which they charge yet more exorbitantly; and acting on a principle known in our own land, many of their establishments are attended by handsome squaws as waitresses, who, feeling the importance of woman in that part of the world, assume airs and graces which would do credit to a more fashionable atmosphere.

Crime is very unfrequent throughout California, and appears to be kept much in check by the Lynch-law system of immediate punishment. At first, especially in the gold regions, there was a considerable amount of purloining going on; but rigid laws were enacted for the defence of the community, and the hanging of a few delinquents on the nearest tree instantaneously on their capture, soon had the effect of putting a stop to the system.

While every man at the 'gold placers' is intent upon the accumulation of wealth, it may readily be imagined that the 'events' of each day partake of pretty much the same character. The dislodging of an unusually large lump of gold, the discovery of a new vein, the arrival of a batch of diggers with news of 'home,' with now and then a visit of Indians from the interior, are the sole occurrences which break in upon the incessant search for the 'dust.' A short time since, a party of fine-looking Indians, of a tribe formerly unknown to Americans arrived at the 'diggings,' having among them three beautiful girls, who created an immense sensation. These Indians are described as being exceedingly intelligent, and very dignified and pleasing in their manners. Hearing by chance of the value set upon gold by the emigrants, they had made a journey to the mines for the purpose of becoming possessed of some of the precious metal. Their account of themselves throws some further light on the opinion now fast becoming general, that America was at one time peopled by a great nation, highly educated, and advanced in the arts. The visitors stated that they lived in a town several leagues distant to the north-west, and gave evidence of their acquaintance with the arts. It may be presumed, therefore, that they were not, in reality, of the common Indian stock, but descendants of the veritable 'mound builders,' the real aborigines of the country. A letter from the locality speaks highly of the Indian girls, describing them as 'ladies in demeanour, and perfect angels—though a little too dark for seraphim—in face and figure.'

Of all the companies which have gone to the mines,

none, it is thought, have been so fortunate as Colonel J. D. Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers. The men composing it were disbanded, or rather they disbanded themselves, at the first blush of the 'fever'; and being on the spot, immediately commenced operations. The result of their labour—the gold then lying in quantities on the margins of the streams—was such an accumulation of wealth as would probably have defrayed the entire cost of the Mexican war. Not content with the washings on the plain, the volunteers, who for the most part were stout, daring young fellows, distributed themselves over the mountains, and along the courses of the rivulets, where they found large lumps of the metal, which, owing to their size or position, could not be carried downward by the force of the water. These volunteers, when soldiers, were as rough and hardy a set of fellows as could be found; but the change in their pecuniary condition has raised them into the rank of conservators of the order, and the absolute law-makers of the golden territory. Mr Gilbert, formerly one of them, is now a member of Congress. He served his apprenticeship as a printer in the Albany Argus office, and when Colonel Stevenson's regiment was disbanded, started the 'Alta-Californian' newspaper. By the faithful and prudent management of that journal, Mr Gilbert has acquired for it the reputation of being the best journal in California, and has made it already one of the most valuable newspaper properties in the United States. He is at present only thirty years of age. Mr Wright went to California about a year ago, and has also been returned to Congress by a constituency larger than Mr Grinnell, who had for some time represented the Nantucket district.

The volunteers, being principally from the lower ranks of society, have, by the remittances of their treasures, wrought surprising changes in the appearance, position, and prospects of their friends in the American cities; and extraordinary, but in some cases true, anecdotes are rife respecting them. Old applewomen, whose sons had enlisted, are now purchasing costly gear preparatory to making their appearance in the circles of the aristocracy. Two little girls who recently swept the crossings in New Broadway have been transplanted to a celebrated school, to be educated with every accomplishment to fit them for their new destiny. A man who was a pauper in the almshouse four months since, has purchased a valuable estate, and is actually building a mansion upon it. The keeper of a little grog-shop in one of the purlicues of New York suddenly astonished his neighbours by kicking his stock in trade into the street, and inviting all who chose to bear it away—a sudden fit of generosity produced by the receipt of an ample supply of funds from the 'diggings.' A short time since an old man received a letter from his son, then in Panama, stating that, having deserted from the Volunteers, he was in a state of abject poverty, and begging the transmission of a few dollars to enable him to return home. While the father was endeavouring to comply with his son's request by raising a subscription among his friends, he received another letter with an advice of a keg of the 'dust,' amounting to nearly 50,000 dollars. In the early part of January a poor Irishwoman received a letter, which she carried to a lawyer in Wall Street, New York, to read for her. The lawyer, seeing the San Francisco postmark, became interested, and before breaking the seal, asked the woman who it was from?

"Pat, sir," she replied, "I don't know in the world, an' I'm thinking it's just a mistake."

"Have you no friend in California?"

"Divil a one, sir, nor anywhere else; an' it's not for the like of me to know where California is."

"Did no member of your family go to the Mexican war?"

"Oh yes, yer honour—a baste of a husband, bad luck to him. He went off in Colonel Stevenson's regiment, and I hope he'll never come back."

"That resolves it," said the lawyer, opening the letter.

It contained a draft for 10,000 dollars on Howland and Aspinwall, and a note to the following effect:—

"DEAR PEGGY—I send you a *trifle*, which I hope is good, for I bought it on chance, and have more gold in my possession than would buy twenty such. Try and learn to be a lady as fast as ye can, for when I come home I'll make you as rich as a queen."

The draft was presented, and duly honoured, and we believe Peggy has ceased altogether wishing that her 'baste of a husband may never come back.'

It is a singular fact that the existence of gold in the Californian mountains has been known for nearly two centuries. Mention is made of this in several old books; and there is a tradition extant that the mines were worked in former ages by races that have long since passed away. And this would appear to be true, from the discovery of ancient mining instruments in the locality. These latter are in the possession of Captain Sutter, one of the earliest gold-hunters in California, and who has gathered from the Indians a number of choice relics and legendary lore tending to prove that California was at one time a highly-civilised and powerful country. Report states that the captain has a storehouse filled with relics of incalculable value, consisting of plates covered with hieroglyphics; swords, chains, armour, helmets studded with gold; and a magnificent golden statue (size of life) of a beautiful female, seated in a conch shell, also of gold, which he dug up near the ocean shore, and which is supposed to have represented the goddess of the Pacific. It has been stated also that the vestiges of an ancient city have been discovered; and the prevailing opinion appears to be, that when the mining operations shall have been carried deeper, it will be found that California is not now for the first time trodden by thousands of human beings.

There are numerous stories in circulation as to the modern discovery of the gold-mines. It appears that the Californian Indians have long been aware of the 'bright sand,' as they called the gold dust, in and on the shores of the streams, but had not the slightest idea of its value, although they are remarkably covetous, cunning, and miserly about money, and set peculiar store by all kinds of gold coinage. They also state that formerly it was common to find lumps of the metal, some of them as large as a man's head, lying about; but that these all mysteriously disappeared soon after the arrival of Captain Sutter among them. This Captain Sutter is a remarkable man, and is now probably the richest individual in the world. He is a native of Switzerland, served as an officer in Charles X.'s body-guard, and subsequently resided in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other parts of the United States, where he suffered much from poverty and hardship. At length, disgusted with the civilised world, he 'squatted' in the wilds of California, where, while ploughing the earth to raise food for his family, he discovered a quicksilver mine—the third in the world. He carefully preserved his secret until he had obtained from the Mexican government a grant of 40,000 acres of land, thus securing to himself that mine of wealth, which produces him an enormous and daily-increasing income. He has now upwards of 100 Indians at work at the mine, and retains more than double that number, all armed to the teeth, for the protection of his property. Although he had been gathering the gold in lumps and dust for several years, he was most successful in concealing the sources of his wealth. When the golden land was at length discovered, he sought to throw discredit on the intelligence by causing it to be published in the newspapers that there was far more to be gained in California by farming than by gold-digging, and that he set more value upon his cabbage garden than on all the mines of the territory.

There are three different stories extant respecting the immediate circumstances which led to the discovery of the golden secret, which appear to receive about equal credit. The first is, that wood being scarce, a squatter

named Grimes undertook the construction of a 'shanty,' with stones, one of which attracting his attention, he subjected it to analysis, and ascertained that it contained seven ounces of pure gold, which naturally inducing him to search further, the discovery of the mines was the result. Another story is, that a traveller crossing a stream on a tree which had been thrown down as a bridge, fell into the water, and was covered with sand and mud. Packing his dirty clothes in his knapsack, for he had no time or means for drying and cleaning them, he proceeded to San Francisco, where, on opening his knapsack, he found its entire contents thickly covered with shining particles, which he preserved, and subsequently discovered to be gold, and thus established the fact of its existence in the Californian rivers. The third, and perhaps the most probable, is, that Messrs Howland and Aspinwall of New York, who are the agents of Captain Sutter, wondering where the latter obtained all the raw gold which he transmitted to them, thought they would penetrate the mystery. Accordingly, they sent out a young gentleman named Dimond, son of the celebrated shipbuilder of that name, to explore the land. The result of the expedition was, that Mr Dimond, about two years since, ascertained the captain's secret, and astonished the world by its promulgation.

The affluent and promising condition of the mining districts has given an immense impulse to the prosperity of the cities, which, on the breaking up of the winter, exhibited extraordinary activity. The flood which laid Sacramento city under water, drowning the live-stock, and threatening the whole district with ruin, appears to have inflicted but trifling injury on the market value of the property. Building is progressing at an extraordinary rate, and contracts and proposals already entertained and entered into amount to a million dollars.

At San Francisco street after street is rising rapidly; and as the late fire has induced the use of brick instead of wood in their erection, the city begins to assume a substantial appearance. Indeed so rapidly is every description of work progressing, that there must shortly be a lull in building operations, at least in the city, from the demand having been fully supplied.

San Francisco now has eight churches, some public schools, a Strangers' Friend Society, a Tract Society, &c. The price of ground, which, however, has attained quite a fictitious value, may be somewhat estimated by the fact, that government pays for the customhouse a rent of 98,000 dollars—nearly £20,000 per annum. The population is peculiarly free from serious or frequent crime; and where disturbances arise, they are very rapidly adjusted. The accessories of a highly-civilised state are also being rapidly arranged. A new Californian ship company has lately been schemed with a proposed capital of 1,000,000 dollars, of which 500,000 were subscribed by the cities of San Francisco and Sacramento; and the trade, which promises from all the ports of the Pacific, will be of the most lucrative description.

It appears probable also that coal will shortly be numbered among the indigenous products of the country. Some bituminous springs having been discovered on the coast, the most confident hopes are entertained that the experiments instituted will prove the existence of carboniferous deposits.

It may be readily imagined that nothing but commerce has a chance of attention in such a country at present. The arrival of emigrants and shipping, the sales of consigned goods, the continual consignments of gold dust, and the receipt of news from the gold placers, with the thousand excitements of living in a new and increasing country, are sufficient to occupy the mind, and prevent a recourse to the recreations enjoyed in a life of comparative leisure. Here, the celebrated pianist, had, by the last accounts announced, a concert in San Francisco; but the above-mentioned causes, added to the paucity of ladies, would naturally tend to defer the

success of all exhibitions of this description until the excitement has in some measure subsided, and men's minds have settled down to a less galvanic mode of transacting the affairs of life than is common at present.

It is a singular fact, worthy of remark, that the commercial enterprise of the English mind was for some time at fault in the affairs of California. The intelligence of the gold-mines inspired many with a desire to visit the 'diggings;' but our traders forgot for once that where gold was so easily obtained, was precisely the place to send their manufactured commodities. The first supply, therefore, was from America and the south-western countries; and even now English traders are disappointed in the result of their speculations, because they rashly intrusted their goods to adventurers, and neglected to make themselves acquainted with the particular seasons when manufactured produce ought to arrive. A few failures, however, have corrected these errors; and there can be no doubt that the gold of California will give an impetus to the trade of England.

The internal resources of California, independent of its supply of the precious metals, are almost unprecedented. The country has from four to five hundred miles of sea-coast, with fine forests in the north—the waters filled with fish, and the plains covered with thousands of herds of cattle, while the soil is rich and fertile, and returning seventy to eightyfold. It is blessed also with one of the finest climates in the world, and is almost totally free from all epidemic or endemic diseases. The vineyards are exceedingly prolific, yielding an abundance of grapes; and there is a large and increasing population ready to consume the food which enterprise, labour, and capital shall assist to produce.

Agriculture, which has been mostly carried on under the auspices of the Mexican Catholics, is of a rude description; but an English gentleman has just started on an expedition which bids fair to revolutionise the whole system. This gentleman has fitted out a steam vessel of large dimensions, and has embarked a hundred chosen agricultural labourers with all necessary implements; and having obtained a large tract of country, he purposes cultivating it with corn for the Californian markets. In addition to this, he has taken apparatus for brewing, making wine, and distilling spirits, with gentlemen competent to take charge of this department of the project—the latter being a vintner from the continent of Europe. The preparations have been made on the most extensive scale; and there can be no doubt of the success of the experiments.

The tales of distress which have been vaunted of this country are exceedingly exaggerated. There is no doubt that a person adventuring to a field where there is nothing but gold to be had, and where he must be content to lie in the open air, stand up to his middle in water and mud, and probably enter upon a course of manual labour to which he has been unaccustomed—will find himself surrounded with hardships. But if work is harder in a young settlement, it is less protracted, and success never fails to reward the determined, the enterprising, and the persevering. Those, however, who are afraid of labour, whether they are contemplating a journey to California, to Australia, to Natal, or to Texas, had better change their minds, and remain at home.

#### ANECDOTE OF LORD CLIVE

FROM AN ORIGINAL SOURCE.

ALTHOUGH of a gloomy temperament, and from the earliest age evincing those characteristics of pride and shyness which rendered him unsocial, and therefore unpopular in general society, this nobleman, in the private walks of life, was amiable, and peculiarly disinterested. Whilst in India, his correspondence with those of his own family evinced in a remarkable degree those right and kindly feelings which could hardly have been expected from Clive, considering the forwardness of early life and the inflexible sternness of more

advanced age. When the foundation of his fortune was laid, Lord Clive evinced a praiseworthy recollection of the friends of his early days. He bestowed an annuity of £800 on his parents, while to other relations and friends he was proportionately liberal. He was a devotedly attached husband, as his letters to Lady Clive bear testimony. Her maiden name was Maskelyne, sister to the eminent mathematician so called who long held the post of astronomer royal. This marriage, which took place in 1752, with the circumstances attending it, are somewhat singular, and worth recording:—Clive, who was at that period just twenty-seven, had formed a previous friendship with one of the lady's brothers, like himself a resident at Madras. The brother and sister, it appears, kept up an affectionate and constant correspondence—that is, as constant an interchange of epistolary communication as could be accomplished nearly a century ago, when the distance between Great Britain and the East appeared so much more formidable, and the facilities of postal conveyance so comparatively tardy. The epistles of the lady, through the partiality of her brother, were frequently shown to Clive, and they bespoke her to be what from all accounts she was—a woman of very superior understanding, and of much amiability of character. Clive was charmed with her letters, for in those days, be it remembered, the fair sex were not so familiarised to the pen as at the present period. At that time, to indite a really good epistle as to penmanship and diction was a formidable task, and what few ladies, comparatively speaking, could attain to. The accomplished sister of Dr Maskelyne was one of the few exceptions, and so strongly did her epistolary powers attract the interest, and gain for her the affections, of Clive, that it ended by his offering to marry the young lady if she could be induced to visit her brother at Madras. The latter, through whom the suggestion was to be made, hesitated, and seemed inclined to discourage the proposition; but Clive in this instance evinced that determination of purpose which was so strong a feature in his character. He could urge, too, with more confidence a measure on which so much of his happiness depended—for he was now no longer the poor neglected boy, sent out to seek his fortune, but one who had already acquired a fame which promised future greatness. In short, he would take no refusal; and then was the brother of Miss Maskelyne forced to own, that highly as his sister was endowed with every mental qualification, nature had been singularly unfavourable to her—personal attractions she had none. The future hero of Phissey was not, however, to be deterred—but he made this compromise:—If the lady could be prevailed upon to visit India, and that neither party, on a personal acquaintance, felt disposed for a nearer connection, the sum of £5000 was to be presented to her. With this understanding all scruples were overcome. Miss Maskelyne went out to India, and immediately after became the wife of Clive, who, already prejudiced in her favour, is said to have expressed himself surprised that she should ever have been represented to him as plain. So much for the influence of mind and manner over mere personal endowments. With the sad end of this distinguished general every reader is familiar. His lady survived the event by many years, and lived to a benevolent and venerable old age. Her eldest son, Edward, second Lord Clive, having married the heiress of the House of Herbert, was created Earl Powis—that title, which had previously become extinct, being conferred on him and his descendants, who still enjoy it.

#### HOW TO DRESS WELL.

Dr Johnson, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked—"The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, *that one can never remember what she had on.*" Delicacy of feeling in a lady will prevent her putting on anything calculated to attract notice; and yet a female of good taste will dress so as to have every part of her dress correspond. Thus while she avoids what is showy and attractive, everything will be adjusted so as to exhibit symmetry and taste.

#### DOMESTIC PEACE.

The less of physical force or menacing language we use—the less, to take an expressive word, we *scold* our children—the more order and quiet we shall commonly secure. I have seen a family where a single word, or a look even, would alloy a rising storm. The gentle but firm method is the best security for domestic peace.—*Rev. A. B. May.*

#### OLD TIME.

INSCRIBED TO S. A. H.

Yoking sculptor he, and full of youthful thoughts,  
Who first devised yon figure of Old Time,  
He knew him old, and gave him withered limbs,  
Yet sinewy and strong for work withal;  
And that stout scythe, for he had much to mow;  
And those firm wings, for he had far to fly:  
Then with one forelock and (a whim of Art)  
A crystal hour-glass in the marble hand,  
The statue stood complete.

And stood around  
A group as young regarding. Fears were none,  
But hopes were many—gratulating hopes  
Each for his own glad prospect: while the gay  
Were jeering him with, 'Graybeard, go thy way!  
Now, if thou wilt, the stoppess of Tartary:  
Or fly thee, if thou choose, from pole to pole!  
For what art thou to us?'

Years were flown by:  
When lo! beside that self-same statue stood  
A few gray-headed men, the scant remains  
Of whom had gazed before. Where were the rest?  
But now methinks not only were their locks,  
But eyesights changed, to which no more appeared  
The same that statue, or had changed with them:  
For that broad crystal cone down which of old  
The sands had seemed to draw, they now saw dwarfed  
To minute-glass, through which the glittering grains,  
Too swift almost for aged eyes to follow,  
Leapt twinkling, as if in turn to jeer.  
With, 'Now, good friends, we sure run fast enough?'  
So, too, that scythe, whose length of curvature  
Had seemed full fit to sweep uncultured fields,  
Was now a short hooked sickle—fit not less  
For its cramped breadth of harvest; and they heard,  
Or thought they heard, it rasping audibly  
With sharp brisk rustle 'mid the dry, scere stalks—  
Themselves as dry and scere.

While each long wing,  
Which might have borne strong eagle on his quest  
From realm to realm, was clipped and rounded now,  
As those which only just suffice to bear  
The whirring partridge on from brake to brake,  
If swift, yet soon to fall.

But, lo! now stood  
There one beside that figure of Old Time,  
That stood not there before, or was not seen  
When youth is busied more to feel than see:  
Figure it was with loosely-folded arms,  
And bended brow, and introspective eye,  
Which seemed as if it pondered on the past:  
The young, had any such been mingling there,  
Might well have wondered what such form could mean;  
But of that gray-haired group which clustered round  
Not one there was but knew the name; and sighed,  
When asking, it was answered them—Regret.

H. C.

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## JUSTICE AND CHARITY.

AN ENGLISH APOLOGUE.

IN the latter days of Henry VIII., when the King's Grace, as they called him, was more than ever on the look-out for heretics and traitors, occasionally dividing his royal attentions among coin-clippers, cut-purses, and begging vagrants also, whose numbers had marvellously increased in England since the suppression of the convents, there lived in the neighbourhood of Whitehall two friends, of whom no historian makes mention, as they took no public part in the mingled religion and politics of their times. They were distant kinsmen, remote branches of the noble House of Seymour, and quietly patronised by Catherine Parr, it was thought, on account of the lord whom she afterwards married and died so jealous of: but having no other titles, people in their generation distinguished them as Master Ralph and Master Richard.

Ralph had been an orphan brought up in a convent, and taught to regard the cowl as his future heritage, till the pope and the king quarrelled, when the convent with all its lands were bestowed on his cousin, the lineal representative of his family, who could not be induced to take the young novice even into his service for fear of royal displeasure. Upon which Ralph crossed the sea, turned minstrel, and wandered over Germany, where he sung to the knights of Lanstien, heard Martin Luther preach, saw John of Leyden set up his New Jerusalem in Munster, and returned just in time to witness the execution of his cousin on Tower Hill for something about Anne Boleyn: convent lands and all being of course resumed by the crown. But as Ralph was the legal heir, and Jane Seymour just proclaimed, the king graciously allowed him a pension of a hundred nobles out of the forfeited estate, and a promise of some future appointment in his household.

On that pension Master Ralph lived as a poor gentleman in London, entertaining himself by reading romances and composing pastoral ballads concerning shepherd queens and swains who died for love, which he was accustomed to sing to his mandolin; that much-esteemed instrument having been bestowed upon him in token of good-will and approbation by Ulrich von Hutten, the singing knight of Germany.

Master Richard had been the only son of a learned lawyer, who sent him to study the decretals at Rome, believing he would one day be Lord Chancellor; and there Master Richard studied painting under Michael Angelo, till the old lawyer's decease. But whether it was owing to the small fortune his father left him, or that Master Richard knew too well how it had been gathered, from that time he diligently eschewed the law, lived on his father's money, and employed his

leisure on imaginary portraits of court beauties, under the designations of Sylvia, Phillis, and Pastora.

Notwithstanding these pursuits, both were prudent bachelors, close upon fifty years, and never known to be moved beyond a verse or a sketch by all the dames that ever crossed their paths. Early and faint rumours indeed had spoken of a German Jewess whom Ralph had never sung, and an Italian silk-winder whom Richard never painted; but they had lived for years in quiet friendship, avoiding the dangerous disputes of the age, and studying together as they might the liberal arts and the lessons of old philosophy. There was a likeness in their ways and doings. Their cloaks and doublets were always purchased at the same shop, and the populace knew them as right worshipful gentlemen; but assigning to each his proper praise, they were apt to dwell on the fact, that Master Ralph never allowed a beggar to pass him empty-handed, and that Master Richard paid his bills the moment they became due.

Such was the popular character of the friends, when a whisper spread through the court, and thence through the city, that Queen Catherine Parr was suspected of doubting the king's supremacy; and another coronation, of course preceded by an execution for heresy, might be expected. It was perhaps with some reference to that ominous report that a trusty page appeared one morning at their lodgings, bearing the queen's commands to the Masters Seymour, as they were the only gentlemen acquainted with the mysteries of painting and poetry then within the bounds of London, to prepare with all speed a 'Morality' of most prudent and virtuous devices, which should be performed before the King's Grace on the approaching Easter. Such was the only form of the drama known at that period in England: it was long till Shakespeare's day, and Henry's court occasionally required Moralities; but a poet who would be honoured with royal orders for a play—were such things ever done in modern London?—might imagine the earnestness and alacrity with which Masters Ralph and Richard set about their task. The heaviest part of the duty indeed fell on Ralph's poetical shoulders; but besides having to manage scene and costume, Richard came in for a large share of the advising; and there was room for that, for it was requisite to keep orthodoxy in view, which, in the first Defender of the Faith's reign, was no easy matter for either Catholic or Protestant.

At length, however, it was agreed that the Virtues, conducted by Faith, should descend from Heaven by the ladder of Knowledge; and each in her turn make a speech of self-recommendation to the audience, inviting them to enlist immediately under her particular banner; at the last of which Wisdom should step from behind the throne, and explain that they were all one family, and she their governess. Whereupon Faith was to

wind up with some pertinent remarks on the encouragement afforded to her by the king of England, and the duties of subjects in general. The two friends presumed that this Morality would rather suit the royal taste; but an unforeseen difficulty arose in its construction. They had been at the palace by special permission, to survey the apartment in which the performance was to take place—and they say people looked on Charles I.'s scaffold from its windows scarcely a century after. But then things were in full preparation for the descent of the Virtues; the ladder of Knowledge had been already erected; and Ralph and Richard sat late together awaiting the appearance of Stellico the chemist, who had solemnly promised to bring the latter certain Spanish colours wherewith to paint the sky. Stellico called himself a Jew, but was believed to be a Morisco of Spain, who had taken refuge from their Catholic majesties in England long ago, when Granada was made a Christian city. For more than twenty years he had carried on business in St Paul's Churchyard, keeping a small dingy shop, where he sold all manner of strange dyes and medicines, told fortunes privately, and, men said, dealt in alchemy.

'The chemist tarries late,' said Richard, returning from a long look-out on old London's night; 'the bell of St Paul's hath tolled nine, and the lights are going out in every house around us.'

'Fate indeed, Master Richard,' said Ralph, as he looked up from the dim oil-lamp and thick papers before him; 'but let us set the Virtues in order till he come. What was the manner of it, caust thou tell, for my memory fails me?'

'Let me see,' said Richard, seating himself and rubbing up his brow. 'Courage clothed in scarlet, and crowned with laurel; Truth in a pure white robe, carrying a flaming torch; Temperance in a gray mantle and white train; and Justice, with her sword and balance, clad in the imperial purple.'—

'Nay, that is not my mind,' interrupted Ralph; 'Charity must wear the purple, and begin the orations, as even St Paul hath declared her to be the queen of Virtues; but Justice shall appear last of all in a blue robe and velvet shoes, to signify her constancy and silent comings to the guilty.'

'Pshaw!' cried Richard, his artistic indignation rising; 'the very attire of Patience. I say again that Justice should wear the imperial purple: she by whom laws are framed, or ought to be (he added in an under tone), by whom kings reign and human society is cemented—who hath, besides, a royalty over all virtues, inasmuch as she is reckoned the special attendant of divinity. All the fathers agree that St Paul's words denote a heavenly charity: as for the earthly sort, it is but a poor beggarly virtue, fit to be commended only by old women and idle vagrants.'

Thus attacked, Ralph vigorously defended the claim of his favourite virtue to the purple. Indeed, which was the greatest had long been a disputed point in their philosophy; and it was now argued with all the zeal of an artist and an author. Ralph brought hosts of ancient divines and fathers to verify his opinion in favour of Charity, while Richard produced the classic philosophers in no less goodly numbers on the side of Justice.

The controversy grew warm, and the hour late, for a heaven of personality began to mingle with the argument; when the Seymours, who sat like brave old English gentlemen in a chamber hung with Flanders tapestry, and carpeted with a deep brown layer, never disturbed since it had been strewn green on the previous summer, were made aware by a step on the rushy floor that they were not alone; and turning both at the same instant, perceived Stellico the chemist, his tall, spare figure wrapped as usual in a black Spanish cloak, standing between them and the door.

'Your pardon, my masters,' said the old man with a reverence much alighter than his shop-bow—your pardon for playing the listener; but truly the question

you debate is one of great compass, and as I myself once studied philosophy under the renowned Solomon Ben Useff, the dispute has occupied my attention more than this hour past.'

'Hast thou been here an hour?' demanded Ralph in amazement. But Richard, whose temper was rather the hottest, forgot the morality sky and his Spanish colours in anxiety for a supporter, and hastily inquired which he thought had the best of the argument.

'Both have reasoned well,' said the chemist; 'but this question hath puzzled the sages of all nations; even divines and philosophers have disputed among themselves on the matter of Justice and Charity—which ought to bear sway in the universe, or have conferred the greater benefit on mankind. True it is that some have presumed to say those perplexed sages had but little acquaintance with either of the Virtues; but passing over such errors of the unlearned, I perceive that one of you inclines to the faith of Charity, and one to that of Justice. What think you, therefore, to question the past by a method which the master of wisdom, Dr Solomon, taught me, and learn from its answers which is most worthy to prevail?'

'Show us the method, good Stellico,' cried the Seymours, at once surprised and delighted at the chemist's knowledge. But before they had time to consider whether it might be heresy or witchcraft, he slowly waved his hand towards the door, which seemed cautiously opened from the outside, while groups of faces peered into the room. Ralph thought he had seen some of them long ago; but as his memory went backward, a strange and silent crowd seemed thickening beyond, and from amongst them there stepped in a man known to his earliest recollections as one old and poor, who regularly received alms at the convent gate, and now looked exactly as when he last relieved him.

'What brought thee to receive charity?' demanded Stellico, without a word of preface.

'Injustice!' said the old man. 'The Lord of Lessingham sent my two sons to the galleys for slaying a stag that ranged among our corn in harvest-time, and afterwards levelled the cottage my father had left me, and took the fields we tilled into his park.'

At the last word he stepped back into the crowd, and a woman pressed forward, young, but worn and withered, as Ralph guessed, with a wild, wicked life; for he remembered bribing a watchman of one of the Hanse towns with a tester to let her go on a dreary winter night, and giving her another to provide lodging when there was but one remaining in his minstrel's purse.

'Why should you ask me?' she said in reply to Stellico's inquiring look. 'I had a careless father, a harsh stepmother, and a poverty-stricken home. They put my brothers to trade. One became a woman's tailor, another dyed ribbons, and in process of time they wedded girls with portions; but custom left only one way to win my bread—and the world knows where it led me.'

As she spoke, a child stepped before her, but close behind him rose an indistinct shadow, like a tall gibbet, and Ralph knew the pinched young face as that of a little knave whom he had caught cutting his purse at Leipsic fair, but allowed to escape (though it was said he had been more than once in the town's prison), because of his tender years and piteous intreaties, with many good advices, and a penny to buy bread.

'I had idle and vicious parents,' he said, without waiting for look or question; 'my mother made me beg, and my father taught me to steal: there was no power to protect me from their control or counsels—and that was my share of Justice,' added the boy, pointing to the shadowy gibbet as he retired.

'I warned him it would come to that,' thought Ralph; but one after another there entered all the poor and distressed whom he had ever relieved or known; and one cry ran through all their answers, for some accused law, many their fellow-men, and even some the church

of injustice, which brought them to stand in need of Charity. There were those, too, who heavily charged what they called their fortunes; and one that looked at Ralph with a sad, dark face, saying, 'Was I to blame for being born a Jewess?'

'Thou seest, Master Ralph,' at length cried Richard, with whom fear and astonishment were for the moment sunk in the apparent success of his argument, 'that this Charity by which thou settest such store is but the narrow and uncertain resource of men who cannot attain to the broad security of Justice.'

'Thy words are strong in praise of Justice,' said the chemist with a sneer. 'Have thy deeds been equal?'

Richard almost started at this question from the Jew shopkeeper; but his astonishment was diverted to another channel by a clamour of voices at the door into which men, women, and children were pressing.

'He has expended my money of which his father defrauded me,' said one. 'He took my labour at half its value in a time of dearth,' cried another. 'He paid me with false coin, and he wore the doublet that was stolen from me,' shouted two in a breath.

'Some of your faces I have seen, and some of ye I never beheld,' said Richard; 'but of all these things with which ye charge me I know nothing.'

'Hast thou inquired after them as curiously as thou didst after Senior Angelo's art, would they have escaped thee?' said a stern old man, bending in to look at Richard.

'Well questioned, stranger!' said Ralph, triumphant in his turn. 'But who art thou?'

'I am Piro, the Roman sculptor, to whose only daughter this man sung verses and told tales till he laughed she had no portion, and Constanza became a nun,' said the old man.

'In the name of God did she take the vows?' cried Richard, springing from his seat: 'I never believed in that!' But at the same instant the crowd departed with a sound like that of a rushing wind, and some half-heard words from the sculptor concerning the 'burial vaults of our Lady del Deserto.'

'The day is near, and I too must go,' said Stellico; 'but, friends, when next ye write a Morality, dispute not whether Justice or Charity be the greater, for both are of Heaven. Yet know this, that Justice reigned first, but she has been so long banished from her kingdom that mankind scarcely remember her lineaments, and have made to themselves many a false resemblance. After the exile of Justice mortals invoked Charity; for though she can never fill her place, she hath always the surpassing skill to find room where Justice cannot so much as enter; nevertheless, it is believed that Justice will yet return to her throne on earth, and Charity rest from her labours; but the time is far off, and my journey long,' added the chemist as he stepped over the threshold.

'Whether so fast, worthy Stellico? Tell us whence came the people?' cried Ralph and Richard following him; but Stellico was gone. There was no trace of him in the passage or the street without; and they heard the first cock's crow faintly from the suburbs, for a gray glimmer of the dawn was already in the eastern sky. There was another debate between the Seymours, but neither a long nor loud one, whether or not they should accuse the chemist of sorcery; but when they were almost agreed on that proceeding, half London were up, and his apprentice arrived with the Spanish colours, and many apologies for the non-appearance of his master, who had been seized with violent sickness on the previous evening, which all his neighbours suspected was the plague. The Jew protested it was not for fear of losing custom; but the sickness proved his last, for he died on the ninth day in the chamber behind his shop, after a solemn declaration to his attendant rabbi that he had never been at the Seymours's lodgings, and believed it was none other than the spirit of Dr Solomon.

Of course the tale was told at the palace, composed in rhyme, and printed on broad sheets for the edification of all England. The king finding all his own theology

insufficient to settle the question, and being moreover rather occupied with the queen's affair, and his own last illness, left it to the divines of his kingdom, amongst whom it was a goodly bone of contention: the ultra-Catholic party maintaining it was St John, and the ultra-Protestant standing up for Satan, till it, together with many an old trifle, was lost in the various matches and conspiracies which threatened, though they did not shorten, the days of the Maiden Queen.

As for Masters Ralph and Richard, their convictions on the subject have not been handed down to posterity; but certain it is that they soon after retired to the ancient city of Coventry, and never wrote another Morality for the court of Henry VIII.

#### LEIGH HUNT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.\*

If these volumes gave the personal as well as literary life of the author, he would rank as a second Boswell—only with not so great a man for the hero. He would be his own Boswell. He is proud of L. H., even of his little peculiarities, not to say failings. He takes the liberty of differing sometimes with him in opinion—but not rudely. Circumstances have changed. If L. H. had written now, he might have modified his expressions in some degree: but, after all, they were right at the time. In fact, he toadies himself a little—that cannot be denied; but over the whole is spread so genuine an air of *bonhomie* that the reader's attempts to demur are fruitless. Where he does not coincide, he at least acquiesces; he grows kindlier and couther as he and his author go on together; and at last he fairly slips his arm into his, calls him L. H. to his face without the Mister, and slides into his humour as men do into that of a genial companion over t'other bottle.

The personal history, we repeat, is omitted, for we are neither to be talked nor title-paged out of our senses. All we learn from the book is, that he was born at Southgate of such and such parents on the 19th of October 1784, and that in due time he quaffed Helicon and sky-blue at Christ's Hospital. After that we find him commencing certain publications—then we discover that he is married—then we accompany him on a pleasure ramble to Italy with his wife and seven children—then we are all at home again—and, finally, we are happy to learn that he has received a pension from government. But in lieu of personal and family details we have scenes, portraits, characters, opinions, and quotations from his own works without number. This injures the book as a whole, and may make some people even suppose it to be tedious in its discursiveness; but in point of fact, although it wants a sufficiently-marked thread of narrative to hold on by as you go through the volumes, there is interest and amusement in every page taken separately, and a pleasanter table-book, therefore, could not readily be found.

From his father, a Barbadian, who was always going to be made a bishop but never was, Mr Hunt received for his sole inheritance—and a rich one it was—a happy temperament, which his mother in vain endeavoured to qualify. 'I may call myself,' says he, 'in every sense of the word, etymological not excepted, a son of mirth and melancholy; for my father's Christian name (as old students of onomancy would have heard with serious faces) was Isaac, which is Hebrew for "laughter," and my mother's was Mary, which comes from a word in the same language, signifying "bitterness." And, indeed, as I do not remember to have ever seen my mother smile, except in sorrowful tenderness, so my father's shouts of laughter are now ringing in my ears. Not at any expense to her gravity, for he loved her, and thought her an angel on earth, but because his animal spirits were invincible. I inherit from my mother a tendency to jaundice, which at times has

\* The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1850.

made me melancholy enough. I doubt, indeed, whether I have passed a day during half my life without reflections, the first germs of which are traceable to sufferings which this tendency once cost me. My prevailing temperament, nevertheless, is my father's; and it has not only enabled me to turn those reflections into sources of tranquillity and exaltation, but helped my love of my mother's memory to take a sort of pride in the infirmity which she bequeathed me. This father, it appears, was somewhat wild for a clergyman; but he was fond of sermons nevertheless, and of reading the Bible, and above all, he was what his son calls somebody else, 'very generous and handsome-minded—a genuine human being.'

The impressions made in youth upon a happy temperament are always lasting and always delightful; while a differently constituted individual only learns to enjoy as he gets along, and looks back with disgust upon his early days. The youth of Leigh Hunt was a paradise. He remembers with complacency his blue gown, knee-breeches, and yellow stockings at Christ's Hospital; and if the small beer was undrinkable, he was allowed water with his bread instead. He has been told that the cranberries he has met with since must have been as fine, and as large and juicy as the cranberries of those days; but nevertheless he cannot persuade himself that he ever ate a true cranberry-tart since, he used to visit in Austin-Friars: 'Blessed house! May a blessing be upon your rooms, and your lawn, and your neighbouring garden, and the quiet old monastic name of your street! and may it never be a thoroughfare! and may all your inmates be happy! Would to God one could renew at a moment's notice the happy hours we have enjoyed in past times with the same circles, and in the same houses! A planet with such a privilege would be a great lift nearer heaven. What prodigious evenings, reader, we would have of it! What fine pieces of childhood, of youth, of manhood—ay, and of age, as long as our friends lasted!'

Christ's Hospital was of course not all sunshine, otherwise the sunshine would not have been prized. It had even a horror of its own, and as this was of an original kind, we introduce it to our readers by its name of the Fazzer.

'The Fazzer was known to be nothing more than one of the boys themselves. In fact, he consisted of one of the most impudent of the bigger ones; but as it was his custom to disguise his face, and as this aggravated the terror which made the little boys hide their own faces, his participation of our common human nature only increased the supernatural fearfulness of his pretensions. His office as Fazzer consisted in being audacious, unknown, and frightening the boys at night; sometimes by pulling them out of their beds; sometimes by simply fuzzing their hair ("fuzzing" meant pulling or vexing, like a goblin); sometimes (which was horriest of all) by quietly giving us to understand, in some way or other, that the "Fazzer was out"—that is to say, out of his own bed; and then being seen (by those who dared to look) sitting, or otherwise making his appearance, in his white shirt, motionless and dumb. It was a very good horror of its kind. The Fazzer was our Dr Faustus, our elf, our spectre, our Tibbertigibbet, who "put knives in our pillows and halters in our pews." He was Jones, it is true, or Smith; but he was also somebody else—an anomaly, a duality, Smith and sorcery united. My friend Charles Ollier should have written a book about him. He was our Old Man of the Mountain, and yet a common boy.'

The chief luxury was spending money when there was any to spend. Hunt's parents were both as 'generous as daylight' (he forgets the assessed tax!), but they could not give what they had not; so the task of teaching him the use of money was reserved for his rich aunt, who presented him sometimes with a half-guinea. The first that came was a poser. What to do with so vast a sum? He held a consultation with his companions, and 'one shilling was devoted to pears,

another to apples, another to cakes, and so on, all to be bought immediately, as they were; till coming to the sixpence, and being struck with a recollection that I ought to do something useful with that, I bought sixpenn'orth of shoe-strings.'

At length the time came when it was necessary to make his entrance into the world; and after going bare-headed for eight years, except on the rare occasion when he stuck his little *crumpe* of a cap on its few inches of pericranium, he was made to assume that strange uncomfortable absurdity—a hat.

'I then cared as little for the rains as I did for anything else. I had now a vague sense of worldly trouble, and of a great and serious change in my condition; besides which, I had to quit my old cloisters, and my playmates, and long habits of all sorts; so that, what was a very happy moment to schoolboys in general, was to me one of the most painful of my life. I surprised my schoolfellows and the master with the melancholy of my tears. I took leave of my books, of my friends, of my seat in the grammar-school, of my good-hearted nurse and her daughter, of my bed, of the cloisters, and of the very pump out of which I had taken so many delicious draughts, as if I should never see them again, though I meant to come every day. The fatal hat was put on; my father was come to fetch me.

We, hand in hand, with strange new steps and slow,  
Through Holborn took our meditative way.'

But he carried his youth with him, and his predisposition to be happy, and to love and admire the beautiful wherever he found it: a little girl standing in a little river with bare legs washing some linen realised one of those visions of which he expected to find the world full. This was a vision of an oval face, with blue eyes full of gentle astonishment, and a profusion of flaxen locks on either side. But at that time he took 'every beauty for an Arcadian, and every brook for a fairy stream; and the reader would be surprised if he knew to what extent I have a similar tendency still. I find the same possibilities by another path.'

A little later he saw another vision on the stage, and his description of it is one of the best things in the book, or perhaps in any book. 'Mrs Jordan was inimitable in exemplifying the consequences of too much restraint in ill-educated country-girls, in romps, in hoydens, and in wards on whom the mercenary have designs. She wore a bib and tucker, and pinafore, with a bouncing propriety, fit to make the boldest spectator alarmed at the idea of bringing such a household responsibility on his shoulders. To see her when thus attired shed blubbering tears for some disappointment, and eat all the while a great thick slice of bread and butter, weeping, and moaning, and munching, and eyeing at every bite the part she meant to bite next, was a lesson against will and appetite worth a hundred sermons of our friends on board the hoy; and, on the other hand, they could assuredly have done and said nothing at all calculated to make such an impression in favour of amiableness as she did, when she acted in gentle, generous, and confiding characters. The way in which she would take a friend by the cheek and kiss her, or make up a quarrel with a lover, or coax a guardian into good-humour, or sing (without accompaniment) the song of "Since then I'm Doomed," or, "In the Dead of the Night," trusting, as she had a right to do, and as the house wished her to do, to the sole effect of her sweet, mellow, and loving voice—the reader will pardon me, but tears of pleasure and regret come into my eyes at the recollection, as if she personified whatsoever was happy at that period of life, and which has gone like herself. The very sound of the little familiar word *but* from her lips (the abbreviation of husband), as she packed it closer, as it were, in the utterance, and pouted it up with fondness in the man's face, taking him at the same time by the chin, was a whole concentrated world of the power of loving.'

Reading, then, came to multiply his visions, and more

especially the reading of the 'Parnaso Italiano,' a collection of poetry in fifty-six 12mo. volumes, for which he joyfully paid £30, under rather extraordinary circumstances. He was condemned to two years' imprisonment for a political libel, and the 'Parnaso' was a 'lump' of sunshine on his shelves, in which nymphs, enchantresses, magicians, heathen gods, and Christian saints, disported themselves together. The reader, he tells us, would be surprised to know to what a literal extent this was the case; but why should he be surprised, knowing as he does the kind of abode into which this matter-of-fact observer metamorphosed his prison? 'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts, and flowers and a piano-forte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I possessed another surprise; which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the "Parnaso Italiano" while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:—

" Mio piccolo orto,  
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato."  
BALDI.

" My little garden,  
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and meadow, and wood."

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off.

But this was nothing. Any 'decorator' might have done as much; but Leigh Hunt, by dint of imagination, without any assistance from material objects, converted the large garden of the prison into an extensive domain, certainly as large as a gentleman's park at the least. He divided this ground into districts, dressed himself elaborately, put on his gloves, and taking a book under his arm, sallied forth to enjoy a long walk, requesting his wife not to wait dinner if he should be too late. In this prison he wrote poetry by the mile, and saw friends by the score; and so mightily were his visitors affected by the state which surrounded him, that even the radical Hazlitt would stand with his hat off on the threshold, which his host had some difficulty in getting him to pass.

Perhaps the best things in this work are the author's opinions of men and books. They are always clear, sparkling, racy, frequently just, but rarely profound. The fling at Isaac Walton is admirable, and his home question to those who seek amusement in sufferings that are unnecessary and avoidable is worth a sermon. The strange thing is, that the ladies and gentlemen who make a practice of impaling living creatures on an iron instrument, which they then recreate themselves by trying to tear through the entrails of other living creatures, are considered all the more amiable for these devilries. Angling is decidedly an innocent, nay, a Christian employment, for somehow or other it is supposed to have a sort of affinity with religion! 'As to old Isaac Walton, who is put forward as a substitute for

argument on this question, and whose sole merits consisted in his having a taste for nature and his being a respectable citizen, the trumping him up into an authority and a kind of saint is a burlesque. He was a writer of conventionalities; who, having comfortably feathered his nest, as he thought, both in this world and in the world to come, concluded he had nothing more to do than to amuse himself by putting worms on a hook and fish into his stomach, and so go to Heaven, chuckling and singing psalms. There would be something in such a man and in his book offensive to a real piety, if that piety did not regard whatever has happened in the world, great and small, with an eye that makes the best of what is perplexing, and trusts to eventual good out of the worst. Walton was not the hearty and thorough advocate of nature he is supposed to have been. There would have been something to say for him on that score, had he looked upon the sum of evil as a thing not to be diminished. But he shared the opinions of the most commonplace believers in sin and trouble, and only congratulated himself on being exempt from their consequences. The overweening old man found himself comfortably off somehow; and it is good that he did. It is a comfort to all of us, wise or foolish. But to reverence him is a jest. You might as well make a god of an otter. Mr Wordsworth, because of the servitor manners of Walton and his biographies of divine (all *angels*), wrote an idle line about his "meekness" and his "heavenly memory." When this is quoted by the gentle brethren, it will be as well if they add to it another passage from the same poet, which returns to the only point at issue, and upsets the old gentleman altogether. Mr Wordsworth's admonition to us is—

" Never to link our pastime or our pride  
With suffering to the meanest thing that lives."

The remarks on Hogarth, and on the lessons to youth generally, which were fashionable during our author's nonage, are likewise in Mr Hunt's best style. Every good boy was to ride in his coach and be a lord mayor, and every bad boy was to be hung or eaten by lions; and so Hogarth's 'Apprentices' identify virtue with prosperity and vice with bad fortune. Hogarth, however, 'in most of his pictures, was as healthy a moralist as he supposed himself, but not for the reasons which he supposed. The gods he worshipped were Truth and Prudence; but he saw more of the carnal than spiritual beauties of either. He was somewhat of a vulgarian in intention as well as mode. But wherever there is genius, there is a genial something greater than the accident of breeding, than the prevailing disposition, or even than the conscious design; and this portion of divinity within the painter, saw fair-play between his conventional and immortal part. It put the beauty of colour into his mirth, the counteraction of mirth into his melancholy, and a lesson beyond his intention into all: that is to say, it suggested redemptions and first causes for the objects of his satire; and thus vindicated the justice of nature at the moment when he was thinking of little but the pragmatism of art.' 'Sandford and Merton' was the first healthy juvenile book that appeared; and in the present day, although there are of course varieties of merit in such productions as in others, there is little or no absolute trash.

Campbell gave our author the idea of a French Virgil—"Something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French poet in his hand. His skull was sharply cut and fine; with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs; and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude, and a bridal properly got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely

Gertrude of Wyoming. His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth; which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle Puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critiques and his Virgilianism were over, very unlike a Puritan he talked!

Sir Walter Scott he considers to be, upon the whole, 'the greatest writer Scotland has produced;' but we doubt whether he comprehends well in what this greatness consisted. His being 'the least quotable for sententiousness or wit, or any other memorable brevity, in the whole circle of illustrious writers,' is not a defect in Scott's literary character, as Mr Hunt seems to consider it. Scott was an artist—that is the whole secret. His efforts were directed, not to minute points of the picture, but to the general effect. He was more a writer of epics than of epigrams. The very rapidity with which he wrote shows his possession of the subject, while it necessarily involves a want of attention to the finish and nicety of details.

Here is his sketch of Wordsworth:—'Mr Wordsworth, whom Mr Hazlitt designated as one that would have had the wide circle of his humanities made still wider, and a good deal more pleasant, by dividing a little more of his time between his lakes in Westmoreland and the hotels of the metropolis, had a dignified manner, with a deep and roughish but not unpleasant voice, and an exulted mode of speaking. He had a habit of keeping his left hand in the bosom of his waistcoat; and in this attitude, except when he turned round to take one of the subjects of his criticism from the shelves (for his contemporaries were there also), he sat dealing forth his eloquent but hardly catholic judgments. In his "father's house" there were not "many mansions." He was as sceptical on the merits of all kinds of poetry but one, as Richardson was on those of the novels of Fielding. Under the study in which my visitor and I were sitting was an archway, leading to a nursery-ground; a cart happened to go through it while I was inquiring whether he would take any refreshment; and he uttered, in so lofty a voice, the words, "Anything which is going forward," that I felt inclined to ask him whether he would take a piece of the cart. Lamb would certainly have done it. But this was a levity which would neither have been so proper on my part, after so short an acquaintance, nor very intelligible perhaps, in any sense of the word, to the serious poet. There are good-humoured warrants for smiling which lie deeper even than Mr Wordsworth's thoughts for tears. I did not see this distinguished person again till thirty years afterwards, when, I should venture to say, his manner was greatly superior to what it was in the former instance, indeed quite natural and noble, with a cheerful air of animal as well as spiritual confidence; a gallant bearing, curiously reminding one of a certain illustrious duke, as I have seen him walking some dozen years ago by a lady's side, with no unbecoming obliquity of his time of life. Walter Scott said that the eyes of Burns were the finest he ever saw. I cannot say the same of Mr Wordsworth—that is, not in the sense of the beautiful, or even of the profound. But certainly I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes.'

His portrait of Lamb is, upon the whole, good, though faint. 'As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of everything as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abundance of alteration. His understanding was too

great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humour, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would bear a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself, out of a sympathy with the awful. . . . I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, "Very well, I'll Lamb-pun him." His puns were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names—such a man, for instance, as Nicole the Frenchman, who was a baby to him. He would have cracked a score of jokes at him worth his whole book of sentences: pelted his head with pearls. Nicole would not have understood him, but Rochefoucault would, and Pascal too; and some of our old Englishmen would have understood him still better. He would have been worthy of hearing Shakspeare read one of his scenes to him, hot from the brain. . . . He was fond of telling wild stories to children, engrafted on things about them; wrote letters to people abroad, telling them that a friend of theirs had come out in genteel comedy; and persuaded George Dyer that *Lord Castlereagh* was the author of "Waverley!" . . . He knew how many false conclusions and pretensions are made by men who profess to be guided by facts only, as if facts could not be misconceived, or figments taken for them; and therefore one day, when somebody was speaking of a person who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man, "Now," said he, "I value myself on being a matter-of-fact man." But Lamb, for all that, was a man of great veracity, although even the truth he told sometimes in jest. The writer of these columns once met him at dinner (for the first time), and on being asked to take wine with him, replied with some *empressment* of manner; on which Lamb, stretching forward confidentially, remarked in his stuttering way—which seemed to give point to his jokes rather than otherwise—'But don't think anything of that, for I would t—take wine with anybody!'

Coleridge next. Coleridge was as little fitted for action as Lamb, but on a different account. His person was of a good height, but as sluggish and solid as the other's was light and fragile. He had, perhaps, suffered it to look old before its time for want of exercise. His hair was white at fifty; and as he generally dressed in black, and had a very tranquil demeanour, his appearance was gentlemanly, and for several years before his death was reverend. Nevertheless, there was something invincibly young in the look of his face. It was round and fresh-coloured, with agreeable features, and an open, indolent, good-natured mouth. This boy-like expression was very becoming in one who dreamed and speculated as he did when he was really a boy, and who passed his life apart from the rest of the world, with a book and his flowers. His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble—and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it was pastime to them to carry all that thought. He does not consider him to have been the ethereal being he is represented by Hazlitt. 'I fancied him a good-natured wizard, very fond of earth, and conscious of reposing with weight enough in his easy chair, but able to conjure his etherealities about him in the twinkling of an eye. He could also change them by thousands, and dismiss them as easily when his dinner came. It was a mighty intellect put upon a sensual body; and the reason why he did little more with it than talk and dream was, that it is agreeable to such a body to do little else. I do not mean that Coleridge was a sensualist in an ill sense. He was capable of too many innocent pleasures to take any pleasure in the way that a man of the world would take it. The talent

things he did would have had a warrant. But if all the senses, in their time, did not find lodging in that humane plenitude of his, never believe that they did in Thomson or in Boccaccio. Two affirmatives in him made a negative. He was very metaphysical and very corporeal; so in mooted everything, he said (so to speak) nothing. His brains pleaded all sorts of questions before him, and he heard them with so much impartiality (his spleen not giving him any trouble) that he thought he might as well sit in his easy-chair and hear them for ever, without coming to a conclusion. It has been said (indeed he said himself) that he took opium to deaden the sharpness of his cogitations. I will venture to affirm, that if he ever took anything to deaden a sensation within him, it was for no greater or more marvellous reason than other people take it—which is, because they do not take enough exercise, and so plague their heads with their livers.

But we might go on long enough quoting from this most genial book. Leigh Hunt is now in his sixty-sixth year, and we have no doubt he intends to live on his father's temperance a quarter of a century longer. 'It is astonishing,' says he, 'how long a cordial pulse will keep playing if allowed reasonably to have its sway.' The men he describes as dying at a good old age were all hearty, kindly, natural people; and even if they indulged in an extra bottle of wine, it did them no harm. 'I do not know,' says he, 'whether such men ever last as long as teetotallers; but they certainly last as long, and look a great deal younger than the carking and severe.' They last longer, Mr Hunt, and they never grow old at all!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

### THE PURSUIT.

THE reader need scarcely be told that albeit police-officers, like other men, chiefly delight to recount their successful exploits, they do, nevertheless, experience numerous and vexatious failures and disappointments. One especially I remember, of which the irritating recollection did not pass away for many weeks. I had been for some time in pursuit of a rather eminent rascal, though one young in years, and by marriage respectably connected, who, by an infamous abuse of the trust reposed in him by the highly-respectable firm who employed him, had contrived to possess himself of a large sum of money, with which, or at least with the portion of it falling to his share—for we discovered that he had been for some time connected with a gang of first-rate swindlers—he hoped to escape to America. The chase was hot after him; and spite of all his doublings and turnings, and the false scents adroitly thrown out by his confederates with the view to favour his escape, I at last fairly ran him to earth at Plymouth, though in what precise spot of it he burrowed I could not for the moment ascertain. Neither was I well acquainted with his features; but in the description of his person furnished me there were certain indelible marks enumerated which, upon strict examination, could not fail to determine his identity. He purposed, I ascertained, to attempt leaving England in a barque bound for New York, which was to sail from Plymouth on the day after I arrived there. Of this I was fully satisfied, and I determined to capture him on board. Accordingly, about half an hour before the ship was to sail, and after all the passengers had embarked, two of the local officers and I got into a boat which I had some time previously engaged to be in readiness, and put off to the vessel. The wind was decidedly fair for the emigrant ship; and so stiffly did it blow from the north-east, that four hands, I was informed, were required, not indeed to convey us swiftly out, but to pull the boat back against the wind, and the strong tide which would be running outside the breakwater. The sea dashed smartly at times over the boat, and the men pulled their sou'-wester caps well over their eyes, to shield themselves

from the blinding spray. We were speedily on board; and the captain, although much annoyed at the delay, paraded his motley passengers as well as crew before us; but to my extreme surprise our bird was not amongst them! Every possible and impossible hiding-place was thoroughly but vainly searched; and we were at length compelled to a reluctant admission that the gentleman we were in quest of had not yet honoured the captain of the *Columbia* with his patronage.

We sullenly returned into the boat; and the instant we did so, the anchor, already afloat, was brought home; the ship's bows fell rapidly off; her crowded canvas dilated and swelled in the spanking breeze, and she sprang swiftly off upon her course. It was a pretty and somewhat exciting spectacle; and I and my companions continued to watch the smartly-handled vessel with much interest till a point of land hid her from our view. We then turned our faces towards Plymouth, from which, I was surprised to find, we were apparently as distant as ever. 'The tide, let alone the wind, is dead against us!' growled the master of the boat, who was now pulling the near oar, in reply to a remark from one of the Plymouth officers. This man had steered on going out. A quick suspicion flashed across me. 'Where is the other boatman who came out with us?' I sharply demanded. The old seaman, instead of replying, turned himself half round towards the weather-bow oar, exclaiming, 'Easy, Billy—easy; let her nose lay a little closer to the wind!' This, I readily saw, was done to conceal a momentary confusion, arising from the suddenness of my question—a very slight one by the by, for the fellow was an old man-of-war's man, with a face hardened and bronzed by service, weather, grog, and tobacco smoke. I repeated the question in a more peremptory tone. The veteran first deliberately squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice over the side, and then with an expression of his cast-iron phiz, which it is impossible by words to convey a distinct idea of, so compounded was it of diabolical squint, lamb-like simplicity, and impudent cunning, replied, 'That wor a passenger to Yankee Land—a goin' there, I'm purty suspicious, for the benefit of his health.' I looked at the Plymouth officers, and they at me. The impudent ingenuity of the trick that had been played us seemed scarcely credible. 'He—he—ho—ho!' rumbled out of the tobacco-stifed throat of the old rogue, 'If he wor somebody you wanted, it wor uncommon well done. Didn't you observe him jump into the main chains of the barkey jist as you wor leavin' on her, and cast us off a minute afterwards? He perferred stoppin' with us whilst you wor rummagin' the hooker—he—he—ho—ho!'

It was useless bandying words with the fellow; and though I felt desperately savage, I had sense enough to hold my tongue. 'Pull smartly,' said one of the Plymouth officers; 'a shot will bring her to yet.'

'Why, ay,' rejoined the imperturbable seaman; 'It mout, if you could get speech of the admiral in time; but I'm thinkin' we shall be a good while yet pullin' against this choppin' wind and head sea.'

And sure enough they were! More than another hour, by some boatman-craft unexplainable by me, for the sailors apparently rowed with all their might, were we in reaching the landing-place; and by that time all chance of compelling the return of the *Columbia* was long past.

It would be, I knew, impossible to prove complicity on the part of the owner of the boat with the escaped felon, and I preferred to digest the venom of my spleen in silence, rather than by a useless display of it to add to the chuckling delight of the old rascal of a boatman.

We had passed some distance along the quay when one of the local officers, addressing a youngish sailor, who, with folded arms and a short pipe in his mouth was standing in philosophical contemplation of the sea and weather, said, 'I suppose there is no chance of the emigrant ship that sailed a while ago putting in at any other port along the coast?'

The man took the pipe from his mouth, regarded the questioner for a few moments with an expression of contemptuous curiosity anything but flattering to its object, and bawled out, addressing himself to a weather-beaten seaman a few yards off, 'I say, Tom Davis, here's a Blue Bottle as wants to know the name and bearings of the port off the Land's End which the barkey that sailed awhile ago for Ameriker with a north-easter kicking her endways is likely to bring up in: I'm not acquainted with it myself or else I'd tell the gentleman.'

The laugh from two or three bystanders which followed this sally greatly irritated the officer, and he would have indulged in an angry reply had not his more prudent comrade taken him by the arm and urged him away.

'Ay, ay,' said the veteran addressed as Tom Davis, as we were passing him, 'Jim there has always got plenty of jawing tackle aboard; but, Lord love ye, he's a poor dumb cretur at understanding the signs of the weather! He's talkin' about north-easters, and don't see that the wind's beginning to chop about like a bumboat woman with a dozen customers round her. It's my opinion, and Tom Davis ought by this time to be summut of a judge, that, instead of a north-easter, it's a precious sight more likely to be blowing a sou'-wester. Before two hours are past, and a suzeer too; and then the *Columbia*, if she ha'n't made a good offin', which she is not likely to have done, will be back again in a brace of shakes.'

'Do you think it probable,' I eagerly asked, 'that the *Columbia* will be obliged to put back into Plymouth?'

'I don't know about *probable*. It's not so sure as death or quarter-day, but it's upon the cards for all that.'

'Will it be early in the night, think you, that she will run in, if at all?'

'Ah! there now you wants to know too much; ' said the old seaman turning on his heel. 'All I can say is, that if you find in an hour or so's time that the wind has chopped round to the sou'-west, or within a pint or two, and that it's blowin' the buttons off your coat one after another, the *Columbia*, if she's lucky, wont be far off.'

The half-bantering prediction of the old seaman was confirmed by others whom we consulted, and measures for preventing our quarry from landing, and again giving us the slip, were at once discussed and resolved upon. We then separated, and I proceeded to the tavern at which I had put up to get some dinner. I had not gone far when my eye fell upon two persons whose presence there surprised as well as somewhat grieved me. One was the young wife of the criminal on board the *Columbia*. I had seen her once in London, and I knew, as before intimated, that she was of respectable parentage. There was no exultation in her countenance. She had no doubt followed or accompanied her husband to Plymouth for the purpose of furthering his escape, and now feared that the capricious elements would render all the ingenuity and boldness that had been brought into play vain and profitless. She was a mild-looking, pretty woman—very much so, I doubt not, till trouble fell upon her, and wonderfully resembled the female in the 'Momentous Question'; so remarkably indeed, that when, years afterwards, I first saw that print, I felt an instantaneous conviction that I had somewhere met with the original of the portrait; and after much puzzlement of brain remembered when and where. The resemblance was doubtless purely accidental; but it was not the less extraordinary and complete. She was accompanied by a gray-haired man of grave, respectable exterior, whom I at once concluded to be her father. As I passed close by them, he appeared about to address me, and I half-paused to hear what he had to say; but his partly-formed purpose was not persisted in, and I proceeded on my way.

After dining, I returned to the quay. The wind, as I expected, was blowing directly from the south-west, and during the short space of time I had been absent, had increased to a tempest. The wild sea was

dashing with terrific violence against the breakwater, discernible only in the fast-darkening night by a line of white tumultuous foam and spray, which leaped and hissed against and over it.

'A dirty night coming on,' said a subaltern officer of the port whom I had previously spoken with; 'the *Columbia* will, I think, be pretty sure to run in with the tide.'

'When do you say is the very earliest time she may be expected?'

'Well, in my opinion, judging from where she was when I was on the look-out a quarter of an hour ago, not under three hours. Let me see. It's now just upon the stroke of five: about eight o'clock, I should say, she will be here; certainly not before, perhaps much later; and if the captain is very obstinate, and prefers incurring a rather serious risk to returning, it may be of course not at all.'

I thanked him, and as remaining on the bleak quay till eight o'clock or thereabout was as useless as unpleasant, I retraced my steps towards the Royal George Tavern; calling in my way on the Plymouth officers, and arranging that one of them should relieve me at ten o'clock; it having been previously agreed that we should keep an alternate watch during the night of two hours each. I afterwards remembered that this arrangement was repeated, in a tone of voice incautiously loud, at the bar of a public-house, where they insisted upon my taking a glass of porter. There were, I should say, more than a dozen persons present at the time.

The fire was blazing brightly in the parlour of the Royal George when I entered, and I had not been seated near it many minutes before I became exceedingly drowsy; and no wonder, for I had not been in bed the previous night, and the blowing of the wind in my eyes for a couple of hours had of course added greatly to their heavy weariness. Habit had long enabled me to awake at any moment I had previously determined on, so that I felt no anxiety as to oversleeping myself; and having pulled out my watch, noticed that it was barely half-past five, wound it up, and placed it before me on the table, I settled myself comfortably in an arm-chair, and was soon sound asleep.

I awoke with a confused impression, not only that I had quite slept the time I had allotted myself, but that strangers were in the room and standing about me. I was mistaken in both particulars. There was no one in the parlour but myself, and on glancing at the watch I saw that it was but a quarter-past six. I rose from the chair, stirred the fire, took two or three turns about the room, listened for a few minutes to the howling wind and driving rain which shook and beat against the casement, sat down again, and took up a newspaper which was lying on the table.

I had read for some time when the parlour door opened, and who should walk in but the young wife and elderly gentleman whom I had seen in the street. I at once concluded that they had sought me with reference to the fugitive on board the *Columbia*; and the venerable old man's rather elaborate apologies for intrusion over, and both of them seated on the side of the fireplace opposite to me, I waited with grave curiosity to hear what they might have to say.

An awkward silence ensued. The young woman's eyes, swollen with weeping, were bent upon the floor, and her entire aspect and demeanour exhibited extreme sorrow and dejection. I pitied her, so sad and gentle did she look, from my very soul. The old man appeared anxious and careworn, and for some time remained abstractedly gazing at the fire without speaking. I had a mind to avoid a painful, and, I was satisfied, profitless interview, by abruptly retiring; and was just rising for the purpose when a deeper tempest-blast than before, accompanied by the pattering of heavy rain-drops against the window-panes caused me to hesitate at exposing myself unnecessarily to the rigour of such a night; and at the same moment the gray-haired man

suddenly raised his eyes and regarded me with a fixed and grave scrutiny.

'This war of the elements,' he at last said; 'this wild uproar of physical nature, is but a type, Mr Waters, and a faint one, of the convulsions, the antagonisms, the hurtful conflicts ever raging in the moral world.'

I bowed dubious assent to a proposition not apparently very pertinent to the subject, which I supposed chiefly occupied his mind, and he proceeded.

'It is difficult for dim-eyed beings such as we are always to trace the guiding hand of the ever-watchful Power which conducts the complex events of this changing, many-coloured life to wise and foreseen issues. The conflicts of faith with actual experience are hard for poor humanity to bear, and still keep unimpaired the jewel beyond price of unwavering trust in Him to whom the secrets of all hearts are known. Ah, sir! guilt, flaunting its vanities in high places—innocence in danger of fetters—are perplexing subjects to dwell upon!'

I was somewhat puzzled by this strange talk, but, hopeful that a meaning would presently appear, I again silently intimated partial concurrence in his general views.

'There is no longer much doubt, Mr Waters, I believe, he after a few moments added in a much more business-like and sensible tone, 'that the *Columbia* will be forced back again, and that the husband of this unhappy girl will consequently fall into the hands of the blind, unreasoning law. . . . You appear surprised. . . . My name, I should have mentioned, is Thompson; and be assured, Mr Waters, that when the real facts of this most unfortunate affair are brought to your knowledge, no one will more bitterly regret than yourself that this tempest and sudden change of wind should have flung back the prey both you and I believed had escaped upon these fatal shores.'

'From your name, I presume you to be the father of this young woman, and —'

'Yes,' he interrupted; 'and the father-in-law of the innocent man you have hunted down with such untiring activity and zeal. But I blame you not,' he added, checking himself—'I blame you not. You have only done what you held to be your duty. But the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable!'

A passionate burst of grief from the pale, weeping wife testified that, whatever might be the fugitive husband's offences or crimes against society, he at least retained *her* affection and esteem.

'It is very unpleasant,' I observed, 'to discuss such a subject in the presence of relatives of the inculpated person, especially as I as yet perceive no useful result likely to arise from it; still, since you as it were force me to speak, you must permit me to say, that it appears to me you are either grossly deceived yourself, or attempting for some purpose or other to impose upon my credulity.'

'Neither, sir—neither,' replied Mr Thompson with warmth. 'I certainly am not deceived myself, and I should hope that my character, which I doubt not is well known to you, will shield me from any suspicion of a desire to deceive others.'

'I am quite aware, Mr Thompson, of your personal respectability; still you may be unwittingly led astray. I very much regret to say, that the evidence against your daughter's husband is overwhelming, and I fear unanswerable.'

'The best, kindest of husbands!' broke in the sobbing wife; 'the most injured, the most persecuted of men!'

'It is useless,' said I, rising and seizing my hat, 'to prolong this conversation. If he be innocent, he will no doubt be acquitted; but as it is now close upon half-past seven o'clock, I must beg to take my leave.'

'One moment, sir,' said Mr Thompson hastily. 'To be frank with you, it was entirely for the purpose of asking your advice as an experienced person that we are here. You have heard of this young man's father?'

'Joel Masters?—Yes. A gambler, and otherwise dis-

reputable person, and one of the most specious rascals, I am told, under the sun.'

'You have correctly described him. You are not perhaps acquainted with his handwriting?'

'Yes, I am; partially so at least. I have a note in my pocket—here it is—addressed to me by the artful old scoundrel for the purpose of luring me from the right track after his son.'

'Then, Mr Waters, please to read this letter from him, dated Liverpool, where it appears he was yesterday to embark for America.'

The letter Mr Thompson placed in my hands startled me not a little. It was a circumstantial confession addressed by Joel Masters to his son, setting forth that he, the father, was alone guilty of the offence with which his unfortunate son was charged, and authorising him to make a full disclosure should he fail in making his escape from the country. This was, I thought, an exceedingly cheap kind of generosity on the part of honest Joel, now that he had secured himself by flight from the penalties of justice. The letter went on to state where a large amount of bank-notes and acceptances, which the writer had been unable to change or discount, would be found.

'This letter,' said I, 'is a very important one; but where is the envelop?'

Mr Thompson searched his pocket-book: it was not there. 'I must have dropped it,' he exclaimed, 'at my lodgings. Pray wait till I return. I am extremely anxious to convince you of this unfortunate young man's innocence. I will not be more than a few minutes absent.' He then hurried out.

I looked at my watch: it wanted five-and-twenty minutes to eight. 'I have but a very few minutes to spare,' I observed to the still passionately-grieving wife; 'and as to the letter, you had better place it in the hands of the attorney for the defence.'

'Ah, sir,' sobbed the wife, raising her timid eyes towards me, 'you do not believe us or you would not be so eager to seize my husband.'

'Pardon me,' I replied, 'I have no right to doubt the truth of what you have told me; but my duty is a plain one, and must be performed.'

'Tell me frankly, honestly,' cried the half-frantic woman with a renewed burst of tears, 'if, in your opinion, this evidence will save my unhappy, deeply-injured husband? My father, I fear, deceives me—deceives himself with a vain hope.'

I hesitated to express a very favourable opinion of the effect of a statement, obnoxious, as a few moments' reflection suggested, to so much suspicion. The wife quickly interpreted the meaning of my silence, and broke at once into a flood of hysterical lamentation. It was with the greatest difficulty I kept life in her by copious showers of water from the decanter that stood on the table. This endured some time. At last I said abruptly, for my watch admonished me that full ten minutes had been passed in this way, that I must summon the waiter and leave her.

'Go—go,' said she, suddenly rallying, 'since it must be so. I—I will follow.'

I immediately left the house, hastened to the quay, and, on arriving there, strained my eyes seaward in search of the expected ship. A large bark, which very much resembled her, was, to my dismay, riding at anchor within the breakwater, her sails furled, and everything made snug for the night. I ran to the landing-steps, near which two or three sailors were standing.

'What vessel is that?' I asked, pointing to the one which had excited my alarm.

'The *Columbia*,' replied the man.

'The *Columbia*? Why, when did she arrive?'

'Some time ago. The clock chimed a quarter-past eight as the captain and a few of the passengers came on shore.'

'A quarter-past eight! Why, it wants nearly half an hour to that now!'

'Does it though? Before you are ten minutes older you'll hear the clock strike nine!'

The man's words were followed by a merry mocking laugh close to my elbow: I turned sharply round, and for the first and last time in my life felt an almost irresistible temptation to strike a woman. There stood the meek, dove-eyed, grief-stricken wife I had parted from but a few minutes before, gazing with brazen impudence in my face.

'Perhaps, Mr Waters,' said she with another taunting laugh, 'perhaps yours is London time; or, which is probably more likely, watches sometimes sleep for an hour or so as well as their owners.' She then skipped gaily off.

'Are you a Mr Waters?' said a customhouse official who was parading the quay.

'Yes—and what then?'

'Only that a Mr Joel Masters desired me to say that he was very much grieved he could not return to finish the evening with you, as he and his son were unfortunately obliged to leave Plymouth immediately.'

It would have been a real pleasure to have flung the speaker over the quay. By a great effort I denied myself the tempting luxury, and walked away in a fever of rage. Neither Joel Masters nor his son could afterwards be found, spite of the unremitting efforts of myself and others, continued through several weeks. They both ultimately escaped to America; and some years afterwards I learned through an unexpected channel that the canting, specious old rascal was at length getting his deserts in the establishment of Sing-Sing. The son, the same informant assured me, had, through the persuasions and influence of his wife, who probably thought justice might not be so pleasantly eluded another time, turned over a new leaf, and was leading an honest and prosperous life at Cincinnati.

#### CARLYLE'S LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.

THERE must be few of our readers who have not perused, or at least heard something of the productions of Thomas Carlyle, a man of singular originality and genius, but whose popularity as a writer is greatly damaged by a strange mode of expression, altogether novel in English literature, and which few can thoroughly comprehend. Apart from this unfortunate style of composition, the remarkable thing about Carlyle is an outspokenness of ideas. Perhaps he may be as often wrong as right in his opinions; and doubtless he has propounded more extravagances than any other living writer out of Germany. But then, as every one must see, the man is thoroughly in earnest. He clearly thinks for himself, and says what he thinks—a quality so rare that it is more than apology for all minor imperfections.

In his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' now issuing in monthly brochures from the press, Mr Carlyle has undertaken to expatiate in his usual mysterious and fanciful manner on subjects of passing interest, political and social; and the conclusions at which he arrives are for the most part so very absurd—seasoned as they may be with graphic effect, and some degree of force—that one can with difficulty believe the writer to be serious. Serious, however, he is; his whole mind being apparently nerve to the utterance of what he believes to be truths, and no sham. What a rhapsody on the recent outbreaks in Europe is the following:—

As if by sympathetic subterranean electricities, all Europe exploded, boundless, uncontrollable; and we had the year 1848, one of the most singular, disastrous, amazing, and, on the whole, humiliating years the European world ever saw. Not since the eruption of the northern barbarians has there been the like. Everywhere immeasurable democracy rose monstrous, loud, blatant, inarticulate as the voice of Chaos. Everywhere the official holy-of-holies was scandalously laid bare to gaze and the profane. Enter, all the world, see what end of official holy it is. Kings everywhere,

said reigning persons, stared in sudden horror, the voice of the whole world bellowing in their ear, "Begone, ye imbecile hypocrites—histrions, not heroes! Off with you—off!"

After some more to the same effect, he proceeds to say that the 'truculent constable of the destinies' (?) enters and says to the unfortunate monarchs, "Scandalous phantasms! what do you here? Are "solemnly-constituted impostors" the proper kings of men? Did you think the life of man was a grimacing dance of apes, to be led always by the squeak of your paltry fiddle? Ye miserable! this universe is not an upholstery puppet-play, but a terrible God's fact; and you, I think, had not you better be gone?" They fled precipitately, some of them with what we may call an exquisite ignominy, in terror of the treadmill or worse. And everywhere the people, or the populace, take their own government upon themselves, and open "kinglessness:" what we call *anarchy*—how happy if it be *anarchy plus* a street constable!—is everywhere the order of the day. . . . And so, then, there remained no king in Europe; no king except the public haranguer, haranguing on barrel-head, in leading article; or getting himself aggregated into a national parliament to harangue. And for about four months all France, and to a great degree all Europe, rough-riden by every species of delirium, except, happily, the murderous for most part, was a weltering mob.

What is the use of all this? What would Mr Carlyle be at? Is he a democrat, seeking to extinguish monarchy as a form of government? No such thing; for in subsequent papers he ridicules every species of constitutional or popular government, and seems to aim at a downright despotism. The truth is, that animated with strong impulsive convictions, he for the moment forgets previously-uttered sentiments, and therefore contradicts himself. It is an old charge against Mr Carlyle, that he only exhibits the failings of existing systems, and never comes out with a suggestion of anything better. In this essay, if he makes any positive suggestion at all, it is—that nations should in future be governed by an aristocracy of wisdom, 'captains of industry,' real, not sham rulers. 'The few Wise will have, by one method or other, to take command of the innumerable foolish.' Very good as a proposition in the abstract; but how are we to get at these Solomons? how to insure their due succession once we have begun with them? and, above all, by what practicable means are we to induce the 'innumerable foolish' to become the docile and obedient flocks of these sagacious shepherds? Until Mr Carlyle favour mankind with a business-like recipe how to catch heroes, and set them to work, and more especially how to catch masses of people and indoctrinate them with the feeling of obedience, nations, to all appearance, must be contented to jog on with their present plans of government, and make the best of them.

Fully more extravagant is our author's dream of extinguishing pauperism. Shocked with the 'floods of Irish and other beggars, the able-bodied lackalls,' and other pauper tribes, the British prime minister is to put an end to this army of wretchedness by getting it to work! The cure for all our ills is to be 'Organisation of Labour,' just as that delusion has been exploded in the midst of universal derision. Addressing the army of idle and poverty-struck, the minister is to say, 'My indigent unguided friends, I should think some work might be discoverable for you. Drill, stand drill; become from a nomadic banditti of idleness, soldiers of industry! I will lead you to the Irish bogs, to the vacant desolations of Connaught now falling into cannibalism; to mis-titled Connaught, to ditto Munster, Leitner, Ulster. I will lead you: to the English fox-covers, furze-grown commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains: likewise to the Scotch hill-sides, and bare rushy slopes, which as yet feed only sheep; moist uplands, thousands of square miles in extent which are destined yet to grow green crops, and fresh butter, and milk, and beef without

limit (wherein no "foreigner can compete with us"), were the Glasgow sewers once opened on them, and you with your colonels carried thither. In the three kingdoms, or in the forty colonies, depend upon it, you shall be led to your work! To each of you I will then say, Here is work for you; strike into it with manlike, soldierlike obedience and heartiness, according to the methods here prescribed—wages follow for you without difficulty; all manner of just remuneration, and at length emancipation itself follows. Refuse to strike into it, shirk the heavy labour, disobey the rules—I will admonish and endeavour to incite you; if in vain—I will flog you; if still in vain—I will at last shoot you, and make God's earth, and the forlorn-hope in God's battle, free of you. Understand it, I advise you!

Mr Carlyle does not explain how the work given by the prime minister to millions of paupers is to be paid for; how the work on peat-bogs and hill-sides will not turn out to be 'sham work,' under 'phantasm captains,' after all; or how, supposing the thing to be manageable, we are to avoid that inevitable consequence—a very general dependence on such work, which would be equivalent to financial ruin and universal demoralisation? Those who prefer claims as paupers, yet will not work, are first to be flogged; and if that will not dispose them to be industrious, they are to be shot! A happy idea this for quickening a spirit of industry among 'able-bodied lackalls' and down-draughts. Let victims be on the alert, Thomas Carlyle is going to make short work of them!

In the second of the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' which treats of model-prisons and the management of criminals, the writer attacks the 'blind pruriency of indiscriminate philanthropy;' and here we are happy to unite in his opinions, however oddly expressed. It may be remembered that, about fifteen years ago, there arose everywhere, in a wonderfully sudden manner, a disposition to view crime with inconsiderate leniency. Those who committed breaches of the law were no longer to be treated with due severity, or huddled up in masses in ill-regulated jails; they were to be confined separately, ministered to tenderly, won back to virtue by sheer love and kindness. Finally, model-prisons were established at vast expense, and the reign of philanthropy and philosophic treatment of vice was begun. The oppressive rates by which these prison-asylums are supported have not been alone concerned in dispelling the fancy, that crime may be extinguished by a few months' seclusion and discipline. Mr Carlyle has caught up this feeling of reaction; and the humour and graphic force with which he alludes to the model-prison system, and the cruelty of making it chargeable on the industrious poor, will probably meet with a general response.

'Several months ago,' he proceeds, 'some friends took me with them to see one of the London prisons—a prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings; cut out, girt with a high ring-wall from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments—sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts or special private; excellent all, the *ne plus ultra* of human care and ingenuity. In my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanliness. The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking places, we tasted; found them of excellent superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work—picking oakum and the like—in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs; others were

out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts: methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing: in long ranges of washhouses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to "cherish their vanity" when visitors looked at them. Schools, too, were there; intelligent teachers of both sexes studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves.'

Then, as a contrast between such places and the dwellings of those on whom is imposed the duty of paying for them—All around this beautiful establishment or oasis of purity intended for the devil's regiments of the line, lay continents of dingy, poor, and dirty dwellings, where the unfortunate not yet enlisted into that force were struggling manifoldly—in their workshops, in their marble-yards, and timber-yards, and tan-yards, in their close cellars, cobbler-stalls, hungry garrets, and poor dark trade-shops with red herrings and tobacco-pipes crossed in the window—to keep the devil out of doors, and not enlist with him. And it was by a tax on these that the barracks for the regiments of the line were kept up. Visiting magistrates, impelled by Exeter Hall, by able editors, and the philanthropic movement of the age, had given orders to that effect. Rates on the poor servant of God and of her Majesty, who still serves both in his way, painfully selling red herrings; rates on him and his red herrings to boil right soup for the devil's declared elect! Never in my travels, in any age or clime, had I fallen in with such visiting magistrates before. Reserved they, I should suppose, for these ultimate or penultimate ages of the world, rich in all prodigies, political, spiritual—ages surely with such a length of ears as was never paralleled before.'

So far there is room for causticity; but when Mr Carlyle suggests a policy different from the codling practices of late years, he falls into his usual strain of dogmatic wildness. His brief method of dealing with recreant paupers is to shoot them, and his plans for uncriminalising the population are equally severe. Nothing, according to him, like a judiciously-wrought gallows. Evil doers of all colours—white English thieves, and black West Indian idlers, who live on pumpkin, and wont take hoe in hand, are to get their deserts without mercy. 'Beautiful black peasantry, who have fallen idle, and have got the devil at your elbow; interesting white felony, who are not idle, but have enlisted into the devil's regiments of the line—know that my benevolence for you is comparatively trifling! What I have of that divine feeling is due to others—not to you. A "Universal Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society" is not the one I mean to institute in these times, where so much wants protection, and is sinking to sad issues for want of it! The scoundrel needs no protection. The scoundrel that will hasten to the gallows, why not rather clear the way for him? Better he reach his goal and outgate by the natural proclivity, than be so expensively dammed up and detained, poisoning everything as he stagnates and meanders along, to arrive at last a hundred times fouler, and swollen a hundred times bigger!'

The author winds up the subject with the following paroxysm:—'The ancient Germans, it appears, had no scruple about public executions; on the contrary, they thought the just gods themselves might fitly preside over these; that these were a solemn and highest act of worship, if justly done. When a German man had done a crime deserving death, they, in solemn general assembly of the tribe, doomed him, and considered that fate and all nature had from the beginning, doomed

him, to die with ignominy. Certain crimes there were of a supreme nature: him that had perpetrated one of these they believed to have declared himself a prince of scoundrels. Him once convicted they laid hold of, nothing doubting; bore him, after judgment, to the deepest convenient peat-bog; plunged him in there, drove an oaken frame down over him, solemnly in the name of gods and men: "There, prince of scoundrels, that is what we have had to think of thee on clear acquaintance; our grim good-night to thee is that!"

Such wrifing as this must mainly be allowed to answer itself. It just occurs to us, however, to remark the monstrous fallacy of its one argument—that, criminals having broken the laws of the universe, we, their fellow-men, are called upon to punish them therefore. Those who break the laws of nature are punished by nature (using these terms for the Divine Author of nature); but this is a different thing from our interfering in the case. We only assume the right, as society, to punish offences against society, or otherwise to guard ourselves from these in the best way we can. To come in with an assumption that criminals have defied God, and that we are therefore to exterminate them, would be for the creature impiously to take upon himself the authority and functions of the Creator. It was done by the fanatics of long past ages, and with sufficiently dismal consequences. Could we have dreamt a few years ago that any writer of reputation should, with apparent seriousness, have now been eager and eloquent for the revival of so horrible a practice! Were it worth while, it would not be difficult to show that the somewhat heedless indulgence extended towards criminals of late years furnishes no valid reason for going back to modes of punishment common in the most barbaric times—that the failure of model-prisons only suggests a fresh and calm consideration of the whole question of criminal treatment, as well as of the circumstances which produce a criminal population. How much more gracious and becoming would it have been for Mr Carlyle to have sought out and expatiated on the melancholy causes of delinquency—want, ignorance, parental neglect, natural infirmity, the temptations which prevail in a wealthy and highly-artificial social system, and so forth—instead of indulging in a remorseless ridicule of the well-meant efforts of good men, and uttering cries of vengeance against an unhappy class of his fellow-creatures such as, we venture to say, have not been heard these hundred years!

The third in the series of 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' has 'Downing Street' for its subject; and here the author has full scope for his antipathy to shams. 'What these strange Entities in Downing Street intrinsically are; who made them, why they were made; how they do their function; and what their function, so huge in appearance, may in net result amount to—is probably known to no mortal.' The clearing up of this chaos, and the salvation of the monarchy, are to be effected only by a bold stroke on the part of the sovereign. The crown is to seek out 'gifted and seeing' men, and make them ministers of state with seats, ex-officio, in the House of Commons. Men like Robert Burns are pointed to as the fittest for this high distinction. Poor Burns! to think of spoiling a great poet by making him a statesman!

Of the other pamphlets in the series it is scarcely necessary to speak after the foregoing examples. In the 'Stump Orator,' and also in 'Parliaments,' there are occasionally smart passages; but what is the point driven at? In these pamphlets Mr Carlyle expresses only his aversion to TALK. He speaks of 'a parliament—especially a parliament with newspaper reporters firmly established in it—as 'an entity which, by its very nature, cannot do work.' . . . 'Consider, in fact,' he says, 'a body of six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous persons set to consult about "business," with twenty-seven millions—mostly fools—assiduously listening to them, and checking and criticising them: was there ever since the world began, will there ever be till

the world end, any business accomplished in these circumstances? . . . As a "Collective Wisdom" of Nations, the talking parliament, I discern too well, can never more serve. Wisdom dwells not with stump oratory; to the stump orator wisdom has waved her sad and peremptory farewell!'

What is all this, we would ask any man of common sense, but a condemnation of the right which has been wrought out by English patriotism to discuss its own affairs? Are we to be told at this time of day, that the freedom of discussion is an evil in our state? True, that the talk of parliament consumes much time in proportion to the work done; but is there any real harm in the talk? Is it not, on the contrary, a means of ascertaining the bearings of the proposed measure; at least a means of holding it up in all its various aspects to the free people out of doors, and satisfying them that due consideration has been given to the subject? Parliament, in its very name, implies talk. The kings long ago asked their people for money. 'Well, we must first have a talk about it.' Exactly what any of us would say about any similar demand in private life. In this simple rational idea is the very essence of our freedom—the groundwork of our constitution. After six centuries, during which the efficacy of this right of talk has been continually working towards greater and greater liberty for the subject, are we readily to believe an oracle which tells us that such talk should be put an end to? The best of the joke is, that Mr Carlyle is himself a talker, and nothing else, though employing his pen as the organ of speech. We venture to say that, if he were to intermit this function, and come forth into the arena of that active life where he now sees only fools and knaves, he would go back to his desk in three months with a very different idea of what is required to take part in conducting the affairs of even so partially-enlightened a community as ours!

#### TINTAGEL, OR THE CASTLE OF KING ARTHUR.

We are all familiar with the history of King Arthur and his famous Knights of the Round Table, as having formed one of the most wondrous and captivating tales in our nursery library; and it has recently been brought to our remembrance in the vivid and poetic pages of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. But most of us, perhaps, have regarded the British prince so much as a being of enchanted life, that we have never realised the possibility of his having had a more earthly dwelling-place like any of us common mortals, much less that any remains of his habitation can exist unto the present day; and yet such is the fact, for on the northern coast of Cornwall stands the castle of Tintagel, where King Arthur drew his earliest breath about thirteen centuries ago, and whither he was borne from the field of slaughter, at Camallan,\* to close his eyes at the advanced age of ninety years.

It was upon a stormy evening of the autumn of 1849 that we arrived at the Stuart Wortley Arms, a humble but very neat little inn in the hamlet of Trevenha; once a borough of some importance, and enjoying many corporate privileges, now a decayed village of limited extent, and of very gloomy aspect. The cottages, which straggle along irregularly on either side of the broad street, are built of a dark slate-coloured stone, of

\* The name of Camallan (signifying the crooked stream), close to which is the fatal field where King Arthur fell with all his chivalry, is now changed to Camelford, which at the present day is a small market-town, and has assumed for its corporate arms a camel; the inhabitants being so ignorant of its corporate arms derivation as to trace its name to the Oriental beast of burthen—the 'ship of the desert!' Some of our readers may perhaps be interested by the following brief extract from a triad wherein the three men are noticed who escaped from the battle of Camallan:—'In the last battle of King Arthur only three Britons escaped: these were the Strongest Man, the Beautifullest Man, and the Ugliest Man. These three marched through the field unsubdued as gods; and the sun of Britain set, but shall arise again with tenfold splendour when Arthur shall awake from sleep, and resume his dominion over earth and ocean.'

precisely the same hue as their high-pointed roofs; while the windows are few and small, as though the inhabitants cared not to gaze upon the cheerless prospect without: nor truly is there much to invite their gaze; for the hamlet of Trevenha rests upon an elevated tract of barren land, divided into fields by low hedges, whose monotony is unbroken even by a tuft of heather or a bush of gay blossoming furze. King Arthur must have been sorely pressed by his foes when he took refuge in this dreary corner of his dominions.

Our object in visiting Trevenha was to see the ruins of Arthur's celebrated castle; and so, immediately on our arrival, we inquired whether Tintagel lay near the village, and in what direction it was to be found. Our informant having pointed out the road, and told us that it was about a quarter of a mile distant, said that a great many strangers had come to see it this summer; adding, with a smile, 'But it is very strange, ma'am, what different opinions we hear about it: some ladies and gentlemen come back at once, and think there is nothing worth seeing there at all, while others stay there the livelong day, and return again on the morrow, and are never wearied looking at the castle: they say it is so grand!'

We thought to ourselves that in other places besides Tintagel beauty loses its charm, and grandeur its power, in the estimation of those who have no heart to feel the loveliness of the one or to reverence the might of the other.

We stayed not, however, to philosophise on the matter, but hastened along the village street, which was so rudely paved with huge and shapeless stones, that, for aught we knew, it might have been constructed in the days of the great monarch himself. We soon entered a steep rocky gorge, evidently the dried-up course of a wintry torrent, but forming at this time of the year a hollow rocky path, through which a rivulet pursued its peaceful way to the ocean. The pathway was almost precipitous in its descent, and the ground on either side grew higher and higher, until, at an abrupt bend in the ravine, between two bold lofty headlands, the Atlantic opened itself out before us; and on our left, strongly defined against an angry-looking sky, rose up a tall rocky island, with its ruined tower and fragments of dark castellated wall, the only remains of Tintagel, the once-impregnable stronghold of our British monarch. The surging waves were foaming around its base; a solitary seabird stood screaming in tones of dreary lamentation on the narrow ridge of shelving rock which connected the island at its base with the adjoining cliff on the mainland. The narrow chasm had in olden times been spanned by a drawbridge; since then the island, with its antique burthen, has slid down further into the ocean, so that it now stands far apart from the arched portal, by which alone access was given within the walls of the castle. The venerable arch, although partly in ruins, still crowns the cliff; but a single step within its boundary would plunge the intruder into a deep and yawning chasm.

The whole scene conveyed an image of utter desolation; yet by a strange sort of fascination, we stood, as if rooted to the spot, until suddenly a sheet of dark fiery-looking vapour came sweeping towards Tintagel, across the wide western main; and so rapidly did it advance, that before we could ascend many steps of our homeward path, we were absolutely drenched with rain.

Such was our first view of King Arthur's castle, and this momentary glance only made us the more earnestly desirous to visit it at leisure; so the following morning found us once again within the narrow gorge by which alone it can be approached. We hoped to wander about its confines, and trace all its belongings, without let or hindrance from any officious guide or attendant; but to our dismay we saw issuing forth from a cottage, partly concealed amid the rocks, a grave-looking peasant, who introduced himself to us as the tutelary genius of the place, one who knew all about King Arthur, and was familiar with all his haunts—who had been 'scores of times up over the castle,' and was ready to accompany us thither. Now, we must honestly confess that the description given by Carew and other old writers of the perils

incurred in the ascent to Tintagel Rock had somewhat daunted us, so that we purposed only to explore those parts of the ruins which were on the mainland; and expressing this our intention to the guide, begged leave to decline his services. He, however, with the quiet sturdiness of his race, seemed resolved on carrying his point; assuring us there *could* be no danger, for he turned in the sheep constantly to feed on the pasture at its summit; and also that, a few days before, the Duchess of Northumberland had climbed up to the castle quite safely under his guidance. The former argument seemed to us somewhat inconclusive, but the latter was irresistible—for, a duchess having ascended the rock in safety, it would be the height of impertinence for commoners like ourselves to feel any hesitation about following her example. So, casting our fears to the winds, we rapidly descended the rough declivity on the mainland, and then, under the trusty escort of our guide, began the steep ascent to the castle, which Carew has well described as one which, 'through his steepness, threatens the ruine of your life with the failing of your foot.' It was truly a giddy path, for a single false step on the narrow, shelving, shingly path must infallibly have precipitated us into the deep dark waves which were breaking beneath our very feet. 'At the top,' as Carew further expresses it, 'two or three terrifying steps give you entrance to the hill, which supplieth pasture for sheep and conies.' Yes, the area within which we now stood, and which consists of two hundred acres, strewed as it is with scattered vestiges of the renowned Arthur, has for a long while past been chiefly prized as one of the 'best places in the neighbourhood for fattening sheep.' It was a spot full of strange contrasts: the quiet creatures browsing so peacefully upon the soft green sward; a large patch of rushes on the crown of the hill indicating the still gushing life of an abundant spring, from which, many centuries ago, the inhabitants of the castle drew their supply of water; and amid these images of tranquil and present life lay scattered traces of that warrior existence which now dwells only in the memory of the peasant, the poet, or the child—small square chambers, once used as dwelling-apartments; a look-out tower, pierced with loopholes, and overhanging the only accessible part of this dark, stern-looking rock; a low-covered archway, through which a subterranean access might be gained to the sea, thus affording means of escape in case of being sorely pressed by a victorious enemy; the unroofed chapel, only ten feet in length, with its granite altar, its *piscina* (as the parsons called it, our guide informed us), and its adjoining burial-ground, whose rude headstones were just seen peeping above the grassy soil. As we stood thoughtfully within these consecrated precincts, we were startled by the screaming of seabirds, which rose up wildly from a tall pointed cliff, called the Needle-Rock, whose summit is on a level with the castle. The sight of intruders had scared them from their resting-place. One could not but feel, as they wheeled their flight above our heads, that they alone were fitting visitants to this mournful spot.

On the southern side of the rock, facing the mainland, is a large slab of stone with an arched rock above it called King Arthur's Seat. On one side of the slab were seen some small round holes, such as are to be found in a billiard-table. Our guide said they were King Arthur's cups and saucers. But we had another attendant, our postillion, who, being an amateur of antiquities, had followed us over the rock, and whose shrewd observations amused us much: he suggested that, more probably, they had been used for some ancient game, adding, 'The gentlemen, I think, might have been very comfortable here with a good bottle of porter!—a truly British idea, thought we to ourselves, of the nature of *'comfort'*; that word so dear to every English heart!

As we stood gazing at the arched doorway, from which we were separated by the broad deep chasm we have already mentioned, our guide pointed out to us a hollow spot in the rock, bearing somewhat the form of a gigantic footmark, and which he averred had been made by the royal foot of King Arthur himself, a corresponding impression appearing on the other side of the chasm. We

listened in becoming silence to this statement, not doubting that our hero had received the gift of seven-leagued boots from his faithful ally the enchanter Merlin; but the wondering postilion, who until this moment had evidently received every statement with the most undoubting faith, said aloud, after a moment's serious consideration, 'Well, I think *that* must be a lie!'

The guide looked aghast at such unbelief. We left the antiquaries to settle this disputed point, and turned our steps towards the rugged descent which lay before us; nor were we ill-pleased to find ourselves once more at its base.

Many a moment did we linger to gaze upon the tall, rugged, iron-looking rock, whereon the earliest of our British monarchs had fixed his fortress-dwelling. On all sides of us were to be seen masses of the same heavy, black stone, rising in lofty crags, or scattered about in misshapen piles. If the age of fairy had not long since passed away, we might have supposed ourselves looking upon some gigantic warriors, who had been transfixed by the wizard Merlin to the spot on which they stood: but such idle dreams are too childish for the enlightened nineteenth century, so we stayed not to indulge in them; but seating ourselves once more in the carriage, returned in the course of a few hours to the busy scenes of social life, amid whose ease and civilisation we shall often love to think upon the stern and lonely towers of Tintagel.

#### LONDON GOSSIP.

June, 1850.

'WELL, I never!' is an exclamation which you may now hear fifty times a day in the streets as the Nepalese envoy, with his suite, all sumptuously enrobed and glittering with jewels, dash past in their carriage. The simultaneous arrival of these distinguished personages, and the hippopotamus, has flung a dash of enthusiasm into a season which, as I told you in my last, has not been remarkable for sprightliness; and a sudden freshet of wonderings is let loose, 'to crackle a little in talk,' as Bacon says, 'and quickly extinguish.' Among other rumours concerning his highness Jung Bahadur, Koonour Rana, not the least notable is that of the effectual expedient by which he prevented two ambitious competitors from climbing into his place during his absence from Nepal: he contrived to have one of them shot, and brought the other with him. However, he is of an inquiring mind, and goes everywhere—to the Bank, the Exchange, Houses of Parliament, St Paul's, of course for twopence, and to fashionable gatherings. He was at Lord Rosse's fourth and last soirée, which has just come off, where he tried in vain to comprehend the principle of an electric telegraph exhibited in the rooms, and frankly avowed his inability. Fortunately for his highness he comes just in time to see the last of Smithfield and of intramural interments, for these two moribund contraries will furnish him with an inexhaustible stock of the marvellous wherewith to entertain dinner parties when he gets back to his own country.

As for the hippopotamus, the gentle monster is now safely lodged at the Zoological Gardens, where the curious may view him with his Arab attendant; he—the quadruped, not the biped—is the first living specimen ever brought to England. But all the world are not naturalists.—Not a few talk about the building for the great national exhibition, which is to have a dome greater in diameter than that of St Paul's. A suggestion has been thrown out, that when done with for the exhibition, the building, with the ground beneath it, might be converted into a winter-garden. There is one, either finished or nearly so, at Munich, which will cover 40,000 square feet, with double walls of iron and glass to secure equality of temperature, and is to cost £50,000. A sheltered pleasure-ground would certainly be a welcome means of recreation in the bad season. Many, too, are indignant that the alms and other portions of Westminster Abbey, to which the

public have had free access for the past two or three years, are now again closed. I have frequently enjoyed the solemn pleasure of stepping in from the busy street, and sitting down in some quiet nook to contemplate for a few minutes the 'columns tall' and 'windows richly light,' and can sympathise with those who consider that national property should not be withheld from the nation. Others are discussing the project of the Commission on water supply. It is not proposed by this commission to derive the needful element from rivers, springs, or Artesian wells, but to obtain a constant service of pure, soft water from Bagshot heath, about twenty-five miles south-west of the metropolis. The heath will form a vast 'catching-ground,' and all the rain that falls on it will be collected and distributed for the use and benefit of Londoners, who doubtless will pray for a speedy realisation of the scheme. Connected with this a little sanitary skirmishing is going on, and in some quarters attempts are being made to train up a youthful army of health by means of a newly-published 'Catechism of Sanitation.' Others have something to say about Phillips's 'Fire-annihilator'—a method of putting out fire without the aid of water. The potent element is a gas. For some time past the inventor has set a house on fire every Friday at the Vauxhall gas-works, in presence of a party of spectators, and extinguished it when in full blaze. I went last week to witness the experiment: the effect was instantaneous; the rushing, roaring flames were at once subdued, and the atmosphere in the building became almost immediately respirable, for persons were able to ascend and walk about in the upper floor. This is so far satisfactory; but the best proof of efficacy would be for the inventor to 'annihilate' the next fire that breaks out here in London. A trial of the process just made in the marshes near Woolwich, under the auspices of the Board of Ordnance, has completely failed.

The Board of Visitors of the Greenwich Observatory have made their annual visitation to that noteworthy establishment. Of all the official scientific duties which devolve on our philosophers and others concerned, there is perhaps none less irksome or more agreeable than this. Those who may or can, go down in the Admiralty barge; those who may not or cannot, avail themselves of other conveyances; and so, in one way or another, the president and most eminent fellows of the Royal Society, and gentlemen of the Admiralty, meet at the observatory to the number of about sixty. The astronomer-royal receives them, conducts them over the establishment, reports progress for the past year, and recommends measures for the future. Refreshments are provided in the shape of chocolate, of first-rate quality, and rusks. When the explanations are over, the Board sits in committee to discuss the heavy business, and then on rising they all go away to the hotel and dine together; and it would be hard to find through all the season a happier union of astronomy and gastronomy, of philosophy and feeding, ethics and edibles, or a more rational display of post-prandial eloquence. The chief point to be noticed in the astronomer-royal's report on this occasion is, that he hopes to have the observatory connected with our system of electric telegraphs, and eventually, when the submarine wires are brought into play, with observatories on the continent, whereby the determination of differences of longitude, and the verifying of astronomical phenomena, will be greatly facilitated.

Talking of astronomy reminds me, as Ralpho says, of something else. Those who are cunning in works of iron, are interested in Sir Francis Knowles's patent for the production of that metal in a highly-improved form. In blast-furnaces as at present constructed, the ore, the flux, and combustibles are all mixed together; the liberated gases of the fuel injure the quality of the iron, and cause great waste in the shape of slag. By the new process the ore will be kept separate from the sulphureous fuel in a compartment contrived for the purpose, in the centre of the furnace, where it will

be in contact with peat only; and in this way the waste will be avoided, and a quality of metal produced equal, it is said, to the best Swedish, or to that obtained by alloy with scrap-iron. The ore to be used for this purpose is found in Cornwall, where it has long been known, but considered as useless; and close by are thousands of acres of peat; so that if the hopes of the patentee be not realised, it will not be for want of available means. If the anticipated results can be attained, our engineering and architectural capabilities will be essentially increased.

The Royal Society have held their annual meeting for the election of fellows, and have voted fifteen new members into their venerable corporation. It is something to be able to write F. R. S. after one's name, and doubtless the triple quintett are happy in the acquired privilege; whether the dozen non-elected candidates will be equally happy is a subject for speculation. We must all, however, bide our time. The Geographical Society also have had their anniversary, which involves a report of progress, a financial statement, and a dinner—a combination which admits of those who are too late for the first two items being in time for the third. It is usual, also, to award a medal to some one who has contributed to our geographical knowledge, and the society have conferred this honour on Colonel Fremont, who, you will remember, was employed by the United States government to explore Oregon and California in several successive expeditions. The Civil Engineers, too, have made a demonstration in a *soirée*, at which many extraordinary models and works of art were exhibited. Among others, the first Safety-lamp, made by Davy's own hand: the original of an instrument to which all who warm themselves by coal fires are so largely indebted. It consists of a cork, bearing a small piece of slender wax taper, secured in a small circular wooden stand, and surrounded by the cylinder of gauze, about half an inch in diameter, and five inches long, which fits over the upper end of the cork. Nothing can be more simple than this relic of philosophical insight: it gives us, so to speak, the birth of an idea in a visible form.

Now to look abroad a little.—M. Grange has presented a paper to the French Academy, 'On the Causes of Goitre.' This disease, he observes, 'can be developed in any country, and in all places inhabited by man, except on the sea-coasts; its development being independent of poverty, uncleanness, and hereditary disposition, which are accessory causes able only to accelerate or facilitate the disease.' 'Goitre and crétinisme,' he states further, 'have so many relations in common between them, that they are to be attributed to the same cause.' This cause, whereby the thyroidal mass becomes developed, consists essentially in potable waters impregnated with magnesia; goitre appears only on magnesian strata, and is altogether unknown, so says M. Grange, on calcareous, cretaceous, and the Jurassic formations, even though surrounded by districts which may be ravaged by this distressing complaint. As a remedy he prescribes common salt iodurated, in small doses.

It is somewhat remarkable that other investigations bearing on the same subject were communicated to the Academy almost simultaneously with the above. Most naturalists are aware that certain aquatic plants, such as water-cress, contain iodine; but M. Chatin has discovered the presence of this mineral in a wide range of vegetable productions: the shepherd's purse, reed mace, or cat's tail, water radish; the greatest proportion in those growing in running water. We are to consider, it appears, that the plants take in the iodine by absorption, it being derived 'from all points of the terrestrial mass, or it accompanies in some form the chlorates with which it is extracted by the washing of the streams. . . . Hence we have the anti-scorfulous and anti-tuberculous properties of certain plants, and the reason why those growing in running water have generally been preferred. And thus is explained why they are eaten as preventives by people who live in countries where goitre is endemic.' It has been suggested also, that by incinera-

tion of the plants, and washing the remains, a solution would be obtained available for all circumstances and localities. This is, however, a subject to be determined by doctors of medicine, from whom it will doubtless receive due attention. They have a subject before them at present, one that excites some interest—a new remedy for worms, the most effectual yet discovered. It is the *cousson*, an Abyssinian plant. Bruce describes it in his travels. The supply of the article in Europe is very small, and in the hands of one individual at Paris, who demands for it no less a sum than thirty-nine francs an ounce. Now one dose, so the practitioners say, requires an ounce, so as yet the remedy is an expensive one; but in these days of competition and enterprise we shall in all likelihood soon have ship-loads of the article at a moderate cost.

M. Recalcati proposes a method of traction to be applied by the side of rivers, canals, marshy lands, and sometimes to railways. It is to be a small canal, in which a syphon, attached to a locomotive, takes up water, and delivers it through the short leg upon a float wheel which gives movement to the whole apparatus. The utility of this plan is not obvious at first sight, and cannot perhaps be judged of apart from the actual working. Next, M. Daubrée, engineer of mines, describes his process for the artificial production of certain species of crystalline minerals, particularly the oxides of tin, titanium, and quartz. This gentleman had observed that veins of tin are accompanied by fluorides or borates of other minerals—chiefly mica, topaz, tourmaline, axinite, &c. He was led to conclude that the arrangement was not fortuitous, but connected with the active cause of the formation of the deposit. Remarking also that the fluoride and borate of tin are volatile, while the oxide of the metal is fixed, he further concluded that tin may have originally been present in its bed as a fluoride, and that by means of double decomposition the oxide of tin and fluorated minerals were formed. He has succeeded in producing crystals in circumstances very analogous to those of nature, in porcelain tubes brought to a white heat. The process consists in causing a simultaneous current of perchloride of tin, or of titanium—according to the subject of the experiment—and of steam, to pass through. A chlorosilicic current thus combined gave minute crystals of quartz. These experiments are described by competent judges as most successful and satisfactory, and as explanatory of some of nature's modes of working, though they offer no opinion on the theory as to whether the high temperature has been produced by volatilising agents or by electricity. One particular appears to be certain: it is that water has played an important part in the transformation.

Among other scientific notabilia worthy of a passing notice is the publication of a quarto volume by M. Heis of Cologne, entitled 'On Periodical Shooting-Stars and the Results of their Appearances, from Ten Years of Observation at Aix-la-Chapelle.' During this period—from 1839 to 1848—the author observed 2651 of such stars. His theory concerning them is, 'that in each periodical appearance two groups at least of meteors can be distinguished, of which each has its peculiar orbit cutting that of the other at an angle more or less open. One of these groups may be considered as constituted of ferruginous particles in powder or mass, while the other would be essentially formed of sulphur. It suffices to admit that the mutual shock or friction of these meteoric substances generates heat; and hence to comprehend that chemical effects would be the result of certain combinations which might take place beyond the limits of the atmosphere, since neither air nor oxygen is necessary to their production.' In this way all the phenomena are accounted for: a current of iron powder traversing a current of sulphur powder produces the long phosphorescent streaks so often witnessed: a meteoric cloud traversed by iron powder causes the nebulous shooting-stars without nucleus which Quetelet has described. Those luminous stars with tails visible

for a longer or shorter time, are the result of a mass of iron crossing a close current of sulphur; and those without tails, by a similar mass penetrating an isolated cloud of sulphur; and when masses of one and the other come into collision, then we have meteors with a zig-zag, broken course and final explosion. The colours of stars are all accounted for by reference to the density of their constituent elements—heat, force, &c.; and the fact of sulphur showers is not to be set down as apocryphal. These, with some discussion as to the causes of curvilinear and rectilinear motion, are the chief points of M. Heis's work, which will doubtless have its share in the elucidation of the phenomena in question.

To this I may add a passage from a communication lately read to the Royal Society, from Mr Richardson, written last January. 'An astronomic phenomenon,' he observes, 'terrified or arrested the attention of the inhabitants of the whole of this coast some two months ago. This was the fall of a shower of aërolites, with a brilliant stream of light accompanying them, and which extended from Tunis to Tripoli, some of the stones falling in the latter city.'

'The alarm was very great in Tunis, and several Jews and Moors instinctively fled to the British consulate, as the common refuge from every kind of evil and danger.'

'The fall of these aërolites was followed by the severest or coldest winter which the inhabitants of Tunis and Tripoli have experienced for many years.'

In Constantinople also and the south of Europe the winter has been extraordinarily severe, which has given rise to the supposition that the season may have been mild in the north, and that our Arctic explorers will find the sea in a favourable condition for their researches. I have more to say, but must stop short here, and keep the overplus till my next.

#### DISEASE IN CATTLE.

According to Mr Youatt, 'one-tenth of all the lambs and sheep of our island die annually of disease; of cattle, one-fifteenth of their number die annually by inflammatory fever, and milk fever, redwater, hoose, and diarrhoea. If, therefore, one-fifteenth of all the cattle of England are annually lost by disease, more than 1,500,000 worth of cattle perish every year, and with these also die of disease about 1,350,000 worth of sheep.' In the same article with the above extract, I find the cause of death in 118 cows reported from the records of medical men, and that 72 of that number died of pleuro-pneumonia. It is to be regretted that there is no further report on this subject, as the six months during which these cases are reported are the ones most likely to have the mortality from fungus taint, being from beginning of May to beginning of November. In consequence of what may be considered the increased mortality of the above six months, I will for calculation take one-half as the proportion of mortality for pleuro-pneumonia. This would make the annual loss from that disease alone 1,250,000, or, taking McCulloch's estimate of the number of cattle in Great Britain—namely, 5,100,000, take a fifteenth of that as the annual mortality, and again take one-half of that fifteenth as the average mortality from pleuro-pneumonia, and we find 170,000 head of cattle cut off annually by that disease.—*The Farmers' Magazine.*

#### WIT.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something much better than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the

goldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavour of the mind*! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marl.'—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

#### LOVE'S GIFTS.

FAIN would I wreath with pearls  
The waving tresses of thy soft brown hair,  
Fading to sunlight on thy shoulders fair;  
Or throw of glancing gems an iris bright  
Blending in thousand hues of fairy light  
O'er that rich fall of curls.

Thy snowy arms I'd clasp  
With links of gold so light and delicate,  
They'd be a symbol of thy love-bound fate:  
And gem-lit rings, whose every ray should tell  
Some feeling of his heart who loves thee well,  
Thy fingers slight should grasp.

But ah! I may not bring  
To thee the offerings of magic gold,  
Or in an ancient line thy name enfold;  
And yet I would not that my gifts should be  
Unworthy the deep love I bear to thee,  
My joy of life's sweet spring.

Within my mind I'll seek  
To form a wealthy treasure-house for thee;  
Where pure and noble things thine eye shall see:  
The great and good of other times than ours,  
The dwellers in far lands and stranger bowers  
Again for thee shall speak.

There thou shalt hear and love  
The voices of sweet poets of old times,  
Sounding so distantly like memory's chimes;  
And glorious forms of knight and warrior,  
Whose deeds the fervent spirit gladly stir,  
For thee shall live and move.

The sea shall offer thee,  
Though not her pearls, yet fairer things than they,  
Opening her riches to thy mental eye.  
And earth her wondrous history shall unfold,  
Pictures of ages long gone by, unrolled,  
All marvelling thou shalt see.

The stars shall lend their light  
To guide us on in nature's wonder-land,  
Darting through vistas glorious and grand;  
And thus all musically shall arise  
For us the harmony of earth and skies  
In silent hours of night.

Thus would I cull for thee  
The fruits of genius and the wealth of thought,  
Those precious things with highest wisdom fraught.  
These will be gifts all beautiful and bright,  
And emblems meet, in their unfading light,  
Of love's eternity.

C. T.

#### CLOTHES-WASHING IN CALIFORNIA.

I know a person whose wife made a very handsome sum by washing linen whilst her husband was away at the mines. Think of twelve dollars a dozen, eh! Her husband remained absent somewhere about four weeks, and though he came back with a pretty good 'find,' she, good woman, laughed outright at his gold-washing, for her shirt-washing had realised, during the same period, nearly double the value in dollars of the ore he had found.—*Personal Adventures in California.*

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## WHY IS THE SEA SALT?

WHY is the sea salt?

What a question!—and what a time and place for it! You never before sat on turf so green as this, Marion—bordering the yellow sands of a bay so small, so delicately curved, so beautiful, so lonely. See, on one hand, but too far off to disturb the idea of solitude—yet near enough to leave unbroken the ties that connect us with the humanities of life—is a little, rustic, old-fashioned town, clustering itself upon a peninsula which stretches eagerly out into the sea, as if determined to obtain by right the name of an island, which it only enjoys by courtesy. On the other hand are the green, swelling shoulders of the bay, behind which we see rising in the clear air some thin filmy smoke, which tells of the nestling place of that beautiful village, with the most beautiful of names—Aberdour. Behind us, secluding and hemming in our little bay from the world, solemn and austere as the convent walls that enclose some charming nun, is a broad belt of forest, traversed by hermit paths, leading to hidden fountains, holy enough to wash away from the soul the foulest stains of the world. And before us, Marion, look at that expanse of calm blue water, whose ripples kiss the yellow sand at our feet, but whose farther edge is lost in a silvery haze, above which rise dim towers and castled steepes, and beyond them shadowy precipices, and a towering seat where King Arthur himself may seem to look down from his throne upon the world of romance!

But why is the sea salt? Tush! Because it licks up the saline particles of the earth it washes; or because there are mountains of rock-salt resembling colossal lumps of sugar-candy in its depths, which melt so gradually that they and the world will be used up together; or for any other nonsensical reason which the ignorance of science pleases. This is not a time or a place for such fables. But if you will have knowledge, let us take it from the men of old, to whom truth was handed down by tradition. How should we know so well as they who were born so much nearer the event? The venerable Edda tells everything in a page that modern philosophy is breaking its heart to get at. It does not take up a tumbler of the water, and hold it to the light, and boil it, and evaporate it, and pretend to discover the secret from the dregs, like an old woman reading a tea-cup. It relates the circumstances historically, naming distinctly the individuals and the places, and explaining the reasons and the result. What more would you have? Nothing is wanted on the part of the learner but faith. Listen believingly, and you will understand in five minutes how it came to pass that the water of the sea turned salt.

Before the reign of Frodi, a near descendant of Odin, the ocean was fresh; but that powerful king of Got-

land (called in modern times Denmark) was fond of novelties and experiments. In his dominions there were two millstones, the upper and the nether, forming an engine of extraordinary power, if it had been only possible to set it going. No man, however, was strong enough to turn it; and steam not being yet invented, nor even water or wind power, they stood where they were—vast, ponderous, and motionless, a marvel to the country.

The owner of this mill, whose name was Hengilapt, which signifies Hanging-Chops, presented it to King Frodi, telling him that it possessed the property of grinding out—grist or no grist—anything and everything ordered by the grinder. But the gift was a mere curiosity, only fit to be put up in some public place to be looked at, and wondered at gratis; for nations had not got the length of charging themselves so much a head for seeing their own monuments. So Frodi was little the better for his acquisition, till he had the good fortune to stumble upon the only individuals in the world who could act as millers to these extraordinary stones. This occurred when he was on a visit to the king of Sweden, at whose court he obtained two female slaves, Fenia and Menia by name, who could do—nobody could tell what they could not do.

As soon as he got home he tried them at the mill, and, lo! round went the huge stones, as if by a hundred horse-power.

'Grind gold!' cried he, and Gotland was at once a California.

'Grind tranquillity!' and every man took the pledge, and subscribed to the Peace Society.

'Grind good-luck!' and Frodi might have been taken for a colonial minister, so prudent, so rational, so prosperous did he become all on a sudden. But, alas! the more he got out of his charmed mill, the more he wanted. 'Grind this! grind that! grind the other thing!' was his constant cry. 'Grind, grind!' when he lay down to rest at night; 'Grind, grind!' when he rose in the morning. He made a rule at last that the female slaves should never rest at one time longer than the cuckoo does between his notes. Then sang the female slaves the famous Grotta song which is still known in Scandinavia. It described the services they performed, the ceaseless fatigue they endured, the sleep that every now and then overpowered them at their task, the pain with which they started from a repose not longer than the intervals between the cuckoo's song.

But Frodi was inexorable in his covetousness. 'Grind this! grind that! grind the other thing!' cried he. 'Grind—grind!' And at length the female slaves, finding remonstrance vain, and warning unheeded, grew war and distress. That very night there landed, Gotland a sea-king whose name was Geyasing.

marched direct upon the palace of Frodi, plundered it of its treasures, slew the unhappy king himself, and carrying off the mill and its slaves, set sail with his booty.

Served him right? True, Marion. The lessons of history are never to be despised. For my part I would have been satisfied with grinding gold, peace, good-luck—

Beauty, fashion, power? True; and health, strength, swiftness—

Folkas, operas, dress? Yes; and love, smiles, kisses—

But why is the sea salt? We are just coming to that. Geysing was not satisfied with his treasures any more than Frodi; and he bethought himself of a very valuable commodity which the Phoenicians—who probably dug it out of the earth—were accustomed to exchange with the British islanders for the produce of their country. 'Grind white salt!' cried he. And the slaves laboured, and the mill turned, and the stream of white salt filled the hold. At midnight they asked their taskmaster whether he had enough; but he ordered them to go on grind—grind—grinding; and by the time they reached the Pentland Firth the white salt covered the decks, and began to rise upon the masts. The cargo was too heavy. The ship dipped, and the water she swallowed made it heavier still. They were now in the middle of the firth. The sky was as black as a pall. A low moaning wind swept over the sea. Geysing was frightened; but he thought she would hold a little more. And so she did; but that was the last. She began to go round and round like the mill, and then settled heavily down in the dark waters; and as she disappeared beneath the surface the grinding still went on; and the unearthly song of the slave women mingled with the cries of the drowning king.

Why is the sea salt? That is why the sea is salt. The mill works to this day. If you will listen at the whirlpool called the Swelchie in the Pentland Firth, you will hear its rumbling amid the roaring of the eddies, and understand how the product of that wonderful mill has by this time salted the whole ocean.

This is the only true original legend of the salting of the sea: the others are counterfeits, manufactured by unprincipled monks in the middle ages, who ought to have been prosecuted.

A specimen of their manufacturing, Marion?—of such trash? You are as exacting as Frodi or Geysing either; but if you will have it, here goes.

Once on a time there were two brothers, one rich, and one poor; and when it came to pass that all men were preparing the Yule feast, the poor brother found himself without a mouthful of food in the house or a penny to purchase it. In this extremity he laid his case before his rich brother, and besought him to give him something, that he and his wife might have wherewithal to make their Christmas meal. The rich brother looked sourly at him, and seemed about to refuse; but at length he tendered him a shank-bone of ham, on condition that the other would do whatever he should desire of him. The promise was made; and then his benefactor, giving him the shank-bone, told him with a bitter smile to go to—

Hush, never mind? Very well. The poor brother went away in dismay, thinking he had far to go, and he tracked everybody he met the road to hush! The place is not so far off, however, as he thought, nor the way difficult to find, and he met with many obliging per-

sons who were very willing to direct him. When the shades of evening began to descend, he reached an immense palace illuminated from top to bottom, and he said to himself, Surely this is the place? He was right: for in a shed close by there was an old man with a long white beard splitting wood for the Yule feast, and he told him, in reply to his question, that that was assuredly his destination.

'Go in boldly,' said he, 'for you are not empty handed: you will find many there anxious to buy your bone, and to give a good price for it; but take care that you accept of nothing in exchange but the mill behind the door.'

The poor man accordingly knocked, the door flew open, and a whole legion of the inmates crowded round him, bidding eagerly for his bone.

'Alas!' said he, 'it is the only thing I have that I can call my own; and it was intended to furnish a dinner for my wife and myself to-morrow. But if you must have it you shall, provided you give me in exchange that hand-mill behind the door.'

The gentlemen were at first surprised, then indignant, then grieved. They were free traders. It was their business to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market they could; and although determined to have the shank-bone, they were loath to make so valuable a return. The poor brother, however, was as resolved as they; and the end of it was that the arrangement he insisted upon was agreed to, and he carried away the mill.

'Now what shall I do with this?' said he to the old man as he passed.

'Make it grind you your dinner, or anything you will,' replied the old man.

'And how am I to stop it when I have done grinding?'

'That way!' and he showed him the secret.

It was late ere he got home with so heavy a load; and placing it on the table, he sat down exhausted, and began to wipe his brow.

'And is this all you have got?' said the wife, uncertain whether to scold or to cry. 'What has detained you so long? Did you not know that I had not even two chips of wood in the house to lay across the hearth to boil the Yule pudding? What is the use of a mill with nothing to grind?' In reply to this, her husband merely turned round the mill, ordering what he wanted; and first came out a pair of candles, then a tablecloth, then meat, then beer, and in short everything requisite to furnish a feast.

The wife was amazed, and questioned and cross-questioned her husband about the miracle; but the difficulties in her pursuit of knowledge were insuperable: all his conversation was addressed to the mill, and it was in the words of Frodi—'Grind this! grind that! grind the other thing!' In three days they had a whole houseful of comforts and luxuries; and they then sent to invite their friends and relations to a banquet. When the rich brother came he was ready to expire with envy.

'Where in all the world have you been?' said he.

'I have been behind the door!' replied his brother; and that was all he could get out of him. The other importuned him to sell his mill, coming day after day, and increasing his offer, as he saw it grinding all manner of things; till the possessor, tired of turning it, appeared to relent; and he at length sold the wonderful mill for a large sum of money.

It was night when the mill was delivered to the

rich brother, who on the following morning told his wife to go out and spread the hay after the reapers, promising to prepare breakfast himself. Her back was no sooner turned than he shut the door, placed the mill upon the table, turned it violently round, and trembling with expectation, commanded it to grind herrings and porridge. And the herrings and porridge came till every dish in the house was full. Then the stream overflowed the table, and then the floor; the unskilful miller turning the handle in every possible way to endeavour to stop it. All was to no purpose. On flowed the torrent; and when, afraid of being drowned in the kitchen, he rushed into the parlour, it followed him there, and he had barely time to escape by the window, pursued by an ocean of breakfast. He never stopped till he reached his brother's house.

'Take it back!—take it back!' cried he, 'or the whole parish will be suffocated in herrings and porridge!'

'What will you give me if I take it back?'

A bargain was made; and the cunning grinder, who had foreseen this result, was now a rich man, and had the mill to boot. He built him a house—or rather a palace—on the sea-shore; and in the wantonness of his wealth covered the walls with plates of gold, till it shone far out to sea.

Among the mariners who sailed in near the shore to see this marvel was one whose trade it was to peril his life in carrying through dangerous seas the rock-salt that was then so valuable a commodity.

'Can your mill work salt?' said he.

'That it can,' replied the man of the golden palace. Whereupon the mariner bade higher and higher for the treasure, till its owner reflecting, like a sensible person, that he had already a superfluity of the good things of the world, and that a mill manufactured in a certain place of evil repute must at one time or other work evil to the grinder, consented to sell it for a very large sum of money. The new purchaser, overjoyed at his success, and laughing in his sleeve at the simplicity of the seller, carried off his prize at once, and was no sooner on the open sea than he set up the wonderful mill, and turning it quickly round, commanded it to grind salt. I need not add, Marion, that it obeyed only too well; that it continued to obey long after the bones of its luckless owner were bleaching at the bottom; and that at this moment it still keeps grinding, grinding, with such effect that, notwithstanding the rivers of fresh water it receives, the sea remains salt, and will remain salt for ever.

Not so good as the other? No more it is: but there is a gleam of truth here and there in it for all that. Do you not think, dear friend, that there are times and places when the faith is young and strong—when giants are not monsters, fairies not preternatural, and talismans not impossible? Do you not sometimes feel as if, like the goddess of old, you had bathed in the Fountain of Youth, and returned to the thoughts and associations of your unwithered years? Believe me that fountain is no dream of poetry, no invention of romance. Its waters float in the air you even now inhale; they cool your fevered brow; they reanimate your drooping heart; and, seen through this enchanted medium, the lovely picture before us is a realisation of the visions that once haunted your young bosom of the distant world. But a shade has fallen upon the scene: a stronger breath ruffles here and there, as if with a dream, the slumbers of the Firth; the distant city looms out more sternly from the opposite shore; the clustering

houses on the left have a colder, sharper look; and the flimy smoke of Aberdour rises in heavier masses from the hill. Yes our cloudland is descending, and we with it—but slowly, gently—to mingle with the material earth. Come: our way lies through these forest-paths. But as we go, let us pause every now and then to enjoy a farewell glimpse of the view through the opening trees, to inhale the rich breath of the hawthorn where it hangs over our path, to listen to the trickling waters by our side, and to that faint song from some viewless chorister of the grove,

'And watch the dying notes, and start, and smile!'

But now, Marion, our descent is complete; we have fairly reached the surface of this breathing world, and must forego all these enjoyments to quicken our pilgrim steps.

Why so? Because we shall otherwise be too late for the steamer at Burntisland.

#### BARON REICHENBACH'S RESEARCHES.\*

THE Researches of Baron Reichenbach, which were first made known to the British public about four years ago, in a pamphlet edited by Professor Gregory, are now detailed at full length, and with later additions, in a volume translated from the author's original papers by the same editor, who has prefixed to them an able vindication of Reichenbach's method of procedure. The experiments relate to an influence possessed by material bodies, distinct from any of the forces recognised in physical science, and hitherto unnoticed in the world except among the questionable proceedings of imposture and superstition. The new influence has hitherto escaped detection from its feebleness, or rather from the absence of sensibility to its effects among the great majority of mankind. But if the speculations of Reichenbach be well founded, it is the cause of at least one universally-discerned appearance—namely, the aurora borealis, which has never been accounted for by reference to any of the other natural agencies.

It is not surprising that we should be incredulous about the existence of a power whose effects are revealed only to an individual here and there, such individuals for the most part labouring under diseased nervous sensibility. We are not unwilling to trust to other people's senses in cases where our own senses can recognise the same kind of appearances; but to believe in the existence of what we are utterly incapable of perceiving, is a severe exercise of faith. At all events, we are entitled to require that the evidence should be of the most indubitable kind that the case admits of; we ought to have the very highest security for the good faith of the witnesses. Now, the characteristic distinction of the present investigations is their being conducted by a man of science according to the very same strict rules and methods as have been applied so successfully to the determination of regular laws in other departments of nature. On this point, from the attestations of Professor Gregory, there can be no sort of doubt.

In a previous number of this Journal† we called attention to this subject by presenting some extracts

\* Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallisation, and Chemical Attractions, in their relations to the Vital Force. By Karl Baron Von Reichenbach, Ph. Dr. Translated and Edited, at the express desire of the Author, with a Preface, Notes, and Appendix, by William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor, 1860.

† No. 112, new series.

from the 'Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science' of that day, which gave an abstract of Reichenbach's first paper. As the author has since then not merely amended that paper, but has published a second, embracing a wide extension of his researches on one part of the subject, we are enabled now to offer a much more full and explicit account of the new department of science thus called into being.

We shall first quote the author's own statement of the primary observation lying at the root of his researches:—

'The time-honoured observation, that the magnet has a sensible action on the human organism, is neither a lie, nor an imposture, nor a superstition, as many philosophers now-a-days erroneously suppose and declare it to be, but a well-founded fact, a physico-physiological law of nature, which loudly calls on our attention. It is a tolerably easy thing, and everywhere practicable, to convince ourselves of the accuracy of this statement; for everywhere people may be found whose sleep, is more or less disturbed by the moon, or who suffer from nervous disorders. Almost all of these perceive very distinctly the peculiar action of a magnet, when a pass is made with it from the head downwards. Even more numerous are the healthy and active persons who feel the magnet very vividly; many others feel it less distinctly; many hardly perceive it; and finally, the majority do not perceive it at all. All those who perceive this effect, and who seem to amount to a fourth or even a third of the people in this part of Europe, are here included under the general term "Sensitives."'

The sensations thus perceived are of two kinds. One kind are analogous to the feelings of heat and cold, but not identical with these. A cool magnetic feeling is at the same time refreshing and comfortable, a source of the greatest delight and enjoyment to the sensitive patient. It is like a fresh cooling breeze after the oppression of sickly warmth, and is evidently of the nature of a wholesome genial stimulus to the whole nervous system. The nervous current which it induces must be in the same direction as the currents that sustain the vital functions; it is, in fact, a reinforcement of the living energies dependent on the nervous system. The feeling of warmth, on the other hand, is a feeling of a distressing and uncomfortable kind. It seems connected with an action against the grain, an obstruction to the healthy stream of life. When intense and continued, it produces a severe sense of oppression and stupefaction, going on to fits and convulsions, and giving all the evidences of being extremely unfavourable to the human system. The apparent warmth is thus a sickly, oppressive, and unwholesome warmth, and every sensitive person requires to be protected from the peculiar influence that imparts it, and to be subjected if possible to the influence that causes the opposite feeling of refreshing coolness.

The second class of sensations are those of sight, including luminous flames, sparks, smoke, glow, and varied colours. Sensitive persons can in a dark room see all these appearances about a magnet, or any of the other bodies that have the same power. Baron Reichenbach has investigated these luminous effects with such an amount of care and precision that he can render a distinct and accurate account of each of them, and some of his results we shall be able to lay before our readers.

With reference now to the objects causing these two classes of sensations, the foremost, as already observed, is the magnet in all its forms—natural lodestone, artificial magnets, electro-magnet, and lastly, the earth.

We take a magnetic bar, and present the north pole to the body of a sensitive person, and with that pole make downward passes from head to foot (withdrawing the magnet when raising it again, so as to avoid an up-

ward pass), we shall produce the cool and comfortable sensation; we thereby communicate a nervous current, genial and favourable, to the powers of life. But if with the same pole we make exclusively upward passes, we produce the warm and oppressive sensation, or engender a conflict with the healthy activities of the system. This pole, the so-called north pole of the magnet, because its magnetism is the same as the north magnetic pole of the earth, Reichenbach proposes to call *negative*, as respects the new force, the cause of these sensations. If the south pole of the magnet is used, the effects are exactly opposite: the downward pass is warm, the upward cold, and the pole is denominated the *positive* pole as regards this action. The force itself has been termed *ODYLE* by the author of these researches—and consequently north magnetism he styles *odylo-negative*; and south magnetism, *odylo-positive*.

Such are the respective sensations made by moving up and down the two poles of the magnet. We have no reason to be surprised at this effect after what has been already established on the subject of magnetism. It was a fact ascertained by Faraday, that if a magnet is moved along a wire, it will induce a current of common electricity in that wire; and knowing, as we do, the susceptibility of the human nerves to electric currents, we cannot but admit the possibility, and even the unavoidableness of imparting electric currents to the nerves by magnetic passes. But here the parallelism ceases. Motion is essential to the production of electric currents by a magnet; motion is not essential to the production of odylic sensations, pleasurable or painful. Odylo, therefore, cannot be mere electricity caused by induction from a magnet: it is a power arising from a magnet in circumstances where electricity is not developed. For this, as well as for many other reasons, the new force, although inherent in all magnets, is not magnetism as usually understood; it is not the force that enables magnets to attract iron, and to develop electric currents by Faraday's magneto-electric machinery.

We have said that magnets exert the odylic power even without being passed up and down; the following are the facts to prove the assertion.—If a magnet is placed in the right hand of a sensitive person, it produces one or other of the two sensations according to the direction given to it: if the north pole points up the arm, the cool agreeable sensation is felt; if the south pole is so placed, the feeling is of the warm and painful sort. The earth's magnetism likewise affects the feelings of odylic sensitives. Their most agreeable position in bed is with the head to the north and feet to the south; a less agreeable position is with the feet to the north and the head to the south; but it seems that the worst position of all is with the head to the west and the feet to the east. This peculiarity is in part explained by the constitution of the human body itself in reference to odylic currents. It will be seen afterwards that the human system is one of the sources of odylic power, and that the two hands are the points where the power is strongest. An axis of power lies across the body, having the two hands for its poles, and the circulation by this axis is more intense than by the axis of the body itself from head to foot. Now when the patient lies west and east, the right hand is towards the south and the left hand to the north; but this is in opposition to the directions that give the pleasant feeling; for the right hand ought to be north and the left hand south. It must, however, be admitted that this portion of the subject, with reference to the concurrence of the currents from a magnet without and from the body within, is not made so clear as could be desired.

To show decisively that it is not to magnetism exclusively that this new force belongs, Baron Reichenbach proceeds next to point out the efficiency of crystals in causing the same feelings and sensations. When he took a large crystal of a pure and homogeneous substance—calcareous spar or rock crystal, for example—and

stroked a sensitive person with it, the same feelings of coolness or warmth were produced according to the end used. When laid in the hand of an extremely susceptible patient, it excited involuntary contraction, attracted the hand, caused it to become clenched, and to grasp the crystal with a spasm. The line of force lies along the optic axis of the crystal, and the opposite ends of the axis have opposite polar effects. Thus the odylic force is something common to magnets and pure crystals. Irregular crystals, such as granular crystalline limestone, compact quartz, or loaf sugar, are inert, evidently in consequence of their irregularity; that is, they are made up of a mass of small crystals not in line, but pointing in all directions, and having thus no one uniform axis of power. The evolution of light during the process of crystallisation is a fact long recognised by chemists, and may be connected with the luminosity which they present to sensitive patients.

The property of crystallisation being thus associated with odylic manifestations, it became desirable to ascertain if there were any other of the permanent peculiarities of material bodies that yielded the same power. After experimenting with many hundreds of different substances, the author came to the conclusion that *bodies possessed of strong chemical affinities* had, by virtue of this endowment, odylic characters. The odylic power is thus a pretty general property of matter, associated in the first place with the crystalline structure, and in the second place with the chemical character of bodies. Crystals, like magnets, are *polar*—each individual crystal having both kinds of force lodged within itself: but the bodies that act in virtue of their chemical affinities possess only one of the kinds. It is to be remarked that this new force, associated with crystallisation and chemical affinity, is manifested while these powers are dormant. It seems to inhere, like gravitation, in dead matter; forming a contrast to heat, which is not produced except by a course of rapid changes in the structure of bodies.

This last remark is needed to clear the way for the exposition of the other sources of odyle which we have now to allude to—namely, *heat, light, electricity, and chemical and vital action*. These properties belong to matter, not its dead inactive state, but in the changes that it undergoes, and during the progress of those changes.

According to Reichenbach, a body heated above its natural temperature communicates the cool sensation, while ice produces in an intense degree the warm unpleasant feeling. There is thus a marked contrast between the ordinary sensation of temperature and the extraordinary sensation developed in addition, and felt by sensitives to the magnetic and crystalline force.

*Light* has the same effect as high heat: it produces coolness. On this head the author gives the following experiment:—'When in bright daylight I brought a lighted wax candle near to Mademoiselle Maix, she perceived a peculiar coolness caused by it. Several candles increased this coolness, so that it pervaded her whole person. I removed, step by step, the candles to the end of two adjoining rooms, together twenty-four feet long. The coolness was at this distance much diminished, but still in some degree perceptible. She described it as obviously analogous to that produced by a wire, the end of which was in sunshine. This observation, which to herself was quite unexpected, led her to remember that, in attending certain ceremonies of the Catholic church at certain periods, and which consist in powerful illumination at night by means of hundreds of wax candles—as in the illumination of the representation of the apocalypses of saints, &c.—she had never been able to hold out. The lights had invariably so chilled her—to the marrow of her bones, as she expressed it—that she was compelled to leave the church. Now, Mademoiselle Maix has suffered during nearly the whole of her life, in a less degree, from the disease which has now become so severe, and is to be regarded as a born sensitive, who

was subject to the sensations peculiar to that state at every period of her life, even when she seemed healthy, and was able to walk about. This peculiar effect on her of light from distances at which the radiant heat could only have been very feeble indeed, producing, besides, an action on the nerves exactly opposite to that of heat, was strongly felt by her at all times, and at a period when no one suspected that it could indicate any morbid state.'

Knowing the connection between magnetism and *electricity*—they being in fact one and the same power in different circumstances—it was to be expected that both would have like properties in reference to odyle, and accordingly such was found to be the case. Electrified surfaces produced the same feelings as magnets, crystals, &c.

The same remark applies to *chemical action*, which, being a source of heat, electricity, and magnetism, is therefore in all probability a direct agent in causing odylic effects. On the experiment being made, the fact became apparent beyond a doubt.

'To determine this point,' says the author, 'I took a glass of water, dissolved in it bicarbonate of soda, introduced the end of a copper wire five feet long into it, gave the other end to Mademoiselle Maix, laid a pinch of powdered tartaric acid on the edge of the glass, and when her hand was accustomed to the wire, sprinkled the acid into the solution. As soon as the decomposition began, the same sensation of warmth, followed by coolness, was perceived as when I touched the end of the wire with my ten fingers, with the point of a large crystal, or with a bar magnet. It became so strong that it produced flushing of the face. It continued uniformly as long as the action lasted, and ceased when it stopped.'

Having satisfactorily determined the odylic power of chemical action, the author introduces the case of *vital action*, and shows that odyle is developed in the processes of digestion and assimilation. By its connection in this manner with the blood, he explains the influence of the human hand upon sensitive patients, which, at a very early period of his researches, he had found to possess the same powers as the magnet and crystals. By making passes with his right hand, he could produce the very same effects as with the north pole of a magnet; likewise the luminosity apparent at the extremities of the magnet was observed streaming from the fingers of any person in the room. In some persons the odylic force of the hand is much more powerful than in others, no doubt depending on the totality of the chemical and vital processes going on in the system, and to some extent measuring their energy. It was found that the odylic force of an individual varied greatly from time to time, and went through a regular series of variations every twenty-four hours; being greatest two or three hours after noon, and least at the corresponding hour in the night. The author exhibits those variations in a curve, and endeavours to draw inferences from them as to the proper hours of eating, working, and sleeping.

We must, however, pass on to the remaining sources of odyle—namely, the sun, moon, and stars. The sun is found to give the odyle-negative or cooling influence, while the moon gives the warm disagreeable influence. As lunatics are of all other persons the most susceptible to odyle, the baron has no difficulty in ascribing to its influence the action of the moon on this class. From the contrasted peculiarities of the sun and moon, coupled with some direct observations on the influence of the starry sky, he makes a generalisation to the effect, that bodies shining by their own light—such as the stars—are odyle-negative or cool and agreeable; while bodies shining by reflected light—as the planets—are odyle-positive. But light in general, as has been seen, including artificial light, has odylic power.

For the present, we can only further advert to the transmissibility of odyle by wires, and the surfaces of many substances. A glass of water can be charged by a magnet, by the hand, or simply by standing in the

light. The influence, subtle as it is, is also found to be liable to the same laws of radiation as heat. These are curious facts, and seem to point to strange mysteries connected with the human constitution which remain to be found out.

#### RESIDENCE OF ADAM SMITH.

MANY who hear of the great economical work of Dr Adam Smith know little of its history, or of the character and circumstances of its author.

Very unlike the literary productions of modern days, it was the result of *ten years' labour*. It was not merely written during ten years of a man's life, the product of occasional application or of leisure hours. Smith, who was a quiet bachelor, living with an aged mother, and wholly a being of study, retired from the busy haunts of men to write this book, and was *completely occupied* by it for ten years. Such, we suspect, is the true way to make great books and consequently great and enduring reputations.

The retreat of Smith during these ten years was his mother's house, in the seaport town of Kirkcaldy, on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, opposite to Edinburgh. He could here see the busy capital, where lived his friends Hume, Blair, Robertson, and others; but he seldom went thither. Having been born in Kirkcaldy and brought up at its grammar school, he had some old friends of youthful days there, and with them he maintained a little intercourse. Beyond this he was almost a hermit. The space occupied by his remarkable labours was from the year 1766 to 1776, when the work was published, at which time the author was fifty-three years of age.

A stranger, passing through the long rambling town of Kirkcaldy, will very probably observe, inscribed over an entry or alley, 'DR ADAM SMITH'S CLOSE.' He may here see the house, and even the room, where this great work was concocted. About twenty years ago, the following account of the residence of Smith was written by a gentleman of Kirkcaldy in obedience to an inquiry which had been addressed to him:—

'The house in Kirkcaldy which was inhabited by Dr Smith, his mother, and Miss Douglas, a cousin, is a house of three storeys, situated on the south side of the street (nearly opposite the shop of Mr Cumming, bookseller), now the property of the heirs of Michael Beveridge, haberdasher. About the centre of the front is a close or entry by which you pass in ascending to the second and third storeys. At the extremity of the close is a large court or open area in rear of the house. On the east or left side of this court is a building at right angles to the front building, locally denominated a *back jamb*. This back jamb contains the staircase by which you ascend to the second and third storeys, and also several apartments. Dr Smith occupied the third storey of the house, and his study was the southernmost room of the back jamb, a room I estimate (I visited it to-day) about fourteen feet by ten, having one window looking into the back court, and another in the gable or south wall of the back jamb looking towards the sea. The fireplace is in the gable. Between the fireplace and the side of the window is a space of about three feet: there stood the doctor's chair; and here he sat by the fire, the one knee over the other, reclining

his right shoulder against the wall, dictating his immortal work to his amanuensis, Rob Reid, who sat on the opposite side of the fireplace at a small table fronting the doctor. Dr Smith wore a tie-wig, and when sitting in the position I have described, in deep meditation, he frequently leaned his head against the wall, by which, in process of time, the paper of the wall became stained by the pomatum on his wig. This stain or mark remained on the wall for many years after Dr Smith left Kirkcaldy, but is now no longer visible. The house became the property of Andrew Cowan, merchant in Kirkcaldy, who carefully preserved the greasy mark upon the wall during his life. After his death the property passed into the possession of one who, though he knew sufficiently well the practice of amassing wealth, knew little of the principles developed in the "Wealth of Nations," and cared as little for this curious relic of its celebrated author. The room has been divested of its antique papering, and along with it the greasy mark of the philosopher's wig. The curious old mantelpiece has been replaced by one of more recent fashion, and the room itself is disjoined from the third storey by a partition; the entrance to it is now by a stair from the second storey.

'I cannot say I ever saw this mark myself, but several gentlemen who knew Dr Smith, and who were well acquainted with the position of the mark, have pointed it out to me as I have now described it. I have some doubt that Mr Fleming has been deceived by his memory in stating that he has *seen* the mark. I have a distinct recollection of having visited the room a number of years ago along with the late James Sibbald, M.D., and some others, of whom perhaps Mr Fleming was one, when we attempted a subscription for a bust of Dr Smith, which, to the disgrace of Kirkcaldy, could not be effected, and at that time I know the mark was obliterated.

'I presume you are aware that Dr Smith's father was comptroller of customs in Kirkcaldy. His mother was of the family of Douglas of Stratherny in Fife, and the doctor stood in the relation of grand-uncle to the present Robert Douglas, Esq. of Stratherny. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of Kirkcaldy, under the tuition of David Millar, a celebrated teacher of that period. A gentleman now in Kirkcaldy, whose father was a class-fellow of Smith's at Kirkcaldy school, states to me, on the authority of his father, that when at school he displayed no superiority of intellect to his contemporaries, but his mind always kept hold of whatever it acquired; that he never cordially joined in any of the pastimes or youthful frolics of his schoolfellows, but after school hours went his way quietly home. Whether this proceeded from a natural disinclination to schoolboy amusements, or whether his delicate constitution prevented him from taking part in the games of his more robust schoolfellows, my informant cannot say. It was during the time that he was professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow that he composed his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. He left his chair in Glasgow to travel with the Duke of Buccleuch (grandfather of the present Duke), who settled an annuity on the doctor. It was after his return from the continent with the duke, and before his appointment in the customs, that he composed his "Wealth of Nations." It is generally understood that he contemplated this work some years before this period, and had digested an outline of his subject; but when he came to prepare the work for the press, he found it would be more convenient to have an amanuensis to

A note in the margin from which these extracts are made has been written by the pen of a lady lately deceased. Being a friend of the author, we know not to whom it was addressed. It has never been published before, but we deem this not likely.

transcribe for him. For this purpose he engaged Robert Reid, a weaver in Linktown, to attend him in the evening, after he had finished his daily labour at the loom. In pursuance of this plan, Rob, who wrote a fair hand, attended the doctor in the evening, and wrote out the cogitations of the day. To give you some idea of the care and attention bestowed by the author upon his subject, I am informed by a gentleman here that Rob Reid has assured him that he (Reid) "is certain that he wrote the 'Wealth of Nations' fifty times over before it was printed." Making even a large allowance for exaggeration in this assertion, sufficient remains to prove that the author had been at very great pains to render the work complete; and the character of the work justifies the pains he had taken.

Dugald Stewart, in his memoir of Smith, relates a curious anecdote of his infancy. 'An accident which happened to him when he was about three years old, is of too interesting a nature to be omitted in the account of so valuable a life. He had been carried by his mother to Stratherry, on a visit to his uncle, Mr Douglas, and was one day amusing himself alone at the door of the house, when he was stolen by a party of that set of vagrants who are known in Scotland by the name of tinkers. Luckily he was soon missed by his uncle, who, hearing that some vagrants had passed, pursued them with what assistance he could find, till he overtook them in Leslie Wood, and was the happy instrument of preserving to the world a genius which was destined not only to extend the boundaries of science, but to enlighten and reform the commercial policy of Europe.'

It is not unworthy of remark, that Smith was one of the many instances which could be brought forward against the too gallant theory that men possessing extraordinary genius are chiefly indebted for it to their mothers. While the mother of Smith was an ordinary woman, the talents of his father had been evinced by his being raised from the duties of an ordinary writer to the signet to be private secretary to the Secretary of State for Scotland. The father, however, having died before the son was born, Smith was indebted to his mother for the care which brought him through a sickly infancy, and for much domestic happiness during the long period of sixty-one years that she was spared to him.

Adam Smith enjoyed the dignified situation of a Commissioner of the Customs in Scotland for the last fifteen years of his life, and during this time he lived in Edinburgh. The house he occupied still exists in the Canongate, but is much altered, besides being vulgarised by the neighbourhood of an iron-foundry. It used to be called Panmure House, having been originally the town mansion of the Earl of Panmure, who was forfeited for his concern in the rebellion of 1715.

It is interesting to know respecting Adam Smith, that he was an artless, unworldly man, of perfect purity of life, and extraordinary benevolence. As a consequence of his so exclusive devotion to study, he was remarkable for absence of mind, and for a habit of speaking to himself. It is a veritable anecdote told of him in Edinburgh, that a fishwoman was impressed by his uncouth manner and his loud mutterings as he passed along the street with the idea that he was a fanatic, remarking pathetically to a companion, 'And he's weel put on too; that is, well-dressed—her sense of the calamity being greatly increased by its contrast with his obvious good circumstances. He lived very inexpensively—being, as he himself remarked, 'a beau only in his books.' It therefore gave surprise that at his death he did not leave much money. The explanation at length appeared, in various cases which came to light, making it certain that he had been in the practice of giving large sums in charity, though with such modesty that the fact was not suspected in his lifetime.

So kind, gentle, self-devoting, and inoffensive was the philosopher to whom was vouchsafed the first clear insight into the principles which rule the great material interests of man in society.

### MOHALET ABOU ALI, OR THE INHOSPITABLE VILLAGE.

THERE are two different modes of ascending the Nile, according as travellers are in a hurry, or leisurely disposed. In the first case, you must be in a perpetual conflict with the captain of your boat and the crew; you must coax or bully, promise or threaten; you must be up with the first streak of day, and see that there is a due supply of loaves on board, that one of the men has not gone ashore on the understanding that he is to be waited for on the next reach, and that none of the tackle wants mending; you must take care that a sufficient number of hands go to the tracking-rope; you must be deaf to the thousand reasons urged for stopping at every village, where some one is sure to have a friend or a relation; and you must storm and rave if the boat runs a-ground until it is got off again. At least this is the system adopted, whether from necessity or not. I have made such a trip once, and never wish to do so again, for the celerity gained is but comparative. Unless a good wind serves, your progress must, after all, be slow, and there is a great deal of bustle and annoyance without any corresponding advantage.

I always preferred the other way of going to work, especially in my excursions along the shores of the Delta. The object was not so much to leave so many villages and so many palm-woods in the rear, as to escape from absolute repose. A few hours' sail suffice to reveal all the variety of which the landscape is susceptible. There are no new prospects to expect, no new points of view to attain. The same kind of country spreads on all sides in its vast monotonous tranquillity. Plain and wood, wood and plain, succeed and resemble one another; the village you reach is the counterpart of the one you have quitted; and the same white tomb seems constantly gleaming from the same copse. Even the river, with its islands, its creeks, its tortuous branches, its lake-like expanses, its sombre eddies and shining shallows, appears to take a delight in repeating itself. The eye is perpetually recognising characteristics it had before observed. The long rows of birds that are seen each morning on the edge of some vast sandbank, make their appearance again in the evening, as if the current had refused to permit an ascension, and kept the boat all day in the same place. The sky has an aspect equally unchanging with the earth: the sun glares down from dawn to eve in unsullied brightness; it rises from the horizon unattended by clouds, and sinks, when its course is run, in a vapourless west.

Yet it must not be supposed that this want of striking variety introduces any sense of weariness into the mind. There is something in the climate of Egypt that disposes one not to seek for violent contrasts, but to allow with pleasure the approach of such ideas only as impress themselves by almost imperceptible degrees. I was always happy on the Nile, always content with myself and with the world. In the absence of the excitement created in other countries by the perpetual alternation of hill and valley, of rocky or wood-lined vistas opening and shutting in on either hand, of ruin-crowned rocks or shadowy hollows of torrents dancing in the sunshine, or lakelets sleeping beneath the umbrage of outstretched branches—I found pleasure in watching the little accidents that diversified, to an attentive eye, the scene that at first appeared so monotonous. Seated on the roof of the cabin, I endeavoured to become acquainted with the outline of every palm-grove, the peculiar beauties of every minaret, the dimensions of every tomb, the direction of every canal. I traced the progress of little caravans as they wound

along the embankments; I marked the varieties of the aspect, or the progress of the river in eating away its banks, or devouring little islands, or creating others. There was always something to see and notice: here a drove of buffaloes immersing their huge bulk in the water; there a number of camels and asses with their owners waiting for a ferry-boat; now a flight of pigeons; then a legion of aquatic birds. The variety in the craft afloat is great, from the vast unwieldy *dahabieh*, with its house-like cabin, and lofty prow, and sails more than a hundred feet in length, to the little canoe impelled by a square yard of canvas.

We had left Fouah early in the morning, and by taking advantage sometimes of a light breeze that came sighing across the waters, sometimes of the tracking-rope, had made about a dozen miles, when the *reis* (captain) with a complacent air announced that, satisfied with the day's work, he meant to stand over to a village that was in view on the western bank, and lie to for the night. As we had no particular object in hurrying on, we might have submitted quietly to this lazy plan, had he not, with true Arab loquacity, proceeded to give fifty reasons for a delay. At the third or fourth we stopped him, and announced our determination to proceed. He had unconsciously furnished us with an object, excited our imaginations, whetted our curiosity. Unfortunate man! he did not know that it is the weakness of the European in his travels to seek rather than to avoid danger: so he told us that if we passed on, the breeze that was beginning to crisp the surface of the river would bear us about night to Mohallet Abou Ali, a village celebrated for inhospitality, where strangers were always insulted, ill-treated, sometimes robbed and murdered.

'This is delightful!' said my companion. 'I am not quite so Oriental as you, and confess that this indolent *keif* was beginning to be wearisome. A village of robbers will be an agreeable episode.'

'I agree with you,' replied I, 'for you exaggerate my Orientalism. It is true I feel an ineffable sense of well-being in this dreamy kind of life—that the rocking of the boat and the splashing of the waters, and the lazy contemplation of this beautiful country as it steals by, produce sensations sufficiently keen to occupy my mind; but I am not yet insensible to the spur of novelty, and our *reis* has succeeded in rousing me. Ho! then, for Mohallet Abou Ali!'

And the boat, which had already begun to incline towards the village on the opposite bank, resumed its former direction; the breeze filled our vast sail; we turned a long, low point; the breeze increased; the waves began to rise; the breeze became a gale; and on we went, until, a little after sunset, we reached a long, low shore, where two or three boats made fast announced the neighbourhood of a village.

The short twilight of the East was already nearly over. All was dim and uncertain; the river passed like a vast phantom, the skirts just rustling against the shadowy banks; at some distance inland we could distinguish a pile of buildings, dark and sombre, which we judged to be the village, rising at the extremity of the vast flat, alongside which we were moored. The boats near us were deserted; save one, in the cabin of which we could discern a figure going through the evolutions of prayer. All was silent. Our crew seemed oppressed with fear, and spoke in an undertone. None of them seemed inclined to land; but they all sat before the mast in a circle, deploring no doubt the rashness which had brought them into so dangerous a position. Suddenly we heard in the distance a noise, as if some huge marine monster was beating the river with its paws. It came nearer and nearer, and presently rounding a point, a huge flaming eye came in sight, and a steamer from Cairo, and she soon vanished into the gloom.

We passed in silence, but the prospect of a visit to the inhospitable village still retained its seduction; and, encouraged with our pipes, we were soon traversing

the flat, followed by the trembling Ahmed. After a couple of hundred yards, we found our feet sinking in the mud, and by stooping down, discerned a broad expanse of water before us. We beat a retreat, and again and again tried our luck, but each time were stopped by the same obstacle. We said it was disagreeable, but Ahmed declared that it was fortunate: that it was better to return and sleep in the boat, and that we could explore the village in the morning. Necessity was about to force us to adopt this plan, when we discerned half-a-dozen men approaching us armed with spears or staves, we could not tell which. They asked us gruffly what we were doing there; but on our saying that we wished to go to the coffee-house, offered to point out the road.

'Do not go,' whispered Ahmed; 'you see they have come out armed to attack us.'

We had no faith, however, in robbers, and followed our guides, who took us to a kind of ford, and introduced us safely into the sombre streets of the village. This done, they returned towards the river, leaving us in some uncertainty whether or not they were actuated by evil intentions. Ahmed strongly advised us to return and defend our property; but we urged that there would probably be as much difficulty as before in finding the ford. So we continued to grope along through the darkness, much astonished at perceiving no lights, and not the trace of a human being. At length, however, we heard a murmur of voices down a narrow lane; and led by this, reached a low door, through the interstices of which a dim light gleamed. We knocked, and were admitted into a spacious coffee-house crammed with people, who, as they expressed no surprise at seeing us, probably expected our arrival. It was at once evident that there was something peculiar in the character of the inhabitants of Mohallet Abou Ali. Nobody returned our greetings with cordiality; some affected not to hear them; a few responded merely by an uncivil stare. It was with difficulty we procured a seat; and when we did so, it was very far from the seat of honour, usually conceded in all Egyptian villages to a stranger, of no matter what creed.

This reception was far from being of good augury, but we had come with a determination to be agreeable to ourselves and others. We offered pipes and tobacco, which, though reluctantly accepted by some, constrained evidently the good-will of others. This supplied us with an idea, and we diplomatically resolved at all events to create a party in our favour. By degrees the host, who had received us with contemptuous indifference, began to relax as he counted the cups of coffee we ordered; and Ahmed, who had at first sat on the ground moody and uneasy, bestowed approving glances upon us, and collecting his Italian, said, 'Buono, buono, signori!' The evil-disposed, meanwhile, who had evidently endeavoured to prepare us a disagreeable reception, finding that they were reduced to a minority, sat in gloomy groups on one side, principally collecting round an Arnaut soldier, who twisted his moustache most ferociously.

Presently a young man began to sing the song 'Dogs, y a lellee'—ones so popular in Egypt, but now replaced in the great towns by more modern productions. Upon this Ahmed, who piqued himself on being a connoisseur, could not restrain a show of contempt; and continuing his reflection in Italian, said, 'Ma è buono perquesti porchi!' ('But it is good enough for these hogs!')

'Hogs! Who are hogs?' inquired the Arnaut, who understood the single word, looking inexpressibly vicious at Ahmed.

Ahmed offered an explanation, and the song proceeded. It was terribly long; the singer did not spare us a single quaver or a single repetition; and his hearers applauded enthusiastically at every line. The scene was a curious one to behold. A large room, with doors and windows closed, was but half-lighted by a small oil-lamp that swung by a cord from the ceiling. In one corner was a little square place, partly divided

off, that served as kitchen and office, where all the utensils connected with the establishment are kept—as pipes, shishaks, coffee-pots, zerfs, frizans, &c. including a large jar of water. The glare of a charcoal fire illuminated the face of a one-eyed, half-naked waiter, who superintended the cooking operations; whilst the master bustled about, serving and receiving payment. The company was disposed around on divans, or in the centre of the apartment on little seats of palm-wood. It was easy to distinguish the notabilities of the place. The Sheikh-el-Beled, who should have performed the duties of hospitality towards us, sat apart in voluntary obscurity. He was hesitating between the prejudices of his people and fear of the displeasure of a Frank. Near him were two or three Fellahs of the better class, in turbans and clean blue shirts, probably small proprietors; there were also a few shopkeepers—the dealer in tobacco, who discoursed learnedly on *troubak*; the clothier, who made a voyage to Cairo or Alexandria four times a year to renew his stock; the barber, who was easy to be recognised by his loquacity; and the indigo dyer, who was still blue from top to toe. The remainder were for the most part ordinary labourers, with the exception of the *Arnaut*, and a few captains of boats or common sailors. This collection of *turbooghes* (turbans), *Ridehs* (felt caps), and *takiahs* (white skull-caps)—of faces bearded or unbearded, sawn or brown, scowling or jovial—of jackets, shawls, blue shirts, or blue trousers, and naked legs—of pipes of all dimensions—of wreaths or clouds of smoke—would have formed, beneath the dim gleam of the centre light, an admirable subject for a painter, especially as the singer, who had taken up his position near the door, formed a point of attraction for all eyes.

I really forget how the harmony of the scene was disturbed. It could not have been the tea; it could not have been the excitement of the adventure with the steamer; it may have been indignation at the scowling glances now and then directed by some bigoted group towards us; it may have been fatigue at the length of the song; it may have been something else—mere exuberance of health, for example—but I think I remember, whilst the inhospitables were venting their admiration somewhat impiously at a passage more licentious than usual by a sonorous 'Ullah!' that a joke was uttered by one of us that tickled our fancies so extremely, that a peal of inextinguishable laughter, rising by degrees into a perfect crowd of delight, burst forth. All was immediately confusion. Black beards shook, white teeth gleamed, round eyes flashed, everybody rose, and it will easily be imagined that we rose also. The time for retreat was come, but we found the door by which we had entered blocked up by a crowd of the most infuriated. We paid what we owed; and amidst a perfect Babel of voices, made our exit in another direction, leaving the anger of the Arabs to evaporate, as it usually does, in exclamations and oaths. We found ourselves in a kind of bazaar, perfectly deserted, and had some difficulty in making our way out. Succeeding at length, we returned towards the boat, but soon perceived that we were pursued by a number of men armed with long sticks. Their courage had got up as soon as we disappeared, and the most fanatic had no doubt made dreadful vows of punishment against the irreverential infidels. 'We shall all be killed!' said Ahmed. 'Let us run to the boat and get the guns!' We judged it better to wait for the pursuers, who, perceiving that we turned back tranquilly towards them, came to a halt. One or two approached and I asked them if they had any fowls to sell. The question was received as a good joke, and raised a laugh, under cover of which we crossed the ford, and walked across the flat in the direction of the tall masts which we could dimly see in a line along the shore. The valiant Mohallet Abou Aliana, as we described them, remained talking furiously together for some time, but they did not approach, and at length returned no doubt to their coffee-house to anathematise us.

The instructive part of this adventure did not escape me. I reflected that it was both imprudent and improper to shock the prejudices and show any contempt for the customs of the people in whose country one travels; and profiting by my experience, I never afterwards, in any village, whether reputed inhospitable or not, met with the same reception as at Mohallet Abou Ali.

## LONDON NEWSPAPERS AND LONDON THEATRES.

THE relation in which the journals and theatres of London stand towards each other involves many curious particulars, which are liable to be very imperfectly understood by all but the initiated. We propose endeavouring to give an impartial and dispassionate view of it.

It is not an imperative law, but it is something like an imperative custom, for every theatre in the metropolis to give a free admission for two to every metropolitan journal. It sometimes happens that a newspaper, choosing to indulge in a series of bitter diatribes against a particular theatre, has its orders stopped; but instances are rare, and such feuds are in general soon patched up. The rule adopted by the manager of the two most flourishing theatres in London is to accord a double free admission to any literary or political journal of a year's standing. Some such restriction as this is absolutely necessary to prevent a theatre from being deluged by the nominees of the scores of trumpery, catchpenny journals which spring daily up in mushroom swarms only to wither and die after a few weeks of struggling existence. We believe, indeed, that previous to the rule of a year's existence being more or less acted upon, not a few quasi-theatrical journals were started for the express purpose of getting orders—the produce of the sale of these admissions forming the chief revenue of the paper; at the present time, however, the vast majority of newspapers writing orders are established and respectable prints.

At first sight, the number of persons thus nightly admitted free may appear to be a very serious pull upon the treasury of the theatre. A little inquiry into the practical working of the system, however, will prove that—allowing for exceptional instances—the grievance is more theoretical than practical. As the vast majority of the 'order' audience is composed of persons who would not go to the theatre unless they had orders, it follows that they do positive pecuniary harm to the management only when they take up space which others would be willing to pay for. But the cases are exceedingly rare in which this, to any great extent at least, takes place. No manager counts, upon the average of nights, on completely filling his house with a paying audience; on the contrary, we believe that most managers would be very happy could they compound for two-thirds of the boxes being fairly and legitimately occupied upon an average of nights: it follows that the remaining third of the space may not only without loss, but with positive advantage to the theatre, so far as keeping up appearances goes, be occupied by persons who enter free of charge. The proof that such is the case is to be found in the fact that not only is there in most theatres a tolerably long free list—that is to say, a list of ladies and gentlemen having on different grounds complimentary admissions totally distinct from the press orders—but that there is frequently a pretty copious issue of manager's orders, generally distributed a short time before the performances begin, and only available if presented before seven o'clock, so as to compel their bearers to aid in what is always an essential matter in keeping up theatrical appearances—the formation of an apparently good house at the raising of the curtain. The habits of the London theatres will tell at a glance the probable proportion of paying and non-paying audience—when a 'house is money'—when it is made up of 'paper'—or when, in still more pro-

found theatrical slang, the audience belong to the 'Stationers' Company.' There is always a certain dinginess of style about the order-class of playgoers. Their favourite haunt is the undress tier of boxes. The ladies prefer keeping on their bonnets, and the gentlemen seldom worry themselves about the niceties of dress kids or laced shirt fronts. Upon the occasion of a genuine theatrical success, when the house is really crowded, the issue of manager's orders is of course stopped—the free-list is suspended—generally, however, with a pretty large proportion of exceptions; and then, and then only, the newspaper free-list becomes a positive disadvantage to the manager. These are epochs, however, in theatrical history which unhappily form exceptions to the general rule: in nineteen cases out of twenty not a single person willing to pay is excluded by a person having entered free.

So much for the working of the system as regards the profits of managers; its abuses in other respects are flagrant and notorious. The ordinary free-list of a theatre is principally made up of persons connected with literature, art, the literary departments of the press and the drama; in fact, it originated very much upon the principle that corbies don't pluck out corbies' e'en. The extension of free-list privileges in a transferable form to newspapers was no doubt a recognition of the general claim of those employed upon them to come under, to a greater or a less degree, one or other of the different categories which we have enumerated, and it was also of course intended to insure constant free admission for the purposes of criticism and report. In any one of these respects the order system is habitually and unblushingly abused.

In the first place, a large proportion, often the majority, of the *employées* of a newspaper have no claim to be considered as literary men, or men connected with the arts. The majority of reporters, who are little more than mere short-hand writers—the entire force connected with the city and the business departments of a newspaper—and the connections and acquaintances of the proprietary—none of these individuals properly come under the classes for which the free-list was originally designed; but all of them claim, to a greater or less extent, participation in the press free-list privilege. Did the evil end here, however, it would be comparatively trifling. What the London managers have a good right to complain of, and what every individual connected with the more intellectual departments of a newspaper ought to be earnest in protesting against, is the system pursued by almost every journal, large or small, in London—of regularly using the orders as bribes for advertisements; of making them over to tradesmen, clerks, and agents in return for advertisements; of using them, in fact, for the private purposes and private profit of the newspaper itself, and without the slightest reference to the literary and artistic purposes for which the privilege was originally and not ungracefully granted. So perfectly is this species of traffic understood, that a tolerably regular advertiser expects the allowance of a sort of per-centage in orders, just as habitually as the newspapers expect the accord-ance by the managers of the privilege of issuing them. Indeed newspapers are wary of disappointing customers who weekly pay a very considerable amount of money over their counters; so much so, indeed, that instances are not uncommon of journals paying for Opera boxes when they do not happen to have any at their command, and an important advertiser announces to the clerk that he should very much like to hear *Oris* or *Bontar* next Thursday. Thus of the whole number of orders issued in a week, it is more than probable that the vast majority go to the clerks and agents of great companies, or to substantial and flourishing tradesmen who are certainly rich enough, if they want to be seated at the theatre, to pay their money at the door. In this order traffic, the bartering of orders for advertisements, &c., is the case of the less prosperous and less important item in their catalogue

of ways and means; while even, as regards the daily leviathans of the press, the practice is one which most of them would, for pounds, shillings, and pence reasons, fight shy of putting an end to. Yet a more flagrant perversion of a gracefully-accorded privilege can hardly be imagined.

For critical and literary purposes, the order system is in its operation all but useless. The gentlemen to whom are intrusted the theatrical departments of the various journals are in a majority of instances individuals holding a recognised literary position, always more or less connected with the drama, and thus able to command personal admission, without any necessity for using the orders issued by their respective journals. This rule is not universal over all the press, but it holds strictly true as regards every one of the journals the theatrical criticism of which is of the least weight or reputation. To the established critic, himself frequently a dramatist, the doors of the theatre are flung unhesitatingly open, on the score of his own personal reputation and merits. The regular order of the paper may be used or not; ordinarily the critic gives himself no trouble about the matter. He walks down to the theatre, and enters it as freely as his own house. Thus, we repeat, for literary or critical purposes the order system is a perfect nullity. The theatrical paragraphs occasionally written by the more ordinary class of reporters who gain admission by means of the privilege of the journal, we of course do not place in the category of literary or critical writing; but it is only upon such occasions as those of Boxing-Day or Easter Monday, when every theatre brings out a simultaneous novelty, that the amateur critics in question are brought into play.

The general fairness and honesty of the theatrical criticism of the London journals, is a point often not very understandingly discussed by those partially acquainted with or interested in the subject. The question is a delicate one; but we do not hesitate to say that dramatic criticism is upon the whole fully as trustworthy, and conceived in at least as fair a spirit, as that which presides over the 'ungentle craft,' as applied to general literature. In both cases, however, the disturbing bias is founded nine times out of ten upon personal acquaintanceship with the author, or personal connection with the branch of literature criticised. In dramatic criticism, more perhaps than in general reviewing, the tendency now-a-days is to be too favourable—too mealy-mouthed as to faults, and too apt to soothe mediocrity with mild phrases of faint praise. In this respect, however, professed critics follow to some extent the example shown by the public: all old playgoers know what a different thing an audience of to-day is compared with an audience of a score or thirty years ago. There are no regular theatrical condemnations in our polite age. A play is now seldom or never absolutely and irredeemably damned upon its first representation; modern audiences are either too good-natured or too lazy to give themselves the trouble of pronouncing a decided verdict. Once upon a time it was a volley of acclamations or an indignant outburst of yells and hootings; these days are gone by; and now when a play fails to please, the public signifies its opinion not by any overt act in the theatre, but by the quite as significant process of staying at home. The piece is found not to 'draw,' and so after a few convulsive sprawls, it collapses, and gently sinks under the burthen of its own unassisted weight. To some degree, then, we repeat, modern theatrical criticism has taken its tone from modern theatrical usage: it is seldom or never fiercely abusive; in the worst of cases it is always ready to let the unfortunate 'down easily'; it has a quick eye for beauties, and a dim one for faults, and seldom fails in the very worst performances to find some redeeming trait.

This tone and tendency, however, has other sources than that which we have indicated. Antient dramatic authors, and dramatic critics are very generally mutual

acquaintances. To criticise a book, a man may read it at home, or where he pleases, and the chances are that he never comes personally across the author; to criticise a play, a man must go to the theatre: there he finds certain *habitués* whose faces get familiar to him as his does to them; gradually an extensively-spreading acquaintanceship springs up; year by year the critic finds himself becoming on more and more intimate terms with the whole theatric brotherhood, mingling in all the theatrical politics, and deeply versed in all the secret theatrical movements and intrigues of the day. The result of this species of companionship is a general tendency on the part of the critic to stand by his order—to associate the personal merits of his friends with those of their plays—to 'do a good fellow a good turn'—and, in fact, as a general rule, to make things look as well as possible. This principle applies of course equally to the actors and the dramatic authors criticised. It may perhaps be imagined that the converse effect would in such circumstances be occasionally the result—that personal enmities and quarrels would produce their effects as well as personal intimacies. We reply, that through a somewhat extended experience, we have never known an instance of private pique producing an unduly disparaging criticism, although we have very frequently recognised private friendship as being at the bottom of remarkably *couleur de rose* estimates of dramatic merit. In saying this, we by no means insinuate the habitual appearance of anything like actually untrue or distorted criticism; but most people will appreciate the result of an examination into a subject which must be more or less a matter of taste—undertaken in a favourable and wellwishing mood to the original author.

There is, however, another, and perhaps a still more injurious influence at work, in the cases of many admirably qualified dramatic critics: they are themselves dramatists; and the not unnatural result is, not only a desire to keep well with the managers, but very frequently a sense of ungrateful discourtesy involved in the notion of attacking the interests of a house from which they themselves have derived advantage. 'Confound it!' we have heard a gentleman say, sorely perplexed between his desire candidly to state his opinion and his wish not to be too hard on his friends—'confound it! here's So-and-So bringing out an absurd piece of rubbish; but what can I do?—A man can't go in and abuse a management when he has got a couple of his own pieces accepted by it, and in the house.' It will be generally admitted that there is something unpleasant in the dilemma. 'But,' replies a reader, 'are not all these criticisms anonymous?—Are they not taken as the opinion of a journal, not of an individual?' Herein lies one of the absurd mystifications and incongruities of the nominally anonymous character of the press. No, reader; neither criticism nor article, with some few rare exceptions, is anonymous to those behind the scenes in London journalism. To the general public the voice which speaks is of course utterly unknown: it hears the sound, but sees no utterer, and the *ignotum* may or may not be taken by it for the *magnifico*. But to the initiated the case is different: by such a newspaper is taken up with the exclamation, 'Well, let's see what Jones or Smith—not what the journals in which these gentlemen write—says of Robinson's farce or Johnson's burlesque.' Thus to the very people with respect to whom the veil of the anonymous is held in theory to be a precaution intended to secure the unfinanced judgment of the writer, that veil is a perfectly transparent screen, through which all behind it is visible; while to the general public, with respect to whom no such precautions can be considered necessary, the same veil is of impenetrable density. In other words, the anonymous does hide a man with respect to those from whom he does not wish to be concealed, while it has not the slightest effect in concealing him from those by whom he really may not want to be seen. It is like a disguise which would conceal a spy from his

own army, but reveal his character at once to the enemy's forces. The member of the general public who does not care one button about the critic's motives, sees only the opinion of the newspaper—that of the abstract 'we'; while the personally interested reader—the dramatist or the actor reviewed—sees in the journal nothing but the accidental frame in which is set the private opinion of Mr This-That or T'other—a gentleman whom he is more or less in the habit of meeting, and of whose connection with the stage, and probable peculiar interest in certain of its branches, he is perfectly aware.

To obtain perfectly unbiassed theatrical criticism is thus extremely difficult, unless, indeed, the critic holds himself rigidly and absolutely aloof from all theatric acquaintance, and resolutely determines to become a hermit in the social and literary circle in which he must perform move. That men may be found who will fulfil these conditions is of course possible; but it is no less true that they are by no means common, and that if they were, newspaper proprietors would care very little about looking after them; for to a certain extent the domain of the newspaper critic stretches beyond what absolutely passes upon the stage. On the occurrence of any theatrical event, any crisis in theatrical politics, or any odd incident connected with the personnel of the stage, a journal expects that its accredited 'theatrical man' will be able to give a good account of it—a task of course which would be utterly inconsistent with the observance of the rigid state of theatric isolation which we have indicated. In short, what a newspaper for its peculiar purposes requires, is less a studious dramatic *savant*, applying himself only to the pure realisation of the art upon the stage, than a thorough-going man of the dramatic world—perfectly *au fait* to the diplomacy of London theatres—perfectly *au courant* to the latest morsels of dramatic gossip—an authority upon the chronology, for a score of years, of the London stage, and what is almost as important, a pundit so deeply versed in the lore of French vaudeville and melodrama, as to be able to pounce in an instant upon a translation, and at once inform the world that 'The Jackdaw in Peacocks' Feathers,' played last night for the first time at the so-and-so theatre, is neither more nor less than an adaptation of a 'Folie' from the Palais-Royal, or a 'Comédie-vaudeville' from the Gymnase. It is in truth the same in real as in theatrical politics: the most valuable leader-writer for everyday requirement is not the deep and studious political sage who, far retired from the clash of party and the buzz of *salon* and lobby, indites miracles of profound constitutional wisdom, but the dashing, sparkling essayist who, with one hand upon the paper, and the other on the pulse of the public—a perfect appreciation of what the City wants, or what Mayfair relishes, or what Pall-Mall approves of—flings off sheet after sheet, with the tattle of the House and the echoes of the clubs still ringing in his ears.

Warped, then, by these influences taking an unavoidable impression from these requirements, the theatrical criticism of the London press is still far more fair and far more honest than that which fills the weekly dramatic *feuilleton* of the Parisian journals. It is in colouring, and the point of view from which the subject is regarded, that the London critics are apt more or less to convey false impressions; but of wilful misstatement, actual perversion of fact, and still more, malicious misrepresentation, there are none. Making, then, in certain cases, a due allowance for these, the cardinal characteristics of a dramatic work are sure to be faithfully and cleverly set forth. The attentive reader will often be struck with the knack displayed of conveying the main features of a complicated plot in a few rapidly-generalised sentences. He will admire the *aplomb* with which the critic jumps at once into the very marrow of the subject, and grasps in a twinkling its strong and its less effective points; while his admiration will not perhaps be lessened by a knowledge of the fact that very

often these criticisms—so neat, so pungent, so full of tact and taste—have been dashed off, as fast as pen can go over paper, often amid the buzz of a crowded supper-room, and despatched to the printing-office, perhaps an hour, perhaps half an hour after the fall of the curtain.

A. B. R.

## ORIGIN OF THE CHOUAN INSURRECTION.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE proclamation of the republic during the progress of the first French Revolution, as is pretty well known, led to the civil war in the western provinces of France, when the untutored peasantry of Maine and La Vendée with marvellous though mistaken heroism took up arms for the royalist cause; keeping the republic, as was said, in a state of fever, and exciting a contest compared with which, to use the words of the brave General Hoche, upon whom devolved the task of suppressing it, all others were but play. The long-continued action of oppressive laws had done much towards screwing people's minds up to the resisting point; and of all causes of irritation none was more grievous than the *gabelle* or salt-tax. In Maine the price of salt was thirteen sous the pound; and while the gentry obtained an annual supply of the indispensable commodity free of duty, the poorer portion of the population were compelled to buy it from the government stores, where they were cheated both in quality and measure. Even if disposed to forego the use of salt altogether, they were interdicted availing themselves of this resource: the law fixed a minimum quantity which each inhabitant was forced to pay for. Recusancy was punished by fines, and smuggling by bullets; yet a large contraband trade in salt was actively carried on by a class of men called *faux-sautniers*. Nearly every peasant on the frontier of the province pursued the dangerous occupation: with a double sack on his shoulders, and armed with his long pole, which enabled him to leap hedges and ditches, he eluded the vigilance of the *gabelleurs*, or fought them if necessary: braving all dangers with a courage worthy of a better cause.

I had taken up my abode for a time in this part of the country, with a view to observe the present condition of its inhabitants, who retain many points of their ancient character. Among others, I had become acquainted with an honest miller, whose mill stood on a tributary of the Mayenne, and had heard him speak of one of his compatriots, the last representative of the adventurous guerillas of former times. I longed to see the old hero, who lived in a neighbouring village, and gather from him any particulars respecting his once-dreaded companions. The miller consented to drive me over in his car; 'But,' said he, as we rode along, 'it will be difficult to get him to speak, for he is always afraid of a reckoning. He is nothing more now than an old innocent, passing his days in knitting garters and hearing children say their catechism. But he has stopped diligences in his day, shot patriots, and decorated dogs'-tails with the tricoloured cockade. If you really wish him to relate his history, provide yourself with a bottle of cognac. You know that we must carry milk when we want to entice snakes from their holes.'

However this might be, it was evident that the miller on his part knew something of the matter in question. Shortly afterwards we came to a tree with a small cross nailed to the bark, before which a young girl was kneeling in apparent devotion.

All you are looking at the tall elm, observed the miller as he checked the horse: 'in the time of the war this hollow trunk was the best hiding-place of the Chouans. A few years ago the skeleton of one of them was found there, with his musket and bands; the people came and buried him, and nailed that fourpenny cross to the tree, and since then the people hereabouts come of their hats to it, or do still better, like that old woman there at her devotions. But, *pard!* 'tis Jeannette, a descendant of the Brothers Chouan!'

'What!' I replied; 'is she one of the Cottereau family?'

'Just so. You would like to see her; oh? Hark ye, Jeannette, you have had enough of paternosters for once: it is not polite to show only your heels to the passers-by.'

The young girl made no movement. I expressed a doubt as to her having heard.

'Bah!' rejoined the miller, 'she has a quicker ear than a mole; but she won't disturb herself without a reason. I say, Jeannette, I have told the gentleman that you are the prettiest maiden in the parish; let him see that I have spoken truth.' Still no answer. 'Don't keep me waiting,' continued my companion; 'I have ten crowns' balance of account to pay over to you.'

The white headdress moved almost imperceptibly, but was not turned towards us. The miller laughed aloud—'I give up,' he said, again putting the horse in motion, 'since the ten crowns won't move her. You see that the young rogue can be deaf, and dumb too, when she likes. She is a true daughter-in-law of the Widow Poiriers.'

'And who was she?' I asked.

'The mother of the Brothers Chouan,' answered the miller: 'her freehold was called Les Poiriers; and among us each one takes the name of the land he cultivates. I can tell you her history, if you have never heard it.'

I immediately assumed an attitude of attention.

'You must know, first of all,' continued my companion, 'that the Cottereau family were sabot-makers from father to son, and lived in the middle of the woods in cabins built of leaves and chips. There their children were born, and brought up like wolves, with no other nurse than their own good pleasure. When of the proper age, they took their poles, and became *faux-sautniers*, after the example of their fathers. It appears that such a mode of life made them in time so gloomy and savage, that the people of the country gave them the name of Chouins,\* which since then has stuck to the family. The father of the three Cottereaus was, however, more sociable. By his sole aid he had obtained some education, and came every Sunday to Les Poiriers to read the lives of the saints to the men, and teach the holy service to the young girls. It was in this way that he made the acquaintance of Jeanne Moyné, and that they fell in love with each other: but the farmer could not give his daughter without disgrace to a man who had never cultivated the earth: so the lover was dismissed, and Jeanne received orders to bestow her heart elsewhere. She made no reply to the command: she neither prayed nor wept; only a few days afterwards she fled from the farm, and to let it be understood that she should not return, left her distaff and porringer broken at the door of the stable! Cottereau, who was waiting for her upon the road to Laval, conducted her to his cabin in the forest of Coucise. But Jeanne gave him to understand that she would not reside with him until they had been married by a priest. On the Sunday, therefore, they started for Saint-Ouën-des-Toits. The young girl went alone into the church to speak to the rector, but as it happened, he had just mounted the pulpit to deliver the monitory. After having reprimanded those of his parishioners by name who had neglected the offices of the church, or worked on holy days without a dispensation, he announced that a girl of the neighbourhood had just caused much scandal by quitting her home to follow her lover; and he called upon her, according to custom, to confess her fault before the assembled parishes under pain of excommunication. Thereupon Jeanne, who was kneeling in front of the pulpit among the other *filles blanches*, and who had kept her head bent down to avoid recognition, suddenly stood up with a tranquil countenance, and began to recite her confessor with audible voice. As you may suppose, this was a great

\* The people of the district for *chouans*, screech-owls; and *chouin*, by corruption, became *chouins*.

astonishment for those who were present; the rector himself hardly knew whether to approve or to blame. He questioned the maiden concerning her flight; but, as I have heard my uncle say, who was one of the company, she gave such good reasons that all the women began to shed tears, and even the fathers of families could find nothing to say against them. As for the priest, he finished by recommending her to the prayers of the congregation; and the next evening he made her return, and married her privately to Cottreau, and afterwards gave them a certificate, to prevent their being disturbed in other parishes.

Here I interrupted the narrative, to inquire whether Jeanne had not reason soon to repent her marriage with the sabot-maker.

'Not that I know of,' replied the miller. 'Cottreau was a severe man, but without *badness*, as they say here. He, however, died early; and then the widow came to live at Les Poiriers, which had been left to her, with her two daughters and four sons, among whom was the famous Jean Chouan.

'Before declaring war against the Blues,' pursued my companion, whom I was glad to find in a talking vein, 'Jean had become the most celebrated faux-saulnier of the province of Maine. He was always full of schemes to cheat the gabeleurs, and led the *contrebandiers* into many a scrape with his usual phrase, "there's no danger!" But in spite of his cleverness, he did not always escape without penalty or prison, only he revenged himself by new tricks. One day the officers from Laval, who had often imposed fines upon him which he would not pay, came over to seize the effects on the farm; but the Cottreaus, warned in time, carried away their property to neighbours' houses, and the officers found nothing but the four walls. However, they were not at a loss: the house had just been newly roofed, and they called in workmen to take off the slates and rafters, in order to sell them to the highest bidder. Jean would not quarrel with those who kept within their duty; instead of complaining, he himself aided in the work of unroofing, and in the evening invited the officers to see whether it had been done to their liking. His majesty's servants, who glorified themselves on a triumph, came without mistrust; but scarcely had they entered than Jean double-looked the door upon them, declaring, that since they prepared roofless houses for others, it was but fair they should make a trial of them; and as rain began to fall, he wished them good-night, and rejoined his companions in the village.

'That trick, I have heard my uncle say, cost him more than two hundred crowns; and before long he and his two brothers, the faux-saulniers, were tracked like foxes. The Poiriers family was ruined by judgments and seizures: they were in debt to everybody—farmer, miller, and baker: Jean grew yellow with spite and vexation at not being able to run a bag of salt without being taken. At length he started with a party of awkward fellows, all determined to open their way with their poles. They met the gabeleurs; there was a fight, and Jean killed the boldest of the opponents. Little Pierre, surnamed the *Fin Gabelou*. All the faux-saulniers present at the murder were in consternation, and clamoured for Jean to betake himself to Brittany, where he might hide for a time. "There's no danger," he answered, and the same night he was in jail at Laval. His condemnation was certain, for offences against the salt laws were judged by the very administrators of those laws, who were sure to pronounce in their own favour. The news of the event was brought to Jean's mother as she sat milking the last goat which consecrations had left at Les Poiriers. She sprang up in terror, exclaiming, "Heaven! the vagabond will be hanged." But taking courage again directly, she put on her best pair of shoes, as the old ballad says, and hastened to the mansion of the Prince of Talmont, who had always protected her family. As ill-luck would have it, they had just set out for the court. The widow sat for an hour on the staircase of

the mansion like one condemned waiting for the final stroke. At last she started up, saying, "There's only the king can pardon Jean;" and, as the song again mentions, carrying her shoes in her hand, she set out for Versailles.

'And did she arrive there?' I exclaimed involuntarily.

'On the fifth day,' rejoined the miller, 'she had travelled seventy leagues upon the *hide of her feet*, without stopping except to beg for a morsel of bread when she was hungry, and a bed of straw in the barn when sleepy. But on reaching Versailles she learned that the Talmonts, through whom alone she could be admitted to the king, had delayed at some château on the route; no one knew where, and perhaps would be a long time before they came. This time poor Jeanne lost all heart. She passed a whole night on her knees before a crucifix without ceasing to weep; she knew no one at Versailles except the Prince of Talmont's coachman, a rustic from Saint-Onen-des-Toits, who was quite overcome by the sight of so many tears, and asked her whether she had the courage to speak to the king all alone. "To save Jean," she answered, "I would speak to the pope!" "Well, then," replied Jerome, "I'll risk my place and all to serve a compatriot. You shall get into the prince's coach; the guards will think it is he going to pay his duty, and will let us pass the gates without a word; and when the king comes out of the grand vestibule to step into his coach, you must go and throw yourself at his feet; and pray Heaven to put words into your mouth, for it is the fate of all of us that will be decided!" The project was executed that very day: Jeanne took her seat in the coach, waited for the king, and as soon as he appeared ran towards him, crying, "Pardon, monseigneur; the Gabelous have ruined us, and now they want to hang my son because he made himself a faux-saulnier. Save Jean, monseigneur: there will be seven of us to pay to God for you!"

'At first the king was bewildered to hear himself called monseigneur by a woman with a wild look and in unknown costume. The people of the court exclaimed that she was mad, and ought to be arrested; but when she had related everything, it was who should admire the most. The king retired to sign a reprieve with his own hand, while waiting the pardon, which was sent off a few days afterwards.

'And it was this same faux-saulnier,' I said, 'saved from the gibbet by the king, who tried in after-times to avenge him by commencing the royalist insurrection in the west?'

'The same. Jean Chouan was the first in France to take up his musket against the republic at the cry of *Vive le Roi*. But here we are at the end of our journey.'

We had in fact just turned into an avenue of plumb-trees, leading to the farm of Boutières, and were just in time to assist at the annual harvest festival. I felt double pleasure in a ride during which I had learned so much respecting the origin of what will long be remembered as *La Chouannerie*.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### LOW-PRICED PIANOFORTES.

We are very glad to learn that the spirited conduct of Messrs Collard and Collard in lowering the price of a certain class of pianofortes has been attended with distinguished success, in as far as a very considerable sale has been obtained for these instruments. The merit of the firm deserves to be the more handsomely acknowledged—to use a phrase of Johnson's—since it is one of a very small number of British pianoforte makers who may be said to constitute the first class. It is so seldom that a first-class house is disposed to take a lead in innovations for the benefit of the public, and its doing so is as sure to expose it to odium among its competitors, that our requiring to the subject on the present occasion seems but the simplest justice.

It is right, however, to state at the same time, that the highly respectable house of D'Almaine and Co. have, from even a period before our first allusion to the subject, been making movements towards a popularisation of the pianoforte. An upright instrument of elegant structure in rosewood, with metallic plate, and a keyboard extending to 6½ octaves, has for several years been made by them, at thirty guineas. Since the end of last year, the price of this instrument, for the excellence of which we have seen high testimonies, has been reduced to twenty-five guineas. We find that our friend Mr Purdie of Edinburgh makes similar instruments at the same price. D'Almaine and Co. have even succeeded in producing instruments in fine cases, which they will be able to offer at twenty guineas, or, if successful with a contemplated substitute for ivory, at twenty pounds, the latter being the price which we have ideally set up as that which would secure a great extension of the use of the instrument among the middle classes of the people.

In the choice of a pianoforte, so much must depend on the character of the maker for giving assurance of quality and durability, that the productions of makers as yet devoid of a name are generally felt to be unworthy of consideration. Nevertheless, having expressed a desire to see pianofortes brought down to twenty pounds, we feel bound to notice the first intimation which reached us of this being accomplished. Mr Thomas Fisher of Gower Street, Bedford Square, having informed us that he has made a 6½ piccolo, with metallic plate, pine case French polished, and the usual furnishings, at twenty pounds, we requested a friend of adequate skill to examine it and report. The report is as follows:—'It is a very good school-room piano, suitable for rough usage. The tone is clear, full, and rather loud than otherwise—something like the old-fashioned upright pianos. It wants in softness and richness, and would be more fitted for hard practising than for drawing-room music, or as an accompaniment to the voice. The appearance of the instrument is quite plain, though not inelegant. Altogether it would be a most useful instrument where the modern refinements of tone were not required.'

#### PRECAUTIONS AGAINST DISASTERS AT SEA.

The loss of so many lives by the sinking of the *Orion* steamer has, as usual in such cases, forcibly turned the attention of the public to means of prevention and remedy.

We fear it is almost vain to think of regulations against such disasters. Were there a liability to a very frequent running of valuable vessels on rocky coasts in the most favourable circumstances for keeping a safe course, it might be possible to regulate with advantage; but such accidents being rare even under the present imperfect arrangements, it appears to be impossible to sustain a proper amount of vigilance and care in the case. It is from this cause that sailors never have the idea of danger or possible disaster before them. Each feels that he never yet has been drowned, and hence he argues how unlikely it is that the circumstances which produce drowning are to take place before to-morrow. Were he, on the contrary, to be drowned once a week for two months, one can imagine him taking precautions so as not to be drowned above once a month for the future. Unfortunately for him, he cannot be drowned above once, and that is so seldom that the idea has no effect upon him. So it is with other dangers. We have been told by a gentleman who once crossed the Atlantic in a first-class steamer, that, considering the precautions he saw in the use of lights by the crew and servants, it was a perfect marvel to him that the ship was not burnt. Each sailor, we presume, feels that he never yet has been in a ship that took fire, and that therefore it is very unlikely he ever will be. Against a contingency so exceedingly slender, no precautions are taken, and work. A vessel takes fire, and the effects are dreadful. But the

sufferers are beyond benefiting by experience, and, as for others, why they all along knew that such a thing does happen occasionally, and they now feel that it is as readily possible in their particular case as ever.

In the case of the *Orion* one circumstance was highly characteristic. The boats were quite unready to be let down into the sea to save the passengers, and, accordingly, one of them being to be disengaged only by cutting the fastenings, it went down end foremost, and canted a multitude of people into the water. Did any one ever see the boats in a better state of preparation? Our recollections of them in general bring them before our mind's eye as filled with barrels or other packages, as if the officers and crew (and this we believe to be the general case) despised the precaution of taking boats for the saving of lives in case of shipwreck, and, submitting to the taking of them with reluctance, were determined to signify for them all possible contempt.

While it may be difficult, or almost impossible, from the nature of the case, to keep up a vitality in any regulations for the protection of life at sea, there is nothing to prevent passengers from taking a precaution which, in a large class of cases, may prove the means of saving their lives. A swimming-belt, effectual for sustaining a full-grown person in the water, can be had for nine or ten shillings, and it does not take up more space in a carpet-bag than a night-shirt. The utility of this simple article has been often pointed out, and it is to be seen in shop-windows in almost every large town; yet its serviceableness does not seem to have been generally apprehended; otherwise we should surely have heard of some one of the unfortunate passengers by the *Orion* having been fortunately possessed of such an article. On that disastrous occasion, the circumstances were precisely those in which a swimming-belt can be used advantageously, the whole necessity being a mere sustentation of the person in the water till help should arrive. Yet not one of the hundred and thirty passengers had taken this simple precaution. The result was that wild scene of helpless struggling in the water, from which it seems a wonder that any one besides the few able to swim should have escaped. The loss of the *Pegasus* in July 1846 was a precisely similar case. In a calm sea, on a summer night, close upon shore, every one of the passengers would have been almost sure of escaping to land if provided with this simple and inexpensive contrivance. After that sad affair, the newspapers were clamorous for air-cushions and life-buoys being carried in every steamer, as a provision against this class of accidents; but time passed on—and the suggestion was forgotten with the circumstances which had called it forth.

#### A STRANGER CHALLENGED.

What right, we should like to know, has the word 'party' to come in and usurp the place of the good old word 'person'? There is no such thing as a person or an individual now. The abstract idea of a human being is for the present to be described as 'a party.' We used to regard the word party long ago as usually a plurality—an assemblage. For example, a marriage-party, a dinner-party, a whist-party. Now the idea is concentrated into a single person. We hear of a party thrown from a carriage, and think of a number of people hurt in consequence; when, behold, the party is only one, and he escapes with a few bruises about the head. A house is for sale, and the agent tells us that several parties have been inquiring after it, as if people came in troops, when the fact is, they came but single spies at the most. A waiter at your hotel tells you there are several parties in the public-room; you go in expecting a crowd, when behold there are only three gentlemen, each sitting at a separate table, and the whole making a sufficiently meagre show. There is a provoking subtlety in all this, and the more provoking that it is unnecessary, seeing that there can be no sort of objection to the use of the proper word person.

The misuse of the word party took its rise a few

years ago in mercantile circles. It is often, of course, necessary in such quarters to speak of bargains or negotiations, in which cases there are always two parties concerned. Here the word is rightly used, whether there be one or more men on each side. It may be A and B against C, when of course A and B form the one party in the affair, and C, singly by himself, the other. Mercantile men, having so often occasion to speak of individuals in this way as parties, came at length to lose sight of the distinction between the two, and used the word party for individual on all occasions, whether right or wrong. This, however, should be resisted in literature, and even in conversation, as a vulgarism, and we proclaim war against it accordingly.

#### STATE OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

At a late meeting of a farmer's club in Berwickshire, Professor Johnston gave an account of a tour which he had recently made in North America with a view to ascertain the state of agriculture in that quarter of the world. An abstract of his observations will be read with interest during the present contentions on rural matters:—

The professor mentioned that the state of agriculture in the northern parts of America, in our own provinces, and in New England, was generally what the state of agriculture in Scotland probably was eighty or ninety years ago. In some parts of New Brunswick they are very nearly in the precise condition in which Scotland was 120 years ago. Go as far west as you like, and as far south as you like, the same general description applies to the whole. In regard to the cultivation of land in America, its condition arises from a variety of causes, and very few considerations will enable you to understand how it has come about. If you ask yourselves to what class does the majority of emigrants belong, you will have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion. Look at the great crowds of people who go from Ireland, from the Highlands of Scotland, and the hundreds of thousands proceeding from the great towns of England and Scotland—ask yourselves of what class they consist—what amount of intelligence and agricultural knowledge they possess; and in the answer to this you will at once find the key to the state of the land in the whole northern part of America. Now, what has been their procedure—by what kind of procedure have they brought about the state of exhaustion to which the soil has been reduced? Of course in speaking of the exhausted soil he did not refer to the virgin soil which had never received the plough or the spade, but to the soil under their cultivation, and which they were now exhausting. The forest was in the first place cut down and burned, after which the ashes were scattered, and a crop of wheat and oats was sown; when this crop was cut down another was sown; but they did not always remove the straw—they do not trouble themselves with any manure. The second year they sowed it again, and harrowed it, and generally took three crops in succession. When they can take no more out of it, they either sow grass seeds, or, as frequently, let it seed itself. They will then sometimes cut hay for twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty years in succession; in fact, so long as they can even get half-a-ton an acre from it. The land was then broken up, and a crop of oats taken—then potatoes—then a crop of wheat—and then hay for twelve years again; and so the same course was repeated. Now this was the way in which this land was treated; this was the way in which the exhaustion is brought about. This exhaustion existed in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Lower Canada, in Upper Canada to a considerable extent, over the whole of New England,

and extended even into the state of New York. Well, but what steps were they taking to remedy this state of things? Were they doing anything to bring back the land to a productive condition? and in order to do this, were they taking steps to put any knowledge into the heads of those who cultivate it? Now on those points he was happy to say that he could speak very favourably. But what inducement had they to make these exertions? They grow corn enough—they have no want of agricultural produce as we have; but when he told them what was the condition of New England in reference to the Western States they would understand. All the new states—all the virgin land where wheat was cultivated—yielded a crop for little or nothing, but it could not yield by any means a large crop. In the state of Michigan, between Lake Superior and Erie, the average produce was not twelve bushels an acre; but it was got for nothing. In New Brunswick, which was very thinly populated, he was told that ten bushels an acre paid well—but the produce was not large. In the Western States they were unable to produce it very cheaply. At the time I was there the prices varied from 60 to 80 cents a bushel—that is, 100 cents being 4s. 4d. In the extensive Western States and part of New York, where it was shipped to England, the price varied according to the distance. Now, the condition of things in the Western States in reference to England was precisely the same as the condition of England in reference to the wheat-producing countries of the Baltic. The condition of the farmers was exceedingly bad, and in Maine he was informed that they were all in a state of bankruptcy. The land was all mortgaged, which hung like a millstone round their necks, and was worse even than the state of the farmers in this country. They were thus unable to compete with the western parts of New York or Lake Ontario. They had all heard of the famous wheat of Genesee, where the land was more fertile than in any part of Great Britain, and he learned there that they were laying the land down to grass, because they could not afford to grow wheat. As a remedy for this state of things they were establishing agricultural societies in the different states, and the legislature was providing funds to support these societies and for the diffusion of knowledge. Let him now come to another point of great importance, and to which they would perhaps like him to advert—namely, what will be the effect of an improved condition of agriculture in America upon us—what influence will the growth of wheat in the States have upon us—or what influence is the progress in agriculture, consequent on this great desire for improvement, likely to have upon the state of agriculture in Great Britain? In New Brunswick, New England, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and New York, the growth of wheat has almost ceased; and it is now gradually receding farther and farther westward. Now when he told them this, they would see that what he believed to be the case was really the case; that it would not be very long before America would be unable—in fact the United States were unable now—to supply us with wheat in any large quantity. If we could bring Indian corn into general use we might get plenty of it; but he did not think that the United States need be made any bugbear to them. He believed the great source of competition they would have to contend with was the Baltic and the countries on the borders of the Black Sea. Now, in regard to the other point—namely, what effect will the desire for improvement in agriculture have upon the agriculture of this country?—it ought to stimulate us to still greater exertion. Sure he was, that with proper exertion, we would always keep a-head of them. There was as good blood in this country as ever went out of it. He hoped English and Scotch heads and hearts would not become languid and dull on a matter of such moment as this, but that they would continue to beat them, as he was sure, from what he had seen, that they were able. What the Americans did well, we ought to be able to do better.

## THE ANGLO SAXON RACE.

In 1620 the Anglo Saxon race numbered about 6,000,000, and was confined to England, Wales, and Scotland, and the combination of which it is the result was not then more than half perfected, for neither Wales nor Scotland was half Saxonised at the time. Now it numbers 10,000,000 of human beings, planted upon all the islands and continents of the earth, and increasing everywhere by an intense ratio of progression. It is fast absorbing or displacing all the sluggish races or barbarous tribes of men that have occupied the continents of America, Africa, Asia, and the islands of the ocean. If no great physical revolution supervene to check its propagation, it will number 500,000,000 of human beings in less than 150 years from the present time—all speaking the same language, centred to the same literature and religion, exhibiting all its inherent and inalienable characteristics. Thus the population of the earth is fast becoming Anglo Saxonised by blood. But the English language is more self-expansive and aggressive than the blood of that race. When a community begins to speak the English language it is half Saxonised, even if not a drop of the Anglo Saxon blood runs in its veins. Ireland was never colonised from England like North America or Australia, but nearly the whole of its 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 already speak the English language, which is the preparation of it to being cutely absorbed into the Anglo Saxon race, is one of its most vigorous and useful elements. Everywhere the English language is gaining upon the languages of the earth, and preparing those who speak for this absorption. The young generation of the East Indies is learning it, and it is probable that within fifty years 50,000,000 of human beings of the Asiatic race will speak the language on that continent. So it is in the United States. About 30,000 emigrants from Germany in other countries of continental Europe are arriving in this country every year. Perhaps they cannot speak a word of English when they first land on our shores, but in the course of a few years they master the language to some extent. Their children enter upon the same benches in our common schools with those of native Americans and become, as they grow up and diffuse themselves among the rest of the population, completely Anglo Saxonised. Thus the race is fast occupying, and subduing to its genius all the continents and islands of the earth. The grandson of many a young man who recites these lines will probably live to see the day when that race will number its 60,000,000 of human beings. Their unity, harmony, and brotherhood must be determined by the relations between Great Britain and the United States. Their union will be the union of the two worlds. If they discharge their duty to each other and to mankind, they must become the united heart of the mighty race they represent, feed its myriad veins with the blood of moral and political life. Upon the state of their fellowship, then, more than upon the union of any two nations on earth, depends the well being of humanity, and the peace and progress of the world.—*American paper*

## RAPTOR IN THE FAIR.

There are parts of the world besides China where even rats are eaten, and such rats as would astonish those accustomed to the British species, which, like even the largest, in Lilliputian as compared with a native of the East Indies, is satisfactorily described by General Hardwicke in the seventh volume of the 'Linnæan Transactions'. The specimen he described was a female, and weighed two pounds, eleven ounces and a half; its total length being two feet two inches and a quarter. He assures us that the male grows larger, and weighs three pounds and upwards; so that the natives have before them on table an animal as large as a wild rabbit, and doubtless, as they have no prejudices or scruples, just as palatable. — *White's Popular History of Managela*.

## TROUBLE.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things *à la mode*, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress, and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption—that our business is to preserve, and not to improve. It is the wish of us all alike, individuals, nations, and nations. — *Dr Arnold*.

## THE NECROMANCY OF THE PAST.

BY CAIDRE (AMIBEL).

I never seem sweeter when the season  
Of their flourishing is over,  
Scenes are faded, for the season  
That we never may see them more  
Of amid an orchard swelling  
With red, fragrant apples I  
Languish for that Indian dwelling  
Where my eager youth went by  
Languish for the mangoes golden—  
Sweet guavas pink at core—  
Or meganias inward hiding  
Crimson kernels in rich store  
Pappas, in the sunshine, yellow,  
Clustering thick beneath foliage broad—  
Plantains primrose hued and mellow—  
Tim winds that hroud their mail  
Custard apples white and null  
With a dream in their name—  
Sweet scapulas oceans still  
On a tree of swart frame  
I gaze, the coolest fruit that quenches  
I ever had beneath tropical sky  
And such it was as no dew diadem  
'neath our northern fields lies

Where we prize the things we have not  
Thus abate what we prize  
These were mine yet they gave not  
To the mind contentment  
In the days I remember  
How I longed for British soil  
The very air of London  
Warm beneath fancy's sun  
Crowds from the mad primrose  
Gathered from the hillside  
More I prize than light's pomp  
Of the north stars' cold radiance blue

When the hilly perfume I breathe  
Swung then a golden orb  
I both sought me and he  
Died with purple and violet dear,  
And the moon white and fragrant  
I owned my hair a lock of gold  
Seemed to fan a diadem  
Neither hall's sweet or bright  
As the air of lilacs tried  
In our early summer lay  
Ah! how vain those things are  
Justly, till they pass away

I for the absent ever long  
On the past still being ill  
But for the present wrong  
With complaints incessant days  
We but the slow thwart the future  
Shall we sure to brood when all  
Is sweetest at a new summer  
Thin form silence in her hill  
Why is this? Why place such value  
On life's vainly squandered  
Why when gentle voices call you,  
Turn to show me dumb and cold?  
Why when evening's shroud surrounds us  
Put the full of youth no more  
Form the wraiths that may have crowned us  
For the dreams within their core?  
Subtleties of the afflictions  
We may question eyes in vain,  
Making still our heart elections  
Gained decisions of the brain  
God hath given us tastes and feelings,  
And to regulate their choice,  
We must look for such revealing  
As His will alone employs

Theories that prate of reason  
As a study taught by men,  
Are like sudden schemes of treason  
Planned within a lion's den  
One fever, passionate experience  
Proves how fallacies are crushed,  
Just as traitor-tongues, at variance,  
'neath the lion's paws are hushed  
I love, and joy, and innocent likings  
Have their laws for hearts, not heads  
The spider web of metaphysics  
Honest feeling tears to shreds

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## A BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

I do not want a wife—at least at present. I am not seven-and-twenty, but thirty-four: and I have not L.300 a year (nor indeed 300 pence) independent of my profession. It is essential that these statements should be understood, for the better comprehension of the scheme of villany in which I have been, and am at present, engaged.

Furthermore, I believe my handwriting has already, more than once, given many persons reason to form a tolerable conception of my character, without the aid of a graphiologist. And as to my self-knowledge, I understand my own disposition pretty well. I am perfectly aware of my faults when at times I know I am doing an absurd, selfish, ill-judged, cowardly, illiberal, or at least doubtful thing. This keeps one half of my disposition in constant warfare with the other. Sometimes the *âme* is powerful enough to conquer the *bête*: sometimes the former miserably gives in. However, suffice it to say, that, from practical reasoning, I know most of my failings: indeed my better-half (of my disposition) occasionally murmurs, 'You have said a sharp unkind thing, and hurt another's feelings wantonly, and without chance of appeal;' or some similar chiding: and then I am sure to suffer far more within me than the aggressed. With all this, I do not want anybody to teach me what I am: more especially for a shilling.

I am not by any means a sporting character. I never made a bet in my life, beyond a hopeless pair of gloves. In the course of a tolerably active career, of that unsatisfactory and wearing-out kind known as 'upon town,' I never saw a prize-fight: nor, judging from the hideous and unsavoury ruffians I once fell amongst returning in a train from the battle-field, have I any wish to. As to racing, the fluctuations of betting are a greater puzzle to me than the politics of Central Europe. This very last Derby Day—on the 'hill,' in a good position, and surrounded by friends who bawled themselves bloodshot as *Voltigeur* thundered along the turf—I never saw the race. I was engaged in conversation at the time with something a great deal more interesting; and, on being informed by a friend (who was standing on three cushions, put on a hamper, and elevated finally on the seat of the box) 'They're off!' with a vehemence that nearly shook him over, I replied, 'Oh, are they? I daresay it's all right,' and continued my conversation.

'But what do we care about all this?' ask my readers, I have no doubt, by this time. A moment's patience, if they please, until I explain, simply, that, from mere idleness and curiosity I have been lately having a great deal of quiet fun to myself amongst the strange advertisements of the day, relating to the above and other

topics. And some of the odd things that have come under my notice I am anxious to bring before them.

A few weeks back, at the expense of a guinea, I drew up and inserted the following advertisement in one of the most popular of our London weekly papers. I reversed my initials—made my bookseller my accomplice by requesting him to receive the answers—and was fortunate enough to get a place at the top of the best column, above two others of a similar nature:—

**MATRIMONY.**—A Gentleman, aged 27, of good education and connexions, with an income of L.300 a year, independent of his profession, is desirous of forming a Matrimonial Alliance. The lady must not be older than himself, of pleasing manners, and conversant with the usages of society. Property is not so much looked for as an agreeable companion, in whom also a knowledge of music or singing would be desirable, but not indispensable. Ultimate happiness and benefit to both parties is the sole object of this advertisement, and answers will meet with every attention. Addressed, prepaid, to S. A., Library, 42, Tottenham Court Road, London.

At the same time I replied to various other advertisements: but my business at present is with the matrimonial one.

It appeared in the Saturday edition of the paper, and on Monday morning I had two answers. Seven more came in the evening—four more on Tuesday, and two on Wednesday, when they ceased, amounting altogether to fifteen. I believe most of these to have been, *bonâ fide*, seriously sent. Let us now see the nature of these communications.

But firstly, in my own defence, in case I should be attacked with the charge of acting dishonourably towards my fair correspondents—more especially as several of them almost demand secrecy—let me state that I believe myself fully justified in publishing their effusions, in order that the lesson may not be without its moral. The 'ultimate happiness and benefit to both parties' mentioned as 'the sole object of the advertisement' may yet be achieved. When a woman, in whatever position of life she may be, so far loses all caution and sense of position as to reply to an anonymous communication, she must abide by the consequences. The folly of such a proceeding cannot be too severely reprehended, or, as in this instance, punished. In my case the 'L.300 a year, independent of my profession,' was evidently the bait. Why should a young man in the favourable position which I assigned to myself be driven to advertise for a wife? Was I an oaf, unfitted for the manners of polite society, or did any moral taint hang about me that quarantined my entrance into its circle? Was there no one amongst my 'good connexions' who would have me? What were the chances that I was not a swindler, a broken-down *roué*, a fiend in temper and person, a villain generally, or perhaps already married? I had said nothing about references—they were neither given nor required: did this look like an

honourable transaction? And how could it be supposed that any man would risk the future comfort of his entire life on an acquaintance with disposition and character formed on the questionable judgment of an anonymous rendezvous?

But to the replies: and here they are, transcribed most faithfully, with every peculiarity of orthography and punctuation copied. The words printed in italics were underlined in the originals; and, as is usual in female correspondence, betray a singular emphasizing of those entirely unimportant. When initials are used, I have changed them.

The first was written in a bad hand, which the writer had tried to make dashing by flourishes:—

'Sir—Having seen your advertisement in the ——— and wishing to enter into the holy state

'I am a perfect musician both instrumental and vocal and equally domesticated should this meet your *views* please to address ———.

Mr S. A.'

The next was better in the penmanship, and slightly scented: it was delivered with the preceding one:—

'Let me enquire of you not to think me immodest but your frank advertisement impels me from its gentlemanly tone to think in you a consummation of my wishes may be found, remember that I rely implicitly on your honor when I thus confide I am 21 years of age of excellent family and am moving in an unexceptionable sphere. It would ill become me to speak of my beauty my figure tastes habits manners accomplishments or aimability of disposition nor should it be my task to pourtray the intellectual acquirements which are thought to enhance the value of all such gifts suffice it they have been enough to procure me many enviable offers but amongst them all there was not one whom I could truly love and none shall have my hand unaccompanied by my heart yet I have often longed for one to love and look to and to cling to with a woman's first affection. I snatch a few moments only: left to our sex in the after dinner Drawing room or I would say more Answer this and be discreet as you are secret for I risk much in thus outstepping woman's bounds through my desire to know you fully, Adieu.

'Address ———.'

If this silly girl comes to see her epistle thus in print, she will learn at the same time how absurd must have been her fiddle-faddle sentiment, that created anything to 'cling to' in the unknown writer of a really very commonplace advertisement.

The next has higher pretensions:—

'Sir—If conquering the natural repugnance a woman must not unnaturally feel in replying to a matrimonial advertisement such as I now adventure upon she boldly braves the world's opinion and answers it what can she expect? scorn contempt and silence? Such would be the answer of many or of most, but such would not be could the inward workings of a much tried and long suffering heart be laid bare to the gaze. I would beg of you to believe that nothing but faith in manhood's truth which I would fain think would not wilfully trifle with feminine unprotectedness could prompt me to this step. I have for the last twelve years been thrown upon the world constrained to seek my bread upon the troubled waters of human life, and neither the strength nor the opportunity has been denied me. In years I number 20 summers, in person not unattractive, and for money I have nearly five hundred pounds and for my mental qualifications the fact of my having been for five years instructress to the ladies of ——— Esq' of

— and other noble families must vouch. I can say no more, but destroy this letter and let no evidence remain of the weakness of, Sir,

yours,

E. M.

'Should you entertain this reply I will meet you in St ——— Park, on Wednesday evening after seven and before eight o'clock. I shall wear a Barège dress, blue with white stripe primrose coloured bonnet with feather and fall, and should you have a geranium in your coat I will accost you.'

There was something very displeasing in this letter—the attempts at 'fine' writing, and trash about 'manhood's truth,' and 'feminine unprotectedness,' more than counterbalanced the five hundred pounds. I hated also the sentence, 'In years I number 20 summers.' Why could not E. M. say she was nearly thirty?

No. 4 came to the point at once, as follows:—

'Miss F—— will be most happy to meet S. A. in ——— Square, on Thursday evening at 6 o'clock: Miss F will be dressed in a white silk bonnet, glacé silk cloak and dress, and will walk between the Nos. 30 and 48.'

This was written in a nice ladylike hand; so was No. 5, but lazy in composition, and without a stop the whole way through:—

'A lady aged 24 years possessing an amiable disposition agreeable manners and personal attractions would be happy to have an interview with the advertiser and the object may perhaps be best attained should he feel inclined to walk in the Clapham Road near Kennington Gate between the hours of 3 and 4 tomorrow afternoon and in order that no mistake should occur he should wear a piece of scarlet geranium in his button hole and carry an umbrella and should a lady inquire of him the way to Clapham he may conclude it is the writer To prevent misunderstanding she thinks it necessary to state that she has not any property and that she is a good musician and Vocalist.

June 26th.'

It is odd that two of the ladies should fix on a geranium as a mark of recognition. With these ready appointments on their sides, the wonder becomes, not so much that they should trust the author of the advertisement, as that they should think him likely to choose a companion for life under such circumstances. No. 6 was as follows:—

'Sir—In answering your advertisement in yesterdays Times respecting a matrimonial alliance I venture to treat with you for being left an orphan I find that I want a kind protector and one who would really make me his companion. My Age is twenty-five. I cannot boast of any property at present. My Education has been good but plain and without accomplishments I have been accustomed to the usages of society having lived as companion to a lady for several years Should you feel disposed to take any notice of this please to address to F. B. N. Post Office ——— St. St James's.'

No. 7:—

'E. N. F.—a young lady aged 22, of a highly-respectable family, residing in ———, being desirous to settle in life, with a view to render the home of some kind and worthy individual "cheerful and happy" will have no objection to an introduction to S. A., believing his advertisement to be candid and honourable, should S. A. feel disposed to answer this, address ——— Post Office ——— until called for.'

'The writer of this does not sing or play, but the family is very musical.'

Even had I been inclined to have had my home rendered 'cheerful and happy' by the writer of the above, there was something uncomfortable in the notion of the musical 'family;' and the wording of the letter almost suggested the idea that I should be obliged to marry them all, thus bringing a concert about my ears that would soon have promoted discord. No. 8 was certainly more satisfactory, albeit its fine crouquill hand took some trouble to decipher. It ran thus:—

'A young lady under 27 of good connexions and well educated, voice generally considered pleasing and fond of music, with a small income at present, anticipating property at a future period, fond of literature and retirement, (though if not presuming on being explicit in offering her sentiments, she considers vivacity at times agreeable and efficacious in smoothing the roughness of our path in this world) can meet S. A. in front of the — church, on Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.'

No. 9. was brief and inexplicit. It was written in a hand very like that used in making out manuscript washing bills; was entirely without stops, and betrayed some ignorance of composition, as will be seen:—

'Sir trusting you will excuse the liberty I have taken in intruding myself to your notice or writing to a stranger which is indeed very unlike me I am only on a visit from the country may I wait your reply in sincerity and truth your real sentiments and am yours respectfully  
M. B. A.

'Address, post office —.'

No. 10 was equally deficient in detail, but better written. The lady had, however, odd notions of capitals, which were used as shown:—

'Sir—It is with great reluctance I assure you that I take the liberty of Addressing you without the Introduction generally expected on such Occasions but I am happy to say my Character is such that it will bear the Strictest investigation and my Family is respectable your answer will Oblige your Obedient Servant S. J.

'Address, Post Office — road.'

There were two or three followed in the same style—written in neat feminine hands, all claiming to be under 25, with a slight knowledge of music, and expectations of small sums. One expressed a long-felt wish 'to be united to a party of gentlemanly habits and good family.' Another requested that all letters might be posted (an address was given, and I found from 'Kelly's Directory' it was a correct one) so as to arrive between 11 and 4: I presume whilst the father or guardian was 'in the city,' as it was dated from a suburb.

No. 14 was, to my thinking, the most agreeable of the lot. It was beautifully written, and well punctuated:—

'Sir—Having seen your advertisement, allow me first to state my age which is twenty-one. I am generally considered to be possessed of pleasing manners; but that, of course, may be owing to the partiality of friends. I possess but a very slight knowledge of music, but for the gratification of a person I loved should be but too happy to acquire it; and last, but not least to be mentioned, is what I fear may prove the barrier to a further acquaintance—namely, that my hand and heart are all I have to offer. Possibly some pecuniary arrangement may be necessary to your views, if so permit me to wish you a successful termination to your suit, and to remain

Your unknown correspondent

L. S. A.

Should you deem this worthy a reply, address to me at

the Post Office. —. Pentonville, to be left until called for.'

I was almost sorry that, to all appearances, so nice a girl should have answered the advertisement; but this public reproof—private so far as she herself is concerned—will do her good.

The last was the longest, and the writer laid some claims to being a poet. The hand was good, and apparently known to be so, for the letter was written with care: but it was on embossed paper—such as we see valentines on—and sealed with fancy wax. Let us see what it said:—

'Sir—Having seen an advertisement in the — of last week, from a gentleman requiring a wife, permit me to offer myself as a candidate.

'I am the eldest daughter of a highly respectable tradesman, carrying on an extensive business at the West End. I am of a medium height, prepossessing appearance and lady-like manners: and I may say, without presumption, that it is my good fortune to be gifted with three choice blessings—excellent health, a sweet temper, and a contented disposition. My age is twenty three, and I am of the established church. I have been well educated and accustomed to good society; and am thoroughly conversant with all necessary household duties. My friends and connexions are of the highest respectability. With regard to pecuniary affairs I have not any settled income at present, being at home with my friends.

'Should you think this communication worthy of notice you will oblige me by addressing a reply to

F. C. L.

Post Office

Brook St.'

(The following lines were enclosed:—)

'In choosing a Husband, the man to my mind,  
Must be sensible, gentle, benevolent, kind;  
Of a temper quite firm, yet devoid of self-will,  
If on good once resolved, pursuing it still;  
Of a spirit so great as to keep out of debt,  
And at troubles unsought for, disdaining to fret.  
I'd have him be lively, yet not void of thinking,  
All gaming detesting, and not fond of drinking,  
With a heart to enjoy what his hands may have got,  
Contented and cheerful whatever his lot;  
I'd have him esteemed by the good and the wise,  
Not a man of the world, though striving to rise;  
He must love me too well, at small errors to frown,  
And with me at his table sit happily down.'

Here, then, ended my correspondence. Seriously, it was somewhat depressing to see so many aspirants to an imaginary hand: and I began to think there was some truth in a theory lately started in society, that husbands are becoming extinct. As I have stated, all these letters had an air of truth—there was no attempt at disguised handwriting in any of them: and they were evidently penned by females. To these, I would now repeat my opinion of the silliness of thus replying to the advertisement.

Let them think, for one minute, of the risk they ran in so doing. Suppose—and nothing would have been easier—I had handed over their letters to any of my young men friends, and told each to pursue the subject and see what came of it, for another article: how seriously they might have been compromised!

Or suppose, again, that I had given them all an appointment, at the same time, in the street before my house, and then sat at the window with my friends, for our amusement. Worse jokes than this have been played upon persons less culpable of running their heads into a trap. Fortunately for them I had a fixed serious

purpose from the beginning: and this I kept entirely to myself until the present moment. Nobody has seen the letters but myself, and they will now be destroyed, so that all traces of the writers will be obliterated. Their contents will only appear in this present warning: and I trust that my fair countrywomen will profit by it: and regard me rather as a friend, than a betrayer, of 'unprotected females.'

So much for my advertisement. My other experiences have been gained from those that I have answered myself: and a wonderful new world they have opened to me. Certainly the old proverb, that one-half of us does not know how the other lives is far above the mark: rather say one quarter knows nothing of the other three. A. S.

### LONDON GOSSIP.

July 1850.

THE dispersive quality of heat is well exhibited here, in the mighty capital at this time: the fervour of a July temperature is too much for even metropolitan allurements. From the Queen of the realm to the queen of the household, all who can are on the wing, or giving the preparatory flapping. Other as well as canine noses scent the game: the Opera and the session are both sighing their last; there are no more feasts, and so sportsmen are speeding northwards for moorfowl. Cheap excursion trains, and trips to the continent, enable not a few for a brief period to shake off the 'strong urgencies' of business, and recruit themselves for another twelvemonth of toil. While those who cannot or will not flit, creep about in the stripe of shade wherever they can find it, with the bewailing remark, 'How empty town is!'

Gossip is, therefore, as may be expected, desultory, and I can promise you little more than sundry gleanings, the last of the season. Whether they can be made to serve with dilution until the stir begins again, remains to be seen. Our learned and scientific societies have begun their long vacation after crowding all arrears of work into their last evening meeting. At the Civil Engineers, papers were read on lattice, lift, and tubular bridges, on malleable iron, railways, and locks and keys. It appears that the oldest lock known is of Egyptian manufacture; its age is 4000 years: Chubb has not so much to boast of after all; notwithstanding that his locks with six tumblers are capable of 86,400 different combinations, which number, by a very slight change in the key, is increased to 864,000; and taking the three different sizes of keys, the whole number of changes would be nearly 8,000,000. Another paper was about 'printing machines.' On which subject we are told that 'on the 7th May 1850, the Times and Supplement contained seventy-two columns, or 17,500 lines, made up of upwards of a million pieces of type, of which matter about two-fifths were written, composed, and corrected after seven o'clock in the evening. The Supplement was sent to press at 7:50 P.M.; the first form of the paper at 4:15 A.M., and the second at 4:45 A.M.; on this occasion 7000 papers were published before 4:15 A.M.; 21,000 papers before 7:30 A.M.; and 34,000 before 8:45 A.M., or in about four hours. The greatest number of copies ever printed in one day was 54,000, and the greatest quantity of printing in one day's publication was on 1st March 1848, when the paper used weighed seven tons, the weight usually required being four or a half tons; the surface to be printed every day, including the Supplement, is thirty acres: the extent of the fount of type in constant use is seven

tons; and 110 compositors, and 25 pressmen, are constantly employed.' Besides this power in living muscle, there are three machines of four cylinders each, and two with vertical cylinders, all employed in manufacturing news for the four quarters of the globe.

A batch of papers was read at the closing meeting of the Royal Society, among them an important one by Mr Newport on the generation of reptiles, in which some hitherto-unsettled points are determined; one also by Lord Rosse on the nebulae as they appear in the reflector of the monster telescope. One of them, spiral formed, is a most extraordinary and magnificent object, inciting to grand speculation on stellar formation and movement. We are to know something more about these by and by, if the sky and the atmosphere will but be propitious. To descend from celestial to terrestrial matters: Faraday has given a lecture at the Royal Institution on the 'philosophy of water and ice.' A huge lump of Norway ice which stood before him served him for illustration and experiment. Perfect ice contains no air; it behaves in certain cases as airless water does, which will not boil until heated to 300 degrees, and then it explodes; so ice explodes when melted and boiled under oil; as the lecturer showed by small lumps dissolved and heated in flasks. Pressure, too, has much to do with thawing and freezing: under very great pressure, water will not freeze at 32 degrees.

Of course you know—at least you and every one else ought to know—that the bill to abolish intramural interments has passed the Commons: the sooner it becomes a law the better. The Sewers' Commission are at work: they mean to commence their great task of drainage on the 'Surrey side;' this is as it should be, the worst first. And we are promised that from Vauxhall down to Deptford no sewer shall discharge its contents into the Thames. The grand outlet for the south bank will be below Deptford, and contrived so as to flow only at the fall of the tide. If saving the river from pollution is to be the essential principle of the new system, we shall have good reason to congratulate ourselves. We are told, too, that no needless delays will occur; that 580 miles of sewer have been surveyed and levelled on the north side; that 100 miles more remain to be done; that the survey map will comprise 900 sheets, 270 of which are engraved, and all the rest in hand, besides 44 sheets of the reduced map. If the Commission do really perform their promises, they will better deserve to hoist the besom as their standard than did the doughty old Dutchman Van Tromp.

Philosophers abroad are working diligently at many interesting branches of physical science: magneto and muscular electricity, dia-magnetism, vegetable and animal physiology: Matteucci in Italy, Bois-Reymond, Weber, Reichenbach, and Dove in Germany. The two maps of isothermal lines for every month in the year, lately published by the last-mentioned *savant*, are remarkable and most valuable proofs of scientific insight and research. If they are to be depended on, there is but one pole of cold, situate in Northern America; that supposed to exist in the Asiatic continent disappears when the monthly means are taken. These maps will be highly useful to the meteorologist, and indeed to students of natural philosophy generally, and will suggest other and more extended results. Among the memoirs brought before the Natural History Society of Vienna, is one by M. Fraunfeld on 'the limits which nature puts to the too great abundance of insects.' The great differences in the numbers of insects in different seasons is attributed by this author in great part 'to the unequal proportions of the sexes.' When females predominate, the species will be very abundant the fol-

lowing year; but as nature never permits a permanent disturbance, the equilibrium is re-established, and in turn the males are most numerous, which reduces the species to infinitely weaker proportions. Another cause consists in contagious maladies, which, according to the seasons, attack some, and spare others. Variations of temperature, the absence or presence of snow, unequal numbers of insectivorous birds, are also causes of irregularity in the numbers of insects; and last, the unequal appearance of one species generally produces an unequal appearance of another to feed it off.

A communication from M. Trémaux, an Abyssinian traveller, has been presented to the French Academy by M. Geoffroy St Hilaire: it gives an account of the sudden difference which occurs in the races of men and animals near Fa Zoglo, in the vicinity of the Blue Nile. The shores of this stream are inhabited by a race of Caucasian origin, whose sheep have woolly coats; but at a few miles' distance, in the mountains of Zaby and Akaro, negro tribes are found whose sheep are hairy. According to M. Trémaux, 'the differences and changes are due to two causes: the one, that vegetable nature, having changed in aspect and production, attracts and supports certain species, while others no longer appear, or the individuals are fewer. As for the second cause, it is the more surprising, since it produces opposite effects on the same point: where man has no longer silken, but woolly hair, there the sheep ceases to be covered with wool.'

M. St Hilaire remarked on these facts, that the degree of domestication of animals is proportional to the degree of civilisation of those who possess them. Among savage people dogs are nearly all alike, and not far removed from the wolf or jackal; while among civilised races there is an almost endless variety—the greater part far removed from the primitive type. Are we to infer from this that negroes will cease to be negroes by dint of civilisation—that wool will give place to hair, and *vice versa*? If so, a wide field is opened for experiment and observation.

M. Flourens, secretary of the Academy, communicates some particulars relative to the action of certain substances when injected into the arteries. He finds 'that some act on the motive power (*motricity*) only: these are sulphuric and acetic ether, &c. camphor, chloroform, essences of turpentine, mint, and rosemary. Others act on the sensibility without affecting motricity: these are bases of the lycopodæ, hemlock, &c. And further, that the substances which bring on muscular paralysis, some (the ethers above-mentioned) produce the effect by causing a relaxation of the muscular fibre; while such as chloroform cause the paralysis by a tetanic contraction of the muscles. Apropos of this part of the subject, the author of a paper read before the Royal Society at its last meeting, shows that animal growth, in common with vegetable growth, depends on the formation of cells—that cells cannot be formed without the presence of phosphate and oxalate of lime; consequently that the exhibition of phosphate of lime is the remedy for wasting of the muscular fibre, or loss of flesh.

During the past winter Biot worked for several months at a series of careful experiments, to prove that water, when approaching its point of congelation, has no influence on polarised light, and demonstrates its negative in a very satisfactory manner. The effects of certain liquids on the phenomenon in question had led to the supposition that a freezing liquid would show similar results; but now the question is set at rest; the experiments, as Biot says, were made with such scrupulousness, they will not need to be repeated. M. Latour states that inflammatory diseases of the skin may be cured by maintaining the part at a low temperature, and excluding the action of air; and for the latter part of the process, proposes the application of an impermeable coating. A method of preventing the entrance of flies into a room is put forward by M. Delamarre. The plan is, to stretch a net across the open

window or door, which proves an effectual barrier, although the meshes may be sufficiently wide to afford a passage—a fact explained by the supposition that the flies fear asenare. Let me complete these foreign gleanings by two domestic items—the one that, according to the Lancashire central committee, Mechanics' Institutes are more and more declining; the working-classes shun them—a proof, is it not, that those associations do not supply the want felt, or supposed to be felt, by mechanics? And the other, that a project is talked of for rapid steam communication from Holyhead to Dublin by means of a steamer of 12,000 or 15,000 tons burthen, 1200 horse-power, which is to make the passage in three hours, and by its steadiness in the water, preserve the passengers from seasickness.

Our astronomical circles have been set on the *qui vive* by a paper just published in New England on a new theory of planetary movement and perturbation. The setting forth of such a question in the present day may be compared to a throwing down of the glove in the days of knight-errantry; it is straightway picked up by a host of competitors, and is tested and discussed in twenty different ways till its true character has been demonstrated. Ethnology, too, is a subject which our transatlantic neighbours are taking up with their accustomed vivacity; some of their theories are entirely opposed to that of the late Dr Prichard. Dr Morton has laid before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia a paper containing the results of his long-continued researches on the size of the cranium. He has examined and measured 623 skulls of different races, and concludes therefrom that—1. The Teutonic, or German race, embracing, as it does, the Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Americans, Anglo-Irish, &c. possess a larger brain than any other people. 2. The nations having the smallest heads are the ancient Peruvians and Australians. 3. The barbarous tribes of America have a much larger brain than the demi-civilised Peruvians or Mexicans. 4. The ancient Egyptians, whose civilisation antedates that of all other people (Mr Layard says otherwise), and whose country has been justly called 'the cradle of the arts and sciences,' have the least-sized brain of any Caucasian nation, excepting the Hindoos; for the very few Semitic heads will hardly permit them to be admitted into the comparison. 5. The negro brain is 9 cubic inches smaller than the Teutonic, and 3 cubic inches larger than the ancient Egyptian. 6. The largest skull in the series is that of a Dutch gentleman, and gives 114 cubic inches; and the smallest, 58 cubic inches, belonged to an old Peruvian, the difference between these two extremes being not less than 56 cubic inches. 7. The brain of the Australian and Hottentot falls far below the negro, and measures precisely the same as the ancient Peruvian. And last, it appears that whatever may be the distortion, the capacity is not altered. These facts are curious, and valuable so far as they go; the doctor's conclusions have, however, been disputed, so for the present their true scientific value is not established. In how far they assist the great question of the unity of the human species remains to be proved. In Germany another branch of the subject has been taken up in two works published at Halle: one, a dissertation on the country inhabited by the Celts, upon the affinity of their language with that of the Indo-Germanic populations, and the influence which their mythology had in the formation of the legends of the middle ages; the other is 'Considerations on Celtic antiquities, on the Celts in general, and principally on the Celts in Germany,' &c. So you see an inquiring spirit is at work, which is not likely to rest till some further light has been thrown on the subject.

There is nothing especially notable in the way of literature. 'Tours,' 'Travels,' and 'Wanderings,' in rather more than the usual sprinkling, have, it is true, been thrust into print; but one is at a loss to know with what object, unless it be to show in how many

variations a guide-book may be produced. Albert Smith's 'Month at Constantinople' is spoken of as a pleasant exception, one that discusses the obverse and reverse of travel with no little philosophy and shrewdness. All by itself stands Alfred Tennyson's new volume, 'In Memoriam': the first edition was all sold in two or three weeks. Its publication has added to the author's reputation, and widened the circle of his admirers. The way in which the spirit of the poems rises from the despair of grief to the hopefulness of resignation is touching, true, and beautiful, and will waken responses in many a heart. The individual whose death is therein lamented in such mournful music was the son of him to whom we are indebted for the History of the Middle Ages. It will be news to many to learn that the poet has ceased to lead a single life, and entered on that domestic state whose joys he has more than once described.

You will perhaps remember my telling you some time ago of the prize awarded to Max Müller by the French Academy for his philological essays? we have now something further from the same learned author: 'The Rig-Veda-Samhita, the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins,' or Veda of Praise. These writings are said to be some of the very oldest examples of literature, perhaps more ancient than the Hebrew Scriptures; and when the intimate connection between Sanscrit and the languages of Europe is borne in mind, some idea may be formed of the value of such a work to the philosopher, philologist, ethnologist, historian, &c. Being printed in the original character, it is of course beyond popular comprehension, or elucidation except by a scholar. Dr Müller, however, will himself in some measure smooth the difficulty, as he is about to publish on Sanscrit, and the relation of other languages to it, a task for which his labours have well prepared him. The Brahmins, it is said, at first threw many obstacles in the way, refusing to furnish necessary manuscripts; but their scruples were at last overcome. This volume, which is the first of four, to be all of equal bulk, comprises a thousand pages: the author has been at work upon it for five years, and has diligently availed himself of the resources in the libraries of Paris, London, and Oxford. It is published at the charge of the East India Company, who have very praiseworthy presented copies to numerous learned and scientific bodies at home and abroad.

Foreign literature—French and German—is beginning to be less charged with elementary works on political and social economy than of late. It would appear that notwithstanding all our vaunted progress, we need to be continually reminded of first principles—of what is right and wrong in regard to ourselves and others. One of these works—'Harmonies Economiques'—has just been published by M. Bastiat, a name favourably known in this country. The aim of the writer is to show 'that in spite of the declamations of certain sophists against the exigencies of society, against the limits opposed to individual liberty, it remains proved that, to develop himself as an intelligent and perfectible being, man requires the co-operation of his fellows; that without this association he would soon perish of hunger and cold in isolation. . . . In a material as well as moral point of view, happiness is relative—it is proportioned to the extent of wants; and to seek for equality in this respect, is to establish a yoke which would be so much the more insupportable, as it is in the nature of man to aspire ceaselessly to the improvement of his condition. In proportion as his desires are satisfied, others spring up not less ardent or imperious; and the social state, in not assigning narrow or insurmountable limits to this ambition, has, at one and the same time, responded to the intention of the Creator, and applied the principle of community in a manner much more fruitful than all the systems proposed as substitutes for it. The object of man's organization is to place himself in harmony with the order which reigns in that of the universe, where we everywhere see variety in unity. But that

he may accomplish this work, free competition must be left to individual efforts. It is here that true equality is found, the only possible, which consists in liberty of action to each one in his sphere, so that he may participate, according to his capacity, in the production and distribution of the social wealth. The greater part of the miseries and sufferings of which society is accused as the author, have no other cause than the numerous obstacles which impede the spring of free competition. Instead of calling on government to constitute itself administrator of all individual transactions, its function should be reduced to the task (sufficiently important) of watching over the public safety, repressing anti-social passions, keeping up and perfecting modes of communication, so that trade may be assured of a more and more complete development.'

One more item and then: Lamartine has published a dramatic poem, 'Toussaint L'Ouverture,' which, as its title indicates, represents the revolution in Hayti. The most stirring scene is that in which the troops under Leclerc arrive from France: Toussaint, desirous of learning their plans, feigns blindness, by turning the whites of his eyes outwards—a power with which the poet endows him—and enters the enemy's camp with a guide. He lives there some time unsuspected, and is one day admitted to the council, to hear a message which he is to convey to himself—the leader of the blacks. A negro captain, one of the rebels, enters, and, from spite, offers himself and his troop to Leclerc, and is about to detail all the plans of the insurgents, when Toussaint, suddenly reversing his eyes, rushes on the traitor, kills him with a dagger stroke, and then plunging into the sea, escapes amid a shower of balls. He joins his army, gives the signal for action, troops rush in, the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry are heard, and with this first crash of battle the curtain falls.

#### MR ARTHUR'S INFALLIBLE JUDGMENTS.

We had not been long settled in the pretty village of S—, where to us the sunshine seemed brighter than elsewhere, and the spring blossoms more luxuriant, when our father signified that we might expect an immediate visit from Mr Arthur—a gentleman of whom we had frequently heard, but whom we had never seen. This announcement occasioned great excitement among us, seeing that we were spinsters of various ages, which need not be particularly specified; hence it may naturally be inferred that the said Mr Arthur was a young eligible 'match,' or at least not a positively old and obdurate bachelor. Nevertheless, Mr Arthur was old, was a bachelor vowed to celibacy, and, moreover, had no fortune to bequeath on his decease, as he merely enjoyed a life-annuity—a fact he made universally public. Our father always spoke of Mr Arthur with the warmest attachment: they had been friends from boyhood; but we 'girls' ever heard his name with a certain degree of awe attached to it. And now he was actually coming to domesticate with us, to take notes by our hearth-side of our sayings and doings!

As the time appointed for his visit approached, we all became quite nervous and fidgety, much to our dear father's amusement; nor did he in the least spare our nerves, dilating on the accounts we had hitherto received of this formidable personage, until we almost came to regard him as something 'no quite canny.' Report said that Mr Arthur was so close an observer of character—having devoted his life to the study—that the most hidden things in human hearts were open to his penetration. Mr Arthur did not possess second-sight, he did not prophesy the future; but no mystery or concealment of any kind whatsoever was too deep for his discernment to unravel: in short, his eyes read thoughts and motives as ours read print, and the most wonderful stories were in circulation respecting him. He could pick the black sheep out of the flock, though dyed white for company hours!—he could bring forth the braided dove which hid its gentle head beneath its wing, and needed, but received

no fostering care!—he could detect the 'falsetto' of a husband's 'my dear,' or a wife's submissive demeanour! Alack for the frailties of human kind, what a set of cowards he made us! But fortunately, while wielding such formidable power, Mr Arthur was said never to exert it unkindly: he was benevolent itself—feared by the bad, and loved by the good.

'And who are the good?' said our Eldest; 'for we each know our secret sins and infirmities, and we dare not call ourselves good, even when striving most to resist evil.'

'Ah, dearest Mary,' we exclaimed in chorus, 'you can have nothing to fear from Mr Arthur's mysterious reading: your heart is a pure unsullied page.' But sister Mary shook her head and sighed.

We revered and loved her as the pattern of all womanly virtue; 'and if she is afraid of being known,' said we, 'what will become of us?' We privately expressed earnest wishes that Mr Arthur were in Australia or at the North Pole; for when with the most finished actresses this wizard always managed to obtain a sly peep behind the scenes, what had we untutored simple lasses to expect? Nothing less than that all our follies, weaknesses, and delinquencies, should be dragged forth and exposed piecemeal!

Great was our surprise, therefore, on first beholding the formidable old gentleman; and vast was our relief when, after a few days' domestication, we came to the conclusion that report had exaggerated in this case, as in many others, and that Mr Arthur was not to be feared after all. Our sister Mary, indeed, said nothing; we could not get her to speak: she only smiled, and answered, 'We must ask Mr and Mrs Sedley here to dinner.'

But before saying a word about this couple, Mr Arthur must be more particularly introduced to notice. He was a small spare person, critically neat in his attire; but with an absolutely silly expression of countenance. This was partly owing to his always having his mouth open—gaping about as it were—with constantly downcast eyes—eyes of the lightest blue when visible—inexpressive and quiet. Mr Arthur always wore his hat on the very back of his head—we often wondered how it kept on at all—his white hairs streaming down to his shoulders. He spoke little, was a great walker, reader of the newspapers, and chess-player, and made himself as much at home with us as if we had all been brought up together.

We detected no covert watchfulness, no stealthy observations, and our suspicions were lulled: we became free and easy, as if no Mr Arthur basked in the sunshine of our dear fireside. Once, indeed, we experienced an alarm: our father and his friend were apparently deeply engrossed with a long-contested game of chess, and two of us girls differing about some trifle, a hasty word was spoken. Our voices were raised but a semitone; but we saw Mr Arthur regarding us from out the corners of his meek blue eyes—furtively, with downcast lids, but still regarding us. We looked at each other, and made our escape from the room as quickly as possible. 'Then it is true after all, and he is reading us!' we exclaimed; but the alarm passed away, and we began to think we must have been mistaken—Mr Arthur was so absent, so devoid of interest in everything going forward around him; while our sister Mary, pursuing the even tenor of her way, unruffled, and in the performance of daily duties, merely said with a pleasant smile, 'Let us ask the Sedleys to dinner.' Now we all perfectly understood what our Eldest meant by asking the Sedleys to dinner, and the inference to draw from it, which was this—that Mr Arthur was a mysterious reader of human kind, and that the Sedleys were to be read by him. However, this by no means set our minds at rest regarding ourselves, though it called off our attention to a subject which had been canvassed among us for many months, with various opinions thereon: this subject was the Sedleys themselves, and their true characters.

They resided about a mile from the village in a dilapidated sort of half-farmhouse called Elder-trees, from the vicinage of many of these trees, surrounding a large dark pool of water, where Mr Sedley bred tench. Elder-trees was a quiet, neglected spot: there was a certain aspect of desolation and hopelessness about it which seemed to hint that in the home something was wanting—something indefinable; but whether a master or mistress's ruling hand, who could say? Mr Sedley was an athletic, finely-formed man of fifty or thereabouts; an amateur farmer and enthusiastic sportsman: he was considered an extremely handsome personage by those who admired a florid complexion, Roman nose, and curling jet hair. These personal attractions were united to a jovial hearty manner, which, if not refined, was not absolutely ungentlemanly: he was a great talker on all topics, and liked to be thought a clever man; our Eldest had found out this weak point. She had also hinted at other failings, but we turned a deaf ear to aught that disparaged our favourite. In short, Mr Sedley was a popular person—his wife quite the reverse: the world is easily deceived by appearances—mere surface-work passes current—whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones! Mrs Sedley was less than half her husband's age, though she had been married many years; she was a pale, young creature, and usually pronounced plain, but with fine eyes. Her manners were nervously timid and cold; she spoke little, and seemed averse to society: matrons shook their sagacious heads, and whispered that they pitied poor Mr Sedley—he had much to endure from his wife's habitual ill-health and peevishness; he spoiled her, indulged her fancies, coaxed and coddled her into fancying herself an invalid! Witness how often, when they were invited out together, Mr Sedley made his appearance alone—pleading headache, or some other convenient ailment, as an excuse for Josephine's absence; and often when Mrs Sedley kept her engagement, swollen eyes, as if from weeping, and manners marked by melancholy, rendered her society more of a bore than a pleasure. Mr Sedley on these occasions evinced great concern and tenderness towards Mrs Sedley; while she—sulky thing! said the ladies—gave no answering sign in return for all this obvious demonstration of affection. 'Our Eldest was wont to say that she disliked Mr Sedley's eyes—she mistrusted their glance—for the tongue may deceive,' said Mary, 'but rarely the eye.' We who had been accustomed to see Mrs Sedley only in her quiescent state, were not a little surprised at the change we witnessed one evening when she came to us during the unavoidable absence of her husband on some business matters. Her hilarious laugh, beautiful eyes lit up by animation, and her heightened colour, made us doubt her identity: this gay, pretty creature, the mooping, sickly Mrs Sedley? And when, on departing, she gracefully thanked us for a 'happy evening,' there was a tremor and sadness in her voice which seemed to say, 'happy hours are rare with me.' Nevertheless we girls continued to lean towards the side of the strong; and though our sister Mary pronounced Mrs Sedley 'no ordinary being,' we failed to discover any attractions in her silence, pale, jaded looks, and unsocial habits; so we perfectly understood Mary's placid smile when she said, 'We will invite them to dinner, and introduce them to Mr Arthur.'

For once in a way, they both came. Mrs Sedley was looking her best, but not as we had seen her on 'the happy evening'; she sat next Mr Arthur, and contrary to his habit, the old gentleman paid much attention to his timid neighbour, and drew her into conversation. She often glanced uneasily towards her husband; but he, after once or twice regarding Mr Arthur, seemed satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, and gave himself no further concern about his wife, but betook himself to an adjoining apartment where there was a 'rubber' in preparation. We heard Mrs Sedley's low gentle laugh; we heard her sweet voice; and Mary, by a warning look, cautioned us not to disturb the couple.

so pleasantly engaged, and apparently so well pleased with each other. Mr Arthur's face no longer portrayed vacancy; he was earnest, interested, and spiritual; yes, actually spiritual, as he gazed upwards with those deeply-set eyes, and put back his flowing silver locks from his high forehead. We overheard them: they were revelling in the dream-lands of poesy, and our Eldest said tenderly, gazing upon the now lovely Josephine, 'Poor thing, 'twere pity to bring her back to earth again.'

Mr Arthur had many opportunities after this of reading the Sedleys, and we believed he had succeeded in doing so most thoroughly; but whatever was the result of his observations, with his usual prudence, they remained undivulged. We had suspicions, indeed, that he had dropped hints to our sister Mary, for she often looked sadly at Mrs Sedley, the tears coming into her eyes, while her manner towards Mr Sedley was more distant than formerly. Honest soul! she never gave the cordial hand or friendly greeting but as they came truthfully from her heart. Much we marvelled that Mary attempted no intimacy with Mrs Sedley, seldom went to Elder-trees; but whenever she met that lady, which was, indeed, but rarely, we remarked a loving cordiality in her mode of address which few persons elicited. She could not help showing what she felt, and Mr Sedley became stiff and distant proportionably. Was conscience whispering a rebuke, or did he feel himself misjudged?

Well, time rolled on; changes came with time, and when some of us married, and left the village of S—, we forgot all about Mr Arthur, the Sedleys, and village gossip in general. I had been abroad with my husband for many years, and the first Christmas after our return to England was passed at the old-fashioned hospitable mansion presided over by my husband's mother. She was an octogenarian, but a lively, charming old lady. There were other guests expected, and amongst the rest, we were told a Colonel and Mrs Devereux were coming, of whom my mother-in-law spoke in raptures. 'They were so gifted, so gay and delightful, so fond of each other; the bloom of their love quite refreshing to witness—their story was so romantic too.' Thus the lively ancient ran on, exciting our curiosity to the utmost, but refusing to gratify it until we had become acquainted with the 'charming pair.'

Could it be possible?—did not my eyes deceive me? or did I, indeed, behold in Mrs Colonel Devereux the cidevant Mrs Sedley of Elder-trees?—Mrs Sedley as I had seen her on the 'happy evening' in our cheerful home at S—, far more radiant and beautiful than then; as young in appearance too, for happiness is an unfailing renovator. She recognised me instantly, her colour changed, and her voice faltered; but as she turned towards her husband, whispering a few words in his ear, I read by the glance that passed between them a history of perfect sympathy and wedded happiness. We spoke of Mr Arthur; he had not been long dead; and I learnt that he had been Colonel Devereux's guardian and dearest friend. When I heard the singular episodes of Josephine's past life, I ceased to wonder at the almost mysterious veneration she cherished towards his memory. It gladdened the heart of our Eldest when the following particulars were duly transmitted to her, for the best of us like to find we have not erred in our judgments:—

Mr Sedley met with an accident shortly after we left S—, which brought on a lingering complaint, ultimately causing his death. During the two years he lingered between the confines of time and eternity, Mrs Sedley was an unremitting and devoted nurse, never quitting her husband's sick couch, and being nearly worn to a shadow when death at length released the sufferer. Mr Sedley's death brought also a release from suffering to her; for it is more than probable had she not been blest with an excellent constitution, the one drop of water which had for years been falling on her head, would have penetrated the brain, and wrought ruin to the delicate fabric of humanity. Mr

Sedley left the whole of his property to his wife; it amounted to about £400 a year, but hampered with the proviso, that in the event of her contracting a second marriage, she was to forfeit all claim to it, unless the aspirant to her hand possessed an income to the same amount, subject to no contingencies or casualties, such as business or speculation might engender. He also placed a small casket in Mrs Sedley's hands, exacting from her a solemn promise that in the event of her accepting an offer of marriage after his decease, whether forfeiting her income or not, she would deliver the said casket into the custody of her intended husband, charging him to examine the contents immediately, to examine them alone, and to receive them as a legacy bequeathed by the dead, for her sake and his.

Mrs Sedley gave the required promise, and accepted the trust: her sensitive, tender heart shrank from refusing a dying man's last request; but there was a look in his eyes when the vow was spoken which made her heart sink within her. What could that casket contain? Ah, it will never be opened! thought Mrs Sedley, for I have had enough of matrimony; and who would think of a crushed and faded flower when spring-buds are opening in glory all around.

Her first marriage had been to please her parents: within three years after Mr Sedley's decease she met Captain Devereux, and now thought of marrying to please herself. His income was nearly double her own, hereditary landed property: he loved and wooed her; nor when she had whispered the final 'yes' was the remembrance of the casket forgotten. She loosened the key from a chain which hung around her neck, and gave it to Captain Devereux as he quitted her side with a curiosity to penetrate the secret almost equal to her own. He found nothing within save a letter, and it contained but few words: it was as a voice from the grave, long confined within those iron bands, but bursting forth at length to light, in hollow murmurs of dim import. The dead addressed the living: the purport was to rescue a brother man from irremediable misery, in a solemn warning to abstain from wedding Josephine Sedley, whose specious arts would be all exerted to appear in a fair light: 'but beware of her; turn away and flee ere it be too late, and your doom sealed for life.' Thus it concluded. The handwriting was that of the late Mr Sedley, and it bore his well-known signature.

Incredible in fiction would these particulars appear, but we are dealing with facts, and painting men and women as they really acted and felt. Captain Devereux was excessively shocked and startled as he perused and reperused the extraordinary missive. Josephine had studiously avoided speaking of her first husband or her former life, and seemed fluttered and pained by any reference to that topic; her health was still variable, and she often betrayed an uneasy restlessness of manner, which might indeed be attributed to many causes. Captain Devereux regarded it as an evidence of a sensitive disposition, too prone to dwell on early sorrows or disappointments, for he could not look on Josephine without feeling the conviction that she had known suffering. He did not hesitate on the course to pursue, but laid her deceased husband's letter before Mrs Sedley, watching her intently as she read it. Her countenance changed not, but tears coursed down her pale cheeks as she merely exclaimed, 'It is cruel thus to persecute me from the grave! but oh, Edward, turning to Devereux, 'you do not believe this?' Her eyes beamed with love and truthfulness, and his suspicions, if he had momentarily indulged any, were disowned at once; but Josephine's wounded heart had noted the transient shadow, intangible to all but her, and she sank down weeping bitterly, burying her face in her hands. No persuasions could induce her to divulge aught connected with her past history save the general outlines of family and fortune. She always gave one answer: 'A wife's lips ought to be inviolably sealed during life, and death may not dissolve the spell.'

A sad change crept over the young widow from this time; her cheek became paler and paler, and like one quite weary and exhausted with the struggle of life: even her lover had not power to rouse the bruised spirit. That fatal letter had cast a blight over her from the grave; and she at length summoned up resolution to tell Captain Devereux that their engagement must end: she had no power to disprove the cruel statement so fearfully made.

'Your whole future life, my Josephine, will disprove it,' he exclaimed. But her morbid sensitiveness would in all probability have caused her to shrink from ever becoming his wife, had not Mr Arthur providentially made his appearance at this juncture, and set all things to rights. The worthy old gentleman had been absent on a foreign tour, and great was his delight when he found that his young friend's future bride was the Mrs Sedley in whom he had been so deeply interested when at S—. He heard the story of the casket from Captain Devereux, its effect on Josephine, her refusal to exculpate herself by casting blame on the departed; and Mr Arthur's blue eyes sparkled as he rubbed his hands exultingly, saying, 'Right again, my boy—right again. I am never wrong in my judgments—never shall be. She is a noble creature, though perhaps a little too over-refined and fastidious, if that be possible. I read both her and her deceased tyrant—yes, you may start, for tyrant he was, and of the kind that breaks a woman's heart in the dearest manner—under a show of kindness! Talents, hopes, health, all buried beneath his overwhelming selfishness and egotism, for I made myself acquainted with their private history. My heart bled for the poor young creature; but I said to myself, "None can save her: her doom is fixed: death is her only release;" and death, you see, did release her.'

'But did Mr Sedley positively ill-use his wife, my dear sir—surely he would not have dared to do that?' questioned Captain Devereux with flashing eyes.

'Well, he didn't beat her certainly; but mark me, Devereux, he was *jealous*—jealous as a man, jealous as an inferior—for he knew her superiority of mind to his own, and he quailed beneath that knowledge, and crushed her down. He was old enough to be her father, and he married her as a child; but the child became a woman, and his jealous love might almost have been termed hate; for it was not only those of his own sex on whom he looked with suspicion when they approached his wife, but women shared the same fate, and he grudged her a female friend. They had no children, and poor Josephine endeavoured to supply the void by dumb pets, on whom she lavished perhaps too much attention. Mr Sedley destroyed these more than once: the very books she read he disliked; and he was never satisfied unless she was darning his stockings, mending or making, or assisting in culinary preparations for his gratification! Women, he said, were fit for nothing else. He hated fine ladies; and he ought by rights to have married his cook. He had no pride in her beauty or talents. He was a handsome man, wished to be thought a clever one; and so he domineered over his wife, who had not spirit or power to check or stem the torrent of violence, which for long intervals slumbered, and oozed forth drop by drop on the victim's devoted head. He left her material, but endeavoured to wrest from her all spiritual comfort, for he knew the effect such a letter would have on her tender mind. In my opinion, Sedley ought to have been placed in a lunatic asylum; and if he had not been taken off as he was, I have no doubt he would soon have killed Josephine. Few women would have endured ten years of jealous madness as she did, so heroically and silently withal. *'I'll be answerable for her future conduct, Devereux,'* continued Mr Arthur smiling; 'and now fix the day for the wedding; and tell her all I have told you.' Presently he added in a more serious tone, 'Tend the flower: place it in your bosom: though faded, it will revive with warmth and care, and repay you a thousandfold with its rich perfume.'

Mr Arthur lived long enough to watch the expanding blossom in all its summer beauty, and to rejoice that he had been made the instrument of saving one, so gentle and good as Josephine, from despair.

'Ah,' said our Eldest when she heard the tale, 'I am so glad I thought of asking the Sedleys to dinner.'

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

## CHLOROFORM.

THE following letter appears in the 'Manchester Examiner and Times' of June 22:—'Sir—May I take the liberty of inquiring, through the medium of your columns, whether any, and what medical gentleman or dentist in Manchester uses chloroform in surgical operations? Has it been introduced into any hospital here? There have been accounts of its use having occasioned death in London, and I am informed that great prejudice exists in this town against it. In Chambers's Journal for May last (page 280) there is a method of *testing* and *purifying* chloroform given; and I understand that the cause of death in the London cases arose either from impurity of the chloroform or the unskilfulness of the medical practitioner. I should also much like to know whether the mode of purification mentioned in Chambers's Journal is adopted in Manchester, and whether chloroform has caused death in any case here. It seems to me that if a medical man in this town would devote his attention to the subject, and procure pure chloroform, he would get well rewarded for his pains, and it would be a great boon to the inhabitants. —Yours very obediently, J.'

This letter is very reasonable. Chloroform of any kind is as yet little used in Manchester. The 'profession' there seems not prompt in making advances or adopting novelties, and they have not yet become generally aware, or at least not generally convinced, that chloroform of a pure quality, used with due care, is a safe application. As throughout England generally, there was first a wretched kind of chloroform used, which was seen to be dangerous, and then it was assumed that chloroform was a pernicious article, which it was the duty of cautious surgeons to avoid. The lucid explanations given by Professor Gregory before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, which we lately reported (No. 331), have not yet produced their proper effect in the south.

Men remark with wonder the great improvements of our day, by which personal locomotion and the transmission of intelligence are so immensely facilitated. There was a striking proof of this given on a melancholy occasion very lately, when the death of Sir Robert Peel, which took place near midnight, was promulgated in the papers published next morning in Edinburgh, exactly as in those of London. The rail and the electric telegraph perform wonders in some departments of our social state; but they seem to be useless in others. Here is a city full of medical men of high character, amongst whom a medicament most important to humanity takes its rise, and comes into general use. It has been for upwards of two years extensively and most successfully employed, in all kinds of cases, from tooth-drawing upwards. Thousands of people have taken it by way of experiment—nay, for amusement! In all, it is estimated to have been applied in this city upwards of eighty thousand times; and that *without the occurrence of a single accident!* One would think that such a fact would in these days soon be generally known. It lies open, palpable, before the whole world. Yet, strange to say, chloroform is little more than barely known in another British city, little more than 200 miles off, full of the most active, intelligent population in the world. It is throughout England the subject of a prejudice which a knowledge of the actual facts would at once dispel. Does not this show that the improvements are only in the physical machinery; and that when we come to the intellectual or moral, things are found as rusty as ever?

The plain truth regarding chloroform is, that in one city, where it is used pure, and with care, it is extensively and most beneficially employed. In other parts of the empire, where it has been made impure, and administered in an improper manner, it has been detrimental. In these other places, a pure article would of course have the usual good effects; but against this result there is an obstruction in the difficulty of transmitting an important truth from one mind to another. The only hope for the unfortunate public in this case is, to refuse to submit to a surgical operation until the attending practitioner has provided himself with the proper article entitled to the name of chloroform, and accomplished himself in the art of using it.

#### THE 'CANNY' SCOTCH.

In a late parliamentary debate, when a particular speaker opposed the claims of certain persons in Greece claiming compensation for alleged injuries from the government, it was deemed sufficient presumption against one that he was a Scotsman—"a canny Scotsman"—this implying that he must necessarily be seeking to cheat and overreach, and that the claim therefore ought to be disallowed. This seems to us an unjust imputation; and one which, as calculated to be offensive to a whole nation, it is unwise in a British legislator to give vent to. It is not uncommon, however, in public proceedings in England, to accept some allusion of this nature to Scotland as an exceedingly good joke. To a Scotsman who, besides his home experiences, has some personal knowledge of London and of English modes of doing business generally, the joke has a very strange aspect. He feels that, at home, he is living among a people who, under all drawbacks on account of whisky (grievous as these are), are still in the main a moral—yea more, a *simple* people. He seldom finds occasion to be watchful or suspicious in his dealings with strangers of his own country. Swindling, pocket-picking, and house-robbery, are offences so rare, that he scarcely has to be at all on his guard against them. The charities of life are conspicuous everywhere in the land, unblighted by mutual fears. In London, on the contrary, he finds a predominant and ceaseless apprehension of danger from roguery. In his lodgings, walking the street, hiring a cab, making a purchase in a shop, he finds himself purely an object of spoliation, his best hope being, that he will get off without more than an average amount of sacrifice. He finds every one expressing more or less in his ordinary demeanour that he is on the defensive against his fellow-creatures. To live unplundered, and not continually overreached, it seems to be necessary to have an immense amount of special local knowledge, without which the stranger must of course suffer. It is not many years since a London periodical work gave a series of papers exposing the false pretensions of almost every class of traders, and showing that in whole streets there was not a single window which did not tell lies for the purpose of imposing on the unwary! When the honest, simple-hearted Scotsman, after a day's experience of the almost universal cheating, overreaching, and imposture of the great Babylon, retires to his lodging, and reads an account of a public meeting of Englishmen who have been thrown into 'convulsions of laughter' by some waggish allusion to 'a canny Scotsman'—perhaps merely seeking his own from some very uncanny somebody else—he is apt to feel that he has learned something like a new version of the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

It is to be feared that large portions of the people of England continue to labour under old traditional prejudices against the Scotch, which, taking their rise in an age of mutual hostility and exasperation, were not

over-true at the beginning, and have long ceased to be true at all. A little reflection might show that keen or smart dealing in trade is, upon the whole, less likely to characterise a people in the stage of civilisation at which the Scotch have arrived, than one in the position of the English themselves. If England, moreover, were to reflect on the immense aggressions she has made upon the world during the last hundred years, in the subjugation of India, and the establishment of colonies, she would come to think less of the adventurous spirit of the individual Scotch. This is a subject on which great misapprehensions are entertained. In sheltering 38,000 natives of England within her borders (as appeared from the last census), almost all of them mercantile men, many of them very prosperous, Scotland is obviously, in proportion to her capabilities, more hospitable to England than is England to her, since the number of natives of Scotland received into that comparatively large and populous country is only 103,000. In Scotland, besides, the English manufacturers of all grades do an immense amount of business by means of men who do not settle in the population—namely, the class called commercial travellers. Settled or peripatetic, English traders meet with all possible encouragement, and certainly with nothing like a spirit of national antipathy, or rancour, or sarcasm, in Scotland. It does not appear to comport very well with English magnanimity, that a contrary feeling should so often find expression in England.

Scotland has for many years given no sort of trouble to the central government. It is an industrious, and therefore a prosperous country, and hence there is little tendency to discontent on political matters. But there is a pretty prevalent notion in Scotland that her reasonableness, or tameness, or whatever it may be called, leads to her being somewhat slighted or overlooked by those intrusted with the conduct of imperial affairs. It is remarked that large grants are made from the state funds for London and Dublin, in comparison with any extended to Edinburgh, and that it is almost impossible, except under very special circumstances, to obtain an imperial support for any of the public institutions in the north. For example, while sixty thousand a year is spent on the British Museum, nothing whatever can be obtained for any kind of museum in Edinburgh, although it is obvious that a certain diffusion, as well as concentration, is desirable for such institutions. The discontent on these subjects is not loud, but it is deep, and always getting deeper. It will be enough to add only a couplet from Burns—

'For God's sake, sirs, then speak her fair,  
And straik her canny wif the hair.'

#### THE BUCCANEER.

In this country the supremacy of physical force is at least theoretically at an end. National wars are denounced as impolitic and unnecessary, as well as cruel and impious; personal conflicts among the lower classes excite only contempt and disgust; and when a gentleman is called to the arbitrament of the duello, he turns his back upon the inviter, telling him significantly that he pays his police rates. Under such circumstances, how is it that we read 'Ivanhoe,' and other romances of chivalry, with undiminished delight, and that we retain all our old interest in the perils and achievements of mere animal courage? The reason is probably to be found in our instinctive recognition of the progressive development of the race to which we belong. There have been times, and there are still countries, where physical strength and iron nerves occupy the place of moral virtue, and where the capacity to give and endure hard blows are the test of real greatness. Each stage of social development has its own heroism; and knowing this—or rather *feeling* it—we may read with interest, and perhaps admiration, the details of deeds which in our day would consign their authors to the hulks or the gallows.

\* The word 'canny' is generally used in Scotland in the sense of gentle, and is often used for good. In England, apparently in some countries, when its resemblance in sound to 'cunning,' it is usually taken to mean sly and knavish. Jamieson gives both senses; but the latter is apparently obsolete in Scotland.

The author of a work before us\*—which can hardly be termed a work of fiction—is aware of the principle here hinted at; and he strives from the commencement to impress upon his readers the fact, that the Buccaneers of whom he treats were not pirates in our sense of the term, embarrassing commerce, and distracting the onward course of civilisation, for their own personal gains, but men called up by the exigencies of events, and belonging essentially even in their crimes to the epoch. Spain asserted an exclusive property in the new world, and vessels of other nations presuming to show themselves in the Caribbean Sea were treated like poachers on a private manor. This unheard-of arrogance gave rise to a coalition against the Spaniards, which subsisted in these latitudes even when the different nations at home were at peace with each other. Spain was the only enemy, and with her there was never ‘peace beyond the line;’ the other Europeans, in public avowal of their confederation, calling themselves the ‘Brethren of the Coast.’ The Spaniards, who considered their right to the new world as indefeasible, inasmuch as it was derived from the pope, looked of course upon these interlopers as pirates; but the Buccaneers themselves assumed the name of privateersmen, and frequently carried letters of marque issued by any European nation with which Spain was at war.

So much for the theory; but the practice, as Mr Reach admits unwillingly, was a very different matter. The European ships which asserted their right to trade in these seas were necessarily at war with the Spaniards; but trade was soon forgotten in the excitement and profit of the strife; the desperate and depraved rushed in crowds to the bloody field; and a war of plunder ensued waged by roving banditti. Thus the Buccaneers—for we must not spare our author’s tenderness—although theoretically privateersmen, were practically pirates; and, taking them as a body, they were perhaps the most atrocious miscreants in the world. Still, it cannot be denied that there mingled with the offscourings of the English, French, and Dutch jails some few adventurers of a better class, who would have shrunk from mending their fortunes by taking to the road—as well as many waifs and strays of the ocean, who were driven into the ranks of the Brethren by the storms of fortune. Among these classes, therefore, Mr Reach seeks his hero; and without throwing any permanent disguise over the repulsive features of the trade, he brings his story within the range of modern sympathies by clothing his Buccaneer in the conventional honesty and simple-mindedness of a seaman.

Leonard Lindsay, for that was his name, while on a voyage to Italy as a sailor, was blown into the sea in a squall with a portion of the mast and yard on which he had been employed in securing the topsails. Sustained by a spar, he spends the night in the stormy water, suffering a score of deaths; but in the morning he is rescued by the pinnacle of a Mediterranean felucca, bound for Hispaniola. There he soon learned that it was the intention of his preservers to sell him for a slave (nominally an apprentice) to the French West India Company. By the connivance of a countryman on board, however, he makes his escape, and once more finds himself floating alone on the sea, but this time in a small skiff, and on the coast of Porto Rico. ‘For nearly an hour I remained almost motionless, fearing every moment to hear an alarm-gun fire; but the night continued silent, and then with a good heart I took up my oars, and using two as sculls, rowed towards the coast. The land-breeze blew steadily, so I had to tug long and hard. At last, seeing the dusky bank close ahead, I paused to look for a landingplace, but none could I see. The nature of the coast seemed to have changed, the land hereabout being a long, smooth wall of perpendicular rock, sinking sheerly into

the sea, which rose and fell at the base, with a loud hissing, pouring, gurgling sound—not like the deep thunder of surf. I therefore set myself to pull eastwardly in search of a creek or bay. I knew that the moon would presently rise over the land, and in sooth, in about an hour, I noted the glow of her broad disk, peeping over the edge of the cliff ahead of me, and showing it, fringed, as it were, with a line of bushes and brushwood, which curled over the precipice, surmounted now and then by one of the tall, bending palmetto-trees. In about an hour I had moonlight sufficient to see pretty distinctly the great limestone ledges along which I was cautiously coasting—pausing on my oars, now and then, to hear the great buzz of insects and the forlorn cries of night-birds which floated from the land. It must have been near three o’clock, when I saw a black-like opening in the wall of cliff, and very cautiously I pulled my boat inwards. For some time I was in great doubt as to whether I had found a creek, but presently I beheld the two portals of rock between which I was, fairly astern of the boat, and saw and heard the white gleam of the surf breaking on the beach. But the former was too high for me to risk a landing, and I would have pulled out to sea again, but seeing another dark shadowy space upon the left, I made for it, hoping it might turn out an oblique channel leading from the main cove. I was not deceived, and presently the boat glided along a sort of dusky canal, with great rocks on either hand, clothed with rich creeping herbage: trees hanging over either ledge, and as the channel narrowed, meeting, and by their intertwining boughs shutting out the blue sky. Below me the water showed as black as tar, yet sparkling when the undulations from the outer creek caused it to rise and sink upon the bushy banks. Now and then a flutter of wings would echo in the narrow passage, and the loud shriek of a night-bird would drown the noise. Anon a scrambling, wallopping sound, followed by a splash, as of a great animal scuttling from a ledge into the water, would ensue, and again for a time there would be deep silence. In about a quarter of an hour the heave of the sea was no longer felt, owing, as I concluded, to the shallowing of the creek; and then making fast the skiff to a great protruding branch, which I struck my head against, I rolled myself in a blanket which I found Wright had slung into the boat, and was soon asleep, being thus, as it were, safely anchored to the new world.’

The above extract is a fair specimen of our author’s style and manner; and the reader will perceive from it, that in perusing the book he will be in the hands of one who exercises no small power over the imagination. If we had room, we should like to quote likewise the legend of ‘Foul-weather Don,’ which reminds us a good deal of Washington Irving. The ship was some days out of sight of land, when the Don makes his appearance in an old-fashioned boat. He is himself, too, old-fashioned—looking quite as old as his boat; dressed in a high conical hat and feather, with slashed and brocaded doublet, stiff ruff, red stockings, and with great bunches of ribbon in his shoes. It may be supposed that the sailors stared at their strange visitor; but one of them flung him a rope, and the stranger mounted on deck. Foul-weather Don proves to be the spectre of a tyrannical Spanish captain, whose memory had been so far impaired by the consequences of a fire, that he could not recollect where the island was on which he had hidden his treasure. He swore, however, never to return to Old Spain without it, and for a hundred years had continued to sail the ocean in quest of his gold. This is altogether a very good preternatural story, but we can only give its conclusion. The sailor who threw the rope to the old sinner has discovered the gold on a desert island, but is near getting his throat cut by the turtles in whose boat he is carrying it off. ‘The weather getting very thick, the men forming each group began to whisper, and then all at once, as if they had made up their minds, they gave a loud shout, and made a rush at the box; as they did so, they drew knives and

\* Leonard Lindsay; or the Story of a Buccaneer. By Angus R. Reach. 2 vols. London: Bogue. 1850.

snicker-snees, and cut and chopped at each other, struggling and cursing over the chest. Ned saw the blood splash down on the gold, and he rushed forward to separate them, crying out—"Madmen that you are—look out for the squall first, and fight afterwards." But it was too late, mates. The sky got black, and with a loud roar the squall came, tearing up the sea before it, and in the very centre of the flying foam Ned swore he saw Foul-weather Don, with his arms stretched forth, as if in triumph. In an instant the blast struck the sails, heaving the turtler bodily on her broadside, and as she lurched over, the heavy box of gold fetched away with a mighty surge, and went crashing through and through the frail bulwark, and then with a great plunge down to the bottom of the ocean, there to lie, mates, even until the day when the sea shall give up its dead! All this passed in a moment, and the next instant the ship, as though relieved by having cast forth the guilty gold, righted with a heavy roll, which sent the seamen sprawling across the deck, with their knives in their hands, and bloody gashes in their faces and limbs. The sailor looking down into the sea where the gold had sunk, sees the old captain's boat, keel uppermost.

An adventure as strange, though unconnected with the supernatural, is that of the 'Dwarf Pilot of the Unknown Shoals.' The ship on board of which Lindsay is, now one of the Buccaneers, finds herself suddenly in the midst of breakers when the crew knew of no land nearer than 300 miles. It was an immense and unknown shoal, where a flaw of wind, or a shift in the currents traversing its intricate channels, would be instantly fatal. 'At length the dawn grew pale in the sky, then a red, warm glow brightened above the waves; the thin night-mists rolled away; the seabirds came shrieking and clanging from their nests and holes, and we truly saw a lonely and desolate sight. All around the schooner for miles and miles was a pale-greenish sea, laced, as it were, with bars and streaks of surf, which spread around like open network, and dotted here and there with great smooth banks of bright sand; and low, long reefs like jagged walls rising now and then into a higher point of precipitous rock, which showed perhaps some eight or ten feet above the level of the surf. The blue sea formed the framing of this dismal picture.' They had got, by a kind of miracle, into the very middle of this hopeless range of shoals, banks, and reefs; and to get out, without a miracle, seemed impossible. The day was passed in vain explorations, and they determined on the following morning to begin a new search for an outlet in both the ships' boats. 'About an hour before sunset the men were lounging under the awning which we had set, fore and aft, some of them fishing in the clear water beneath us, when on a sudden there was a great cry of astonishment raised; and looking up from the chart which I was studying, I saw a strange little man, so small, he might almost be called a dwarf, deliberately climbing over the taffrail. A dozen of our seamen rushed to lay hold of him, but he waved his hand, as though there was no necessity for violence, and jumped lightly down on deck. "Where is the captain of this ship?" quoth he in a strange shrill, cracked voice, and speaking English with a slight foreign accent. At this moment Captain Jem came out of the main cabin, and stared heartily, as indeed we all did, to see so unexpected and strange-looking a visitor. The creature—who was so queer and dwarfish a man, that as I gazed upon him I thought of old-world stories of Brownies and uncanny men of the moors—could not have been above four feet high. He had very broad shoulders, and such long muscular arms, that they looked like fore-legs of an ape. His face was big and broad, but not by any means ugly. He had light-blue twinkling eyes and long fair hair, and a beard of a flaxen colour. The little man's dress was as strange as himself. He wore a broad hat, made of the ribbons of strong green sea-weed, very new and well wrought. He had a linen shirt, not of the coarsest, with a cloth cloak hanging round his

loins, and bound with a broad belt of similar sea-weed to that which formed his hat; while on his legs, which were very short and thick, he wore a pair of coarse canvas drawers. His great brown splay feet were bare. When I say that this strange-looking apparition had a sort of necklace of coral, mixed with small pieces of gold and silver money hung round his neck, that his ears were weighed down with big silver rings, and that in his hand he carried a paddle, with a broad blade at each end, I have fully described to the reader the stranger who now advanced towards Captain Jem, pulling off his hat, and making a very polite bow. Not to be behind-hand in good-breeding, Stout Jem was nothing loth to return the salaam; after which he asked the little man how he had come on board.

The dwarf had arrived in a beautiful canoe, which was now seen alongside; and in reply to the questions of the captain, he announced himself to be a pilot. To what land? None nearer than 100 leagues. What ships, then, come hither to demand your assistance? None at all. The mystery thickened, and the crew stared at each other. The dwarf continued—"There never was a ship," quoth he, "which came to these shoals but stayed there. There be plenty of room for a navy to lie on these sands and reefs; and then the first gale of wind that comes smashes them faster than e'er a ship-breaker in Limehouse." Here the captain got into a rage, and threatened his visitor with the yard-arm. The dwarf, however, remains cool; and in reply to all the captain's questions as to his trade and his whereabouts, replies merely that if they chose he would pilot them out to sea, and ask nothing for his trouble but the pleasure of getting rid of them.

"What will you do when we get to sea?" asked Bristol Tom.

"What is that to you, old man?" quoth the dwarf: "go your ways, and leave me to go mine. I warrant I should have had more wit than to come blundering in here against my will."

"So you landed here on purpose?" says I.

"Whether I did or no," says the dwarf, "is nothing to you. Do you want a pilot, or do you not?"

The sailors, instead of accepting his offer upon his own terms, endeavour to seize the dwarf; but he bounds over the side, and in an instant his light canoe is floating a couple of fathoms from the side. Then follows a chase in one of the ship's boats, described with great spirit; but the little man baffles his pursuers with perfect ease, and they return, forming a shrewd suspicion that the shoal is haunted.

The dwarf turns out to be one of the treasure-seekers of those days, and he meets with a tragical end, which is the worst part of the story.

To give any connected account of the hero's adventures would be impossible in the space to which we are confined. In fact the whole book is full of adventures, and of the most exciting kind imaginable; and the author seems to be as much at home on the land as on the sea. The escape of Lindsay, when hunted with bloodhounds, is a capital piece of melodrama; and generally the scene-painting is highly effective. The Buccaneers' life is at first described a little too much *en beau*, but at the conclusion this is amply made up for. Before coming, however, to the closing scene, we must mention the regulations of the Buccaneers, which are given from actual history. The principle of the voyage was, 'No prey, no pay.' The booty taken was thrown into a common fund, out of which all on board were paid, in due proportions, after the share of the owners was set apart. 'Then the salaries of the captain, the quarter-master, the boatswain, the carpenter, and the surgeon, were fixed, and certain sums were determined upon, to be given in compensation for the different species of wounds which we might receive. These compensations were upon the following scale, and they applied alike to all the ship's company:—The loss of a right arm, six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves; of a left arm, five hundred pieces, or five

slaves; for a right leg the same; for a left leg, four hundred pieces of eight, or four slaves; for an eye, one hundred pieces of eight, or one slave; and for a finger, the like sum. As for the proportion of pay, the captain had as much as five ordinary seamen; and the quartermaster, or master's mate, which was my station, that of two. The rest of the crew shared equally, and two boys whom we had on board drew the pay of one able-bodied man. Furthermore, it was stipulated that each mariner, without any distinction of rank, should be daily entitled to two full meals of the ship's stores, besides what game or fresh meat we might fall in with; and the indenture concluded by reciting that all those who signed it by name or mark, did thereby take a solemn oath not to hide or conceal from their comrades the slightest article of value which they might become possessed of, but to fling all, without let or drawback, into the common fund.

These are doubtless good regulations; but the tyranny of the officers, lawlessness of the men, and hideous depravity of the great majority of the crew of all ranks, made the ship not unfrequently a pandemonium. The scene described as taking place on board of one of the vessels, is a picture of savage drunkenness ending in literal madness. The mate smashes some bottles of brandy into a tub, and then sets fire to the whole, the besotted company only shouting and cheering at the feat. But the tub is overturned in their frantic struggles, and a flood of liquid fire surges over the cabin.

"Oh, then, the oaths, the yells, the frantic strugglings, which filled that hell upon the waters! Dozens of bottles had been already broken or spilt, and their contents, surging about, had thoroughly drenched the clothes of the wallowing brutes, who lay sprawling upon the floor. The cabin was in a moment one blaze of flame, in which men with their clothes and hair a-fire, and their faces livid and ghastly in the glare, leaped, and staggered, and sought to clamber on barrels and casks, blaspheming, and screaming, and scuffling madly with each other.

"Up, up!" shouted Rumbold; "up for dear life!" All that I have described took place almost in the time that one sees a flash of lightning. In a moment, without knowing how I had done it, I was upon the deck, with my clothes and hair singed, but otherwise unscathed. As I drew in the first blessed breath of the fresh cool night, a loud explosion shook the deck under our feet, and we heard the tinkling crash of the cabin windows as the glass was blown out of them.

"There went a powder-flask!" cried Rumbold; and then, as if the word appalled him, he staggered back from me, crying, "The magazine—the magazine!—it is just beneath the floor of the cabin!"

"What I did for the next moment I hardly know. It is only a vision of rushing to the davits where a quarter-boat hung—of the rope flying hot through my hand—of Rumbold searching frantically for oars on the deck, while a blue flame streamed up through the skylight and cabin stairs, and the shrieks of the burning men mingled in the roar of the fierce fire!

"But in that vision I had one awful glimpse down into the cabin. May I be enabled to forget what I saw! The masses of fat meat, the dry bedding, the clothes scattered on the floor, masses of them being drenched with spirits, were all flaming together, while the drunkards rolled, roaring and scuffling, on the table and the floor, their flesh actually scorching from the bones! I say no more on't: would I could think no more on't."

"Over the side went we with a single leap down into the surging boat. "Off, off—push off!" And as the pinnacle glanced away from the ship, tongues of flame curled and roared out of the cabin windows all round the stern. "Pull for life!" We stretched to the oars like madmen, and the boat flew over the water. The mizen-sail, which was as dry as dust, for there was no dew, caught fire from the blaze, roaring up from the

skylight; and in a minute the scorching element ran all aloft, blazing along the ropes, licking up the broad sails, making the strong canvas tinder, and lighting up for miles and miles the lone midnight sea! There! A bright sheet of red fire shot forth, as if a volcano had burst out under the ocean, the glare showing us for an instant, and no more, a vision of huge beams, and rent masses of timber, flying out and upwards; and then—just as we heard the sound of the explosion, not a loud sharp crack, but a smothered roar, which made all the air shake palpably around us—down with a stately swoop fell the flaming mizen-mast into the sea!

"We sat in speechless horror, unable to move our oars; then all the fire, low and aloft, disappeared with a loud hiss, and a great white cloud of steam rose boiling from the wreck, loud sounds of cracking and rending timber coming forth from the vapour, mingled with the gurgling rush of water pouring into and sucking down the shattered ship. After this, the white smoke rose and floated, like a canopy, all above our heads, and we gazed, and gazed, but saw nothing on the midnight sea.

"They are gone—it is all over," said Rumbold. "Lord have mercy on their sinful souls!"

"To this I solemnly responded, with my heart as with my tongue, "Amen! amen!"

## NOTES ON EMIGRATION.

### CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.

SOME time ago we noticed the establishment of a colony at Otago, in New Zealand, by a body of individuals belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, and from all recent accounts, it appears that this attempt at systematic colonisation is likely to be crowned with perfect success. Perhaps encouraged by the example of the Otago settlers, and at all events moved by considerations of the importance of colonising on an enlarged social scale, certain persons have formed themselves into an association, with the view of establishing a Church of England settlement in New Zealand. The Canterbury Settlement, as this new colony is to be called, lies on the same side of the middle island of New Zealand as Otago, about 150 miles farther north, and consists of a million of acres of land. The land has been acquired by purchase from the New Zealand Company, which stands in the place of the crown as regards the disposal of waste lands. The association is entitled, by royal charter, to acquire and dispose of lands, and as a corporate body to make all proper arrangements for conducting a settlement.

As formerly stated, we do not give an unqualified approval to the planting of colonies on the basis of one predominant religious denomination; but in this, as in many other things, we must make a choice of evils, and adopt the lesser. Left to itself, emigration is conducted on no plan. Crowds of people in struggling circumstances ship themselves off anywhere, and anyhow; when they arrive in the country of their choice, they scatter themselves abroad in forests and wastes; buy land at a few shillings an acre; toil like slaves for years; and live probably hundreds of miles from churches or schools. They seldom fail to obtain plenty of food; their animal wants are fully supplied; but an intelligent man aims at something besides mere food and shelter. And yet the mass of emigrants get nothing else. The consequence of such undirected plans is a very slow social progress—often a protracted barbarism. What is wanted is a well-considered scheme of colonisation, by which emigrants of various classes—capitalists, professional men, tradesmen, agriculturists, labourers—might proceed with some degree of certainty to a quarter where they could unitedly set up a state of society resembling that with which they had been accustomed. Schemes of this kind have always been most successful when allied with religious principle. A community of faith has formed a bond of union among the first set-

ters, and an attraction to those who came after them. Some of the old American colonies were eminently successful on this account. Maryland was settled by Roman Catholics, Pennsylvania by Quakers, New England by the Puritans. Ever since England lost these colonies, the practice of sectarian or concentrated emigration has been dropped, and the haphazard plan has been almost the only one followed. An energetic body of Scottish seceders, in planting Otago, may be said to have revived a lost art; and now an association of Englishmen propose to follow in the same course.

The Canterbury Association consists of a number of noblemen, private gentlemen, bishops, and archbishops, at the head of whom is the Archbishop of Canterbury. We observe that the Archbishop of Dublin, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Lord Ashley, are among the office-bearers of the association; and their names alone are a sufficient guarantee for any arrangements that may be adopted. The objects of the association are thus briefly stated:—"It is perceived that adequate provision for man's moral and religious wants in the new country contains the primary element of successful colonisation, not only on account of the importance of such provision *per se*, but, also because thereby alone can a really valuable class of men be induced to join in the foundation and settlement of colonies. Upon this idea our plan is founded. We intend to form a settlement, to be composed entirely of members of our own church, accompanied by an adequate supply of clergy, with all the appliances requisite for carrying out her discipline and ordinances, and with full provision for extending them in proportion to the increase of population. As by preserving unity of religious creed, the difficulties which surround the question of education are avoided, we shall be enabled to provide amply and satisfactorily for that object. The committee of management will have the power of refusing to allow any person of whom they may disapprove to become an original purchaser of land, and as that power will be carefully exercised, it is hoped that ineligible colonists may be almost entirely excluded, and that the new community will have at least a fair start in a healthy moral atmosphere. The purchasers of land will have the selection of labourers to be recommended for a free passage; such labourers to be also exclusively *bonâ-fide* members of the English church. As a site for our projected colony, we have fixed upon New Zealand, which offers greater advantages of soil and climate, combined with a greater amount of available and unoccupied land, than any other British possession. . . . In order to provide funds for carrying out the objects of the association, every purchaser of land will be required to contribute a sum proportioned to the extent of his purchase, and all such contributions will be expended, through the instrumentality of the committee of management, according to the wishes and directions of the colonists, from among whom those who are fit and able to take part in the proceedings of the committee will be from time to time added to their number. The principal sources of expense will consist in religious and educational endowments, in the importation of labour, in surveys, and in those public works (such as roads, bridges, and buildings) which may be absolutely necessary to the establishment and maintenance of the settlement. These are things which every good colonist must wish to see well done; but they are such as the isolated efforts of individuals cannot do, and therefore it is necessary to make a contribution to them a preliminary requisite to the purchase of land in the settlement which will benefit by their existence. Ten shillings per acre will be charged for the rural land; and every purchaser of land will contribute to the purposes above-mentioned in the following proportion:—L.1 per acre to the religious and educational fund; L.1 per acre to the immigration fund; 10s. per acre to the fund for miscellaneous purposes, such as surveys, roads, bridges, &c. . . . Such are the main features of the plan; and those who bring it before the public propose to themselves a high object, being nothing less than a reform

in our system of colonisation, which might almost appear to have been based on the assumption that colonists have no intellects to be cultivated, no souls to be saved; and that by emigrating they lose their right to the feelings and aspirations, the habits and institutions of Englishmen.' Those who are desirous of joining the colonists, or who wish for further information on the subject, should apply to the secretary, H. F. Alston, Esq., 41 Charing Cross, London.

With regard to the form of government:—"The colonists will sail from England as far as possible an organized society; and it is the intention of her Majesty's government to direct that the settlement of Canterbury may be, if no local obstacles or other unforeseen objections prevent, constituted a distinct province, with a separate legislature. If this intention be carried out, they will possess institutions of local self-government to an extent unexampled in the history of new colonies in modern times; and the enjoyment of this boon alone would suffice to stamp the Canterbury Settlement with a peculiar character, and to make it especially attractive in the eyes of all who are acquainted with the evils of the opposite system. Its colonists will possess complete powers of self-taxation, of legislation upon all matters which concern themselves alone, and of control over all functionaries engaged in local administration, without any interference on the part of other and differently-constituted communities; while it is hoped that the care exercised in selecting those colonists, and their general unity of opinion on topics which form a fertile source of discord at home, will enable them to exercise with peculiar advantage and facility the privileges with which it is hoped that they will be intrusted."

Two-sixths of the price paid for land are to be set apart for ecclesiastical and educational purposes on a permanent footing. That so large a proportion of the price should be sunk in endowments of this class may appear excessive and inexpedient. But let it be remembered that the dispensation of funds on a liberal principle for churches and schools, is only another name for insuring the settlement of a respectable and 'gentlemanly' community; and if by that means persons of wealth, taste, and education can be induced to settle down together, will not the money be well spent? After having carefully perused the 'Papers' put forth by the Canterbury Association, we candidly avow that we see no reason for a fear sometimes entertained, that the colony will be a mere pendicle of the Church of England, and subordinate to its priesthood. As stated in one of the 'Papers'—"If the object were to extend the church by means of the colony, and all arrangements were planned with this aim in view, then, indeed, either Canterbury would be a priest-ridden settlement, or, as is more probable, the scheme would break down in the execution; but if, on the contrary, the ultimate object is a superior colony, the extension of the church being one of the means employed, in that case, execution being conformable to the design, there will be no spiritual domination in this settlement, but only such religious provisions as promise to make the colony attractive and prosperous." Further on it is mentioned—"As respects the attraction of religious provisions, the Canterbury enterprise already furnishes satisfactory proof in the first body of colonists now preparing to emigrate. We allude only to those of the gentry and capitalist classes; for whenever these abound as emigrants, the other classes are sure to be in abundance. We say then with confidence, that as respects numbers and wealth, the body of gentry and capitalists proceeding to Canterbury surpasses those who founded South Australia, Wellington, or Nelson, if it does not surpass all of them put together. Attribute what may be to the uniform fertility of the Canterbury Plains, to the absence of vexing natives, to the climate and scenery, to the full previous survey, and consequent freedom of choice in appropriating land, to the "great names" of the Canterbury Association, and to the pioneering of

such a man as John Robert Godley; award to each and all of these circumstances their just proportions of influence in attracting emigrants of the higher classes; and yet it will be found that the main attraction to Canterbury is the religious element of the plan. Nor has this attracted only the most religious class. By attracting them, it attracts others who see that capital will be most profitably invested in a settlement to which they are attracted in great numbers, and where their wealth, conduct, and example will conduce to a rapid and solid prosperity.

We shall watch with interest the progress of this remarkable settlement, and report to our readers any new circumstances that may seem worthy of being brought under their notice. One word only remains to be added. We are sorry that the term 'Canterbury' has been employed in naming the settlement. All repetitions of old-country names are bad, and this, from peculiar circumstances, is doubly so. It would be much better to seek out and adopt the native name of the district, as in the case of Otago.

#### LETTER FROM A PAUPER.

A PERSON, who gives us his name, and describes himself as a parish pauper, living in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, writes complainingly to us of an indignity which we have lately committed towards the poor. The letter is so characteristic, that it deserves publicity. We improve only the orthography:—

'Permit me to call your attention to an article entitled "Neglected Children," in the number of your Journal for June 15, in which article paupers and pauper children are mixed up with crime and criminals of every description, as if, in fact, they were guilty of some crime, and ought to be treated as criminals. I should expect from you something more like truth and justice. But before I mention what I complain of, permit me to state some particulars of my life. To begin at the beginning: my father was a soldier, and accompanied Abercromby to the country of the Pyramids, where he experienced the ordinary honours of a soldier. A stray ball went through his leg; and while sitting on the ground in endeavouring to bind up his wound, a mounted warrior gave him a cut across the back of his cranium with a sabre, which greatly disfigured his appearance, and cured him of soldiering. He returned home; was discharged; and became a police-officer in Edinburgh. I was born in Leith Walk in 1819, and while still young, went with my mother to visit her aged father in the north country. Here we resided for nine years, and all the education I got was three-quarters of a year at school. When about nine years of age, my parents removed to Aberdeen. As soon as I arrived in the granite city, I was placed with a distant relative five miles from town, and here I rusticated two years herding cattle. From this I was taken home, and placed in a factory. I wrought at heckling flax for about six years, and then shifted to a cotton-work. My employment consisted in starching, or preparing the yarn with a kind of paste before it is put into the power-loom. Awfully hot work this was; so much so, that on entering the apartment we put off all our clothes except the shirt and a pair of loose trousers. Arms, neck, breast, and legs, were bare, and yet the perspiration was excessive. At this trying employment I continued two years, during which I lost a stone in weight. On leaving the cotton-factory, work was difficult to be had. I went to the country, and helped a relative to keep a toll. It being the depth of winter at this time, a very heavy fall of snow blocked up the road; and it being the duty of tollmen to keep the roads clear of drifts, I went to clear part of the way the day after my arrival. It was a dreadfully cold day; a piercing wind blew, accompanied by sleet and rain. However, I put off my coat, and commenced work, and wrought till I was both wet and weary. As might be expected, I caught a cold, or the cold caught

me. Be that as it may, I got it—and such a cold! I could not speak for three months, and did nothing but cough night and day. People said I had got consumption. They were mistaken, however: I got better. The cough left me, and I was left with an extraordinary shortness of breath. In this state I again obtained employment at the cotton-work; but I now found that if I exerted myself, or travelled a short distance, my breathing became difficult, accompanied with a quick and irregular beating of the heart. Unfortunately I disregarded these symptoms of disease, which I imagined would leave me by and by; and in 1843 I married. I, however, found that the disease was gradually getting worse; so that, in 1849, I was under the necessity of giving up work, and going to the infirmary. For about six months I used all sorts of medicines, both inwardly and outwardly, with blisters of every shape and size, without being in the least relieved. By this time my family, consisting of my wife and three children, were in a state of utter destitution. Some friends advised me to apply for parish relief. This was going against the grain. I endeavoured to find some employment that I was fit for; but my efforts were useless, and I was obliged to apply to the parish. My only alternative was starvation; and I really believe I chose the worst, as the parochial board has kindly allowed me, my wife, and three children, 10s. a month, or 2s. 6d. a week. You, sir, may believe that we will not get fat on that allowance. However, that is not what I complain of; but that my children should be taken to those Ragged Schools, as they are called, to be educated. I am perfectly satisfied that at these schools, where they would mix with criminals, they would learn more evil than good. Yet it is proposed to put all the pauper children into them. It is certainly very hard upon me that because I am unfortunately afflicted both in body and mind, my children should be mixed up with the sweepings of the streets, which would in all probability be hurtful to them during life. Excuse this rather long story, but I could not refrain from stating my objections, &c.

We deny having implied in the article in question a non-distinction between paupers, simply as such, and criminals. A pauper may of course be a very virtuous person. Our correspondent, for instance, probably is so. His anxiety to keep his children clear of the criminal class argues as much; and we honour him for the feeling which dictates his letter. At the same time, what is society to do? Here is one man who, marrying imprudently when under a disabling ailment, throws himself with a burthen of helpless children on the community. There is another man, dissolute and heartless, who deserts his children, or deliberately allows them to grow up as savages on the streets. Another set of children, perverted by bad example, go about seeking for opportunities of committing crime. In all of these ways a large burthen of unprovided children falls upon the community, who must either take them in charge, or see them grow up as an army of fresh recruits to the criminal class. The question is, Is society to be expected to make nice distinctions amongst these children, furnishing them with separate lodging, schooling, &c.? Society's own answer, we rather think, will be, 'We cannot refine in that way.' The common sense of mankind has everywhere declared that a gift must not be critically scanned. It must therefore be for society to say how far it can go in arrangements for the succour of its outcast children, not for particular parents to claim this and that privilege and favour. We believe, however, that the arrangements are actually, in general, good, and that such complaints as the above are far from being well-founded.

The letter of our pauper correspondent reveals pretty clearly what is, we fear, the general feeling of that class regarding their relation to society. He brings poverty and disease upon himself, and entails the former on his children, without any self-reproach. He is succoured and medically treated at the expense of

his industrious fellow-creatures, without any gratitude. He thinks not of the hardship it is to society to support him and his family; he thinks only of the narrowness of its allowance, and criticises its various arrangements for his benefit. We remember being astounded in our youth by seeing a lame female beggar who had to be carried from door to door by the servants of those who gave her alms, thumping with a stout stick one of her bearers for not carrying her with sufficient steadiness: it was the type of the modern pauper.

#### SHEPHERD WOOL.

The Shetland man wears nothing but the wool of his own sheep; stockings, shirt, drawers, thick Jersey cap, mittens, all are knitted by his family. His trousers are from the same wool, woven in a rude loom. But the wool is of further use in affording the means for the goodwife's indulgence in the luxury of tea. The quality of wool varies: the fleece of some of the sheep is coarse, of others exquisitely fine; so that from two sheep belonging to the same hill-pasture, one pair of stockings may be made worth fourpence, and another pair worth two guineas; but its general character is a soft fine texture. Practice in the old-fashioned hand-spinning gives to some a beautiful certainty and regularity, competing with and surpassing the thread spun by the finest machinery. The Shetland woman knits from childhood: her ball of worsted and wires accompany her everywhere; into the fields, to be taken up at intervals of rest; even during hard work she plies her industrious fingers, for she may be met on the hill-side with a heavy burthen on her shoulders, bending beneath the weight, but still knitting. She knits, too, when she herself forms the burthen on the back of her little sheltie: his short step does not prevent her knitting. With such constant practice, need we be surprised that some arrive at such perfection in the art? For many years the Dutch were the chief customers for Shetland hosiery. Their fishing-vessels, from five hundred to a thousand, carrying fifteen men each, made Shetland their rendezvous in their yearly visits to the North Sea to prosecute the herring-fishery, and did a considerable barter trade, giving in exchange tea, tobacco, and other excisable articles; the Board of Customs or Excise, however, deriving no benefit in the matter. But the knitted goods in demand were coarse and cheap, little calculated to improve the manufacture. As the number of Dutch boats dwindled, and with them the hosiery trade, a market was found in Scotland, and finer goods came into demand. The Scotch ladies, good knitters, could appreciate the work. It is only of late years that these goods have been more particularly introduced into England. Fortunately for the knitters, a notion gains ground that woollen clothing is more suited than any other for our variable climate; and the softness of the wool, and the pleasant elasticity that knitting gives, cause these goods yearly to increase in favour.—*Standen on the Shetland Islands.*

#### THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity have been usually concentrated in short pithy sayings, as, 'Keep your head cool, and your feet warm'—'Work much, and eat little,' &c. just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its great principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

'When hungry, of the best I eat,  
And dry and warm I keep my feet;  
I screen my head from sun and rain,  
And let few cares perplex my brain.'

The following is about the best theory of the matter:—Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a contracted one; but when this stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus hus-

bands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensely—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labours beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food, is always debilitated by his pleasures.—*Chicago Dollar Newspaper.*

#### THE TWIN GENII.

'And this world, ye ken, sir, and nane kens better, was made for Grief as weel as for Joy. Grief and Joy, unlike as they appear in face and figure, are nevertheless sisters, and by Fate and Destiny their verra lives depend on aye and the same eternal Law. Were Grief banished frae this life, Joy wad soon dwine awa' into the resemblance of her departed Soror. Ay, her face wad soon be whiter and mair woe-begone, and they wad soon be buried side by side in a grave.'—*Noctes Ambrosianae.*

'Il n'y a rien plus près du rire que des larmes.'

THERE are twin Genii, who, strong and mighty,  
Under their guidance mankind retain;  
And the name of the lovely one is Pleasure,  
And the name of the loathly one is Pain.  
Never divided, where one can enter  
Ever the other comes close behind;  
And he who in Pleasure his thoughts would centre,  
Surely Pain in the search shall find!

Alike they are, though in much they differ—  
Strong resemblance is 'twixt the twin;  
So that sometimes you may question whether  
It can be Pleasure you feel or Pain.  
Thus 'tis that whatever of deep emotion  
Stirreth the heart—be it grave or gay,  
Tears are the symbol—from feeling's ocean  
These are the fountains that rise to-day.

Should not this teach us to calmly welcome  
Pleasure when smiling our hearths beside?  
If she be the substance, how dark the shadow!  
Close doth it follow, the rear-allied.  
Or if Pain long o'er our threshold hover,  
Let us not question, but Pleasure nigh  
Bideth her time her face to discover,  
Bow of Hope in a clouded sky!

MIT.

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## A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

ARRIVAL—DESCRIPTION OF A DWELLING-HOUSE—BREAKFAST—  
TIPPIN—SERVANTS.

*Chowringhee Road, Calcutta, December 17, 184—* 'Tis like a dream that I am really here, thousands of miles away from home, every object strange around me—scenes, climate, habits, all equally unlike everything to which I have been accustomed. My head is still confused from the effects of the sea, bewildered by the bustle of the landing, and almost disturbed by my arrival, so that I have difficulty even now, after one whole day and two quiet nights, in collecting my thoughts sufficiently to continue my journal. I finished the story of our voyage at the Sandheads, and begin again according to promise.

Late in the evening of the 15th we ended our long and prosperous voyage. We were towed up the river by a steamer, and anchored opposite to one of the ghauts, or landing-places, where a crowd of boats, servants, and carriages, appeared to be waiting to receive us. It was nearly dark. Indeed the light which enabled us to distinguish the half-naked figures grouped about the broad flight of steps before us, was produced by the many torches carried here and there by this mob of dusky forms, all of whose movements were accompanied by loud discordant cries. The splash of oars was next heard at intervals. There was noise on board too: people jostling one another, strangers arriving, voices inquiring, friends greeting, and shuffling feet resounding on all sides. In the midst of this bedlam a soft voice spoke gently in pretty broken English at my elbow: we were on the deck near the cuddy door, looking with bewildered interest on so strange a scene; and bending down to find out who addressed us, I saw by the light of the lamp on the table a small dark-coloured man dressed all in white, with a red turban upon his head, a lantern in his hand, and no shoes upon his feet; who, bowing low before us, presented a note to Arthur. All that followed was confusion. We were in our cabin again among bags, and boxes, and bundles; we were back upon the deck; we descended the shipside; we were in a covered boat; we went up steps; more turbaned figures bowed before us—a carriage then advancing, we entered it, and drove away through long roads, past large houses and many gardens, all indistinct and perplexing. At length the carriage stopped before high gates; a gong-like bell sounded, the gates opened, and the next thing I recollect was raising myself out of Caroline's arms; from all which incoherent account you will understand in plain English that Edward had been watching for our vessel from the top of the Semaphore Tower, and that whenever he caught sight of the smoke of the steamer, he had hurried home, and sent his servants with carriage and boat to meet us.

I cannot attempt describing that first evening—it was almost incomprehensible. The size of the rooms, the blaze of light, the style of the dinner, the train of servants turbaned and robed, tapping their foreheads, and bowing nearly to the ground as we passed on to the table, filled me with amazement, beside the old familiar voices, last heard in scenes so different. Strange that I should have slept sound after such excitement! I had been very wakeful the last few nights at sea, and probably nature was pretty nearly worn out. We are splendidly lodged; but you will like to have a full description of Caroline's house. You must recollect that this pair of your children are great people—Edward is a *burra sahib*, and Caroline is a *burra bibi*, and so they have a handsome house and all appointments suitable. It stands in what is here called a compound—a piece of enclosed ground laid out in garden fashion; and it consists of three storeys, the plan of each being pretty much the same—one long room extending from front to back right through the house, with three smaller rooms on either side of it. At the end opposite the entrance, running along the whole width of the building, is a deep veranda, rising storey after storey with the house. There is a large projecting porch and a handsome staircase, of such a size as to carry a great body of air up to the higher floors. On the ground-floor, the long room is the dining-room, opening into the veranda, which is filled with flowers, and has steps down to the garden. The six smaller rooms on this storey go by the name of *go-downs*; we should call them store-rooms or servants'-rooms. One is for the *oddar*, the person whose business it is to cool all the liquids; another is for the clerk, who keeps the books, checks the accounts, and also writes for Edward; the third is for the *ayah*, my sister's maid; the cellar, pantry, and lumber require the rest. The first floor is much loftier than the basement—very lofty to my eye. The long room makes a beautiful drawing-room, the veranda a charming addition to it. The suite of rooms on one side belongs to Caroline, that on the other to Edward; but as each of the six rooms has folding-doors into the long room, besides communicating in the same way through one another, and as the two end rooms—his study and her boudoir—open on the veranda, the whole apartments can be thrown into one when necessary. The dressing-rooms at the rear end, which are also entered from the staircase, have each a bath-room taken off them, and space for a small spiral stair, that they may be reached from the outside, so that the low-caste servants, who have to attend in this department, never cross the floor of the house. The upper storey is a counterpart of the drawing-room floor. Arthur and I have it all to ourselves; and as the long middle room is unfurnished, we mean to put all our tin cases, &c. into it as soon as we get our goods from the ship and the custom-

house. The veranda is really a luxurious lounge in the early morning. In the evening, people prefer the house-top, which is flat, and is reached by the little spiral stairs belonging to the bath-rooms, carried on for the purpose. This is quite a different arrangement from any we are used to in England, but it is admirably suited to the climate, Cary tells me, as is the style of furniture; though, if you happen to be sitting over the fire in your snug library on a snowy day, when you read my Indian descriptions, you will begin to shiver at the thoughts of the comforts by which we are surrounded.

In the dining-room there is very little to be seen: a table, two side-tables, a sideboard, chairs, footstools, a mat over the floor, and on the plain white walls a row of wall-shades—that is, sconces for lights, which, on account of the numerous insects, and the draught of air from the punkah, are enclosed in tall glass shades. At this season the punkah is not used, we having luckily arrived in the middle of the cold weather. It is merely a long frame of wood, covered with calico, in shape like a door or shutter. It is suspended lengthways from the ceiling by cords, and is pulled by a string held in the hand of a half-naked servant, squatted in some corner out of the way. Punkah is the Indian name for fan; and before some bright-witted European invented these fans on a large scale, people had to be fanned by their attendants, as the natives are still: few of whom have as yet admitted the punkah. The air in the rooms during the hot season becomes insupportable, unless it be kept continually in motion. The drawing-room makes a much more agreeable impression than the very bare dining-room. The height of this storey is very striking—twenty-four feet. Many rooms, I understand, reach to thirty feet, and few are less than twenty: we can imagine the propriety of this in such a climate. The walls are coloured a pale drab, and a sur-base of cheenam-painted wainscot runs all along round the room—the floor of which, by the way, is composed of the same material, cheenam, a kind of fine lime. None of the roofs are ceiled. The rafters supporting the floor-boards are necessarily left exposed, in order that the depredations of the white ants may not escape detection; but in the drawing-room these beams are so ornamented, that the effect, combined with the lofty height, is perfectly agreeable. A finer description of matting is laid down here. There is a good deal of handsome furniture—consoles, marble and ebony tables, chairs, sofas—quantities of sofas—and a footstool before every seat, these being in universal use. Yet the room looks empty, in spite of a number of nick-nacks distributed over the tables. Cary tells me that in a little time I shall dislike to see it more full, space and air being first luxuries here. I should like, however, now to be able to move the chairs occasionally, which is at present quite impossible when they are made either of ebony or black wood, as they have no castors, and their weight is quite beyond my poor strength. The cabinet-work is generally very clumsy, and the art of polishing, finishing, or varnishing properly is as yet unknown. The height of the doorways corresponds to the height of the rooms, varying from twelve to fifteen feet, and they are very wide: you cannot think how very small we all look when passing through them. The door itself is commonly a mere screen of fluted silk, set in a frame raised two feet from the floor, so as to admit of a free draught of air underneath. These screens are only about four feet deep, just sufficient to prevent any one peeping over them. It would hardly do to have a secret to tell in these most public apartments, there not being one mysterious corner safe from a listening ear. The windows are equally gigantic in their proportions: they open down to the floor, opening like French windows, but the shutters are Venetians, folding back on

the outside, and always kept closed during the heat of the day. There are glass casements besides—very wretched glass in very clumsy frames—not often cleaned either, I should think; but as nobody ever wants to look through them, the defect in this department the less matters. The drawing-room windows—three large ones—open on the veranda, as do the windows of the boudoir on the one hand, and the study on the other, forming a most enjoyable suite. The veranda is thus very long—the whole length of the breadth of the house—and very wide; the same height as the storey it shades, supported on each stage by six very handsome pillars, between which always stretches a latticework to keep off the sun, on the same principle as the fluted door-screens within, two feet from the floor all along, and rising a little higher than the head.

The kitchens are all out of doors—cook-rooms they call them here. A small enclosed yard is taken off the compound, inside of which are all these offices; and the wall being covered on the garden side with creeping plants, it is rather ornamental than otherwise. You will wonder I have said nothing about servants' bedrooms. They don't want any. They lay themselves down anywhere—on a landing, in the porch, in the veranda, in a deserted room—some merely protected from the cheenam floor by a mat; a better sort lay a mattress on the mat; a still superior class place over their simple bedding a frame of bamboo covered with a coarse sort of muslin gauze, to protect them from the mosquitoes. The men who sleep on the basement storey, which is often damp, have all a sort of low bedstead, something like our truckle bedsteads, to support their mattress. As for our ayah, she, being a Portuguese Christian, and very grand, has a bedstead like ours, a fine mat, good mattress, cotton sheets, a coverlet for cold weather, and proper mosquito curtains, tucked round her as carefully as our own. She came from Bombay with some lady, who, on going home, left her to Cary as the most precious of legacies, for the native ayahs are not generally good here. I must hunt out the best I can hear of for myself to-morrow, for whose sleeping-frame we have certainly sufficient accommodation in some of the numerous rooms belonging to our apartment.

18th.—We were roused about six o'clock on the morning after our arrival, the 16th, by the announcement that the baths were ready. Everybody bathes every morning, some people twice a day. We in this family all take warm baths, prepared in a large oval tub by the water-carrier; but the general custom is to sit on a little stool in a part of the bath-room fenced in by a six-inch-high border of cheenam, and then have *chatties* (jars) of cold water dashed all over the person. After this most agreeable restorative—the hot bath, not the cold—we adopted a graceful negligé; and Arthur in his dressing-gown, and I in my wrapper, we repaired to the veranda, where we were presented with cups of milk-coffee and a sort of rusk; then opening a shutter in the latticework, we peeped out upon what we agreed in thinking a very pretty town view—a mixture of large white buildings and green trees. Such is the general appearance of Chowringhee, which some few years ago was a mere jungle or thicket, as Calcutta itself once was, and would become again were it deserted by the Europeans. Our observations were cut short by the pain of mosquito bites. They became, as the sun rose higher, so exceedingly irritating, that we were glad to re-enter our dressing-rooms and finish our toilets.

The breakfast hour is nine o'clock. It was served in the study, as much, my sister said, out of regard for the books, as from the comfort of the arrangement: if she were not to have her eye daily upon them, the damp of one season, the heat of another, and the white ants above all, would soon make sad havoc among them. All furniture suffers in a degree from these elements of destruction. The houses even have to be regularly inspected every three years, that any symptom of decay may be arrested at the commencement. I found that

breakfast was a visiting time, one or two friends on an intimate footing dropping in on their way to business. Their conversation did not in the least interfere with our proceedings, and there was no light labour set before us, for the meal appeared to me to be breakfast and luncheon in one. Besides the usual tea, bread, butter, toast, eggs—very small eggs, by the way—there was rice boiled plain white, and rice dyed yellow, curry, fish, and cababs, little thin outlets highly seasoned, fried or roasted quite dry, and strung upon a skewer. The butter was very sweet, but not rich. It had been made just before it was wanted, in a bottle, I believe, by one of the servants, and cooled by the obdar. Buffalo milk being too poor for use in tea, goat milk is preferred, milked at the moment it is required, and sent up with the froth on it. I thought the bread delicious. There were many sorts of it, white, and light, and sweet; but I hear I shall find it to be tasteless when I forget to compare it with what we have been latterly eating on shipboard.

Edward and one of his visitors went off together, Arthur being to follow in an hour, to try to get all our luggage through the customhouse. Caroline, who had finished her household affairs early in the morning, brought her work into the large drawing-room, ready to listen to all my tales of home, when the bell at the great gates announced more company. A single stroke prepared us for a gentleman, two strokes foretold a lady; we were therefore always certain of the sex of the arriving guest, and plenty of both sorts visited us this forenoon; none of them ostensibly to call on Arthur and me, the etiquette of Calcutta, like that of France, requiring the last importation to wait upon the older residents; but we could not help fancying that curiosity had some share in producing this influx, and Cary was vexed she had not desired the porter to keep the great gates closed, as then nobody would have thought of entering, that being understood to mean in the plainest manner 'Not at home:' a very good plan, saving both time and trouble. Arthur returned alone to luncheon, or *tiffin*, as we must call it here—a very substantial repast, served in the dining-room. We had cold meats, fowl very well dressed in a Burdwan stew, some native vegetables, not very good, several dishes of fruit, none of them agreeable to an unpractised taste, wine, and that delightful light bitter beer, cold as ice could make it, the most refreshing of all drinks in this climate—not that it is just now at all too hot. The sun is fierce enough in the middle of the day, and might then for a few hours annoy those much exposed to it, but the temperature within doors is very pleasant. The mornings and evenings are indeed rather cool, and the nights are cold, the thermometer on the landing, each time I have looked at it on my way to breakfast, was only 58 degrees. After tiffin, as we were sure of no more interruptions, nobody ever calling so late in the day, we busied ourselves with the contents of one trunk it had been represented we could not do without. I had packed it with a few essentials in case of any delay about the rest of our boxes, and I had also put into it some little presents from the family at home to Edward and Caroline. It contained also the little offerings of their children—copy-books, exercises, drawings, needleworks, gifts so precious to bereaved parents. Poor Cary! she carried them all off to her own apartments, jealous seemingly of any other eyes examining these treasures. She had questioned me minutely about everything concerning the little creatures over and over again, and she had listened with calm interest to my answers, but the sight of the children's handiworks overcame her. I did not meet her again till the seven o'clock dinner, and both she and Edward were quite subdued in spirits all the evening. We retired to bed at ten, the usual hour when there is no company, it being the custom to rise very early in the morning.

Warned by the interruptions of the day before, we were wise enough yesterday to close our gates, as we had a great deal of business to get through. All our

ship luggage arrived, not very much deranged by the uncereemonious unpacking and repacking which had been the amusement of the customhouse officers. Also, we had our establishment to arrange; for not only will no servants here wait on more than one master, but every master requires near a dozen servants to assist in attending on himself. The family domestics, therefore, numerous as they are, are useless to us; and so we have to hire a set of our own, moderate as must necessarily be our expenditure. This is no sort of annoyance to our hosts. All servants in this country are on board-wages: where or how they eat nobody seems to mind; they sleep either at their own homes or all about the house, as I have described to you; and those who attend at table follow their masters wherever these may happen to go, to wait on them at every house to which they may be invited. The wages are paid monthly, and are very small, though of course proportioned to the dignity of the different offices. For a few rupees, more or less, they all feed and dress themselves, and furnish their own bedding, receiving little beside their pay, except perhaps a new turban or cummerbund if the master be particular in desiring them to wear the colours of his home livery. Trifling as this sum is, it must be ample, as they are all married, and no women going to service here almost, or indeed doing much labour of any kind, on the husband's earning depends the whole support of the family. The only females in any house are the ayah, the *amah* or *dye*, who nurses the children, and the *matronee*, or low-caste waiting-maid.

19th.—We shall very soon have our retinue organized. For Arthur and me, who have, as you know, been accustomed to wait on ourselves, or we should not be now in the far East, to fight our way to fortune in this sultry land, the following train of attendants is considered requisite:—Arthur must have a personal servant, who, doing nothing more than help him to dress and undress, and take care of his clothes, must have two assistants, his mate, who works under him, and a *mehet*, or sweeper—a low-caste person; also a *dirjee*, or tailor, to make and mend: the valet, called a *sirdar*, is the chief of the bearers, or *punkah-wahlers*—literally, *punkah-pullers*; they would carry the palanquin if we had one, and they do all the lighter part of a housemaid's work—an easy enough task where there are neither grates, nor curtains, nor carpets, very little furniture, and the bed-making consisting only of turning a mattress, shaking a pillow, and laying a sheet smooth; they have also charge of the lamps, little glass cups filled with water, having some cocoa-nut oil poured on the top, and a wick set in them. We mean to do with one of these gentry, if we can manage it, at least till the time comes for using the *punkah*. We have also each of us a table attendant, or *kitmadgur*, and one *chuprassie*, or messenger. I must have an ayah to wait on me, and a *matronee*, or female sweeper, to wait on her; and I mean to do without a *dirjee*. Just add up all these attendants on a poor barrister and his wife visiting rich relations, who would be living at home with scarce a servant at all. There's a *dhohee* also, or two I believe, to wash our clothes, and a *bheestie*, who brings us all the water wanted. Such a suite sounds very grand; but really one good English maid would go through more work than all these poor creatures together, who sleep, and eat, and smoke, and gossip twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four.

Imagine the number of Caroline's servants. The *sirdar*, who is Edward's valet, his mate, four *punkah-wahlers*, the *dirjee*, *dhohee*, and sweeper, four *chuprassies*, or *hir-karrees*—they are called indifferently either—messengers, with their chief, or *jamaadar*, who wears a dagger with a tassel to it sticking in his cummerbund—a very great man indeed, devoted to the service of his lady, sitting always outside the drawing-room door, to announce visitors, by preceding them into the presence, and to deliver the messages to his followers, who carry them—a groom of the chambers in fact—three *kitmadgurs*, who wait at table, one of whom has charge of the wines and other

liquors, even helping the guests without interference, no other attendant ever being allowed to touch a decanter: he still goes by the old-fashioned name of *obdar*, for he still cools the wines, though not by the old tiresome saltpetre process, now quite superseded by the introduction of ice; then there is a cook and two assistants, a porter, a gardener, and four very splendid gentlemen in scarlet robes edged with gold lace, who carry long silver sticks in their hands, from whence their name of *choddar*. These ornamental appendages to the great men of the place are paid by the Company, and were originally employed only on state occasions, preceding the judges into court, or the other high officials into their offices; but it has grown into a habit to have two of them ever on duty, and to take one of them out with the carriage, even with the ladies of the great men when visiting. The head of this establishment is the *consomaun*, answering to our house-steward, on whom the whole management of the household devolves: he markets, hires the inferior servants, keeps the stores, the plate, and the weekly money. The stable is quite a separate affair: there are two coachmen, who do nothing but drive; a *syce*, or groom, to every horse; and grass-cutters, who have to hunt out and grub up the forage—grass roots—for no herbage is visible till the rains set in, which, with the addition of a small pea called *gram*, used instead of corn, constitutes the food of the horses. Before the children went home, there was a large train of servants kept for them. Besides Caroline's own ayah, and dirjee, and matrance, there was an attendant, male or female, for each child, according to its age, not sex; bearers to drag the little carriage in which the infants took their airings; a *syce* for each pony used by the elder ones; *dhobees*, *dirjee*, *bheesties*—all belonging exclusively to the upper storey where Arthur and I are now established, with very near as full a suite. Were it not for the *consomaun*, such a crew of idlers would be rather unmanageable; and as for selecting our portion out of such a poor-looking set as came to offer themselves, we could not have attempted it without his assistance.

The people in this part of Bengal are said to be physically and morally far below the general standard. Caroline's ayah looks down extremely on them. She is certainly active and intelligent beyond the rest; yet I hardly think much of the European blood can now remain amongst these descendants of the early Portuguese merchants. As for their religion, it would be still more difficult to trace any of the genuine gospel in the few traditions of it they retain, mixed up with much of the Mussulman's fatalism, and the superstitious devotion of the Hindoo to caste and custom. One or two of our servants are Mussulmans, a gentle people, more decent in appearance than the lower orders of Hindoos; much better dressed too; no naked portions of dark skin to shock English eyes: they all wear trousers, white or coloured as may be, but tight fitting; a long tunic of white cotton open at the breast, a turban, and a belt when in full dress, slippers when not in presence of their superiors. The *consomaun* is very handsomely dressed, as befits his superior station. The *punkah-wahlers*, or bearers, are nearly naked—just a cloth about the loins, and a turban: they all move like phantoms; not a footfall is ever heard; the bare sole treads soundless on the matted floor; the soft dress brushes noiseless against obstructions; there are no doors to shut; the low-toned voice is never obtrusive; they move slowly, never hurry, and they watch those they serve with such scrupulous anxiety, that when once accustomed to our ways, we very seldom have to ask for anything. I am not quite sure that I shall like this sort of forestalling of my inclinations. I felt inclined to rebel to-day at dinner, at ale having been brought to me at the same period of the repast as I had called for it yesterday; but the beseeching manner of my gentle flapper, the fat *kittandgur*, made me feel there would be unkindness in refusing him; so perhaps I have condemned myself to Abbott's pale ale during the

rest of our residence in India. We shall have our own servants to-morrow, when we may, I think, represent to them that we dislike what we call officiousness: the feelings of that fat, most civil waiter I could not have wounded.

## BARON REICHENBACH'S RESEARCHES.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

Of the two classes of sensations produced upon sensitive subjects by magnets, crystals, bodies of high chemical affinity, heat, light, electricity, chemical action, vital action, the human hand, and the heavenly bodies, we forbore in our last article to make special allusion to the second, or the sensations of luminosity which *odylic* bodies cause in a darkened room. Our reason was, that the author, although including the luminous phenomena in his earliest treatise, has devoted the subsequent treatise exclusively to this department of the subject, and has laid out systematically the results of his observations on each of the specific luminous appearances that showed themselves.

*The Odylic Glow.*—To the sensitive person, a magnet in the dark seems to glow with a feeble light, as if it were phosphorescent or heated; but the light seems quite different from any of the shades of heated iron. In its feeblest form it is a dull dark-gray; but as the intensity increases, it rises to whitish and yellowish, and generally assumes at the northward pole a bluish, and at the southward pole a reddish tint. The two colours of blue and red are as characteristic of the two *odylic* poles respectively as the cool and warm sensations; the blue corresponds to the cool agreeable sensation; and the red to the opposite sensation of warmth and discomfort. The action of other magnets greatly modifies the glow of the one specially made use of; and consequently the earth's magnetism has an influence, which comes out by varying the position of the magnet. The intensity of the light, as well as its colour, may be affected by extraneous *odylic* agents, in a manner depending on the action of those agents, which action may be either conspiring or conflicting. If the earth's magnetism be made to coincide with the magnetism of a bar, by placing the bar in a conformable position, or with its north end to the north, the colours will be made deeper; while in an opposite arrangement, the glow and colour become dull and turbid. When a horse-shoe magnet is closed by its armature, the glow of the curve is increased, and of the ends diminished; whereas an open magnet is always brightest at the ends. The intensity of the light and colour seems in all cases to be proportional to the intensity of the magnet. The same appearances are shown by crystals and the living hand.

*Odylic Flames.*—On this head the baron introduces his experiments in the following terms:—In the preceding experiments on the glow, the flames flowing from the magnetic poles followed everywhere the same course. This phenomenon forms the second degree in the scale of the *odylo-luminous* appearances, and consists in a light, which, to the more feebly sensitive, appears as a vague gleam over the poles, but which the more highly sensitive, according to the degree of their perceptive power, saw gradually passing into the aspect of a real flame, under which name they described it. There are magnets which exhibit the glow without the flame, but none which have the flame fail to exhibit the glow. The glow is always the first luminous appearance. I once had a horse-shoe, which had become so weak as not to carry its armature, but still retained perceptible traces of magnetism. I showed it to Mademoiselle Zinkel in the dark chamber, at a time when she was very highly sensitive to *odylic* light. She saw the whole magnet glowing, but could perceive over its poles no flame, only a feebly-luminous smoke. When the *odylic* intensity is increased, the flame is added. We are entitled to assume that the flame exists everywhere, but we can only speak of it where it becomes visible.

Out of many experiments on various sensitives, he selects as an example the following description by Mademoiselle Atzmansdorfer:—'Towards the end of summer, when she is generally better, she saw, on a weak bar magnet of twenty inches, flames little more than an inch in height. At the same time she saw, on the poles of a seven-bar horse-shoe, flames of eight inches high. Afterwards, when more sensitive, the largest of my magnets, a heavy horse-shoe of nine cast-steel bars, was placed before her in the dark. Although she did not know which magnet was used, she saw again, as she had done a year before, flames of fully five feet in height burning on both poles. They were so large, that when the poles were upwards, they rose, and united into a column of fire. She could see, by the somewhat different colours of the flames given out at the two poles, that this column was formed of two, the one yellowish-white, the other bluish; the former smaller than the latter. The whole dark chamber was so illuminated by them, that she could see in it the outlines of all objects. Between the limbs, which had a white odylie glow, she saw the whole space filled with threads of flame, and the outer surface of the steel enveloped all round in a fiery down, which undulated, and appeared to flow sometimes towards one pole, sometimes towards the other. At the planes of junction of the lamellæ, and at their edges and covers, where they form the poles, there were separate small flames flowing out laterally, and strongest on the outer corners, where they at last ended in sparks, which flew singly away.'

The author made a great number of observations on those flames, with a view to detect all their peculiarities. He describes the effects of the contact of the magnet with other magnets in all possible ways; but perhaps the most singular feature attending them is their upward motion and susceptibility to the breath. They can be blown or fanned about like a column of smoke. This would seem to indicate that they are some ponderable substance like air, or the illumination of a ponderable medium, either air or something that air can impel hither and thither. Whether or not it be illuminated air, can be tested by placing the magnets in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, which, as we shall afterwards see, was actually done.

The author makes the following practical application of the experiments regarding the odylie flames:—'In concluding these details concerning the odylie flame, I shall make one more practical application. It is a fable widely spread in Germany, and which has been often made by our dramatic poets the ground-work of the most striking scenes, that ghosts, witches, and devils, assemble for their hellish dance by night on the Blocksberg. Everything in the world, even such a fable as this, has a cause or origin in nature; and we can now see that this myth is not destitute of a natural foundation. It has long been known that high on the Brocken there are rocky summits which are strongly magnetic, and cause the needle to deviate. More minute investigation has proved that these rocks contain disseminated magnetic iron ore or lead-stone; as on the Ilsestein, the Schnarcher (Snorer), &c. The necessary consequence is, that they send out odylie flames. Now when persons of high perceptive powers for odylie light happened to come on such places in a dark night, as must often have been the case with hunters, charcoal-burners, poachers, woodcutters, &c. they necessarily saw, on all sides, delicate flames of different sizes and colours, flaming up from the rocks, and in the currents of air flickering hither and thither. Who could blame these persons, imbued no doubt with the superstitious feelings of their age, if they saw, under these circumstances, the devil dancing with his whole train of ghosts, demons, and witches? The revels of the Walpurgisnacht (the night which ushers in May-day) must now, alas! vanish, and give place to the sobrieties of science—science which, with her torch, dissipates one by one all the beautiful but dim forms evoked by phantasy.'

*Odylie Threads, Fibres, Down.*—Magnets, besides the

polar flames at their edges and solid angles, emit lights in the form of a fibrous down. Mademoiselle Atzmansdorfer saw, 'both in a nine-bar and in a seven-bar horse-shoe, the space between the limbs full of fibrous flames, and the whole surface of the magnet clothed in a fine fiery down.' 'These delicate emanations also exhibited colours. Mademoiselle Zinkel saw the down between the limbs of the simple horse-shoes, red on the one side, and blue on the other, playing into one another, so that the interior space had a variegated appearance. With compound horse-shoes, this was still more strongly marked, because each limb, from the stratification of colours in it, had both red and blue down, extending, within and without, from the poles to the curve.' The author observes with reference to the nature of this appearance:—'I do not regard these appearances as of a peculiar kind, but rather consider them as of the same nature with odylie flame generally. The cause of them probably lies in inequalities in the efflux from the minutest points of the surface of the magnets. Since we know that edges and solid angles give rise to stronger emanations, I think we are justified in concluding that finer inequalities may serve as points of efflux, and thus give rise to the formation of threads, fibres, and a downy form of light. They are locally concentrated currents of odyle in the general odylie current, blue from the negative, and red from the positive pole.'

*Odylie Smoke.*—'Mademoiselle Zinkel saw, in a series of experiments, to enumerate which would be tedious, on every magnet of any power the red flame passing into a thick, heavy, feebly luminous, reddish-yellow smoke, and the blue flame ending in a fine, ethereal, grayish-blue vapour. On smaller and simple horse-shoes, these cloudy emanations were from four inches to a foot or more in length; on the nine-bar magnet often as long as an arm, and when it had been strengthened, six and a-half feet long. Magnets of great intensity appeared to her, especially during the catamenia, covered near the poles with a thin vapour. Above the stratified flames of compound horse-shoes, she saw the smoke rise to the length of an arm. . . . In the presence of Mademoiselle Atzmansdorfer, and in the dark, I drew lines with phosphorus on paper, and showed her the luminous vapour arising from it, and also the effect of blowing on it. She assured me that it had the greatest resemblance to the odylie smoke, except in the intensity of its light, that of the odylie smoke being beyond comparison paler and feebler; it was also not so green, but more blue and reddish.'

The author is of opinion that the flame and smoke 'are perhaps only the same phenomenon, varying on the one hand in degrees of intensity, and on the other differently perceived according to the sensitiveness of observers, or in the same observer according to the more or less perfect development of his perceptive power, either from variations in his natural state, or from the effect of longer or shorter exposure of the eye to perfect darkness.'

*Odylie Scintillations.*—'The finest development of this phenomenon was seen by Mademoiselle Zinkel in a large electro-magnet, excited by the current from a powerful Smee's battery. Not only did the sparks fly out on all sides from the large variegated flame, but they formed a shower, or rather a stream, which rose constantly to the ceiling. They were so bright that she could not conceal her astonishment at my not being able also to see them. . . . The occurrence of this phenomenon, established as it is by the unanimous and uniform testimony of so many sensitives, both diseased and healthy, and confirmed by countless repetitions, admits of no doubt. I do not allow myself for the present to form any conjectures as to its nature, or even the relation which it bears to the other phenomena of magnetism or of odyle with which it is associated. I can here only establish the physical fact, as it actually presents itself to the eyes of the sensitive.'

The baron next goes on to detail the results of experiments upon the effect of the pressure of the atmosphere upon the different luminous appearances above described. By enclosing magnets in the receiver of an air-pump, and exhausting the receiver, he found that almost every form of the light became much brighter and stronger; the glow was more intense, and flames more brilliant. The smoke does not follow the same law; extreme rarefaction had the effect of causing it to disappear. Thus it would seem that magnets actually emit a ponderable effluvia, just as odorous bodies emit an effluvia of smell, but of an excessively thin and feeble character, requiring an exalted sensibility for its detection. There is thus suggested to us the existence of an entirely new property of matter, such as, if thoroughly cleared up, may throw light upon the parallel property of smell, which is not in all cases explained by the evaporation of volatile ingredients.

*Colours of Odylic Light.*—We cannot enter into the author's minute researches on this part of the subject, intended to prepare the way for the identification of the aurora with the odylic appearances. He found, on close examination, that the light at the poles of the magnet was not of a single colour, but an iris succession of colours more or less complete, one being predominant at each pole. He sums up the phenomena in their application to the aurora as follows:—'But now that we know, from the preceding researches, that flaming lights exist over magnetic poles larger than the magnets from which they flow; when we learn that these flaming appearances are movable, undulating, often moving in serpentine windings, like those of a ribbon agitated by the wind, becoming at every moment larger or smaller, shooting out rays, scintillating, variegated in colour, and often nebulous, vaporous, and cloud-like; when we find that with our breath we can cause it to flicker backwards and forwards; when we observe that it increases in a rapid ratio, in size, intensity, and brilliancy, in rarefied air; and lastly, when we see it followed at every step by the play of rainbow colours, &c. &c.—there remains hardly one essential mark of distinction between magnetic light and terrestrial polar light; unless we regard as such the difference of intensity and amount of light, in virtue of which the polar light is visible to every ordinary eye, the magnetic light only to the sensitive eye.'

The undulations and serpentine windings which the aurora borealis often displays, are, on the supposition of the identity of the two lights, naturally and simply explained by the motion of the wind, which causes the light of the earth to wave to and fro in more or less rarefied strata of air, precisely as our breath does with the odylic light of magnets. The constant alternations of greater and smaller size in the aurora, correspond exactly to the unsteadiness of the magnetic light in our experiments. The powerful light from great and undetermined heights in the atmosphere, observed by some travellers to lie higher than the higher clouds, agrees beautifully with our observations on the magnetic light in the exhausted receiver, where the odylic light increased strikingly in size and brilliancy under half of the ordinary atmospheric pressure. But the equally well-attested and even more numerous observations of other travellers, who have studied numerous polar lights with the most conscientious attention in the polar regions, to whom their height appeared very much less, and who often described them as luminous clouds, also harmonise perfectly with the nature of the odylic light of magnets. We have very frequently, in the course of these researches, met with the odylic phenomena of luminous nebula or vapours, flame-like smoke, or whatever name may be given to the varieties of this appearance. It also increased in strength under diminished pressure. This is the cause of the appearance of luminous clouds constantly rising, which render complete the parallel between the odylic light of magnets and the polar light of the earth.'

In connection with this part of the subject, an old

remark made by the Swedish philosopher Wilke deserves to be recalled to memory—namely, "that disturbances of the magnetic needle always precede the appearance and the motions of the aurora borealis." This, as we have seen, agrees most exactly with the phenomena of odylic light; for these always occur later and more slowly than the associated magnetic or electric effects, which are only followed by the odylic effects after an observable pause. The same facts which I have ascertained in my dark chamber were, therefore, many years ago noticed in the wide expanse of heaven by other observers.'

The editor has added a short appendix, in which he describes experiments made by himself, in corroboration of Baron Reichenbach's results. It is obviously desirable that the experiments should be repeated as much as possible; but we must bear in mind that they require all the nicety and precautions belonging to any other abstruse department of experimental research, and cannot be done justice to by the random attempts of unskilled curiosity and imperfect appliances.

### HOW TO LIVE IN LONDON ON A SMALL INCOME.

THERE have been many useful little books published within the few last years, under such titles as 'The Poor Gentleman,' and 'How to Live on Fifty Pounds a Year.' They profess to point out to persons of very straitened incomes how they may contrive to maintain an appearance of *outward respectability* on the slenderest means—on an income, in fact, very little superior to the ordinary, and far beneath that of the skilled, mechanic. I cannot help thinking, however, that most of these little books are to a certain extent *made up*, and not the result of real experience or even direct observation, because I find in some the various items of expenditure entirely disproportioned to the gross income, while in others they seem to fall short of what may be fairly appropriated to each charge. I, unfortunately, can write on this subject from experience, for it so happens that, having been, by unforeseen calamity, reduced from two thousand a year to a mere pittance, I have been compelled for a twelvemonth past to realise something like the very problem involved in the second title above quoted. I am now, in short, a poor gentleman. If the reader chooses to listen for a brief space to my story, I think he will be informed of the chief arrangements actually required to maintain a respectable existence on the scale in question.

Having come to the metropolis in hope of procuring some employment, about the spring of last year, I secured a very pleasant furnished lodging, in the best part of Notting Hill, at 6s. a week. My domicile consisted of a small sitting-room and bedroom, not quite so lofty or spacious as apartments would generally be in *Belgravia*, but sufficiently large and airy to answer my purpose. Bed and table linen, and attendance at breakfast, the only meal I took at home, were included in the rent. The literary pursuits in which I shortly became engaged fully occupied the day. I may here remark with what pleasure I became in a little time aware of the ample resources which are at the command of the poor student in London. Independent of our splendid National Library at the British Museum, there are two others—that of Sion College, and Dr Williams's in Red Cross Street—which contain very valuable collections of books. There is also for the Oriental scholar an excellent library at the East India House; and all these, by the liberality of the trustees or directors, are easily accessible to any respect-

able person. Previous to the setting in of winter, I removed to a comfortable lodging in a very airy street, in the vicinity of Leicester Square, paying for a bedroom, with attendance as before, 6s. 6d. a-week. My days passed away cheerfully, for my mind being fully occupied, had no leisure to turn inwards, and reflect on the vicissitudes I had experienced. The labours of the day over, I repaired to the Whittington Club, to partake of a frugal dinner, followed by coffee, after which the remainder of the evening till midnight was generally passed in the reading or drawing-room of the club.

I will now proceed to detail my weekly expenditure, which has, from stern necessity, been confined within such narrow limits as not to admit, even in the extreme rigour of winter, of a fire in my room to breakfast by. But although at first this comfort is missed, it is surprising how soon one becomes accustomed to the want.

Lodgings, including cleaning of shoes, - - -	s. d.
Breakfasts (tea, sugar, milk, butter, and bread), -	7 1
Dinners (coffee, and biscuits), - - -	5 6
Washing, - - - - -	1 2
	15 11

Being per annum, L.39, 6s. 6d.

Sundays being always passed with some friends, I have not included in my expenses, though I should on this account put down occasionally a sixpence for a bus; nor have I set down anything for wearing apparel, for, being possessed of a good stock of all descriptions of clothes, I have not had occasion during the twelve-months to expend more than a pound in this way. What I have given above is actually and *bonâ fide* a true return of my personal expenditure; and it will, I think, prove what can be done, when the exigency of the case requires it, by a determined course of the most stringent and rigorous economy, and by the unwearied exercise of self-denial and uncomplaining patience.

I am sensible, however, that it is on much too limited a scale for a young person with a moderately good appetite, nor would I recommend it to such a one, as, unless compelled thereto by dire necessity, it would be inconsistent with the generous feelings of youth, and would, if indulged in, necessarily lead to mean and miserly habits, which I am the last to hold up to imitation. But I will proceed to offer what I consider to be a tolerably fair estimate for a bachelor, who is compelled only to live frugally, not narrowly. As a necessary preliminary, without which all the rest is mere moonshine, I will suppose him, either from the sharp spur of adversity, or from having been originally condemned to narrow means, to have acquired that self-discipline, and those fixed habits of self-control, which will enable him to submit cheerfully to his lot. I believe that the following scale will suffice for a person of limited means and of moderate desires; and if he should not consider it enough, London is just the place where, in some way or other, by the exercise of his wits, he may generally find the means of adding to it:—

Lodgings per week, - - - - -	s. d.
Plain breakfasts, - - - - -	6 6
Dinners (tea or coffee, and biscuit), - - -	9 0
Washing, cleaning boots, &c. - - -	2 6
Pocket-money, - - - - -	5 0

L.1 5 8

Per annum, L.66, 6s.

The list of prices for breakfast and dinner are those of the minimum class at the Whittington Club; but should it not suit a person's taste or inclination to join that institution, he can live for nearly the same money at any respectable eating or coffeehouse; and the two guineas which he would have to pay as an annual subscription to the club will about pay the fees to waiters, &c. I have not made any allowance for wine, beer, or spirits, as they are scarcely attainable, where the income is very limited, without the sacrifice of something more essential. I can only say for myself that, after having been in the habit of taking a moderate quantity of wine,

I never enjoyed better health, and, as I think, more even spirits, than since I have been obliged to drink plain water; and as a proof that fermented liquors do not render a person more capable of undergoing any extra fatigue, I will mention that I am sometimes in the habit of walking from seven to eight or nine miles without feeling any inconvenience.

It may be some consolation to those who either have met with, or expect, reverses of fortune, to know that I can now, from personal experience, solemnly assert that I am a much more contented, and consequently a much happier man, than when I was in comparative affluence. I will suppose that a young man is not without some friends, or probably relatives, in this great metropolis. In such a case I would recommend him not to be too eager to jump at every invitation to dinner, &c. He will best preserve his independence, and be a more welcome guest at other times, by occasionally declining to avail himself of the proffered hospitality. At the same time there are many little services which he may derive from worthy acquaintance; and, as it occurs to me at the moment, I would advise him to be directed in the choice of a laundress by some respectable family to whom he may be known. Both in the prices charged, and the manner in which his linen is attended to, he will find the advantage of this hint. Estimating an income at barely a hundred a year, I think the margin I have left, of upwards of thirty pounds, will, at the present extremely moderate prices of every article of dress, be found sufficient for that branch of necessities. A person who aims only at appearing gentlemanly, will be more likely to secure real and desirable friends, than by aiming at finery, which he must procure either by contracting debts, or pinching himself in some more requisite expense. In the play of the 'Poor Gentleman' there are some admirable remarks on the *meanness* of incurring debts which a person knows he cannot calculate on honestly discharging, and the loss of that independence and peace of mind which assuredly awaits the embarrassed man. I would advise that the bill for lodgings, &c. &c. should be settled weekly, and that purchases of every kind should be made for *ready money*, which will be found, on the average, to involve a saving of from 20 to 25 per cent.—no small consideration to a man to whom we will suppose every shilling has its value. If a person has a fixed employment, he will of course have his time fully occupied; if he has not, he need not be wholly idle. Books and study should form a part of the daily distribution of his time. Although public amusements must be but sparingly partaken of, they need not be wholly eschewed. The Amphitheatre at the Haymarket, the boxes at the suburban theatres, and the pit at the minor ones, are all at the same price (two shillings). London abounds with places of worship of all denominations, and at many of these there are free sittings. St Paul's and Westminster Abbey will rise to every mind, as places where the beautiful cathedral service is admirably performed. The musical parts of the ordinary service are also presented very beautifully by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, at the Hanover Square Chapel, and by a full choir at St Mark's, Clerkenwell, at the church in Wales Street, and at St Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Before concluding these brief remarks, I will advert to a subject which I deem to be of paramount importance to all persons whose incomes are of a very restricted nature. I will simply premise that I have no wish to 'write up' the Whittington Club; nor, indeed, does it stand in need of such support. The public are gradually becoming acquainted with its merits, as is evinced by the number of members—now about 1900—who support it. What I have simply to remark is, that the varied and rational character of the amusements offered by this club, for the very moderate subscription of two guineas per annum, seems to render it a very suitable resting-place for the poor gentleman. I will just go through the weekly list, merely stating that in the three

summer months—from June to September, when persons are more disposed to breathe the pure air out of doors—some, but not all, of these are suspended:—

On Monday Evenings,

... Tuesday ...

... Wednesday ...

... Thursday ...

... Friday ...

... Saturday ...

Class for Historic and Dramatic Literature.

Music, Dancing, and Conversation.

Discussion Class for subjects of general interest.

A Lecture, generally by some eminent professor.

French Elocution Class.

English Elocution Class.

With the exception of the historic and dramatic class, the subscription to which is 2s. 6d. per quarter, the whole of the entertainments enumerated in this list are free to every member of the club who may choose to attend. In addition to these, a monthly concert of vocal and instrumental music is given on Monday evenings by the amateurs of the club, assisted occasionally by a few professionals, and which may fairly challenge comparison with most amateur performances. There are two reading-rooms, amply supplied with numerous London and provincial journals, French and German papers, five quarterly journals, and all the most popular weekly and monthly magazines, papers, and serials. To the man not overburdened with money, the advantage of good fires and well-lighted rooms will suggest itself.

I have now performed my task. But before I bid adieu, let me urge you, gentle reader, if you are living on a slender income, without any regular employment, to devote some hours of every day to the perusal of such books as may be most congenial to your taste. Whatever you do, do not waste the whole of your time in listless indolence. If you are young and active, cricket, rowing, fives, football, &c. may vary your more solid occupations; but the mind requires to be exercised, to prevent its relapsing into the morbid condition so beautifully described in that touching passage—'My soul is weary of my life: I will leave my complaint upon myself: I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.'

#### A. HUNTER'S LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.\*

SOME years ago the London public were edified by the exploits of an amateur thief-catcher, who was accustomed to sit in wait for rogues as rogues lie in wait for true men. No sooner was a robbery detected, than off he set in pursuit, heading the police like a greyhound, and tearing down his prey before anybody else could come up. This virtuous individual was the son of a baronet; and all the account he could give of his motives was, that in devoting his time and thoughts to the capture of depredators, he merely obeyed an instinct. This was a curious instance of that oddly-directed enthusiasm which receives the name of hobby or monomania, according to the disposition of the observer; but it was a very insignificant aberration from the beaten path compared with the Nimrod-ic passion which haunts the mind of Mr Roualeyn Gordon Cumming of Altyre.

We know that many gentlemen, who look with disgust upon the trade of a butcher, take excessive delight in stealing upon the solitude of a deer, and slaughtering him before he has time to fly; and we know that in India, and other foreign countries, there is nothing considered so exhilarating as one of those tiger hunts by which the tedium of intertropical life is occasionally broken. But to turn into a profession the stalking deer and combating beasts of prey—to abandon, for the sake of the indulgence, the comforts and decencies of civilised life, submitting to hunger and thirst, heat and

cold, and herding with savages and wild animals, and all for many years at a stretch—is surely the very sublime of eccentricity. Salmon-fishing and roe-stalking were the amusements of Mr Cumming's boyhood in the wilds of Morayshire. Then he joined his regiment in India, landing at the Cape to enjoy a bang at the smaller antelopes in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. After hunting for some time in India, he returned in bad health to stalk deer in the Scottish forests; but tiring of the tameness of the sport, he obtained a commission in the Royal Veteran Newfoundland Companies, looking upon it as a license to shoot in the hunting-grounds of the Far West. Disappointed in this view of his commission, he exchanged into the Cape Riflemen, and popped at quails for some time in the country of the Amapoonda Caffres. There was no man-shooting, however, to be had for love or money, the savages being villanously quiet; and he at length made up his mind to sell out of the army for good and all, and declare war on his own account against the wild beasts of the interior.

The expedition he fitted out on what the small sportsmen of this country would consider a princely scale, although he subsequently added greatly to its magnitude—having at one time three enormous wagons drawn by twelve oxen each, with a suitable number of native servants, horses, and provisions in proportion. His 'sinews of war' were neither money nor bank-notes, but goods of different kinds, such as cheap guns and beads, to barter with the natives; for Mr Cumming had an eye to the main chance as well as to sporting and natural history, and was determined to bring home not only a cabinet of prepared specimens, but a cargo of elephants' tusks. All being ready, he set forth into the wilderness, and startled the wild clans with the apparition of a hunter such as they had never seen, and probably never will see again.

On went the wagons, tearing through forests, where the axe was frequently obliged to pioneer their way—over swamps and rocks, across hills and deserts—

'Thorough brake, thorough brier,  
Thorough muck, thorough mire,  
Thorough water, thorough fire!'

At their head, with his rifle over his shoulder, was the master-hunter, a tall, stout man of fourteen stone, dressed in a Highland kilt and wide-awake hat, with a long beard hanging upon his breast, and his arms naked to the shoulder. Sometimes he met with a Boer as solitary as himself, encamped in the wild, in a small tent, and surrounded by his flocks and herds; but as the renown of his exploits spread abroad, he was himself followed by families of the Caffre tribes, to the number of from one to two hundred men. 'These men were often accompanied by their wives and families; and when an elephant, hippopotamus, or other large animal was slain, all hands repaired to the spot, when every inch of the animal was reduced to biltongue—namely, cut into long narrow strips, and hung in festoons upon poles, and dried in the sun; even the entrails were not left for the vultures and hyenas, and the very bones were chopped to pieces with their hatchets to obtain the marrow, with which they enriched their soup.'

Besides the Caffres, our adventurer provided liberally for the birds and beasts of prey which assembled to dispute with him the carcass of his quarry. The black and white carrion crows came first, and then the vultures; and warned by the voice of the latter, the jackals sneaked out of their holes from far and near, and all

\* *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa, &c.* By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1880.

crowded round the feast. But the jackals occasionally made their appearance in better time, and actually assisted him to capture his prey. 'In the more distant hunting-lands of the interior it sometimes happens that the lion assists the sportsman in a similar manner with the larger animals; and though this may appear like a traveller's story, it is nevertheless true, and instances of the kind happened both to myself and to Mr Oswell of the Honourable East India Company's Service, a dashing sportsman, and one of the best hunters I ever met, who performed two hunting expeditions into the interior. Mr Oswell and a companion were one day galloping along the shady banks of the Limpopo, in full pursuit of a wounded buffalo, when they were suddenly joined by three lions, who seemed determined to dispute the chase with them. The buffalo held stoutly on, followed by the three lions, Oswell and his companion bringing up the rear. Very soon the lions sprang upon the mighty bull, and dragged him to the ground, when the most terrific scuffle ensued. Mr Oswell and friend then approached, and opened their fire upon the royal family; and as each ball struck the lions, they seemed to consider it was a poke from the horns of the buffalo, and redoubled their attentions to him. At length the sportsmen succeeded in bowling over two of the lions, upon which the third, finding the ground too hot for him, made off.'

The native followers, too, assisted sometimes in the chase which fed them; but they sponged without shame upon other hunters of the wilderness, such as the wild dogs. These animals hunt the antelope in packs, the evolutions of which appear to be regulated by what might seem a kind of language, so different are the tones in which their various calls are made. They are unable to crack the larger bones of the prey; and when the natives have the good fortune to be beforehand with the hyenas (which do not come out before sunset) in finding the remains of their meal, they seize greedily upon the marrow-bones, and devour their contents raw. There is another denizen of the wild who depends upon the prowess of his neighbours, being unable to do anything himself but point the way to the prize. This is the honey-bird. 'This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light-gray colour, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild-bees' nest. Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveller, endeavouring by various wiles to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward in a wavy course in the direction of the bees' nest, alighting every now and then, and looking back to ascertain if the traveller is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree, or deserted white ants' hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighbouring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil.' The honey-bird, however, is not to be trusted without caution; for sometimes—through misconception, it is to be charitably supposed—instead of leading to a deposit of honey, it lands the unwary pursuer in the mid-day retreat of a lion, or the den of a crouching panther. Our author once followed this equivocal ally to the banks of a river, and to his great surprise found that his introduction was to be to an enormous crocodile.

The adventurer's first shot of any consequence was at a springbok—a species of antelope so called from the extraordinary bounds it takes into the air when pursued. 'They bound to the height of ten or twelve feet with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball, clearing at each spring from twelve to fifteen feet of ground, without apparently the slightest exertion. In performing the spring, they appear for an instant as if suspended in the air, when down come all four feet again together, and striking the plain, away they soar again, as if about to take flight.' These animals in their migrations are

compared to swarms of locusts. 'I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching slowly and steadily along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the north-east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the fore chest of my wagon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and wonderful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills in one unbroken compact phalanx. At length I saddled up, and rode into the middle of them with my rifle and after-riders, and fired into the ranks until fourteen had fallen, when I cried "enough!" On another occasion 'some hundreds of thousands of springboks were within his vision' on a single plain; but an old Boer told him that the sight was nothing to what he had seen. "You this morning," he remarked, "behold only one flat covered with springboks, but I give you my word that I have ridden a long day's journey over a succession of flats covered with them, as far as I could see, as thick as sheep standing in a fold."

The oryx, or gemsbok, a much rarer antelope, attracted our author's special admiration. It has the erect mane, long, sweeping, black tail, and general appearance of the horse, with the head and hoofs of an antelope; but the grand peculiarity of the animal is its entire independence of water, which Mr Cumming believes it never tastes. Well would it have been for the hunter if he too had been destitute of the sense of thirst! In his chase of the interesting prey, he lost himself in the wilderness, and suffered frightfully from the want of water. Night came on, and he lay down in the open plain to sleep, with no other clothes on his person than a shirt and a pair of knee-breeches. Shivering with cold, and almost frantic with thirst, he thus lay in the howling waste till morning. The marauding Bushmen depend for safety in the aridity of the deserts they have to cross on their forays upon the Boers and Caffres. The drier the season is, the more energetic are these pedestrian warriors, each of whom conceals for his own use, at regular intervals along the track, a supply of water in ostrich eggs; and knowing that he can only be pursued on horseback, feels secure in the inability of such animals to do without the like refreshment. The Bushmen, too, in driving away a spoil of cattle, travel night as well as day, while their mounted enemies lose the track if they advance after the sun goes down.

The ostrich, whose eggs are thus turned to so important a use, becomes itself the certain prey of the Bushman, if he has only the good-fortune to stumble upon its nest; for he ensconces himself within the ample precincts, and awaits patiently the return of the unconscious proprietor. At other times he clothes himself in the skin of one of these birds, and stalks about the plain like one of themselves, till he is near enough for a poisoned arrow to do its work.

Another species of antelope, a wildebeest, exhibited an extraordinary instance of public virtue when our adventurer, concealed near a pond, was on the watch for a shot at its friends. This was an old-gentleman wildebeest, who, chancing to discover the retreat of the hunter, established himself as sentry over him, keeping just beyond rifle-range, and driving away each troop of his fellows as they advanced to drink. But at length there approached a bevy of lady wildebeests, who, with the heedlessness of their sex, only tossed their pretty heads at the warning of the Mentor, and came bounding on. The old gentleman was desperate. He entirely forgot the prudential rule he had laid down for himself; and coming within range, he received from the vindictive hunter a shot which made him dart off at full speed,

and leave the dangerous and endangered sex to their fate.

On another occasion Mr Cumming fell asleep in his lair, after having discharged both barrels of his rifle, and was awakened by a dream of lions. 'I awoke with a sudden start, uttering a loud shriek. I could not for several seconds remember in what part of the world I was, or anything connected with my present position. I heard the rushing of light feet, as of a pack of wolves, close on every side of me, accompanied by the most unearthly sounds. On raising my head, to my utter horror I saw on every side nothing but savage wild dogs, chattering and growling. On my right and on my left, and within a few paces of me, stood two lines of these ferocious-looking animals, cocking their ears and stretching their necks to have a look at me; while two large troops, in which there were at least forty of them, kept dashing backwards and forwards across my wind within a few yards of me, chattering and growling with the most extraordinary volubility. Another troop of wild dogs were fighting over the wildebeest I had shot, which they had begun to devour. On beholding them, I expected no other fate than to be instantly torn to pieces and consumed. I felt my blood curdling along my cheeks, and my hair bristling on my head. However, I had presence of mind to consider that the human voice and a determined bearing might overawe them; and accordingly, springing to my feet, I stepped on to the little ledge surrounding the hole, where, drawing myself up to my full height, I waved my large blanket with both hands, at the same time addressing my savage assembly in a loud and solemn manner. This had the desired effect: the wild dogs removed to a more respectful distance, barking at me something like collies. Upon this I snatched up my rifle, and commenced loading, and before this was accomplished, the entire pack had passed away, and did not return.'

This conclusion, however, does not satisfy the reader's sense of justice, for ambush-fighting is never respectable. Our author, however, is of opinion that animals are made to be torn to pieces. In describing the horrible suffering of a noble gnou, which was destroyed by wild dogs, he says pathetically, 'Poor old bull! I could not help commiserating his fate. It is melancholy to reflect that, in accordance with the laws of nature, such scenes of pain must ever be occurring; one species, whether inhabiting earth, air, or ocean, being produced to become the prey of another. At night I watched the water, with fairish moonlight, and shot a large spotted hyena.' On another occasion he succeeded in slaughtering a fine white female rhinoceros, which reeled with the last shot, spouting torrents of blood from her mouth and wounds, and screaming as she died. One can scarcely imagine a human being feeling pleasure in such a sight as this; but we must make some allowance for those who go so far beyond the sound of Sabbath bells, and enter into such wild warfare. When Mr Cumming saw groups of vultures gathering over another part of the forest, and knew that it was for the obsequies of an eland—the most magnificent of the antelope tribe, larger than an ox—which he had mortally wounded in the morning, while tears trickled from the creature's large dark eyes, his satisfaction appears to have been at its height. 'That night I slept beneath the blue and starry canopy of heaven. My sleep was light and sweet, and no rude dreams or hankering cares disturbed the equanimity of my repose!'

The rhinoceros above-mentioned, unfortunately for her, was unattended by her guardian angel—the rhinoceros-bird. This little creature warns the huge animal of the approach of enemies, by uttering in his ear a harsh grating cry. 'I have often hunted a rhinoceros on horseback, which led me a chase of many miles, and required a number of shots before he fell, during which chase several of these birds remained by the rhinoceros to the last. They reminded me of mariners on the deck of a bark sailing on the ocean, for they perched along the back and sides; and as each of my bullets told on

the shoulder of the rhinoceros, they ascended about six feet into the air, uttering their harsh cry of alarm, and then resumed their position.' It sometimes happened that the lower branches of trees, under which the rhinoceros passed, swept them from their living deck, but they always recovered their former station; they also adhere to the rhinoceros during the night. I have often shot these animals at midnight when drinking at the fountains, and the birds, imagining they were asleep, remained with them till morning, and on my approaching, before taking flight, they exerted themselves to their utmost to awaken Chukuroo from his deep sleep.' The source of their interest in the rhinoceros is in the ticks and other insects that swarm upon his skin.

Another huge mammal, the hippopotamus, appears, from our author's account, to be pretty nearly as harmless and respectable an animal in his native rivers as the individual in Regent Park. He attacked three at once, and after wounding the one he selected, a female, dashed into the waters after her up to the armpits. But the slaughter of the poor helpless brute is too disgusting a story for our readers, and is one of the numerous instances of bad taste afforded by the book. This was a huge creature, five feet broad across the belly. The only difficulty in this kind of sporting arose from the enormous weight of the animals. The river in one portion of the route seemed to be alive with the unwieldy creatures, wallowing in the water in droves of twenty or thirty at a time. The crocodile appears to live on good terms with his scarcely less amphibious neighbours; and our author was astonished at the great size of the former, one individual appearing to be 16 or 18 feet long, with a body as thick as an ox. 'The next minute, one of them popping up his terrible head in the middle of the stream, I made a beautiful shot, and sent a ball through the middle of his brains. At first he sank for an instant to the shot, but instantly striking the bottom with his tail, he shot up above the water, when he struggled violently, sometimes on his back, and then again on his belly, with at one time his head and fore-feet above the water, and immediately after his tail and hind-legs, the former lashing the water with a force truly astounding. Clouds of sand accompanied him in all his movements, the strong stream carrying him along with it, till at length the struggle of death was over, and he sank to rise no more.'

An adventure with a snake—for nothing came amiss to our hunter—is illustrated by an engraving, in which his Caffre servant is seen with the creature's tail over his shoulder, and Mr Cumming grasping its body, and with his foot against a rock for purchase, as they are endeavouring to drag their prey from the hole in which he has taken refuge. The serpent is 14 feet long, and proportionably thick, and both men are unarmed. When they succeed in extricating him, he 'springs at them like an arrow,' and 'snaps with his horrid fangs' within a foot of the hunters' naked legs; but Mr Cumming merely slips out of his way, and picking up a green bough, belabours him with it till he at length kills him. St George's adventure with the dragon was nothing to this, either as regards the fearlessness of the knight or the marvellousness of the event.

The camelopard is another of our author's familiar acquaintances, and we are glad to turn to him from such strange bedfellows as snakes and crocodiles. This gigantic animal is usually found in herds of sixteen, although Mr Cumming sometimes saw thirty, and even forty, in one company. 'These herds are composed of giraffes of various sizes, from the young giraffe of 9 or 10 feet in height, to the dark chestnut-coloured old bull of the herd, whose exalted head towers above his companions, generally attaining to a height of upwards of 18 feet. The females are of lower stature, and more delicately formed, than the males, their height averaging from 16 to 17 feet. Some writers have discovered ugliness and a want of grace in the giraffe, but I consider that he is one of the most strikingly beautiful animals in the creation; and when a herd of them is

seen scattered through a grove of the picturesque parasol-topped acacias which adorn their native plains, and on whose uppermost shoots they are enabled to browse by the colossal height with which nature has so admirably endowed them, he must indeed be slow of conception who fails to discover both grace and dignity in all their movements.' The giraffe resembles much the trunk of a blasted tree. 'I have repeatedly been in doubt as to the presence of a troop of them, until I had recourse to my spyglass; and on referring the case to my savage attendants, I have known even their optics to fail, at one time mistaking these dilapidated trunks for camelopards, and again confounding real camelopards with these aged veterans of the forest.' In his first encounter with these noble animals he rode into the herd, and shot repeatedly at the one he selected, confronting her, bringing her to a stand, and firing within a few yards' distance. Still she did not fall; and dismounting from his horse, 'while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me,' he completed the murder with a bullet through her neck. The buffalo is an antagonist of another kidney. On one occasion, when hard hunted, 'he had recourse to a singular stratagem. Doubling round some thick bushes which obscured him from our view, he found himself beside a small pool of rain-water, just deep enough to cover his body; into this he walked, and, facing about, lay gently down, and awaited our oncoming, with nothing but his old gray face and massive horns above the water, and these concealed from view by rank overhanging herbage. Our attention was entirely engrossed with the spoor, and thus we rode boldly on until within a few feet of him, when, springing to his feet, he made a desperate charge after Ruyter, uttering a low stifled roar peculiar to buffaloes (somewhat similar to the growl of a lion), and hurled horse and rider to the earth with fearful violence.'

Elephant-hunting, it would appear from our adventurer's report, is by no means the dangerous service it is commonly supposed to be. 'The elephant entertains an extraordinary horror of man, and a child can put a hundred of them to flight by passing at a quarter of a mile to windward; and when thus disturbed, they go a long way before they halt. It is surprising how soon these sagacious animals are aware of the presence of a hunter in their domains. When one troop has been attacked, all the other elephants frequenting the district are aware of the fact within two or three days, when they all forsake it, and migrate to distant parts, leaving the hunter no alternative but to inspan his wagons, and remove to fresh ground.' When urged to departure, however, by the hunter, the animal is dangerous. Mr Cumming having wounded a female elephant, dismounted from his horse to try the effect of another shot at forty yards. His horse, however, had less presence of mind than his master. 'Colesberg was extremely afraid of the elephants, and gave me much trouble, jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I let fly; but on endeavouring to regain my saddle, Colesberg declined to allow me to mount; and when I tried to lead him, and run for it, he only backed towards the wounded elephant. At this moment I heard another elephant close behind, and on looking about, I beheld the "friend," with uplifted trunk, charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting, and following an old black pointer named Schwartz, that was perfectly deaf, and trotted along before the enraged elephant, quite unaware of what was behind him. I felt certain that she would have either me or my horse. I, however, determined not to relinquish my speed, but to hold on by the bridle. My men, who of course kept at a safe distance, stood agape with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was certainly not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephants, and just as they were upon me, I managed to spring into the saddle, where I was safe. As I turned my back to mount, the elephants were so very near, that I really expected to feel one of their

trunks lay hold of me. I rode up to Kleinboy for my double-barrelled two-grooved rifle; he and Isaac were pale, and almost speechless with fright. Returning to the charge, I was soon once more alongside, and firing from the saddle, I sent another brace of bullets into the wounded elephant.' On horseback Mr Cumming never felt himself in the slightest danger. The elephant charged his enemy, but after a short run, saw that pursuit was hopeless, and as soon as he stopped, the hunter fired again. There is, in fact, much sameness in the accounts our author gives us of this kind of sport, and one is inclined to think that, after the first excitement is over, an elephant-hunt must be a slow affair.

The fat of the elephant is a great luxury to the Caffres. It 'lies in extensive layers and sheets in his inside, and the quantity which is obtained from a full-grown bull in high condition is very great. Before it can be obtained, the greater part of the bowels must be removed. To accomplish this, several men eventually enter the immense cavity of his inside, where they continue mining away with their assagais, and handing the fat to their comrades outside until all is bare.' But before this mining process 'the rough outer skin is first removed in large sheets from the side which lies uppermost. Several coats of an under skin are then met with. This skin is of a tough and pliant nature, and is used by the natives for making water-bags, in which they convey supplies of water from the nearest vley or fountain (which is often ten miles distant) to the elephant. They remove this inner skin with caution, taking care not to cut it with the assagai, and it is formed into water-bags by gathering the corners and edges, and transfixing the whole on a pointed wand. The flesh is then removed in enormous sheets from the ribs, when the hatchets come into play, with which they chop through and remove individually each colossal rib.' The flesh is cut into ribbons, and hung up in the sun for two or three days to dry into 'biltongue.'

The lion-fights are numerous, and one or two of them exciting. The hunter had followed a lioness until she at length turned to bay, and advanced upon her enemy. 'Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her.' I knelt on one side, and taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws. . . . When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and elewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse.' This is a fair example of the lion stories; but on one occasion, when the adventurer was passing the night by the side of a fire made in the wood, one of his Hottentots, whose restingplace was at some little distance, was carried off and partly devoured by a lion. This is the only casualty of the kind mentioned in the book; and with so many encounters, the circumstance is not the least remarkable thing in it.

Upon the whole, there is not so much variety in these anecdotes of woodland warfare as might have been expected; but the book will doubtless enjoy a considerable currency among the Nimrods at home. Mr Cumming returned to this country with a large quantity of ivory, and many specimens of natural history, now exhibiting in London. Two or three months ago he visited Edinburgh, and thinking proper to parade our

streets in the costume he had worn in the desert, he was of course an object of considerable interest to the idle class of the inhabitants—and to the police.

### ALIMENTARY REGIMEN.

A PAPER under the above title has recently been read before the French Academy of Sciences by M. de Gasparin, who presents it as the result of long and serious inquiry into the condition of the working population. The subject is one that cannot fail to be interesting wherever large masses of population have to be fed, and nowhere more so than in England. The author discusses the question of changing circumstances, and shows that people do not always live better as their money-condition improves: he instances the inhabitants of central France as a case in point; and there are districts in this country where the same would apply. He insists on the necessity for azotised food, and institutes comparisons of various dietaries. Throughout France the average proportion of azote in food may be taken as from 20 to 26 grammes—about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an ounce. He then continues:—“A remarkable fact which I met with on our Belgian frontier, presents to us another mode of economy exercised upon regimen, even where the supply of alimentary substances is very small. The mining population of the environs of Charleroi have resolved this problem: to nourish themselves completely, preserve health, and great vigour of muscular strength, upon a diet with less than half of the nutritive principles of that indicated by observation in the rest of Europe.” The distinctive fact appears to be the habitual use of coffee at every meal. “On rising in the morning, the workman makes what he calls his coffee: it is a very weak infusion of coffee and chicory mixed in about equal proportions. This drink, to which a tenth of milk is added, constitutes almost entirely the liquid part of the alimentation. Before going to work, the miner takes a good demi-litre (rather more than half pint) of this coffee, and eats a large slice of white bread with butter. He carries with him to the mine similar buttered slices, and a tin bottle, which holds at most a litre of coffee: this food is consumed by him during the day. In the evening, on going home, he eats potatoes dressed with cabbage or some other green vegetable, and finishes this repast with another slice of bread and butter and a cup of his coffee.

“All the workmen examined during the inquiry state that they eat a loaf in two days. These loaves weigh about 4 lbs., which gives 2 lbs. per day. They eat meat only on Sundays and festival days, and on those days drink 2 litres of beer. Their bread is always white, and of good quality; but it is only a few privileged workmen who eat meat on other days of the week: the exception is very rare. The quantity of butter consumed may be reckoned at 2 ounces per day, and that of coffee and chicory at 1 ounce each also daily. The portion of potatoes and other vegetables cooked together and eaten in the evening is at most 1½ lbs. During the week the workman drinks neither beer nor any other fermented liquor: coffee is his only beverage.”

After tabulating these quantities, M. de Gasparin continues:—“It is thus to 15 grammes (about half an ounce) of azote instead of 23 that the albuminous substance which enters into the ration of the Belgian miners is reduced. This nourishment is still inferior to that of the most austere religious orders imposed by mortification. I have studied and analysed the diet of the monks of La Trappe at Aiguebelle. Their pale

complexion, slow walk, the unimportant mechanical labour to which they are subjected, and which the labourers of the country estimate at not a fifth of theirs; all show that their alimentation is at a minimum in the circumstances in which they are placed. Yet it contains 15 grammes of azote, and 402 grammes of carbon, or of hydrogen reduced to six equivalents of carbon.

“The nutriment of these miners is inferior also to that of the prisoners in our central houses of detention, whose mechanical labour is almost nil, resolving itself into easy movements of the arms, which require more of attention and skill than of strength. Their daily diet contains more than 16 grammes of azote and 475 of carbon.

“Now it must be added that the miner, whose diet is apparently as poor as we have described it, is a most energetic workman; that when French miners—those of Anzin for example, who nourish themselves much more abundantly—attempt to work in the Charleroi mines, they are soon compelled to withdraw, not being able to keep pace with the Belgian workman in the execution of his task.

“It is to the coffee alone that we can attribute this possibility of contenting themselves with a diet which children would find insufficient; and it is not a question here of nutritious substance, for the analysis demonstrates that the coffee constitutes no more than 1-35th of the nutritious properties of the aliment. It has thus other properties of which careful account must be taken.

“Does it complete the digestive function?—does it provoke a more complete assimilation of the aliments?—or perhaps it retards the mutation of those organs which do not then require so great a consumption of material for their maintenance or support? On this hypothesis coffee would not nourish, but it would prevent *denourishment*.”

M. de Gasparin then shows from certain tables that the waste in liquid excretion is less when coffee is drunk than at other times, a fact which to some extent supports his hypothesis. He instances the effects of coffee in enabling soldiers and others to endure fatigue, and continues:—“An old foreman who knows the district well, and has been himself a labourer, informed me that a miner, with his wife and six children, lives on his daily earnings of two francs without making debts.

“These researches may have important consequences in the condition of a population, and should engage the serious attention of chemists, physicians, and economists. If it were proved that, without injury to health, or to the development and maintenance of strength, the use of coffee admits of a man contenting himself with a diminished nutriment, we should be able to provide with less trouble against the deficit in times of scarcity, and to comprehend the importance of extending the use of this beverage without checking it by high duties.”

Such is the substance of M. de Gasparin's paper, which, though highly interesting, is not perhaps a complete resolution of the question. According to some of our chemists cabbage is eminently nutritive; and it is also true that dogs, fed on none but, highly-azotised food, will die at the end of a month with all the symptoms of insatiation. As M. Magendie observed when the subject came before the Académie, in feeding carnivora, it is necessary to give them as much of dried meat as they would require in its raw state: in the one case they get nine or ten times as much azote as in the other, with only the same nutritive result. As this learned assessor stated, “everything which relates to the theory of nutrition is yet surrounded by an impenetrable veil. We know nothing or need to nothing upon this important and fundamental phenomenon. We are beginning to comprehend the different operations of digestion, but all that happens after the formation and absorption of the chyle, all that takes place in the

blood, and in the intimate connections of the fluids with the organic tissues, is still enveloped in the completest obscurity.'

## Stories for Young People.

### THE KITE.

THE setting sun beamed in golden light over the country; long shadows lay on the cool grass: the birds, which had been silent through the sultry heat of the day, sang their joyous evening hymn: the merry voices of the village children sounded through the clear air, while their fathers loitered about enjoying the luxury of rest after labour. A sun-burnt traveller with dusty shoes walked sturdily along the high road: he was young and strong, and his ruddy cheeks glowed in the warm light: he carried his baggage on a stick over his shoulder, and looked straight on towards the cottages of the village; and you might see by the expression of his face that his eye was earnestly watching for the first glimpse of the home that lay among them, to which he was returning.

The same setting sun threw his golden beams over the great metropolis: they lighted up streets, and squares, and parks whence crowds were retiring from business or pleasure to their various places of abode or gay parties: they pierced even through the smoke of the city, and gilded its great central dome; but when they reached the labyrinth of lanes and courts which it encloses, their radiance was gone, for noxious vapours rose there after the heat of the day, and quenched them. The summer sun is dreaded in those places.

The dusky light found its way with difficulty through a small and dim window into an upper room of a house in one of these lanes, and any one entering it would at first have thought it was void of any living inhabitant, had not the restless tossing and oppressed breathing that proceeded from a bed in one corner borne witness to the contrary. A weak, sickly boy lay there, his eye fixed on the door. It opened, and he started up in bed; but at the sight of another boy, a few years older than himself, who came in alone, he sunk back again, crying in a plaintive voice, 'Don't you see her coming yet?'

'No, she is not in sight: I ran to the corner of the lane, and could see nothing of her,' replied the elder boy, who, as he spoke, knelt down before the grate, and began to arrange some sticks in it.

Everything in the room bespoke poverty; yet there was an appearance of order, and as much cleanliness as can be attained in such an abode. Among the scanty articles of furniture there was one object that was remarkable as being singularly out of place, and apparently very useless there: it was a large paper kite, that hung from a nail on the wall, and nearly reached from the low ceiling to the floor.

'There's eight o'clock just struck, John,' said the little boy in bed. 'Go and look once more if mother's not coming yet.'

'It's no use looking, Jem. It won't make her come any faster; but I'll go to please you.'

'I hear some one on the stairs.'

'It's only Mrs Willis going into the back-room.'

'Oh dear, dear, what shall I do?'

'Don't cry, Jem. Look, now I've put the wood all ready to boil the kettle the minute mother comes, and she'll bring you some tea: she said she would. Now I'm going to sweep up the dust, and make it all tidy.'

Jem was quieted for a few minutes by looking at his brother's busy operations, carried on in a bustling, rattling way, to afford all the amusement possible; but the feverish restlessness soon returned.

'Take me up, do take me up,' he cried; 'and hold me near the broken pane, please, John; and he stretched out his white, wasted hands.

John kindly lifted out the poor little fellow, and dragging a chair to the window, sat down with him on his knee, and held his face close to the broken pane, through which, however, no air seemed to come, and he soon began to cry again.

'What is it, Jem?—what's the matter?' said a kind voice at the door, where a woman stood, holding by the hand a pale child.

'I want mother,' sobbed Jem.

'Mother's out at work, Mrs Willis,' said John; 'and she thought she should be home at half-past seven; but she's kept later sometimes.'

'Don't cry,' said Mrs Willis's little girl, coming forward. 'Here's my orange for you.'

Jem took it, and put it to his mouth; but he stopped, and asked John to cut it in two; gave back half to the little girl, made John taste the portion he kept, and then began to suck the cooling fruit with great pleasure, only pausing to say with a smile, 'Thank you, Mary.'

'Now lie down again, and try to go to sleep; there's a good boy,' said Mrs Willis; 'and another will soon be here. I must go now.'

Jem was laid in bed once more; but he tossed about restlessly, and the sad wail began again.

'I'll tell you what,' said John, 'if you will stop crying, I'll take down poor Harry's kite, and show you how he used to fly it.'

'But mother don't like us to touch it.'

'No; but she will not mind when I tell her why I did it this once. Look at the pretty blue and red figures on it. Harry made it, and painted it all himself; and look at the long tail!'

'But how did he fly it? Can't you show me how poor Harry used to fly it?'

John mounted on a chest, and holding the kite at arm's length, began to wave it about, and to make the tail shake, while Jem sat up admiring.

'This was the way he used to hold it up. Then he took the string that was fastened here—mother has got it in the chest—and he held the string in his hand, and when the wind came, and sent the kite up, he let the string run through his hand, and up it went over the trees, up—up—and he ran along in the fields, and it flew along under the blue sky.'

John waved the kite more energetically as he described, and both the boys were so engrossed by it, that they did not observe that the mother, so longed for, had come in, and had sunk down on a chair near the door, her face bent and nearly hidden by the rusty crape on her widow's bonnet, while the tears fell fast on her faded black gown.

'Oh mother, mother!' cried Jem, who saw her first, 'come and take me—come and comfort me!'

The poor woman rose quickly, wiped her eyes, and hastened to her sick child, who was soon nestled in her arms, and seemed to have there forgotten all his woes.

The kind, good-natured John had meanwhile hung up the kite in its place, and was looking rather anxiously at his mother, for he well understood the cause of the grief that had overcome her at the sight of his occupation when she first came in; but she stroked his hair, looked kindly at him, and bid him make the kettle boil, and get the things out of her basket. All that was wanted for their simple supper was in it, and it was not long before little Jem was again laid down after the refreshment of tea; then a mattress was put in a corner for John, who was soon asleep; and the mother, tired with her day's hard work, took her place in the bed by the side of her child.

But the tears that had rolled fast down her cheeks as her lips moved in prayer before sleep came upon her, still made their way beneath the closed eyelids, and Jem awoke her by saying, as he stroked her face with his hot hand, 'Don't cry, mother; we won't touch it again!'

'It's not that, my child; no, no: it's the thought of my own Harry. I think I see his pleasant face, and his curly hair, and his merry eyes looking up after his kite. It was not often she spoke out her griefs; but now, in the silent night, it seemed to comfort her.

'Tell me about him, mother, and about his going away! I like to hear you tell about him.'

'He worked with father, you know, and a clever workman he learned to be.'

'But he was much older than me. Shall I ever be a good workman, mother?'

The question made her heart ache with a fresh anguish, and she could not answer it; but replied to his first words, 'Yes, he was much older. We laid three of our children in the grave between him and John. Harry was seventeen when his uncle took him to serve out his time in a merchant-ship. Uncle Ben, that was ship's carpenter, it was that took him. The voyage was to last a year and a-half, for they were to go to all manner of countries far, far away. One letter I had. It came on a sad day; the day after poor father died, Jem. And then I had to leave our cottage in our own village, and bring you two to London, to find work to keep you; but I have always taken care to leave word where I was to be found, and have often gone to ask after letters. Not one has ever come again; and it's six months past the time when they looked for the ship, and they don't know what to think. But I know what I think: the sea has rolled over my dear boy, and I shall never see him again—never, never in this weary world.'

'Don't cry so, mother dear: I'll try to go to sleep, and not make you talk.'

'Yes—try; and if you can only get better, that will comfort me most.'

Both closed their eyes, and sleep came upon them once more.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the little boy awoke, and then he was alone; but to that he was accustomed. His mother was again gone to work, and John was out cleaning knives and shoes in the neighbourhood. The table, with a small piece of bread and a cup of blue milk and water on it, stood beside him. He drank a little, but could not eat, and then lay down again with his eyes fixed on Harry's kite.

'Could he fly it,' or rather 'could he see John fly it—really out of doors and in the air?' That was of all things what he most longed to do. He wondered where the fields were, and if he could ever go there and see the kite fly under the blue sky. Then he wondered if John could fly it in the lane. He crept out of bed, and tottered to the window.

The lane was very wet and slushy, and a nasty black gutter ran down it, and oozed out among the broken stones. There had been a heavy thunder-shower in the night; and as there was no foot pavement, and what stones there were were very uneven and scattered, the black pools lodged among them, and altogether it seemed impossible for a boy to fly a kite there; for 'how could he run along holding the string?—he would tumble among the dirty pools. There were only four children to be seen in it now, out of all the numbers that lived in the houses, though it was a warm summer morning, and they were dabbling with naked feet in the mud, and their ragged clothes were all dragged. Mother would never let him and John do like that.'

Still he stood, first examining the window, then looking at the kite; then putting his hand out through the broken pane, and pondered over a scheme that had entered his mind.

'John,' he cried, as the door opened, 'don't you think we could fly Harry's kite out of the broken pane?'

At first this idea seemed to John perfectly chimerical; but after some consultation and explanation a plan was devised between the two boys, to complete which they only waited for their mother's return. They expected her at one, for this was only half a day's work.

Jem was dressed when she returned, and his excitement made him appear better; but she saw with grief that he could not touch his dinner; and her anxiety about him made her less unwillingly, than she otherwise would have done, consent to the petition he made, that 'only for this once she would let him and John fly the kite outside the window.' She stifled her sigh as she sat down to needle-work, but she should cast a gloom over the busy preparation, which immediately commenced.

The difficulty had been how to get the kite out, because

the window would not open. To surmount this, John was to go down to the lane, taking the kite with him, while Jem lowered the string out of the broken pane.

'When you get hold of the string, you know, John, you can fasten it, and then stand on that large stone opposite, just by where that gentleman is, and hold up the kite, and then I will pull.'

All was done accordingly. John did his part well. Jem pulled; the kite rose to the window, and fluttered about, for the thunder had been followed by a high wind, which was felt a little even in this close place, and the boys gazed at it with great pleasure. As it dangled loosely by the window in this manner, the tail became entangled, and John was obliged to run up to help to put it right.

'Let it down to me again when I have run out,' said he, as he tried to disentangle it; 'and I will stand on the stone, and hold it up, and you can pull again. There's the gentleman still, and now there's a young man besides. The gentleman has made him look up at the kite.'

'Come and look, mother,' said Jem: but she did not hear. 'The young man has such a brown face, and such curly hair.'

'And he's like—Mother, he is crossing over!' cried John. 'He has come into the house!'

The mother heard now. A wild hope rushed through her heart; she started up; a quick step was heard on the stairs; the door flew open; and the next moment she was clasped in her son's arms!

The joy nearly took away her senses. Broken words mingled with tears, thanksgivings, and blessings, were all that were uttered for some time between them. Harry had Jem on his knee, and John pressed close to his side, and was holding his mother tight by the hand, and looking up in her face, when at last they began to believe and understand that they once more saw each other. And then he had to explain how the ship had been disabled by a storm in the South Seas; and how they got her into one of the beautiful islands there, and refitted her, and after six months' delay, brought her back safe and sound, cargo and all; and how he and Uncle Ben were both strong and hearty.

'How well you look, my dear boy!' said the happy mother. 'How tall, and stout, and handsome you are!'

'And he's got his curly hair and bright eyes still,' said poor wan little Jem, speaking for the first time.

'But you, mother, and all of you, how pale you are, and how thin! I know—yes, don't say it—I know who's gone. I went home last night, mother. I walked all the way to the village, and found the poor cottage empty, and heard how he died.'

'Home! You went there!'

'Yes, and the neighbours told me you were gone to London. But I slept all night in the kitchen on some straw. There I lay, and thought of you, and of him we had lost, and prayed that I might be a comfort to you yet.'

Joy and sorrow seemed struggling for the mastery in the widow's heart; but the present happiness proved the stronger, and she was soon smiling, and listening to Harry.

'I had a hard matter to find you,' he said. 'You had left the lodging they directed me to at first.'

'But I left word where I had come to.'

'Ay, so you had; and an old woman there told me you were at No. 10, Paradise Row.'

'What could she be thinking of!'

'No one had heard of you in that place. However, as I was going along back again to get better information, keeping a sharp look-out in hopes I might meet you, I passed the end of this lane, and saw it was called Eden Lane, so I thought perhaps the old lady had fancied Paradise and Eden were all the same; and sure enough they are both as like one as the other, for they are wretched, miserable places as ever I saw. I turned in here, and then No. 10 proved wrong too; and as I was standing looking about, and wondering what I had better do next, a gentleman touched my arm, and pointing first

at the black pools in the broken pavement, and then up at this window, he said—I remember his very words, they struck me so—"Do not the very stones rise up in judgment against us! Look at those poor little fellows trying to fly their kite out of a broken pane!" Hearing him say so, I looked up, and saw my old kite—by it I found you at last."

They all turned gratefully towards it, and saw that it still swung outside, held there safely by its entangled tail. The talk, therefore, went on uninterruptedly. Many questions were asked and answered, and many subjects discussed; the sad state of poor little Jem being the most pressing. At the end of an hour a great bustle was going on in the room: they were packing up all their small stock of goods, for Harry had succeeded, after some argument, in persuading his mother to leave her unhealthy lodging that very evening, and not to risk even one more night for poor Jem in that poisonous air. He smoothed every difficulty. Mrs Willis gladly undertook to do the work she had engaged to do; and with her he deposited money for the rent, and the key of the room. He declared he had another place ready to take his mother to; and to her anxious look he replied, "I did good service in the ship, and the owners have been generous to us all. I've got forty pounds."

"Forty pounds!" If he had said, "I have got possession of a gold district in California," he would not have created a greater sensation. It seemed an inexhaustible amount of wealth.

A light cart was soon hired and packed, and easily held not only the goods (not forgetting the kite), but the living possessors of them; and they set forth on their way.

The evening sun again beamed over the country; and the tall trees, as they threw their shadow across the grass, waved a blessing on the family that passed beneath, from whose hearts a silent thanksgiving went up that harmonised with the joyous hymn of the birds. The sun-burnt traveller, as he walked at the horse's head, holding his elder brother's hand, no longer looked anxiously onward, for he knew where he was going, and saw by him his younger brother already beginning to revive in the fresh air, and rejoiced in his mother's expression of content and happiness. She had divined for some time to what home she was going.

"But how did you contrive to get it fixed so quickly, my kind, good boy!" she said.

"I went to the landlord, and he agreed at once: and do not be afraid, I can earn plenty for us all."

"But must you go to sea again?"

"If I must, do not fear. Did you not always teach me that His hand would keep me, and hold me, even in the uttermost parts of the sea?"

And she felt that there was no room for fear.

A week after this time, the evening sun again lighted up a happy party. Harry and John were busied in preparing the kite for flying in a green field behind their cottage. Under the hedge, on an old tree trunk, sat their mother, no longer in faded black and rusty crape, but neatly dressed in a fresh, clean gown and cap, and with a face bright with hope and pleasure. By her was Jem, with cheeks already filling out, a tinge of colour in them, and eyes full of delight. On her other side was little Mary Willis. She had just arrived, and was telling them how, the very day after they left, some workmen came and put down a nice pavement on each side of the lane, and laid a pipe underground instead of the gutter; and that now it was as dry and clean as could be; and all the children could play there, and there were such numbers of games going on; and they all said it was the best thing they had had done for them for many a day; and so did their mothers too, for now the children were not all crowded into their rooms all day long, but could play out of doors.

"Depend upon it," said Harry, "it is that gentleman's doing that spoke to me of it the day I came first. This good old kite has done good service, and now it shall be rewarded by sailing up to a splendid height."

As he spoke, he held it up, the light breeze caught it,

and it soared away over their heads under the blue sky; while the happy faces that watched it bore witness to the truth of his words—that 'the good old kite had done good service.'

### ANECDOTE OF A SINGER.

SIGNORA GRASSINI, the great Italian singer, died a few months since at Milan. She was distinguished not only for her musical talents, but also for her beauty and powers of theatrical expression. One evening in 1810, she and Signor Crescentini performed together at the Tuileries, and sang in 'Romeo and Juliet.' At the admirable scene in the third act, the Emperor Napoleon applauded vociferously, and Talma, the great tragedian, who was among the audience, wept with emotion. After the performance was ended, the Emperor conferred the decoration of a high order on Crescentini, and sent Grassini a scrap of paper, on which was written, 'Good for 20,000 livres.—NAPOLEON.'

"Twenty thousand francs!" said one of her friends—"the sum is a large one."

"It will serve as a dowry for one of my little nieces," replied Grassini quickly.

Indeed few persons were ever more generous, tender, and considerate towards their family than this great singer.

Many years afterwards, when the Empire had crumbled into dust, carrying with it in its fall, among other things, the rich pension of Signora Grassini, she happened to be at Bologna. There another of her nieces was for the first time presented to her, with a request that she would do something for her young relative. The little girl was extremely pretty, but not, her friends thought, fitted for the stage, as her voice was a feeble contralto. Her aunt asked her to sing; and when the timid voice had sounded a few notes, 'Dear child,' said Grassini, embracing her, 'you will not want me to assist you. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest sopranos in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, and work hard, my love: your throat will win a shower of gold.' The young girl did not disappoint her aunt's prediction. She still lives, and her name is Giulia Grisi.

### A LIVING SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

"They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul. "How!—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there." "Oh, no," answered the Frenchman; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it." "Bridge it! and how?" "Stop a moment, captain, you shall see." The half-human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul had stated, of the *comadrejas*, or ring-tailed tribe. One—an aide-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue-parties were detached, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the *comadrejas*—engineers no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the arroyo. At length they all collected round a tall cottonwood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manoeuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and

forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain! The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself. Manifestly by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soured into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to, a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, whilst the higher ones leaped to the branches, and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal, and disappeared!—*Captain Reid's Adventures in Southern Mexico.*

#### LONG-SUSPENDED VITALITY.

Mr Baird of the British Museum contributes the following extraordinary instance of long-suspended vitality to the July number of the 'Annals of Natural History':—In March 1846 a series of shells was presented to the museum by Charles Lamb, Esq., collected by him previously in Egypt, Greece, &c. Amongst these were two specimens from Egypt of the *Helix maculosa*, "the snail of the desert," as it is generally called, and which is found in great abundance living on the dry and arid deserts of Egypt and Syria. On the 25th of March 1846 the two specimens were fixed upon tablets, and placed in the collection amongst the other mollusca. There they remained, summer and winter, fast fixed and gummed down upon the tablet, and immured in their prison till March 1850, four entire years after they had been first placed there, and without the slightest suspicion having been awakened that one of them contained a living inhabitant. How long they had been in the possession of Mr Lamb before he presented them to the museum I do not know. About the 15th of March 1850, having occasion to examine some shells in the same case as that in which these two helices were contained, I observed that in one of them a thin glassy-looking covering, the *epiphrağa*, had spread over its mouth, and with evident signs that it was but recently formed. Rather surprised at this appearance, I removed the two specimens from the tablet, and placed them in tepid water. After the lapse of ten minutes, I had the pleasure of seeing the animal of one of the specimens begin to gradually come forth, and in a few minutes more walk along the surface of the basin in which it was placed. I immediately upon that removed it from the water, and placed it in a tumbler, where it began to crawl up its side. Next day I supplied it with a small portion of cabbage-leaf, of which it partook readily, though in small quantity. The animal in the other shell was found to be dead. It is not the least curious part of the story that the shell of the living animal was an injured shell, and had been repaired by the animal before it was collected by Mr Lamb, though it evidently had not time to perfect the mouth. It is still alive, and feeds readily, preferring cabbage-leaf to lettuce or any other kind of food I have yet tried. It is now (24th June 1850) in the process of completing the mouth of its shell, having since March made a small addition to its growth.

#### EVENING GUESTS.

In the silence of this lonely eve,  
With the street-lamp pale-flickering on the wall,  
A spirit wots to say to me—'Believe,  
Thou shalt be answered. Call!—Whom should I call?

And then I wote to see thee gliding in  
With thy pale robes (that in long-empty fold  
Lie in my keeping)—and my fingers, thin  
As thine were once—to feel in thy safe hold;

I should fall weeping on thy neck, and say  
'I have so suffered since—since'— But the tears  
Would cease, remembering how they count thy day,  
A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then, what are these sad weeks, months, years of mine  
To thine all-measureless infinitude?  
What my whole life, when myriad lives divine  
May rise, each leading to a higher good?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved—best!  
Sit in thy olden, dear humanity  
A little while, my head upon thy breast,  
And then I will go back to Heaven with thee.

Should I call Thee?—Ah no, I would not call!  
But if, by some invisible angel led,  
Thy foot were at the door, thy face, voice—all  
Entering—Oh joy! Oh life unto the dead!

Then I, pale-smiling with a deep content,  
Would give to thee the welcome long unknown;  
And 'stead of those kind accents daily sent  
To cheer me, I should hear thine own—thine own!

Thou too, like the beloved guest late gone,  
Wouldst sit and clasp my feeble hand in thine;  
'Twould grieve thee to know why it grew so wan,  
Therefore I would smile on, and give no sign.

And thou, soft-speaking in the olden voice,  
Perchance with a compassionate tremble stirred,  
Wouldst change this anguished doubt to full rejoice,  
And heal my soul with each balm-dropping word.

So—talking of things meet for such as we—  
Affection, strong as life, solemn as death,  
Serene as that divine eternity  
Where I shall meet thee, who wert my soul's breath—

Upon this crowned eve of many eves  
Thou know'st—'t—a third of life and all its lore  
Would climax like a breaking wave. Who grieves  
Though it should break, and cease for evermore?

#### HABITS.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions; whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such-like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, as I before observed, at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished; and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's 'Life of Jonathan Wild,' in that scene where he is represented as playing at cards with the Count, a professed gambler. 'Such,' says Mr Fielding, 'was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware that Mr Wild had no money to pay him.'—*Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy.*

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## THE EVERY-DAY YOUNG LADY.

THE every-day young lady is neither tall nor short, neither fat nor lean. Her complexion is not fair, but clear, and her colour not bright, but healthy. She is not vulgarly well, but has not the least illness in the world. Her face is oval, and her hair, moderate in quantity, is usually of a soft brown. Her features are small and unobtrusive: her nose being what the French passports call *moyen*—that is, neither one thing nor t'other—and her eyes as gray as glass, but clear and gentle. It is not the eyes that give her any little character she has; although, if you have nothing else to do, and happen to look at them for a minute or so, they win upon you. They are not varnished eyes, in which you can see nothing but the brightness; and not deep eyes, into which your soul plunges as into a gulf: they are mere common skylights, winning into them a little bit of heaven, and giving you an inkling of good temper and feminine gentleness. Neither is it her air, nor manner, nor dress, that stamps her individuality, if she has any, for those belong to the class of society in which she moves; but altogether she gives you an idea of young-womanish refinement and amiableness, and you would think of her again when alone, if there were not so many of her about as to divide and dilute, as it were, your impressions.

The every-day young lady is usually dependent upon somebody or other, but sometimes she has a small independence, which is much worse. In the former case she clings like ivy, adorning, by her truth and gentleness, the support she is proud of; while in the other she gives her L.30 a year to a relation as an inadequate compensation for her board and clothing, and lives in a state of unheard-of bondage and awful gratitude. Her life is diversified by friendships, in which her own feelings last the longest; by enmities, in which she suffers and forgives; and by loves—though almost always at second hand. She is a confidant, a go-between, a bride-maid; but if she finds herself on the brink of a serious flirtation, she shrinks into her own foolish little heart in surprise and timidity, and the affair never becomes anything but a Mystery, which she carries with her through life, and which makes her shake her head on occasions, and look conscious and experienced, so as to give people the idea that this young lady has a history. If the affair does go on, it is a public wonder how she came to get actually married. Many persons consider that she must have been playing a part all along for this very purpose; that her timidity and bashfulness were assumed, and her self-denial a *ruse*; and that, in point of fact, she was not by any means what she gave herself out to be—an every-day young lady.

For our part we have known many such young ladies in our day—and so have you, and you, and you: the

world of society is full of them. We have a notion of our own, indeed, that they are *the sex*; or, in other words, that they are the class from which are drawn our conventional notions of womankind, and that the rest—that is, those women who have what is called character—are counterfeit women. The feminine virtues are all of a retiring kind, which does not mean that they are invisible even to strangers, but that they are seen through a half-transparent veil of feminine timidity and self-postponement. In like manner, the *physique* of women, truly so called, is not remarkable or obtrusive: their eyes do not flash at you like a pistol, nor their voices arrest suddenly your attention, as if they said, Stand and deliver! That men in general admire the exceptions rather than the rule, may be true, but that is owing to bad taste, coarseness of mind, or the mere hurry of society, which prevents them from observing more than its salient points. For our part we have always liked every-day young ladies, and sometimes we felt inclined to love a few of them; but somehow it never went beyond inclination. This may have been owing in part to the headlong life one leads in the world, but in part likewise—if we may venture the surmise—to our own sensitiveness preventing us from poking ourselves upon the sensitiveness of other people.

A great many every-day young ladies have been represented in the character of heroines of romance; but there they are called by other names, and made to run about, and get into predicaments, so that one does not know what to make of them. The Countess Isabelle of Croye is an extremely every-day young lady; but look how she runs away, and how she sees a bishop murdered at supper, and how she is going to be married to a Wild Boar, and how at last, after running away again, she gives her hand and immense possessions to a young Scotsman as poor as a church mouse! Who can tell, in such a hurry-scurry, what she is in her individuality, or what she would turn out to be if let alone, or if the author had a turn for bringing out every-day characters? Then we have every-day young ladies set up for heroines without doing anything for it at all, and who look in the emergencies of life just as if they were eating bread and butter, or crying over a novel at home. Of such is Evelina, who has a sweet look for every person, and everything, in every possible situation, and who is expected, on the strength of that sole endowment, to pass for a heroine of every-day life. This is obviously improper; for an every-day young lady has a principle of development within her like everybody else. If you expose her to circumstances, these circumstances must act upon her in one way or another; they must bring her out; and she must win a husband for herself, not get him by accident, blind contact, or the strong necessity of marrying—a necessity which has no alternative in the case of a heroine but the grave.

Such blunders, however, are now at an end; for a real every-day young lady has come out into public life, and an illumination has been thrown upon the class, which must proceed either from one of themselves or from inspiration.\* But we are not going to criticise the book; for that would bring us to loggerheads with the critics, not one of whom has the least notion of the nature of the charm they all confess. This charm consists in its painting an every-day young lady to the life, and for the first time; and it by no means consists, as it is said to do, in the plot, which is but indifferently concocted, or in the incidents, that are sometimes destitute both of social and artistical truth. Anne Dysart herself, however, is a masterly portrait. Its living eyes are upon us from first to last, following us like the eyes of those awful pictures in the dining-room of long ago, which we could not escape from in any corner of the room. But Anne's eyes are not awful: they are sweet, calm, gentle. The whole figure is associated with the quieter and better parts of our nature. It comes to us, with its shy looks and half-withdrawn hands, like somebody we knew all our lives, and still know; somebody who walks with us, mellowing, but not interrupting our thoughts; somebody who sits by us when we are writing or reading, and throws a creamy hue upon the paper; somebody whose breath warms us when it is cold, and whose shadow stands between us and the scorching sun; somebody, in short, who gives us assurance, we know not how, of an every-day young lady.

To paint a character which has no salient points demands a first-rate artist; but to see the inner life of a quiet, timid, retiring mind, is the exclusive privilege of a poet. To suppose that there is no inner life in such minds, or none worth observing, is a grand mistake. The crested wave may be a picturesque or striking object in itself; but under the calm, smooth surface of the passionless sea there are beautiful things to behold—painted shells, and corals, and yellow sands, and sea-plants stretching their long waving arms up to the light. How many of us sail on without giving a glance to such things, our eyes fixed on the frowning or inviting headland, or peopling the desert air with phantoms! Just so do we turn away from what seems to us the void of every-day life to grapple with the excitements of the world.

Anne Dysart is not Miss Douglas's Anne Dysart: she is yours, ours, everybody's. She is the every-day young lady. The author did not invent her: she found her where the Highlandman found the tongs—by the fireside. And that is her true position, where alone she is at home. When she goes into society, unless it be among associates, she is always under some sort of alarm. She is told that there is company in the drawing-room, strangers come to visit—young ladies celebrated for their beauty and accomplishments—and she treads the stairs with a beating heart, feeling awkward and ignorant, and enters with a desperate calmness. The visitors, however, like her, she is so modest and unobtrusive; and the every-day young lady is charmed and even affected by their patronising kindness. She is reputed by these persons as 'a nice girl, rather amiable-looking, but not in the least like the heroine of a novel.' When she visits them in return, she is at first oppressed with a feeling of shyness, but at length still more overpowered by the kindness with which she is received, and she walks to the window to conceal her emotion.

In this position our Anne—for we deny that Miss Douglas has any special property in her—comes out strong: 'As Anne now stood, dressed in deep mourning, the blackness of her garments only relieved by a small white collar and pair of cuffs, the expression of her countenance very pensive, her eyes shining mildly in the sunlight which was reflected from the crimson curtain upon her at present somewhat pale cheek, Mrs Grey, as she whispered to Charlotte, "Really, poor thing, she does look very interesting!" felt the influence of her peculiar charm, without, however, comprehending its source.'

Anne attracts the attention of one of the company, a harsh-featured, ungraceful person, under forty, with a large mouth, determined lips, deep-set thoughtful eyes, and a confused mass of dark hair hanging over a large and full forehead. Whereupon she instantly feels uncomfortable and frightened. But for all that, it is settled that the *bête noir* walks home with her; and resting the tips of her fingers on his arm, onward they go, these two fated individuals, in solemn silence. The conversation which at length begins consists of unpolite questions on the gentleman's part, and constrained answers on that of the lady; but at length she is saved from replying to a specially disagreeable and impertinent interrogatory by stumbling over a stone.

'Did you fall on purpose?' said he. The every-day young lady is both frightened and displeased, and being further urged, feels something actually resembling indignation. When they part, it is with a feeling on her part of inexpressible relief, and she thinks to herself that she had never before met so singular or so disagreeable a man.

This is unpromising: but it is correct. The every-day young lady *thinks* of the rough, odd man; and he is struck now and then by a word or a look in her which piques his curiosity or interests his feelings. He at length learns to look into her calm, soft eyes, and sees through the passionless surface of her character some precious things gleaming in its depths. The following quotation will show at what length he arrives:—'Anne pondered for a few minutes. She had a rather slow though a sound understanding. There was some truth in what Mr Bolton said, but so great a want of charity, that she felt from the first as if, some way or other, he could not be quite right. It was some time, however, ere she discovered how he was wrong, and even then perhaps could not have defined it. She answered gravely and modestly, but with less timidity than usual.'

'But still, Mr Bolton, it is possible to be both agreeable and sincere. I know it is possible, because I have seen it; and I think that though there is some truth in what you say, yet, as far as my very limited experience justifies me in forming an opinion, I should say that truth, united with kindness, is appreciated; indeed I am sure some people have been liked who never flattered: I knew one person at least whom everybody loved, who would not have told a falsehood for the world, and who was all he seemed.'

'I suppose you mean your father? Well, without exactly sharing in your filial enthusiasm, I am inclined to believe that he was a superior man.'

'Are you indeed? Why, may I ask?' said Anne very timidly, and venturing for the first time to put a question in her turn.

'Why?' he repeated, with a momentary return of the wonderful smile. 'Because his daughter has rather more simplicity of mind, rather more purity of heart,

rather more intelligence, rather less frivolity, rather less artifice, rather fewer coquettish tricks to flatter the vanity, and entrap the admiration, of silly men—in short, rather more *sincerity* than one meets every day: I guess she must have had a father somewhat above the average." Mr Bolton spoke in a low tone, and there was in his voice a depth and a softness that struck his listener's ear as being altogether different from its wont. Whatever this difference might be, however, it was not lasting, for when, after a moment's pause, he spoke again, it was with an exaggeration even of his ordinary harshness both of voice and manner: "But you need not fancy I am paying you a compliment. You are no angel; and even during our short acquaintance, I have discovered in you some faults and follies, and doubtless there are others behind. In some respects you are very childish, or perhaps it would be as correct to say *womanish*." With this rude speech, Mr Bolton concluded, drawing back with an air of having nothing more to say, and assuming a look which seemed to forbid any one to speak to him.

But this wild man chooses her for a wife, proposes for her hand—and is refused. Why so? Because she was an every-day young lady. He was rich; he had good points—nay, great ones, in his character: but he was an uncomfortable man. She could not love him, and she could not think of marrying a man she could not love. Had it been the young clergyman, the case would have been different. A nice young man was he; and, like all other young ladies of her class, Anne had her dreams of gentle happiness, and congeniality of temper, and poetry, and flowers, and sunsets, and a genteel cottage. But the young clergyman could not afford to think of an almost penniless girl for a wife; and so poor Anne's episode was ended before it was well begun; and the affair would have assumed in her solitary heart the enduring form of a Mystery, if exigencies had not arisen to call forth feelings and resolves that brook no such unsubstantial companions.

This every-day young lady had a brother in Edinburgh, and the brother fell into folly, and misery, and sickness, and desperate poverty. He wanted a friend, a nurse, a servant, and she knew that his bedside was her natural post. The difficulty was to get so far with her poor little funds; but this is accomplished, and instead of the outside of the mail on a wintry night, she has even had the good-fortune to enjoy an inside seat, some gentleman being seized with the caprice of encountering the frost and snow. This gentleman, she discovers afterwards, is her discarded lover; and he—how many discoveries does he make! The every-day young lady, thrown into the battle of circumstances, rises with the strife. She who had been accustomed to sit silent, seeming to agree with others in what was untrue, merely from want of courage, now endures without flinching the extremities even of actual want. Now come out, one by one, obvious to the sight, the thousand beautiful things in the depths of her quiet mind; and the eyes of the odd gentleman are dimmed with emotion as he looks at them. Already had she begun to wonder at this man, to call his austerity melancholy, to grieve that he was unhappy, to think what he could be thinking about; and now, when she and her darling brother are saved, protected, held up by his strong hand, the hold he takes of her imagination communicates itself insensibly to her heart. His features lose their harshness; his deep-set eyes become soft; his lips relax; and finally, he cuts his hair. What more needs be said?

But we take leave to disagree with this individual in his idea that Anne Dyceart has more simplicity, purity, and quiet intelligence than other every-day young ladies. She is, on the contrary, nothing more than a type of

the class; and the fact is proved by the resemblance in her portrait being at once recognised. We do not stand upon the colour of her hair, or eyes, or other physical characteristics, for these are mere averages, and may be very different in our Anne and yours; but her shyness, hesitation, and cowardice—her modesty, gentleness, and truth—these are stereotyped traits, and are the same in all. But when such qualities rise, or become metamorphosed, to meet the exigencies of life, how do we recognise them? By intuition. We acknowledge in others the principle of development we feel in ourselves. Our fault is, that we pass over as worthy of no remark, no careful tending, no holy reverence, the slumbering germs of all that is good and beautiful in the female character, and suffer our attention to be engrossed by its affectations and monstrosities. Let us correct this fever of the taste. Let us learn to enjoy the still waters and quiet pastures. When we see an every-day young lady flitting about our rooms, or crossing our paths, or wandering by our side, let us regard her no more as if she were a shadow, or a part of the common atmosphere, necessary, though unheeded: let us look upon her with fondness and respect, and if we would be blessed ourselves, let us say—God bless her!

L. R.

#### INDUSTRIAL GLASGOW IN 1850.

To investigate the condition, effective force, and prospects of an industrial population, is a business not only interesting to the philanthropist, but highly useful also to society at large, as acquainting them with the habits and powers of a distinctive class little known out of its own sphere of action (except by its effects); at the same time that such an inquiry serves also reflectively to stimulate afresh the energies of the artisan, and cheer him onward in his uphill road, through trials and privations, to comfort and independence. Such were the works undertaken, and well performed, by Jelinger Symons, Baines, Gaskell, Bowring, and Villermé; and the writer of this article conceives that by describing the results of his own investigations respecting Glasgow and Clydesdale, he may possibly contribute some small mite of instruction as well as entertainment to the readers of this widely-extended Journal; his present object being to do for Glasgow and Clydesdale in 1850 what Cleland did for Glasgow alone at the beginning of the century—that is, to present a descriptive and moral picture of the city and its connected towns (more especially with reference to its artisan population) in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Glasgow may be said to form the centre of an industrial district, including parts of the counties of Lanark (its own county), Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Ayr. It is not in our power to give a minute account of this remarkable region, but we shall notice the chief subordinate places where commercial and manufacturing industry has taken root. These are—Faisley, the first shawl depôt in the world; Greenock and Port-Glasgow, shipping ports; Kilmarnock, eminent in carpet-weaving; Pollockshaws, Barrhead, Johnston, and other Renfrewshire villages, containing large cotton-spinning and weaving establishments; the Vale of the Leven, including Dumbarton, and the villages of Renton and Alexandria; Lanark and New Lanark, Blantyre, Campsie, and Balfour, towns full of cotton-manufacturing industry; Dalmarnock, Tollcross, and Rutherglen, villages close to Glasgow, and forming an intimate part of its own system of industry; finally, the great iron-mining and iron-founding villages of Airdrie and Coatbridge, the rise of which to importance within the last few years has been one of the most interesting phenomena

of its kind which the history of industry in Scotland presents. Eleven of these various clusters of population gave the following results at the census of 1841:—

Glasgow (parliamentary burgh),	255,650
Greenock (parliamentary burgh),	35,643
Port-Glasgow,	6,943
Paisley,	60,467
Lanark,	7,680
Pollockshaws,	5,230
Renfrew,	2,014
Rutherglen,	5,623
Dalmarnock and Tolcross,	4,000
Blantyre Works,	1,700

So rapid, however, and so constant has been the increase of buildings and immigrants within the last nine years, that Glasgow itself was estimated at the end of 1849 to contain 367,000; in which case these towns cannot comprise less than 650,000 inhabitants.

The Clyde, as far as regards marine navigation, is far more indebted to art than nature, for Commissioner Tucker, in 1652, describes the shallowness of the river as 'every day more and more increasing and filling up, so that no vessel of any burthen can come up nearer the town than fourteen miles, where they must land and send up their timber on rafts, and all other commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small bibles or boats of three, four, or five, and none above six tons a boat.' Nay, our fathers, only seventy years ago, would have deemed that man insane who should have ventured the prediction that sea-borne vessels of 400 tons, from distant foreign shores, would ever unload their freight on the quays of Glasgow. Yet all this and more has been effected: a broad, straggling, shallow stream has been made a narrow and a deep one by an almost incredible amount of human talent and labour, and at vast expense. Whinstone, ashlar-like embankments, and extensive quays of solid, well-wrought masonry, have been constructed to confine its waters within a channel seldom more than 400 feet in breadth; steam-dredging machines have been for years at work in deepening the channel, and preventing the accumulation of deposits; and beacons have been erected to mark the deep-water channel, where requisite, all the way to the Firth; in short, all the resources of such master-minds as those of Smeaton, Watt, Bell, Rennie, Telford, and Walker, have been brought into play to make Glasgow a first-class river-port, and the Clyde—what it now indisputably is—the pride and glory of North Britain. Upwards of a million and a-half has been spent on these improvements, and the result of the deepening of the river is, that it can now be navigated by vessels of 1000 tons. The harbour now comprises fully 10,000 feet of wharfage, more than half of which is provided with powerful cranes, sheds, and ample weighing-machines, for landing, sheltering, and valuing the goods; and such is the amount of accommodation, that large ships of every flag now come into the heart of Glasgow to exchange the raw produce of the Mediterranean, United States, Brazil, the East and West Indies, and Canada, for the manufactures of Clydesdale. This port likewise, which was the first in Britain to engage in steam navigation, can now boast of a steam fleet unequalled out of London. Large and powerful mail-steamers, in the continental as well as home service, float like leviathans in front of the Broomielaw landing-wharfs. One war-steamer, called the *Simoom*, designed for the Indian seas, sailed about three months ago; a splendid screw steamer, the *City of Glasgow*, has lately commenced an intercourse with New York. Such is the Clyde in the middle of 1850.

Turn we now from the Clyde to the city through which it flows, and we shall see no less marked indications of a wonderfully-rapid progress and improvement. What in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a quaint, shabby old town, straggling down from the Cathedral and episcopal palace to the Trongate, Saltmarket, and Briggate, with a population even at the restoration of only 14,700 persons, has, within the last

forty years, become a fine, tastefully-built city, covering upwards of 450 acres, and boasting of wide avenues, squares, crescents, and terraces, which may almost vie with the modern squares and streets in the western or court end of London. We here subjoin the population from the five parliamentary returns:—

1801,	77,385
1811,	100,749
1821,	147,043
1831,	202,426
1841,	255,650
1850 (estimated),	367,000

Glasgow is essentially a busy mart, a money-getting place, in which the merchant and the manufacturer—with different, widely-different occupations, but harmonising interests—vie eagerly in shrewdness and wary, but by no means unadventurous trading. The merchant wants manufactured goods to send abroad; and the manufacturer is ready to furnish woven fabrics, or chemical products, or manufactured iron, as the case may be, and these too of a sort and quality just suited to the markets to which they are to be consigned. Thus as respects woven fabrics—separate kinds are prepared expressly for certain parts of the world; for what will please a quaint Chinaman will not suit the gaudy taste of a Brazilian or Peruvian; nor would the articles suited to the refined, sober taste of a German, suit a volatile Frenchman or even a London lady. All these transactions, on a truly gigantic scale, are daily carried on with little bustle and no waste expenditure of time, for a ten minutes' interview will often effect the exchange of thousands on a single bargain.

The following statement, which has been drawn up after much patient investigation and inquiry, but can, after all, be only regarded as an approximation to the truth, represents the textile industry of Glasgow in 1850—first, as regards the firms of master manufacturers; and secondly, as regards the labourers in their mills, factories, and print-works:—

#### TEXTILE ARTS OF GLASGOW IN 1850.

	Firms.	Labourers.
Cotton, Woollen, and Thread-Spinners,	76	25,000
Power-loom Weavers,	24	3,640
Handloom Weavers,	-	3,200
Calico Manufacturers,	240	4,000
Gingham ...	37	1,840
Muslin ...	40	920
Silk ...	22	720
Lace ...	16	140
Carpet ...	5	200
Shawl ...	10	64
Woollen and Worsted Manufacturers,	14	1,570
Rope and Sail Makers,	45	840
	529	42,194
<i>Dependent Trades.</i>		
Printers and Bleachers,	64	1,060
Dyers,	50	1,400
Calenders and Packers,	40	500
Designers and Block-Cutters,	35	520
Cylinder Engravers,	6	750
Miscellaneous,	150	700
Total,	882	47,924

Here we have about 900 firms, consisting, we will say, on an average, of three partners each, and employing, one with another, twenty clerks, packers, and porters—amounting in round numbers to about 20,000 persons—who keep at work in the production exclusively of textile-goods, about 48,000 persons. This makes a total of about 68,000 persons supported by weaving industry within the city of Glasgow; and if to these we add 370 more firms consisting of 9300 partners and dependents, employing about 6000 persons in the conversion to useful purposes of iron, glass, porcelain-clay, chemical products and mineral coal, we shall then have a grand total of 84,000 persons directly supported by the manufacturing industry of Glasgow!

This estimate, however, falls very, very far short of the amount of population supported by manufacturing labour within the circle which owns Glasgow as its

central market. The following statement of the people supported by the spinning and weaving business out of Glasgow is as nearly correct as circumstances will admit:—

Paisley,	49,000
Barrhead,*	1,610
Greenock,	3,400
Kilmarnock,	
Lanark and Blantyre,	
New Lanark,†	1,004
Airdrie and Coatbridge,	
Glasgow itself,	88,000

The principal crafts of Glasgow calling for notice, independently of the corresponding arts practised in England, are:—

1. Turkey-red dyeing;
2. Gingham weaving;
3. Shawl weaving;
4. Carpet weaving;

And to these arts we must add specially the wonderful factories for the

1. Reduction of iron ore to pig-iron and steel; and
2. The manufacture of large iron-castings, steam-engines and steamboats; and likewise
3. The sail-cloth works of Greenock;
4. Chemical works.

1. *The Turkey-red dye*, which is of recent introduction, is one of those complicated processes involving many details of operation, of which it would be hopeless to attempt any generally intelligible explanation within a reasonable space. *Red madder* forms almost exclusively the dyeing material; but the brilliant red colour requires for its production much care and many processes; repeated dyeings, washings, and bleachings over and again repeated, till the bright, unmistakable red, with its bright white spots, round, lozenge-shaped, or of indefinite pattern, is produced.

2. *Gingham Weaving* is a far more easy process than almost any followed in the district, except calico-weaving, and consists simply of the admixture in the warp or weft of those of white and coloured thread. Both ginghams and pullicates may be either of linen or cotton, or both mixed, and the work is commonly performed by wretched, impoverished handloom weavers, residing in the close, unhealthy districts of the city, or dispersed in squalid hamlets through various parts of the suburbs.

3. *Shawl Weaving*, which now forms the staple trade of Paisley (employing about 6000 hands, working about the same number of harness-loom, with upwards of 4000 women and children, employed in cotton mills, turning about 80,000 spindles), was introduced into that town about thirty-five years ago by a Mr Paterson, who, although there had been imitations made twenty years before in Norwich, Stockport, and Edinburgh, was the first to make it a profitable speculation. In 1823 China crape-shawls were introduced, and various fabrics have from time to time been manufactured for the English and foreign markets, including zebras for Anatolia,

Syria, and the caravan trade of the East. The Thibet cloth manufacture, however, and that of Cashmere wool, were not introduced till the year 1830, since which period they have made such enormous advances, that the Paisley fabrics now equal those made some years ago by Ternaux and Girard in France. For some years, what with Morrison's improved Jacquard loom, Vergnia's steam metallic rollers, and the numerous improvements introduced by Messrs Kerr, Roxburgh, and Balderston, the shawl-trade of Paisley may be said to stand without a peer in its own department throughout the world.

4. *Carpet Weaving*—which, according to the methods now pursued, presents striking analogies to the shawl business, deserves a special notice with reference to the industry of Kilmarnock and its dependent villages—must be described at some length. Carpets—once a luxury of the rich, now a necessary to all but the poorest—were once manufactured in Kidderminster, Wilton, and some few other districts of southern England; but we are not far from the mark when we say that, in 1850, four-fifths of all the carpet-loom produce of Great Britain is manufactured either in Glasgow or Kilmarnock. In the latter town there are in all 480 looms for carpet weaving, producing annually 782,380 yards, chiefly of the superfine quality (besides rugs), estimated in all at L.118,080. So much for the once-despised value of Scotch-carpeting! In fact velvet-faced, Victoria-patterned, Wilton, Brussels, and, in short, all descriptions of carpets or rugs, from Persian and Turkish patterns down to the lowest descriptions of druggeting, are now made in the west of Scotland, and sent to all parts of the world.

Thus far have we expatiated on the weaving-business of this industrious district, not with any invidious view, but merely to show what may be done by the active industry of a new district. The cotton-manufactures of the Clyde belonged formerly to Lancashire; the great woollen-industry of the West-Riding of Yorkshire, once the undoubted possession of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, is now fairly domiciled in Lanarkshire; and the carpet-weavers of Wilton and Kidderminster have found more than rivals in the denizens of Kilmarnock and Clydesdale. The annual value of all these textile products can scarcely be estimated, going as they do both landward and seaward; but the total produce must unquestionably exceed ten millions annually of money revenue.

Let us observe, moreover, that the textile manufactures of Glasgow and Clydesdale do not form more than two-thirds of the whole industry of the district, even when we include their supplemental businesses—such as pattern-designing, cylinder-engraving, block-cutting, shuttle-making, &c.

**METALLIC RESOURCES AND MANUFACTURES.**—The conversion of mineral produce into articles of necessity and luxury constitutes a branch of industry equally important with, but quite distinct from, those hitherto described; but without these as adjuncts and providers of manufacturing power, the textile arts could not possibly have attained the high importance which they at present possess.

The whole of Middle and Lower Clydesdale is, in fact, nothing more nor less than an immense bed of coal and ironstone lying on a substratum of carboniferous limestone, admirably suited and extensively used for building materials; and this itself rests on a vast mass of graywacke, which forms, as it were, the bounding-wall of the coal-field. Coal-pits and iron-mines, therefore, dot the country in all directions for five or six miles around the city; besides which, all the knolls about Airdrie, Coatbridge, Garnkirk, Gartsherrie, &c. bristle with shafts clearly indicative of a vast amount of coal and iron-mining industry. There are in all about a hundred firms and companies engaged in smelting pig-iron, turning it into large castings, and converting it into malleable iron, the whole produce thus manufactured from the black-band ironstone, averaging about 600,000 tons

\* This village of Barrhead has no place in history; few of the people of Scotland, excepting in Glasgow, and still fewer of the people of England, have ever heard its name mentioned. It is not a burgh; it does not even give name to a parish. Yet what an amazing mass of industrial energy it is! Besides the large cotton spinning and weaving factories employing the above 1610 hands, it contains nine large bleaching establishments, at which 1900 hands are employed; four great calico-printing works, employing 1370 persons; a flour-mill, an iron foundry, a machine-shop, &c. employing in all about 900 hands. Thus the grand total of working people in this village is 4980.

† The cotton-mills of New Lanark now employ fewer hands than in Mr Owen's time, fewer being required to do the same amount of work. The total is 1056. The village contains 38 hand-loom weavers. The educational system retains little or no trace of its originator. It consists of, 1st, a day-school, at which the ordinary branches of education are taught, together with natural history, singing, and dancing, and which is attended by 300 pupils; 2d, an evening school. There are six teachers, four male and two female, paid immediately by salaries from the proprietors.

per annum. Some of the principal of these iron-works are the following:—

Messrs Dixons' at Govan and Calder,	13 furnaces.
Messrs Bairds' at Gartsherrie,	16
Mr Wilson's at Dundym,	10
Messrs Dunlop at Tolcross,	9
Monkland Iron Company,	6

All these, as well as several others, employ, instead of the cold-blast, formerly in use, the patent hot-blast, invented by Mr Neilson, which, on attaining the temperature of 600 degrees Fahrenheit, enables the iron-master, with three-sevenths of the fuel formerly employed, to make one-third more iron of a superior quality by the use of coal instead of coke. The advantages of this invention, moreover, are not confined to iron-masters; for the founder, by its use, can cast into goods an equal quantity of iron in far less time, and with the saving of nearly half the fuel employed in the ordinary process, while the blacksmith can produce in the same time one-third more work with much less fuel than he formerly required. The number of men employed in iron and coal mining, and in smelting furnaces, &c. may be thus stated:—

Miners and Colliers,	13,000
Carters, &c.	7,000
Weighers, Clerks, &c.	2,500
Total,	27,500

This is perhaps rather under than over the mark, as no data present themselves of any value later than those to be found in the last census.

**Steam-Engine and Iron-Ship Factories.**—The business of steam-engine making, so necessary both as an agent of the textile manufactures and as an indispensable requisite for the navigation of the port, has been conducted on the most gigantic scale for more than a quarter of a century, although in this respect it has a strong competitor in Greenock. It would be invidious to single out any firms in particular where so many are engaged in one or other of the branches; all having extensive works admirably arranged, and producing first-rate machinery constructed on the most modern and best-approved principles. The works of Mr Robert Napier, however, at the Vulcan and Lancefield Foundries, are of a nature so distinct from the rest, that we venture on a brief description of them and some of their products, being indebted for our information to the liberality of Messrs Napier themselves.

The manufactures carried on by these gentlemen, so far as concerns the steam-engines, are conducted in two immense factories, covering together nearly six acres of ground, well known in Glasgow as the Vulcan and Lancefield Foundries, besides which they have an extensive ship-building yard at Govan, about two miles below Lancefield on the opposite bank, and a gigantic forge at Parkhead provided with steam and tilt hammers, cranes, and other machinery for effecting the 'uses' or heavy forgings of the engine-shafts, cranks, crossheads, &c. &c. The founding business is performed on an amazingly large scale, and may be divided into three branches—loam-moulding, dry-moulding, and green-sand moulding. It is not an uncommon thing for fifty or sixty tons of molten iron to be employed in casting the cylinder-cases of first-class engines. The brass foundry is quite a distinct department, employed in rough-casting those kinds of engine work for which iron is unsuitable; five or six tons of brass being often used at a single operation! The second branch of the business comprises the boiler-manufacture, which employs a great number of hands as fitters up—that is, adapters of the various plates composing the boilers, and piercing the holes for the reception of the bolts, which the riveters hammer in with astonishing rapidity; the calkers following to close the seams firmly together after the riveting. The third branch includes a large number of machine-workers, who, by the aid of powerful and ingenious mechanism, effect, with a facility almost exceeding belief, borings of wondrous calibre,

planings and slottings of large metallic surfaces, screw-cutting, and numerous other ingenious operations indispensable for the nice adjustment of the various parts of the engines, the very same care and minuteness being required in the largest as well as the smallest members thereof. And fourthly, there comes the finishing department, which includes the turning of the minuter metallic portions of the engines, and the just fitting of various parts with reference to each other in the entire machine. Add to these various draughtsmen and pattern-makers, employed in making drawings and models, with forge-smiths, joiners, and painters, the whole comprising from 900 to 1000 workmen, and the reader may possibly form some slight notion (though a just one he cannot, without a personal inspection) of the vastness as well as variety of the works carried on at these factories. Mr Napier, moreover, contracts for every kind of workmanship and material necessary for the entire furnishing of his ships—such as the cabinet-work and upholstery, carving, ornamental painting and gilding, plumbing, and copper-work, internal furniture and bedding, sails, cordage, &c. &c.; and with respect to one department alone of the ornamental work, it may be stated, by way of example, that on the cabin of the *Emperor*, a steam-ship of 1300 tons now running between Hull and Petersburg, he expended no less than L.300 in artistic and decorative paintings. Nor is it at all unusual for sums varying from L.60 to L.100 to be paid for one or two pictures to adorn the cabin of first-class steam-ships.

The above works, moreover, are quite independent of the building-yard at Govan, where the various plates, beams, &c. are put together by ship-carpenters and iron-ship builders expressly devoted to this class of artanship, about 500 or 800 in number, according to the amount of business going forward. Only a few months have elapsed since the splendid war-frigate already alluded to, the *Simoom*, was launched. Her dimensions are: length from figure-head to taffrail, 280 feet; breadth of beam, 42 feet; depth from deck to keel, 28 feet. This noble vessel, which will perhaps be the finest in the steam navy, has received an auxiliary screw engine. It may be stated, in conclusion, that even in cases where the vessels themselves are not built by Messrs Napier, but at Greenock, or elsewhere, this firm is employed to provide the engines; as in the case of the *Niagara*, an American steam-ship of 1830 tons, the engines of which are of 650 horse-power. We lately found the engines designed for the *Asia and Africa* in the course of building at Lancefield. They are each of 800 horse-power, and had a truly gigantic appearance as seen while being fitted together in the workshop. The *Asia and Africa* has since left the place of her nativity, and made her first voyage between Liverpool and Halifax—the quickest passage on record.

**CHEMICAL WORKS.**—The manufacture of chemical products is conducted at Glasgow on quite as extensive a scale as at Newcastle. There are several large establishments of this kind on the east and south sides of the town; but they all yield the palm to the works at St Rollox, belonging to Charles Tennant and Co., which now occupy nearly fourteen acres, about half of which space is under cover. The premises comprise upwards of 100 furnaces, retorts, or fireplaces, the smoke and effluvia from which are carried up a gigantic stalk rising 500 feet above the floor of the works, which is a landmark easily visible from all the surrounding neighbourhood. The articles manufactured are sulphuric acid, chloride of lime, soda, and soap; and so alive is the proprietor to the necessity of introducing all the recently-discovered processes, that he has been known to give—over and above the liberal salaries paid to resident chemists—the apparently enormous sums of L.1000 and L.1500 for the exclusive use of a single new process or discovery. In fact the establishment of St Rollox may be fairly pronounced as unequalled in the world.

Glasgow has likewise several pretty large glass-houses; but they will not bear comparison with the

vast establishments of Newcastle, St Helen's, and other towns south of the Border.

Having thus concluded our brief description of the leading branches of manufacturing industry in Glasgow, we proceed to offer a few statements that may illustrate the progress of steam navigation in particular, and also of the navigation generally connected with and issuing from the port of Glasgow.

After several fruitless exemplifications by Messrs Miller, Symington, and others, during the last century, of the possibility of applying steam to the propelling of vessels, Mr Henry Bell of Glasgow applied to a boat purposely built for him a pair of paddles set in motion by an engine of three-horse power, made by himself; and after several experiments this first steamboat on British water, the *Comet*, began plying between Glasgow and Greenock, January 18, 1812, when it succeeded; and it was regarded quite as an exploit that it made *five miles an hour* against a head wind! We insert here, as curious, an advertisement from a Glasgow paper, August 5, 1812:—

‘STEAM-PASSAGE BOAT.  
THE COMET.

BETWEEN GLASGOW, GREENOCK, AND HELENSBURGH.  
FOR PASSENGERS ONLY.’

The first steamers that ventured out of the Clyde into the open sea were the *Britannia* and *Rob Roy*; the former trading to Londonderry, the other to Liverpool, and thence to Dublin; soon after which, the number of steamers gradually increased, though the engines were still of a clumsy and ponderous make, with many parts attached that were subsequently found wholly unnecessary. A curious circumstance, too, deserves mention, as showing how mere accident may lead to great improvements. The fly-wheel of one of these early engines having got out of repair, it was found that the vessel went on just as well without it, owing to its own momentum; and consequently from that time forward this maintaining power was disused.

It forms no part of our present purpose to detail the progressive improvements in steam navigation during the last thirty years. Enough be it now to mention, that at the close of 1849 Glasgow possessed *seventy* steam vessels: four to Liverpool—the *Admiral*, *Commodore*, *Orion*, and *Princess Royal*, all from 350 to 600 tons burthen, and the two latter of iron; four to Belfast—three of which are of iron, and all from 250 to 500 tons; five to Londonderry and Sligo, from 150 to 400 tons, mostly built at Mr Napier's yard; three to Dublin; two to Campbelltown; one to Stranraer; and nine to the Western Highlands (six of iron); besides which, twenty-four steamers were plying up and down the Clyde, varying from 80 to 120 tons, ten of which ran to Gourock, Dunoon, and Rothesay, five to Largs and Millport, six to Helensburgh, and three to Dumbarton: there being also eighteen tug-boats employed in towing large sailing vessels up and down the river. Since then, in emulation of Liverpool, the first steam-packet has begun to ply direct to New York. These vessels are fitted up with engines of four different descriptions, either oscillating, diagonal, side-lever, or what are termed *steeples-engines*—these being now more frequently used than any other. The number of passengers conveyed in various directions by these floating towns cannot be calculated with any approximation to accuracy; but it must be enormous. In the summer season, when the good citizens of Glasgow are wont to ruralise with their families at Helensburgh, Gourock, Dunoon, Rothesay, Largs, Millport, &c. the steam quay at the Broomielaw presents, especially on Saturdays, an amusing scene of bustle, from the vast numbers of persons in every rank, and of both sexes, who are hurrying away from the smoky city to inhale the fresh breezes of the western ocean.

Pleasure, however, forms but a small part of the business connected with the marine navigation of the Clyde, inasmuch as the largest steam-ships engaged on the

Liverpool and Irish stations are extensively employed by the merchants and manufacturers for the transport both of the raw material and manufactured produce, as well as of large quantities of provisions, fresh as well as salt, from the various ports of Ireland.

Having thus presented an outline of the internal industry, trade, and navigation of Glasgow, we shall next invite attention to a subject equally interesting, though in some respects painful—the state of morals and health among the industrial classes in the Clydesdale district.

‘MODERN MYTHS’—THE GENTLEMAN  
BAGPIPER.

A GENTLEMAN, who dates from Preston, Lancashire, gives us the following statement, from which it would appear that the query as to the reality of the Gentleman Bagpiper in a late article called ‘Modern Myths’ is to be answered in the affirmative, though the name and identity of the person are not yet ascertained.

I have in my possession the first part of a work bearing this title—‘Tour of the Wandering Piper Through Part of Scotland and Ireland. Written by Himself.’ It was published in 1833 at Portland, Maine, United States. From the publisher's ‘introductory remarks,’ we learn the circumstance that gave rise to the tour. In the year 1825, at a dinner party in London, a dispute arose between two gentlemen as to the hospitality of different nations. One of the gentlemen was Count Bender, the other a retired officer, who had served under Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington during the greater part of the Peninsular war, and sold his commission after the battle of Waterloo. They had been educated together at the same school in Scotland, and a great friendship existed between them. Both being excellent musicians, they agreed to settle their dispute by personally testing the hospitable qualities of the various nations advocated by each: the one to travel as a fiddler in France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands; the other as a piper in England, Scotland, Ireland, and North America, to subsist on what the public might please to give them unsolicited: the one to whom the most was voluntarily given to be declared the winner, and to receive the sum of £5,000, which was staked on the result. The pilgrimage was to last five years.

Matters being thus arranged, they prepared to set out on their strange exploit—the count as fiddler, and the other as piper; but an uncle of the latter, who then held a high official situation, heard of their freak, and managed for a time to put a stop to their proceedings. The uncle, however, died in 1827, which left the piper free from restraint; and in June 1828 both parties commenced their wanderings. The fiddler started from Calais; and the piper, after shaking hands with a few friends in Edinburgh, proceeded by coach to Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, ‘that being,’ says he, ‘the very place the Fates had decreed I should commence my pilgrimage as a wandering piper.’ Here, after resting and refreshing himself in a small public-house, he sallied out into the streets, dressed in a gray frock-coat and a broad old-fashioned Scotch bonnet, beneath which he wore a pair of green spectacles. But this, his first attempt, seems somewhat to have shaken his faith; for after playing several hours to a crowd of the natives, they could not manage to scrape together more than 1s. for his behoof. This he refused, and they converted it into Glenurrie whisky, which they drank to the health and prosperity of the worthy piper, whom they declared to be the best player that had appeared in the country since the days of Geordie Lorimer, piper to the Earl of Errol. On the following morning a gentleman, who either knew or pretended to know the piper's secret, spread something abroad which seems to have

given him some uneasiness. He consequently packed up his pipes, and bade adieu to Stonehaven, passing through Drumlithie, Laurencekirk, and Auchinblea, without ever unloosening his musical wallet. The next day he performed a journey of thirty miles, with his whole luggage bundled on his back, consisting of a change of flannels, a shirt, a pair of stockings, and his bagpipes. In the evening he arrived at Kirriemuir, where, writes he, 'I was most hospitably entertained by Mr Stewart, a brother piper, who, like every one else, pretended to know me for no less a character than the celebrated Captain Barclay.' This I stoutly denied, but without altering his opinion. He, however, forced me to commence business in the streets next morning. Here I gained 6d., and a similar sum in Alyth in the afternoon; 1s. 6d. in Blairgowrie the next morning; and 2s. 11d. in Dunkeld in the evening.'

'At Crieff,' he continues, 'although one of the largest towns I have met with since commencing business, I could only screw out 2s. amongst the inhabitants; and a very conscientious publican, in whose house I had domiciled myself for the time being, only screwed 5s. from me. You will allow this was not a very profitable transaction; but I comforted myself that I was like the old woman who bought a lot of eggs for two shillings, and sold them for one; she said, "her profit was but small; but no matter, it was always turning over the money." The inhabitants of this Highland city had a great dispute among themselves about who I really was. One party said I was the Duke of Argyll in disguise, and another that I was Lord John Campbell; and during the time I played in their streets, the worthy Highlanders asked me for "The Campbells are coming" at least twenty times, out of compliment to myself.' He passed on through Muthil, Dumblane, and Bannockburn, with but middling success, so far as his receipts went, although so kindly treated by the inhabitants of each place, that he reluctantly set out for Glasgow, 'seated on a beautiful little pony,' which a Mr Pitcaithly of Dunfermline forced him to accept for the journey. 'I met,' says he, 'a great many people as I ambled along the road, who all gazed at my grotesque appearance with eyes and mouth. I suppose they either took me for the renowned Sancho Panza, or the no-less famed tailor riding to Brentford.'

He seems to have been anxious to get into Ireland as speedily as possible; so that, without playing a tune, he passed through Glasgow, and on to Greenock, where he took the packet to Londonderry. Here, as well as in all the towns and villages which he visited in Ireland at this time, he met with the greatest kindness from all sorts of people. He was invited to play at parties, and was well remunerated for his pains: halls were at his service, so that he might amuse the people without being at the trouble of perambulating the streets; and landlords of inns would rarely charge anything for his food and accommodation. Speaking of Londonderry, he says—'I lodged at Mr T. Patterson's, was kindly entertained, and nothing charged. I sold my mind to good purpose in the streets of the Maiden City: I collected L.2, 13s. 10d. for about three hours' work on the evenings of the 3d and 4th. Now, *Master Frenchee*, what think you of this piece of Irish hospitality? Will the sons of the Grande Nation use their fiddler in the same kind manner as the sons of St Patrick are like to do their piper? Faith I much doubt it; but time will show, and then let those laugh that win. . . . I have said it, and I see I am right—that the Irish, high and low, are the most friendly to strangers of any other nation in the known world.' The only place where he met with a want of hospitality was in his inn at Newtown-Limavady; 'but the generosity of the ladies and gentlemen, and the inhabitants of that place in general, made up for my host's want of hospitality; for although the town is exceedingly small, yet I received, in recompense for my Scotch reels, the sum of 11s. 5d.' At Carrickfergus, 'I, very Scotchman-like, kept the crown o'

the causeway, with a view to swindle the inhabitants with as little trouble to myself as possible; but, alas! the best laid schemes of men and mice are often frustrated, for my evil genius had been beforehand with me, and whispered it through the whole town that I was a duke, or a lord, or a colonel, or Counsellor O'Connell, playing for a wager of L.5000; that I was obliged to play in all the principal cities and towns in Scotland, England, and Ireland, but was by no means allowed to receive any money. Their eyes were opened, however, at last (but not until I was playing my concluding tune—namely, "We'll gang nae mair to yon town") by a worthy son of Vulcan, who had made so free with whisky, that he could with difficulty preserve his equilibrium. Not till then did the worthy burghesses of Coleraine see the most fatal error into which they had fallen; but they were not long in redeeming the time, for I had no sooner arrived at my inn than a deputation was sent by the princes of the land to request me to remain another day, and entertain a party of ladies and gentlemen who were to assemble in the town-hall the following evening. After a few hums and haws, by way of showing my consequence, I at last gulped down my wounded pride, and deigned to return them a most gracious answer; and the next day I attended accordingly, and was soon surrounded by a large assemblage of beauty and fashion. . . . My loving subjects then took their departure, but not without leaving me, by way of remembrance, the sum of L.2, 16s. 8d.; and before I closed my eyes for the night, I received L.1 from Mr Young of Glendaff for playing three tunes, which made my receipts at Coleraine L.3, 16s. 8d.' At Ballemoney 'I did the good people the honour to parade their streets in the afternoon, for which they gave me 14s. 10d., a sum I did not expect from the size of the place. Most of the respectable gentlemen in the place visited me in the evening, so that my time passed away in the same happy manner as on former occasions.'

A considerable portion of the piper's narrative is taken up with commenting upon certain paragraphs which appeared in the newspapers about him, and which seem generally to have not a little annoyed him. The 'Glasgow Free Press' gives a paragraph headed, 'A Military Movement,' which he copies and enlarges upon; and in the 'Newry Telegraph' appeared the following:—

'A Scotch piper, reported (we will not say how truly) to be an eminent sporting character, a gentleman, forsooth! in disguise, attracted considerable attention last week in Newry, Armagh, and the neighbouring towns and villages, in the character we have mentioned, for a wager. Be this as it may, we can only say that the *bairn* has taken most admirably with the good people of Ireland. Cash was pouring in on this most fortunate piper from every quarter, and it is calculated he has received not less than from ten to twelve pounds per day; but then it is no matter—it has been well bestowed, for he is not a common stroller—oh no! he has the honour to be a gentleman *vagabond*. We only wish that the money thus lavishly, and, we will add, shamefully thrown away on a nameless wanderer, had been appropriated to the relief of our wretched countrymen in Paisley, or to some other equally benevolent purpose.'

This paragraph he comments largely upon, and is at a good deal of pains to refute some of the statements made. From his own account of what he received at the several places, it is clear that the 'Telegraph's' statement of 'ten to twelve pounds per day' is a gross exaggeration. He lashes the editor of the 'Telegraph' to a great extent, and empties a whole bagful of acrimony upon him, after which he seems to be somewhat eased, but continues to give him an occasional whip throughout the remainder of his narrative.

After visiting Antrim, Carrickfergus, Belfast, Armagh, Newry, Drogheda, &c. taking from L.1 to L.3 in each, he arrives at Dublin. Passing a few flattering remarks on that city, its society, &c. he writes, 'I had

been invited by a Mr O'Neil, proprietor of the Ship Tavern, to perform every evening at his house, which is generally well frequented. I accordingly commenced action at the tavern door, and played round Edeft Quay and part of Sackville Street, attended by two police-officers and about two thousand hearers. Oh dear me! had my friend Mr Paul Pry, *alias* the editor of the "Newry Telegraph," been there, he would have seen such a *pour* of half-crowns and shillings as would have rent his tender heart in twain. But folks will spend their money in the way that best pleases them, in spite of all opposition. A great many of my followers accompanied me into O'Neil's very spacious coffee-room, where I was mounted on a seat considerably more elevated than the rest. Here I stood, or rather sat, my ground until twelve o'clock at night, in defiance of all the tumblers of whisky punch and quizzing glasses which were levelled against me; for which warlike deed I received thunders of applause, besides a considerable number of small round pieces, bearing the words *George 3d D. G. Britt. Rec. F. D.* on the one side, and *Honi soit qui mal y pense* on the other, which may be Hebrew or Gaelic for what I either know or care, so long as I know that such whirligigs are the sole salvation of my trade. I began now to turn very careless of street-walking, when I found that I could be employed in respectable taverns to greater advantage.

We next find the piper in Cork, where, he says, 'I found, on landing, that my name was already up, for the people seemed to be as well acquainted with all my movements as if I had appeared in the streets with "a piper to let" printed on my back and front. The proprietor of the Lyceum made me an offer of that respectable establishment, *gratis*.' In reference to his performances in the Lyceum, the 'Southern Reporter' of 13th September 1828, says:—

'The Lyceum Hall continues to be filled every evening, *ad pléthorem*, by crowds whose curiosity has been so much excited by the minstrelsy of the celebrated Scotch piper, lately arrived in this city. The nature of his undertaking is of itself novel, for it is said that he is travelling to support himself for a certain time by his performances; and we suspect, from the *éclat* with which he has been received, that he will not only accomplish the full terms of his wager, but have a large sum to devote to purposes of charity.'

There was of course no charge made for admission into the hall; but his receipts by donation amounted to L.15.

On reaching Belfast, he found himself almost unable to walk with rheumatism; so that he 'thought it was high time to leave the Isle of wit and liberality, and revisit its twin-sister, the "land o' cakes" and kail-brose, to lay up for a season, and undergo a thorough repair.' In about a month after this, we find him on his feet again, serenading the good folks of Greenock, where, he tells us, that on the 7th of October, a wet and stormy night, he scoured the streets for nearly two hours, receiving for his music 7s. in copper, and a silver sixpence. He then tried Port-Glasgow, where he met with indifferent success; and thence to Dumbarton, where he meets with most hospitable entertainment, and good remuneration for his wind. Paragraphs again began to appear in the Glasgow papers; and thinking that the expectation of seeing such a noted character might have raised a ferment in that quarter, he, in order to give the excitement time to subside, visited Dumfries; and there was he to be seen driving a strong business on the sands where the fairs are held. The subjoined description of one of his exploits, which he states to be perfectly correct, was given in the "Dumfries Courier":—

'The piper, who is presently going his rounds to fulfil a certain engagement, visited this town during last week. One of the days of his sojourn he appeared on the white sands, and was much applauded by all and sundry. A hero of the sock, who had seen at least fifty anniversaries of the battle of the Boyne, asked the piper

to play a certain party tune, and offered him a retaining fee. This proposition was loudly denounced by a sturdy Irish Catholic, who swore he would beat the piper black and blue if he dared to obey an injunction so scandalous. Not contented with this, he followed the musician for some time, and annoyed him so much, that he at last told the fellow that it would require a much better man to break his head or his pipes either. This but led to an angry parley; and to cut the matter short, the minstrel laid aside his instrument, called for a ring, and gave the assailant a splendid spice of his quality. According to report, he fought like a first-rate pugilist, felled his man more than once, and in the course of a very few minutes placed him completely *hors de combat*—that in place of the ring, he soon made him a fit subject for the Dumfries infirmary. Laughter at last gave way to pity. Such as knew Pat washed his face, and carried him home to bed; while the piper quietly resumed his music, and went on his way rejoicing.'

The following day, when on his way from Dumfries to Glasgow, the piper had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he heard a female voice, a full note above concert-pitch, screaming out, 'Hoch now, your honour, and may the powers above be after looking down in mercy upon you entirely; and sure it was my husband, and no one else, that your honourable lordship was obliged to murder yesterday, thundering bad luck to his father's son that he could not mind his own business, and let your worshipful majesty alone.' 'The purport of this harangue was easily understood,' says the piper, 'and I accordingly gave her the whole of my earnings in Dumfries, amounting to L.1, 10s.'

'At Glasgow,' he writes, 'I hired a lodging in one of the most obscure streets, and engaged a Broomielaw porter for a *wallie* (valet), as he termed it. I never appeared in the character of a piper during the day; but no sooner had "The sun gone down o'er the lofty Benlomond," than the melodious strains of my pipes made the welkin ring. My auditory were in general as numerous, and about as respectable, as what you have seen at an execution in Dublin. Be this as it may, pennies and halfpennies followed so fast at one another's heels, that, before nine o'clock, I had as commonly as much copper in my pockets as would have loaded any ass in the city.'

Our piper now wanders eastward, through Stirling, Alloa, Falkirk, and Linlithgow. Alloa, he remarks, has been long famed for its ale; 'but,' continues he, 'as that is probably the only good qualification it possesses, the less that's said the soonest mended.' The other places mentioned seem to have given him satisfaction. His next appearance is in the kingdom of Fife. 'I had proposed,' says he, 'as soon as I should arrive in Fife, to do business on a pretty large scale. I consequently piped in Burntisland, Kinghorn, and Kirkcaldy, all in one day—the latter of which is one-continued street of three miles long; and it is my humble opinion that the musician who plays up one side of it and down the other for 2s. 11d., as I did, may with great safety say devil take the gainer.' He proceeds eastward, piping through the numerous little fishing towns that lie along the coast. 'While at Leven I was introduced to a Mr Keddie, writer in Cupar, who met me at Ely on Saturday, according to appointment. Had he not done so, I should have met with a sorry reception; but Mr Keddie had invited a very pleasant party to meet me in the evening; and before we parted, we were as well-nigh drunk as Miller Robertson, a famed Scotch piper, who could not lie on a hay-field without holding by the grass.' He of course plays through Anster; but, strange to say, he makes no allusion to the far-famed Maggie Lander, whose name, above all others, should waken up strains of rapture in a piper's breast. A few days longer he sojourns in Fife, visiting St Andrews, Cupar, and the other principal towns.

A short paragraph from the "Scoteman" will give the next view of our piper:—'The piper, who has been fur

some time past perambulating Ireland and Scotland, made his appearance in the streets of Leith last night, imitating Habbie Simpson. Although he fingers uncommonly well, still we think Halbert's fame is in no danger with him. But we think he can use his fists as well as his fingers; for a sailor having popped his eyes too near the silver-mounted spectacles, got such a *north-wester* as made him reel nearly half a league out of his latitude.

And here we lose sight of the piper, for with this ends the first part of his '*Tour*.' That the book from which I have quoted is not a fiction, is made pretty clear by its own nature. Any one writing a fiction of the '*Wandering Piper*' would not have wasted about one-half of his work in ill-natured remarks upon editors of newspapers and other kindred subjects, to which our piper seems to be painfully given. Besides, the fictitious writer would have made a better job of his work: his incidents would have been more various and more interesting. The piper, indeed, must have been very deficient in literary taste; for with the opportunity he had for observing character and meeting with adventure, one would have been led to expect something far superior to the meagre production before us. The '*Tour*,' in short, in its simplicity, bears all the evidence of genuine truth; and hence it may safely be concluded that the piper was no myth, but a real, and in many respects a commonplace man.

#### A TWELVEMOON IN CALCUTTA.

THE COURSE—CHURCH—CALCUTTA DAY—THE DRIVE.

December 20th.—I have had my first drive to-day—not in the evening, as I expected, but directly after breakfast; it being quite cool enough at this season to venture out in the day-time under the double roof of a carriage, all the sides of which are open or closed at pleasure by Venetians. We had to drive into Calcutta, and then on to the ghaut where we had landed, and there take boat to our old ship, our object being to bring off a few little odds and ends we had left in the cabin, and to superintend the disembarkation of your beautiful pianoforte, which had been such a source of enjoyment to me during our long voyage. The carpenter screwed on the packing-case front again very nicely, and we saw it out of the boat, and away on the heads of four coolies (common porters, or day-labourers), who thought themselves munificently rewarded for carrying such a load a couple of miles on beyond the town by receiving half a rupee among them. We stayed on board half an hour longer, to watch the alighting out of some fine English horses, whose miseries it is to be hoped this last unhappy-looking act is to be the end of. They trembled a good deal, poor creatures, when deposited in the broad-decked boat that was to convey them ashore. The river is very grand here—wide, and full, and crowded with shipping, the animation of the scene much heightened by the multitude of little busy boats darting perpetually around the larger vessels. Part of the ceremonies of our return were a little startling. The banks of the Hooghly are so muddy, that, except at quite high water, when the boats can get close up to the steps of the ghaut, people have to be carried to the landing on little platforms, a wooden seat, something like the bottom of a chair set on two poles, which two coolies lift up, and away they plunge with it, very much to the disagreeable surprise of the person who for the first time finds himself thus accommodated. Really, Arthur and I, thus perched up amid all surroundings, must have been an amusing sight to any spectator on the quay of a grade to laugh at us; but at that hour of the day we were pretty safe from observation. In the evening our display would have been public enough.

A good road stretches all along by the bank of the river on a raised terrace at some little distance from the water, to allow for occasional floods. This is the famous Course, the fashionable evening promenade. It must

be four or five miles long, beginning so low down as the Docks and Garden Reach, but not being there open to the river, so that the crowd of company who throng to the upper end seldom proceed among the villas of that pretty suburb, a part of the environs I particularly admire, each handsome house standing so snugly in its little park-like grounds bounded by the water's edge. The carriages generally turn at a bridge thrown across a small river or canal called here a *nullah*, near the fort, and then go back to within a short distance from Government House, turning again at a fine ghaut with a well-designed Grecian-temple sort of gateway built over it. The road extends much higher up, passing the Court-house, the Mint, and other public buildings in the town; but this part is not in favour as a drive. Running parallel to this new road by the river half-way across the Esplanade—as the fine open space before Government House is named—is the old Course, which was the Mall in the olden time. It cuts this fine plain right in two. Beyond the outer half, opposite the river, lies Chowringhee, and opposite to Government House is the fort, thus forming a grand square. The whole extent of all we see is flat—perfectly flat; not even a mole-hill rises to break the uniformity of a plain extending hundreds of miles in every direction. Yet it is a pleasing scene. There is no such thing as what we call a street to be seen, with a regular row of adjoining houses: the nearest approach to one is merely a road, with now a house on one side, and then a house on the other, each enclosed in a garden. A very favourite situation is that in which we live, Chowringhee Road, on one side only of which stand these garden-houses. In front of us, recollect, is the open esplanade, the Mydau they call it; and beyond it flows the river, from whence the breeze, unchecked, blows freely into the veranda. At right angles to us, on the right hand, is Esplanade Row, ending with Government House; and there is one mile of open space between that row and the fort. Taking the shipping into the account, it is certainly a strikingly fine Indian city view. Straight rows of garden-houses extend behind the Chowringhee Road far out into the country, and the public offices and the town stand behind the Esplanade Row. There is no natural or artificial irregularity to suggest the curve, the sweep, the waving line of beauty—all is mathematically laid down as if by rule and compass.

The effect is very strange of seeing so far before, behind, and all round—the whole picture swarming with dark, half-naked little figures huddling along, as if on purpose to run over one another, there being no footways. Carriages, palanquins, carts, horses, men—all go along how they can, and where they can; and what a curious crowd it is! The coolies, who swarm over the surface of the ground, ready for the smallest hire to do the work of beasts of burthen, are too poor even to afford themselves a turban—that most essential piece of dress—where the fierce sun-rays beat so cruelly upon the unprotected head; a bit of cloth about the loins is their only habiliment. A higher class, again, appear in coarse canvas or cotton turbans, or at least a skull-cap; and a garment of a simple form, neither trousers nor petticoat, ingeniously put on without any sort of fastening, merely by plaiting it in folds, and tucking it into rolls supported by the hips. This, it seems, is the true Hindoo dress. Those who can afford it, wear besides a white cotton scarf, flung over the upper part of the person, leaving much of the breast bare. A still better grade wear under this scarf a close-fitting shirt, which makes the whole dress decent. The superior castes of Hindoos, and all the Musselmans, are respectably apparelled, as I have described the dress of our upper servants. There is not that picturesque variety of costume I expected to find here; at least this, my first drive, has disappointed me in this respect, and the first impressions of so new a scene should have been the other way. They tell me that there really is much less to remark here on this score than at either of the other Presidencies, more particularly at Bombay, where

Persians, Georgians, Arabs, Jews, Parsees, and Armenians, add by far the most interesting figures to the multifarious groups.

We got back to a late tiffin, and found Cary quite wearied out with the fatigue of an immense levee. Half the ladies of her acquaintance appeared to have called, some of them avowedly to get the first peep of the new fashions; and extremely disappointed they seemed to be at her not volunteering to call my new ayah to exhibit them. They would have been much more disappointed if she had; two bonnets and half-a-dozen gowns being my stock in trade in this line. We have expatriated ourselves, not for the purpose of spending money, but for that of making it, and quickly too; and if visiting is to cost us much in dress or otherwise, we shall have to restrict ourselves to a very select society. We began to-night the regular drive on the Course, turning and returning with a very respectable array of carriages and equestrians. We were introduced to every one that approached us; and Edward invited to dinner two young civilians, one of whom has some employment under himself in the court of the Suddah Adhawlut.

21st.—This being Sunday, we all prepared for church. We drove into the town to the cathedral—St John's Cathedral it is called—a fine building, simply, but neatly appointed. The rows of flounced punkahs hanging down from the high roof struck my unaccustomed eye 'pretty considerably;' and the effect must be singular when they are waving unceasingly over the heads of the congregation. They must put people to sleep I should think. At present they are not in use, the heat not being such as to make them necessary. There was but a scanty assemblage, few very distinguished-looking persons, and not many men. We had a good plain sermon. In the evening, at five o'clock, punctual to the moment, came the carriage round to take us the daily drive. It is a custom never omitted without some unusual reason; and a very salutary custom it is, as the air from the river is delightfully cool and refreshing at that hour. Here is the outline of a Calcutta day:—Very early rising—up at gun-fire, just before it is light. A walk, a ride, or drive before the sun is high for those who like exercise at that time—a bath, a cup of coffee, a rest with a book perhaps—dress, breakfast. The husband to his business, the wife to hers, and then her visits either at home or abroad. Tiffin—undress rest—bathe—re-dress—drive. Dinner at home, and bed at ten: dinner in company leads to later hours. Any break in this monotonous existence is, I hear, a God-send—to those at least who make no other use of the hours of rest than to lay themselves listless on a sofa after wearying themselves with visits and visitors. The tiffin always appears to me to be about the pleasantest part of the day, one or two intimate friends generally remaining for it: it is the most necessary meal too to some, though there are people who do without it, or at any rate take nothing beyond a bit of bread with fruit; but the generality of constitutions become exhausted by two o'clock, and not dining till seven or eight, they are all the better of a substantial luncheon and a cool glass of beer, or wine and soda-water. Even the juries are allowed time for tiffin. The heat here makes me eat as the bracing cold of a winter's day used to make me do in England.

22d.—Having been exhibited on the Course, and shown in the cathedral, it is incumbent on us now to leave cards at all the houses where we intend visiting. None of the courts being now sitting, Edward borrowed a buggy, and carried off Arthur on a tour of their own. Such a queer machine! 'Tis like a gig with a hood to it, and the hood has a hole in the back, closed at will by a flap, to let in the dust or the air, or both. Caroline and I went in more state in the carriage, list in hand, and a chobdar with his silver stick behind us. We found a great many ladies out, gates close shut, so we left our cards. A good many were in, gates invitingly open, and the porter ready twice to strike the

bell. We did not save our cards though. The natives make such extraordinary sounds in imitation of our names, that it is quite a matter of necessity to announce ourselves. In the real old Indian houses, where the master happened to be at home, the two strokes of the bell brought him to the door to receive us, and offer his arm to help us to mount the stairs. In all houses where gentlemen were present during our visit we were escorted by them back to the carriage: certainly women are treated with peculiar politeness in India. We found our acquaintance all occupied—some with their babies; some with their ayahs and dirjees; some working, drawing, or writing, as at home, for this is the cool and the active season; and some were sitting in little family parties, with intimate friends come in to spend the day, as is very much the fashion here.

It will take us several mornings to get through even my amended list; really the length of the one my sister made out for me was alarming. Some of the distances we have to go are considerable—to Garden Reach, for instance; and it does not do to be out too long in the sun, even under the double roof of a good carriage: there is something very fierce in these noontide rays. These rather long drives will not prevent our faithfully frequenting in the evenings the pretty drive by the Hoogly, as Edward keeps two pair of carriage-horses. I have hardly called your attention sufficiently to that lively scene. The wide Course crowded with carriages, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, the river, more than a mile broad, covered with shipping on the one hand, and the fine plain of the Mydaum on the other, form altogether a picture of no common interest. It amuses me much to watch the strange variety of carriages, drawn by horses no bigger than Galloways, harnessed in the English style, but driven by Mussulman coachmen, who certainly do not look at all at home upon an elevation their forefathers never dreamed of their attaining. Fancy people who never sit on a chair or a stool, or any seat but the floor, suddenly exalted upon the coach-box of an English carriage! They look exactly as if they did not know how they got there; and awkward charioteers they make, in the turns especially, such sweeps as sailors would call good offings at sea. Accidents do happen with such unskilful guides, but more rarely than strangers would believe possible. A running footman attends every horse—the syce who feeds and cleans him. Regal style you will say, as you have not seen it, for the appearance of some of the poor ill-paid men, who can afford no better clothing than that worn by the low Hindoo, detracts a good deal from the grandeur. These men are brought up to run with the horse, whatever his pace may be, and they can keep up very well for a certain time. However, people are beginning to find out there is want of wisdom in tiring the man who is to groom the steed; and many now let the syce cling to the step of the buggy, or stand behind the carriage, hanging on a bit lower than the two chuprassies, or the two chobdars, as the case may be. The Anglo-Indians generally dress their syces much in the same style as they dress their coachmen—a shorter tunic merely, and no trousers—the natives, and a few careless English, are content to leave their poor grooms in their nearly naked simplicity, all except the head. The masters seldom neglect giving turbans and cummerbands, English masters at least, as it is rather the fashion to have these of the colours of the family livery; and the turbans are frequently made up stiffly on a frame, which looks very ugly, quite a different head-dress from the long, graceful, white or red scarf, rolled tightly round the temples. The excuse for adopting this formal substitute is, that these untidy servants regularly pull off all their clothing the moment they are out of sight, and then, when called for, they would not have time to fold on the turban. Some thorough John Bulls add a coloured band edged with gold or silver lace round or across these bonnets or *bertis*, for they have no resemblance to turbans. I have even heard of a crest stuck up in the front of

them, thus really distorting a beautiful and becoming national head-dress.

Among the carriages of so many forms, an ugly but very comfortable one much struck me, called a *palkee garcy*; literally, a palanquin carriage. It is just a roomy palanquin on wheels, only with a well for the feet, as people sit in it. Surely here is the origin of our useful Brougham? In the palanquin itself the inmates lie, their heads supported by a cushioned desk. This machine resembles a large trunk, with an opening on each side of it. It is borne on poles, one pole at each end, fixed in, about the middle of the panel, and placed on the bare shoulders of all but naked men; two to each pole, who shuffle along in crooked-looking pairs, at a sharp trot, grunting most inharmoniously, as if at their last gasp, while their outside unemployed arms work up and down in time with the motion of their feet. The person inside has a forlorn appearance, as if carried off prisoner somewhere. Yet it is a pleasant way of going a short distance, quite as easy as a chair; and but for the grunt, which makes one fancy the bearers are suffering, I should be inclined to adopt this native vehicle. In this enumeration of Indian conveyances, the common *cranchie* must not be forgotten, so well described by Bishop Heber as looking like the skeleton of a London hackney-coach. It really seems, when new out of the maker's hands, ready to fall in pieces. It is drawn by the most miserable ponies that were ever seen able to crawl. The harnessing is quite of a piece with the rest of this equipage:—A pole, no traces, but a yoke instead of them, laid across the ponies' backs, supported by two pads, which are fastened to the two collars, and in some mysterious manner all this catches the pole. The driver is perhaps the strangest part of the whole—diminutive as the horses, and wasted like the carriage, with no covering but a dirty bit of coarse sacking round his middle, and a peculiar drapery of the same material hanging about his head; these two parts of the person being what most require protection—the loins from the damp, and the brains from the sun. His attitude, too, is extraordinary. He generally stands leaning forward, one thin arm high above his head, brandishing the bamboo rod with its coconut thong over the wretched ponies, which, one way or another, do get along, and pretty fast too, with this rickety machine behind them. Within it sit, maybe, three or four fat natives of some respectability, well turbaned, yet naked from the waist upwards. The Europeans never use these *cranchies*: if they have not carriages of their own, they hire a *palkee*, unless they happen to possess one; and if they do not keep a sufficient number of bearers, they can hire as many as they want. Almost everybody has a carriage, however, and two pair of horses, if he goes much out; or at anyrate three horses, and perhaps a buggy, as much more agreeable than so many idle bearers; two of these gentry being quite sufficient to do the chambermaid's work in a moderate-sized house.

### MIRABEAU.

#### AN ANECDOTE OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

THE public life as well as the private character of Mirabeau are universally known; but the following anecdote has not, we believe, been recorded in any of the biographies. The particulars were included in the brief furnished to M. de Galitzane, advocate-general in the parliament of Provence, when he was retained for the defence of Madame Mirabeau in her husband's process against her. M. de Galitzane afterwards followed the Bourbons into exile, and returned with them in 1814; and it is on his authority that the story is given as fact.

Mirabeau had just been released from the donjon of the castle of Vincennes near Paris. He had been confined there for three years and a-half, by virtue of that most odious mandate, a *lettre-de-cacher*. His imprisonment had been of a most painful nature; and it was

prolonged at the instance of his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau. On his being reconciled to his father, the confinement terminated, in the year 1780, when Mirabeau was thirty-one years of age.

One of his father's conditions was, that Mirabeau should reside for some time at a distance from Paris; and it was settled, that he should go on a visit to his brother-in-law, Count du Saillant, whose estate was situated a few leagues from the city of Limoges, the capital of the Limousin. Accordingly, the count went to Vincennes to receive Mirabeau on the day of his liberation, and they pursued their journey at once with all speed.

The arrival of Mirabeau at the ancient manorial château created a great sensation in that remote part of France. The country gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood had often heard him spoken of as a remarkable man, not only on account of his brilliant talents, but also for his violent passions; and they hastened to the château to contemplate a being who had excited their curiosity to an extraordinary pitch. The greater portion of these country squires were mere sportsmen, whose knowledge did not extend much beyond the names and qualities of their dogs and horses, and in whose houses it would have been almost in vain to seek for any other book than the local almanac, containing the list of the fairs and markets, to which they repaired with the utmost punctuality, to loiter away their time, talk about their rural affairs, dine abundantly, and wash down their food with strong Auvergne wine.

Count du Saillant was quite of a different stamp from his neighbours. He had seen the world, he commanded a regiment, and at that period his château was perhaps the most civilised country residence in the Limousin. People came from a considerable distance to visit its hospitable owner; and among the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial oddities, clad in their quaint costumes. At that epoch, indeed, the young Limousin noblemen, when they joined their regiments, to don their sword and epaulettes for the first time, were very slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their rustic retainers.

It will easily be imagined, then, that Mirabeau, who was gifted with brilliant natural qualities, cultivated and polished by education—a man, moreover, who had seen much of the world, and had been engaged in several strange and perilous adventures—occupied the most conspicuous post in this society, many of the component members whereof seemed to have barely reached the first degrees in the scale of civilisation. His vigorous frame; his enormous head, augmented in bulk by a lofty frizzled *coiffure*; his huge face, indented with scars, and furrowed with seams, from the effect of small-pox injudiciously treated in his childhood; his piercing eyes, the reflection of the tumultuous passions at war within him; his mouth, whose expression indicated in turn irony, disdain, indignation, and benevolence; his dress, always carefully attended to, but in an exaggerated style, giving him somewhat the air of a travelling charlatan decked out with embroidery, large frill, and ruffles; in short, this extraordinary-looking individual astonished the country-folks even before he opened his mouth. But when his sonorous voice was heard, and his imagination, heated by some interesting subject of conversation, imparted a high degree of energy to his eloquence, some of the worthy rustic hearers felt as though they were in the presence of a saint, others in that of a devil; and according to their several impressions, they were tempted either to fall down at his feet, or to exorcise him by making the sign of the cross, and uttering a prayer.

Seated in a large antique arm-chair, with his feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often contemplated, with a smile playing on his lips, those men, who seemed to belong to the primitive ages; so simple, frank, and at the same time clownish, were they in their manners. He listened to their conversations, which generally

turned upon the chase, the exploits of their dogs, or the excellence of their horses, of whose breed and qualifications they were very proud. Mirabeau entered freely into their notions; took an interest in the success of their sporting projects; talked, too, about crops; chestnuts, of which large quantities are produced in the Limousin; live and dead stock; amigrations in husbandry; and so forth; and he quite won the hearts of the company by his familiarity with the topics in which they felt the most interest, and by his good-nature.

This monotonous life was, however, frequently wearisome to Mirabeau; and in order to vary it, and for the sake of exercise, after being occupied for several hours in writing, he was in the habit of taking a fowling-piece, according to the custom of the country, and putting a book into his game-bag, he would frequently make long excursions on foot in every direction. He admired the noble forests of chestnut-trees which abound in the Limousin; the vast meadows, where numerous herds of cattle of a superior breed are reared; and the running streams by which that picturesque country is intersected. He generally returned to the château long after sunset, saying that night scenery was peculiarly attractive to him.

It was during and after supper that those conversations took place for which Mirabeau supplied the principal and the most interesting materials. He possessed the knack of provoking objections to what he might advance, in order to combat them, as he did with great force of logic and in energetic language; and thus he gave himself lessons in argument, caring little about his auditory, his sole aim being to exercise his mental ingenuity and to cultivate eloquence. Above all, he was fond of discussing religious matters with the curé of the parish. Without displaying much latitudinarianism, he disputed several points of doctrine and certain pretensions of the church so acutely, that the pastor could say but little in reply. This astonished the Limousin gentry, who, up to that time, had listened to nothing but the drowsy discourses of their curés, or the sermons of some obscure mendicant friars, and who placed implicit faith in the dogmas of the church. The faith of a few was shaken, but the greater number of his hearers were very much tempted to look upon the visitor as an emissary of Satan sent to the château to destroy them. The curé, however, did not despair of eventually converting Mirabeau.

At this period several robberies had taken place at no great distance from the château: four or five farmers had been stopped shortly after nightfall on their return from the market-towns, and robbed of their purses. Not one of these persons had offered any resistance, for each preferred to make a sacrifice rather than run the risk of a struggle in a country full of ravines, and covered with a rank vegetation very favourable to the exploits of brigands, who might be lying in wait to massacre any individual who might resist the one detached from the band to demand the traveller's money or his life. These outrages ceased for a short time, but they soon recommenced, and the robbers remained undiscovered.

One evening, about an hour after sunset, a guest arrived at the château. He was one of Count du Saillant's most intimate friends, and was on his way home from a neighbouring fair. This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, and spoke but little, which surprised everybody, inasmuch as he was usually a merry companion. His gasconades had frequently roused Mirabeau from his reveries, and of this he was not a little proud. He had not the reputation of being particularly courageous, however, though he often told glowing tales about his own exploits; and it must be admitted that he took the roars of laughter with which they were usually received very good-humouredly.

Count du Saillant being much surprised at this sudden change in his friend's manner, took him aside after supper, and begged that he would accompany him to

another room. When they were there alone, he tried in vain for a long time to obtain a satisfactory answer to his anxious inquiries as to the cause of his friend's unwonted melancholy and taciturnity. At length the visitor said—'Nay, nay; you would never believe it. You would declare that I was telling you one of my fables, as you are pleased to call them; and perhaps this time we might fall out.'

'What do you mean?' cried Count du Saillant: 'this seems to be a serious affair. Am I, then, connected with your presentiments?'

'Not exactly you; but'—

'What does this but mean? Has it anything to do with my wife? Explain yourself.'

'Not the least in the world. Madame du Saillant is in nowise concerned in the matter; but'—

'But!—but! you tire me out with your buts. Are you resolved still to worry me with your mysteries? Tell me at once what has occurred—what has happened to you?'

'Oh, nothing—nothing at all. No doubt I was frightened.'

'Frightened!—and at what? By whom? For God's sake, my dear friend, do not prolong this painful state of uncertainty.'

'Do you really wish me to speak out?'

'Not only so, but I demand this of you as an act of friendship.'

'Well, I was stopped to-night at about the distance of half a league from your château.'

'Stopped! In what way? By whom?'

'Why, stopped as people are stopped by footpads. A gun was levelled at me; I was peremptorily ordered to deliver up my purse; I threw it down on the ground, and galloped off. Do not ask me any more questions.'

'Why not? I wish to know all. Should you know the robber again? Did you notice his figure and general appearance?'

'It being dark, I could not exactly discover: I cannot positively say. However, it seems to me'—

'What seems to you? What or whom do you think you saw?'

'I never can tell you.'

'Speak—speak: you cannot surely wish to screen a malefactor from justice?'

'No; but if the said malefactor should be'—

'If he were my own son, I should insist upon your telling me.'

'Well, then, it appeared to me that the robber was your brother-in-law, MIRABEAU! But I might be mistaken; and, as I said before, fear'—

'Impossible: no, it cannot be. Mirabeau a footpad! No, no. You are mistaken, my good friend.'

'Certainly—certainly.'

'Let us not speak any more of this,' said Count du Saillant. 'We will return to the drawing-room, and I hope you will be as gay as usual; if not, I shall set you down as a madman. I will so manage that our absence shall not be thought anything of.' And the gentlemen re-entered the drawing-room, one a short time before the other.

The visitor succeeded in resuming his accustomed manner; but the count fell into a gloomy reverie, in spite of all his efforts. He could not banish from his mind the extraordinary story he had heard: it haunted him; and at last, worn out with the most painful conjectures, he again took his friend aside, questioned him afresh, and the result was, that a plan was agreed upon for solving the mystery. It was arranged that M. De — should in the course of the evening mention casually, as it were, that he was engaged on a certain day to meet a party at a friend's house to dinner, and that he purposed coming afterwards to take a bed at the château, where he hoped to arrive at about nine in the evening. The announcement was accordingly made in the course of conversation, when all the guests were present—good care being taken that it should be

heard by Mirabeau, who at the time was playing a game of chess with the curé.

A week passed away, in the course of which a farmer was stopped and robbed of his purse; and at length the critical night arrived.

Count du Saillant was upon the rack the whole evening; and his anxiety became almost unbearable when the hour for his friend's promised arrival had passed without his having made his appearance. Neither had Mirabeau returned from his nocturnal promenade. Presently a storm of lightning, thunder, and heavy rain came on; in the midst of it the bell at the gate of the courtyard rang loudly. The count rushed out of the room into the courtyard, heedless of the contending elements; and before the groom could arrive to take his friend's horse, the anxious host was at his side. His guest was in the act of dismounting.

'Well,' said M. De —, 'I have been stopped. It is really he. I recognised him perfectly.'

Not a word more was spoken then; but as soon as the groom had led the horse to the stables, M. De — rapidly told the count that, during the storm, and as he was riding along, a man, who was half-concealed behind a very large tree, ordered him to throw down his purse. At that moment a flash of lightning enabled him to discover a portion of the robber's person, and M. De — rode at him; but the robber retreated a few paces, and then levelling his gun at the horseman, cried with a powerful voice, which it was impossible to mistake, 'Pass on, or you are a dead man!' Another flash of lightning showed the whole of the robber's figure: it was Mirabeau, whose voice had already betrayed him! The wayfarer, having no inclination to be shot, put spurs to his horse, and soon reached the château.

The count enjoined strict silence, and begged of his friend to avoid displaying any change in his usual demeanour when in company with the other guests; he then ordered his valet to come again to him as soon as Mirabeau should return. Half an hour afterwards Mirabeau arrived. He was wet to the skin, and hastened to his own room; he told the servant to inform the count that he could not join the company at the evening meal, and begged that his supper might be brought to his room; and he went to bed as soon as he had supped.

All went on as usual with the party assembled below, excepting that the gentleman who had had so unpleasant an adventure on the road appeared more gay than usual.

When his guests had all departed, the master of the house repaired alone to his brother-in-law's apartment. He found him fast asleep, and was obliged to shake him rather violently before he could rouse him.

'What's the matter? Who's there? What do you want with me?' cried Mirabeau, staring at his brother-in-law, whose eyes were flashing with rage and disgust.

'What do I want? I want to tell you that you are a wretch!'

'A fine compliment, truly!' replied Mirabeau with the greatest coolness. 'It was scarcely worth while to awaken me only to abuse me: go away, and let me sleep.'

'Can you sleep after having committed so bad an action? Tell me—where did you pass the evening? Why did you not join us at the supper-table?'

'I was wet through—tired—harassed: I had been overtaken by the storm. Are you satisfied now? Go, and let me get some sleep: do you want to keep me chattering all night?'

'I insist upon an explanation of your strange conduct. You stopped Monsieur De — on his way hither this evening: this is the second time you have attacked that gentleman, for he recognised you as the same man who robbed him a week ago. You have turned highwayman then!'

'Would it not have been all in good time to tell me this to-morrow morning?' said Mirabeau with inimitable coolness. 'Supposing that I did stop your friend, what of that?'

'That you are a wretch!'

'And that you are a fool, my dear Du Saillant. Do you imagine that it was for the sake of his money that I stopped this poor country squire? I wished to put him to the proof, and to put myself to the proof. I wished to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society: the trial was a dangerous one; but I have made it several times. I am satisfied with myself—but your friend is a coward.' He then felt in the pocket of his waistcoat, which lay on a chair by his bedside, and drawing a key from it, said, 'Take this key, open my *scrutoire*, and bring me the second drawer on the left hand.'

The count, astounded at so much coolness, and carried away by an irresistible impulse—for Mirabeau spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabeau. It contained nine purses; some made of leather, others of silk; each purse was encircled by a label on which was written a date—it was that of the day on which the owner had been stopped and robbed; the sum contained in the purse was also written down.

'You see,' said Mirabeau, 'that I did not wish to reap any pecuniary benefit from my proceedings. A timid person, my dear friend, could never become a highwayman; a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to understand me, therefore I will not attempt to make myself more intelligible. You would talk to me about honour—about religion; but these have never stood in the way of a well-considered and a firm resolve. Tell me, Du Saillant, when you lead your regiment into the heat of battle, to conquer a province to which he whom you call your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are performing a better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the king's highway, and demanding his purse?'

'I obey without reasoning,' replied the count.

'And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason,' rejoined Mirabeau. 'I study all kinds of social positions, in order to appreciate them justly. I do not neglect even those positions or cases which are in decided opposition to the established order of things; for established order is merely conventional, and may be changed when it is generally admitted to be faulty. Such a study is a dangerous, but it is a necessary one for him who wishes to gain a perfect knowledge of men and things. You are living within the boundary of the law, whether it be for good or evil. I study the law, and I endeavour to acquire strength enough to combat it if it be bad when the proper time shall arrive.'

'You wish for a convulsion then?' cried the count.

'I neither wish to bring it about nor do I desire to witness it; but should it come to pass through the force of public opinion, I would second it to the full extent of my power. In such a case you will hear me spoken of. Adieu. I shall depart to-morrow; but pray leave me now, and let me have a little sleep.'

Count du Saillant left the room without saying another word. Very early on the following morning Mirabeau was on his way to Paris.

### THE ENCHANTED ROCK.

About four miles west-north-west of Cape Clear Island and lighthouse, on the south-west coast of Ireland, a singularly-shaped rock, called the Fastnett, rises abruptly and perpendicularly a height of ninety feet above the sea level in the Atlantic Ocean. It is about nine miles from the mainland, and the country-people say it is *nine miles from every part of the coast*.

The Fastnett for ages has been in the undisturbed possession of the cormorant, sea-gull, and various other tribes of sea-fowl, and was also a noted place for large conger eels, bream, and pollock; but from a superstitious dread of the place, the fishermen seldom fished

near it. During foggy weather, and when the rock is partially enveloped in mist, it has very much the appearance of a large vessel under sail—hence no doubt the origin of all the wonderful tales and traditions respecting the Fastnett being enchanted, and its celebrated feats. The old people all along the sea-coast are under the impression that the Fastnett hoists sails before sunrise on the 1st of May in every year, and takes a cruise towards the Duresey Islands, at the north entrance of Bantry Bay, a distance of some forty miles; and that, after dancing several times round the rocks known to mariners as the Bull, Cow, and Calf, it then shapes its homeward course, drops anchor at the spot from whence it sailed, and remains stationary during the remainder of the year.

The Fastnett, however, it appears, is not the only enchanted spot in that locality; for at the head of Schull Harbour, about nine miles north of the rock, on the top of Mount Gabriel—about 1400 feet above the sea-level—is a celebrated lake which the people say is so deep, that the longest line ever made would not reach its bottom. It is also stoutly asserted that a gentleman once dropped his walking-stick into the lake, and that it was afterwards found by a fisherman near the Fastnett. On another occasion, a female wishing to get some water from the lake to perform a miraculous cure on one of her friends, accidentally let fall the jug into the water, and after several months, the identical jug—it could not be mistaken, part of the lip being broken off—was also picked up near the Fastnett. For such reasons the people imagine that there is some mysterious connection between the rock and the lake, and that they have a subterranean passage or means of communication. Captain Wolfe, indeed, during his survey of the coast in 1848, sounded the mysterious pool, and found the bottom with a line *seven feet long*; but the people shake their heads at the idea, and say it was all *freemasonry* on the part of the captain, and ask how he accounts for the affair of the stick and jug? It will be some time, I presume, before this puzzling question can be solved to the satisfaction of all parties; and the traditions of the stick and jug, and many other extraordinary occurrences, are likely to be handed down to succeeding generations. The lake, or bog-hole, must therefore be left alone in its glory; but, alas! not so with the Fastnett.

No more will it hoist sail for its Walpurgie trip, and cruise to the Dureseys, for it is now *firmly moored*; and in the hands of man the wonderful Fastnett is reduced to a simple isolated rock in the Atlantic Ocean. During the awful shipwrecks in the winters of 1846 and 1847, but little assistance was derived from the Cape Clear light, which is too elevated, and is often totally obscured by fog, and this drew attention to the Fastnett Rock as a more eligible site for a pharos, being in the immediate route of all outward and homeward-bound vessels: but the great difficulty was to effect a landing, and make the necessary surveys; its sides being almost perpendicular, and continually lashed by a heavy surge or surf. After many attempts, Captain Wolfe did effect a landing; and having made the necessary survey, and reported favourably as to its advantages, it was determined by the Ballast Board to erect on it a lighthouse forthwith. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1847, by sinking or excavating a circular shaft about twelve feet deep in the solid rock; holes were then drilled, in which were fixed strong iron shafts for the framework of the house; and then the masons began to rear the edifice. The workmen found it pleasant enough during the summer and autumn of 1847, and lived in tents on the summit of the rock, and looked over the mainland with the aid of a glass, like so many of their predecessors—the cormorants.

In the spring of 1848, however, when operations were resumed, after a cessation of the works for the winter, the scene changed. It began to blow very hard from the north-west; and the men secured their building, which was now several feet above the rocks, as well as

they could, and covered it over with strong and heavy beams of timber, leaving a small aperture for ingress and egress, and then awaited in silence the result. During the night the wind increased, and the sea broke with such fury over the whole rock, that the men imagined every successive wave to be commissioned to sweep them into the abyss. It only extinguished their fire, however, and carried off most of their provisions, together with sundry heavy pieces of cast-iron, a large blacksmith's anvil, and the crane with which the building materials were lifted on the rock. The storm lasted upwards of a week, during which time no vessel or boat could approach; and the crew of this island-ship remained drenched with water, and nearly perished with cold in a dark hole, with nothing to relieve their hunger but water-soaked biscuit. But the wind at length suddenly shifted, the sea moderated, and they were enabled eventually to crawl out of their hole *deader than alive*. In a few days a boat approached as near as possible, and by the aid of ropes fastened round their waists, they were drawn one by one from the rock through the boiling surf. The men speedily recovered, and have since raised the building some twenty feet above the ground: the extreme height is to be sixty feet. This is the last adventure of the Enchanted Rock; but we trust a brilliant history is before it, in which, instead of expending its energies in idle cruises, it will act the part of the beneficent preserver of life and property.

#### EARLY HISTORY OF THE USE OF COAL.

BITUMINOUS matter, if not the carboniferous system itself, exists abundantly on the banks of the Euphrates. In the basin of the Nile coal has been recently detected. It occurs sparingly in some of the states of Greece; and Theophrastus, in his 'History of Stones,' refers to mineral coal (*lithanthrax*) being found in Liguria and in Elis, and used by the smiths; the stones are earthy, he adds, but kindle and burn like wood coals (the *anthrax*). But by none of the Oriental nations does it appear that the vast latent powers and virtues of the mineral were thus early discovered, so as to render it an object of commerce or of geological research. What the Romans termed *lapis amplexites*, is generally understood to mean our cannel coal, which they used not as fuel, but in making toys, bracelets, and other ornaments; while their *carbo*, which Pliny describes as *vehementer perituel*, was simply the petroleum or naphtha, which issues so abundantly from all the tertiary deposits. Coal is found in Syria, and the term frequently occurs in the Sacred Writings. But there is no reference anywhere in the inspired record as to digging or boring for the mineral—no directions for its use—no instructions as to its constituting a portion of the promised treasures of the land. In their burnt-offerings, wood appears uniformly to have been employed; in Leviticus, the term is used as synonymous with fire, where it is said that 'the priests shall lay the parts in order upon the wood'—that is, on the fire which is upon the altar. And in the same manner for all domestic purposes, wood and charcoal were invariably made use of. Doubtless the ancient Hebrews would be acquainted with natural coal, as in the mountains of Lebanon, whither they continually resorted for their timber, seams of coal near Beirut were seen to protrude through the superincumbent strata in various directions. Still there are no traces of pits or excavations into the rock to show that they duly appreciated this extent and uses of the article. . . . For many reasons it would seem that, among modern nations, the primitive Britons were the first to avail themselves of the valuable combustible. The word by which it is designated is not of Saxon, but of British extraction, and is still employed to this day by the Irish, in their form of *o-gual*, and in that of *kolan* by the Cornish. In Yorkshire, stone hammers and hatchets have been found in old mines, showing that the early Britons worked coals before the invasion of the Romans. Manchester, which has risen upon the very ashes of the mineral, and grown to all its wealth and greatness under the influence of its heat and light, next claims the merit of the discovery. Portions of coal have been found under, or imbedded in, the sand of a Roman way, excavated some years ago for the construction of a house, and which at

the time were ingeniously conjectured by the local antiquaries to have been collected for the use of the garrison stationed on the route of these warlike invaders at Man-eion, or the Place of Tents. Certain it is that fragments of coal are being constantly, in the district, washed out and brought down by the Medlock and other streams, which break from the mountains through the coal strata. The attention of the inhabitants would in this way be the more early and readily attracted by the glistening substance. Nevertheless, for long after coal was but little valued or appreciated, turf and wood being the common articles of consumption throughout the country. About the middle of the ninth century, a grant of land was made by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the restriction of certain payments in kind to the monastery, among which are specified sixty carts of wood, and as showing their comparative worth, only twelve carts of pit coal. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, Newcastle is said to have traded in the article, and by a charter of Henry III., of date 1284, a license is granted to the burgesses to dig for the mineral. About this period, coals for the first time began to be imported into London, but were made use of only by smiths, brewers, dyers, and other artisans, when, in consequence of the smoke being regarded as very injurious to the public health, parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit the burning of coal, on the ground of being an intolerable nuisance. A proclamation was granted, conformable to the prayer of the petition; and the most severe inquisitorial measures were adopted to restrict or altogether abolish the use of the combustible, by fine, imprisonment, and destruction of the furnaces and workshops! They were again brought into common use in the time of Charles I., and have continued to increase steadily with the extension of the arts and manufactures, and the advancing tide of population, till now, in the metropolis and suburbs, coals are annually consumed to the amount of about three millions of tons. The use of coal in Scotland seems to be connected with the rise of the monasteries. . . . Under the regime of domestic rule at Dunfermline, coals were worked in the year 1291—at Dysart and other places along the Fife coast, about half a century later—and generally in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants were assessed in coals to the churches and chapels, which, after the Reformation, have still continued to be paid in many parishes. Boethius records that in his time the inhabitants of Fife and the Lothians dug 'a black stone,' which, when kindled, gave out a heat sufficient to melt iron.—*Rev. Dr Anderson's Course of Creation*. [A popular view, just published, of the animated world in Pre-Adamite times.]

#### BE NOT TOO FASTIDIOUS.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in, and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. With respect to that fastidiousness which disturbs the right conduct of the understanding, it must be observed that there are two modes of proceeding: one, by the test of what has actually been done in the same way before; the other, by what we think might be done in that way. Now this latter mode of more imaginary excellence can hardly be a just

criterion, because it may be, in fact, impossible to reduce to practice what it is perfectly easy to conceive; no man, before he has tried, can tell how difficult it is to manage prejudice, jealousy, and delicacy, and to overcome all that friction which the world opposes to speculation. Therefore the fair practical rule seems to be, to compare any exertion with all similar exertions which have preceded it, and to allow merit to any one who has improved, or at least who has not deteriorated, the standard of excellence in his own department of knowledge. Fastidious men are always judging by the other standard; and as the rest of the understanding cannot fill up in a century what the imagination can sketch out in a moment, they are always in a state of perpetual disappointment, and their conversation one uniform tenor of blame. At the same time that I say this, I beg leave to lift up both my hands against that pernicious facility of temper in the estimation of which everything is charming and delightful.—*Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy*.

#### AN OLD IDEA—NEWLY CIAD.

STREAM of my life, dim-banked, pale river, flow!  
I have no fear to meet the engulfing seas;  
Neither I look before, nor look behind,  
But lying mute, with wave-dipped hand, float on.

It was not always thus. My brethren, see  
This oar-marked, quivering palm, the bitter sign  
Of youth's mad struggle with the wave that drifts  
Inmutably, eternally along.

I would have had it glide through fields and flowers,  
Giving and taking freshness, perfume, joy;  
It winds through a blank desert. Peace, my soul!  
—The finger of God's angel drew its line.

So I lean back, and look up to the stars,  
And count the ripples circling to the shore,  
And watch the silent river rolling on,  
Until it widens to the open sea.

#### THE OYSTER BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Few people have any idea of the immensity of the oyster business done in the United States. The Chesapeake and Delaware Bay oysters go all over the world, and we learn from a number of the 'Baltimore Sun' that one establishment in that city, during the oyster season, keeps twenty-five men constantly opening the shells, and they sometimes open five hundred gallons a day, which are all designed for exportation. The oysters are put up in cans, which are made air-tight, and hermetically sealed. They are warranted to keep fresh in any climate. Five men are constantly employed in making the cans. The oysters are sent principally to the Western States, but considerable quantities are sent to the West Indies, South America, and some have been sent to China. On the first day of the last oyster-taking season, in the Fairhaven River, six or seven hundred boats were ready for operations with the sunrise. The striking of the bell in the brick church was the signal to begin, and soon all was stir and commotion amongst men and shell-fish. During the day between thirty and forty thousand bushels of oysters were taken; which, from the fact of their having been undisturbed for two years, were unusually large, and very fine. Some boats took from seventy-five to one hundred bushels each, and some few went much above this quantity. Transient oystermen sold their products at the bank of the river for twenty and twenty-five cents per bushel, while those who made 'oystering' a regular business preferred to hold on for speculation.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

#### DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

A remarkable instance of the divisibility of matter is seen in the dyeing of silk with cochineal, where a pound of silk, containing eight score threads to the ounce, each thread 72 yards long, and the whole reaching about 104 miles, when dyed with scarlet, does not receive above a drachm additional weight; so that a drachm of the colouring matter of the cochineal is actually extended through more than 100 miles in length, and yet this minute quantity is sufficient to give an intense colour to the silk with which it is combined.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## A BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

### THE SECOND.

WITH the notion that amongst the 'Curiosities of Literature' of the present day, the advertisements take the chief place, we will proceed to consider a few more of the class most in vogue just now in our newspapers—the weekly ones especially.

There are many people who go to their club or reading-rooms, and come back saying, 'There is nothing in the papers to-day'—positively nothing in the marvellous mass of intelligence that has come over arid deserts and across leaping wildernesses of waters—toiling up mountain-passes, penetrating almost trackless woods—rattling in *malle-postes* over paved high-roads, stopped at frontiers, scrutinised by jealous police, whirled along hundreds of miles of railway, fumigated in plague-lazarettos—in fact, brought to us by any means that money, interest, tact, venture, or thought, could command! But even beyond all this there is yet 'something.' In every column of the advertisements are the records of two or three dozen romances, or fights for existence, planned with the most brain-racking ingenuity that desperation can induce. I do not mean in this place to allude to the more serious experiments upon the charity or credulity of human nature. The absurd and comical are better suited to my purpose.

'Know Thyself' was, and ever has been, considered a saying of great wisdom: esteemed, moreover, as an exceedingly difficult estimation to arrive at. Bah! It is now a mere matter of a shilling, or a few postage stamps. For this small outlay, London at present overruns with learned professors, male and female, who will tell you anything.

The first that I applied to was the most omniscient. This was his advertisement:—

**CLAIRVOYANCE.**—HENRI, the *CLAIRVOYANTE*, is now in London, and any lady or gentleman wishing to try the power of clairvoyance, may receive answers to any three questions, relating to the past, the present, or the future, on receipt of a letter enclosing a lock of hair, with the real initials, and one shilling, with a directed envelop.—Address —. The strictest secrecy may be relied on. Place the shilling between cards.

I obeyed his directions, and sent in the following questions:—

1. Will the enterprise succeed between now and July 12?
2. Did the letter arrive safely at its destination?
3. Will the writer go abroad this year?

In a day or two the same note I had sent was returned, with the answers written against the questions.

They were—

1. No.
2. Yes.
3. No.

The 'enterprise' related to the sale of a horse I had up from the country for that purpose, and to my thinking was perfectly successful.

The 'letter,' which was to Gibraltar, and sent six weeks ago, has not yet been acknowledged, but this is no proof that it has not arrived.

I have been 'abroad since,' but as it was only to a dinner at Boulogne, perhaps that can hardly be considered as being so in the proper sense.

However, the answers were sufficiently wide of the mark to keep me in any important matter of doubt or judgment from putting too much faith in the counsel of the *'clairvoyante.'*

A lady, Miss G—, next attracted my attention. I sent a specimen of my handwriting, and enclosed the requisite amount of postage-stamps—I think thirteen. From her I received by an early post a paper, which I here reproduce. The attributes were printed in German text; the remarks in italics were filled in with writing, as follows:—

'Education—*Basis is good.*

Understanding—*Practical, clear.*

Firmness—*Unfledged.*

Temper—*Irritable, but good.*

Benevolence—*Limited.*

Honour, &c.—*The highest attainable.*

Business, &c.—*Talents of a high order.*

Additional Notes—*Great ingenuity of resource.*

With Miss G—'s compliments.'

Altogether, I was not content with my shilling's-worth, so I sent out some more specimens of penmanship, sowing my postage-stamps, as it were, like seed to produce a crop of self-knowledge. The first advertisement I saw in my weekly paper promised well, running thus:—

**KNOW THYSELF.**—Professor B—'s method of Describing the Character of Persons from their Handwriting never fails, being founded on philosophical principles. A specimen of the ordinary writing, stating age, sex, and profession, enclosing thirteen uncut postage stamps, will insure an unerring description of the mental and moral qualities of the writer, pointing out gifts and defects hitherto unsuspected, with their probable influence on the future life; and advice in all cases of distress and difficulty.—Address, Dr B—, &c. &c.

I was less allured by the term 'professor' than by the expanse of his information. For I have known professors whose occupations were not altogether in accordance with the popularly-received importance of the title. One professor last year at Vauxhall tossed two children about in the air with his feet as he lay on his back, and another spun a gilt globe about in the same position. I have known professors teach the polka; make wigs; blow glass birds of paradise; lecture on elocution, and run away without paying the literary institution for the room and lighting; exhibit themselves in white tights as fighting gladiators and

kneeling slaves; stand on their heads on the top of a pole amongst a shower of squibs; present begging-letters; train 'happy families' of cats, birds, mice, and monkeys; make fireworks with any amount, dividing their rank in this respect with 'chevaliers'; compound no end of wonderful quack medicines; in fact achieve every kind of marvellous performance, known or unknown, under the sun. However, Professor B— promised much, and in due time I received this reply to my application:—

'The type of this character is soundness with amenity; earnest stability of mind; a certain decision and rectitude, united to a kindly disposition, and wholly free from formality or harsh precision; liberality of opinions, frankness, and cordiality, with a good understanding.'

After this, it was not long before the announcement of another 'professor' met my eye. Professor E— undertook to convey similar information at the same small sum. I wrote as follows:— 'The writer, a gentleman, aged 34, will be glad to know Professor E—'s opinion of his character;' and I enclosed the stamps. The answer I received in a day or two was certainly the best and most carefully-compiled of all. Indeed there was actual evidence of painstaking in its construction. It nearly filled a sheet of note-paper, at the top of which was lithographed a pen, bearing a scroll, on which was inscribed— 'A Pen's portrayal of a Pen-stroke's revelations.' I must confess that amongst them all I was beginning to get really confused as to what I was or was not:—

'So characteristic is the calligraphy of this writer, that the graphiologist may with certainty declare it to be that of one whose manners are marked by a careless love of ease: whose thoughts, though often ingenious, happy, and novel, are deficient in accuracy and in well-defined clearness, and whose actions bear the stamp of irregularity and incompleteness: one who has no dominant ambition to give unity to the aimings of the intellect, and whose intentions are too unsettled, undecided, and wanting in plan and arrangement, for persistency of exertion to be developed, or close and quiet application to be a prominent trait in the character.'

'Readiness of talent, in the instance of the present writer, seems prejudicial to the health of the mind; for the ability to succeed in any attempt, and a consciousness of that ability, is productive of so much self-satisfaction, that a disposition to rest is engendered, and action only takes place under the influence of stimuli. Here, indeed, or we are much mistaken, is an applicant whose power of volition has never received equal training to that which has been accorded to the intellectual faculties; whose *Ego* is no despotic monarch; who plays with fortune, rather than fights with her; whom circumstances may for a while render enthusiastic, but who is far too impulsive to be resolute. One whose forethought is not sufficiently preparative, who lets to-morrow come before to-day is finished, and who might become the diamond by concentration, but who, by diffusiveness, approximates more closely to diamond-dust.'

"Enobarbus." Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lepidus.* But small to great matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first."

'We trace in our applicant a faint reflection of the character of Enobarbus. R. E.'

The last communication of this kind I received was on a printed paper like one of the others, and filled up in writing as I have copied it. It contained, besides, a bill of wonderful preparations for reproducing hair, and dyeing it to any shade in three minutes, absorbing corns and bunions, and scenting handkerchiefs. I should have mentioned that another of the answers contained a puff of more hair dye, and a third an announcement of a book on etiquette. One would think that the majority of inquirers were badly-brought up people with corns and red hair. I subjoin the reply:—

Character—Truthful, sincere.

Education—Very good.

Temper—Affectionate, amiable, mild.

Disposition—Kind, good-natured.

Jealousy—Prominent.

Benevolence—Kind, but cautious.

Honour—The highest attainable.

Business Talents—Fond of novelty, great adaptive talent.

With Miss D—'s compliments.

There is nothing new in this professorship of graphiology. Years ago Shenstone wrote, 'I wish I could see Mrs Jago's handwriting, that I might judge of her temper.' It is only an old conceit revived, but revived for the purposes of gain. That it pays, is evident from the repeated advertisements of its professors, and the avidity with which three or four adopted the idea after the first speculating individual had started it. It is pleasant in imagination to contemplate the professors in their studies. Do they pass hours in scrutinising every stroke and inflection of the specimen sent—detecting boldness in a pothook, or irresolution in a hanger, calling in the aid of a microscope to investigate still farther the temperament in which the up-and-down strokes were conceived? Or are they reckless individuals, who keep their characters ready written, and use them by chance as they come to hand, like printers of meteorological almanacs with the weather prognostics? I incline to the latter belief.

At the same time, a small experience has taught me to have faith in graphiology—to a certain extent. I receive many letters every day—fifteen or sixteen sometimes—and I can read several before I tear the envelop. When a large one arrives, with four stamps and a delicate address, I know it is from a feeble amateur writer, who adds a note, informing me that he or she 'ventures to send a first effort for my approval, and hopes I will excuse the imperfections,' which I never by any chance do. A letter of the *ancien régime*—that is to say, a sheet of paper folded in the old-fashioned way, without an envelop—directed in a bold, straight, splashy hand, in very black ink, with flourishes, and perhaps wafered, or sealed with one large, simple initial, I know is from a City writer. It either contains a bill, or it is an invitation to lecture at some Trans-Templebar literary institution, or it begs an order for any theatre at which I may chance to have a piece playing. I know by the address that it will contain many abbreviations—such as *dr for dear, wd for would, yrs obdely for yours obediently*; and that the name of the writer will terminate in a flourish of indefinite length and eccentricity. It is also sure to have my name written at length down in the left-hand corner, for the which, being properly addressed, I cannot well account. There is one careless, hurried hand that I know—I scarcely can tell why—directs a club or whitebait dinner invitation; another, cramped and precise, is sure to herald some request or petition of a hopeless character; a third, written straight up and down, or perhaps with a reversed slope, I am certain will unfold some anonymous abuse of myself, provoked by a recent article or book. Indeed I have become so learned in this species of discrimination, that when I return from my club at night—whereat I chiefly finish my evenings in the society of agreeable and intelligent persons of all positions in life, and from whom I hear the general news of town, in anticipation even of the 'Times'—I can tell at a glance which letters will give me pleasure in reading before I go to bed, and which, if I value an unworried night, I had better leave to be discussed at breakfast and by daylight.

I would not be too hard upon these poor 'professors,' with the exception of 'Henri the Clairvoyante.' The graphiologists may haply believe in their science to a certain extent, and, for aught I know, take some slight degree of pains to concoct an answer; but the 'clairvoyants' must be aware, from the outset, that he is a humbug; that if the knowledge he professes to diffuse were in his grasp, he could very soon enrich himself far more than an advertisement could do, were it only to anticipate the state of the funds. His answer was least worth the shilling of all I applied to.

I have only one more series of disclosures to make;

but I believe these to be the most important, as they refer to a mischievous set of people: I allude to the Turf Prophets, who have risen, like flies in summer, to buzz about us. Their game is absolutely a dangerous one to play at: for feeble minds may, and doubtless do, risk more money on their advice than they can spare if they lose, and thus tumble into the first of a series of social quagmires. I have written to several to know the result of a race at Goodwood—about which, be it understood, I do not care one stable straw—and I am now (July 24) waiting their replies. Long before this sheet is in the reader's hands, it will be decided; and we shall then be enabled to compare the promises of the prophets with the returns of the umpire. A. S.

## INDUSTRIAL GLASGOW IN 1850.

### CONDITION OF THE OPERATIVE CLASSES.

FACTS amply sufficient have been adduced to prove beyond all controversy the vast amount and importance of the manufacturing industry carried on in this district. Here we behold a capital of many millions belonging to merchants and manufacturers employed in maintaining a stupendous working-power, whereby many descriptions of raw produce are converted into manufactured articles suitable for every market in the known world; and further than this, supplying the means whereby these goods are conveyed, whether by steam or otherwise, to all parts of the habitable globe—employing in the many branches of business herewith connected at least 100,000 persons directly in factory or other connected occupations, and at least 200,000 more as managers, clerks, porters, &c.—independently of the great numbers engaged in mines and collieries up and down the county of Lanark. So various, indeed, are the many branches of industry here conducted, that there is scarcely any description of labour that can go unemployed or unrewarded; and though the rate of wages at present is not high, scarcely averaging more than 18s. a week, yet with the present prices of necessities there is no occasion for the industrious artisan, in whatever trade, to suffer want, if he only devote himself honestly, and with perseverance, to his allotted employment, and cultivate habits of frugality, sobriety, and self-respect.

Independently, however, of mere ordinary artisan-labour, there are many kinds of business which afford ample scope for a more than usual exercise of constructive, mechanical skill; and wherever this is the case, the superior workman is sure to find the due reward of his abilities in advanced wages and a station correspondingly elevated above that of his fellows in the same line of occupation. Indeed it is to this superior mechanical aptitude, directed by undeviating and persevering diligence, that many of the leading manufacturers, now wielding a large capital, and employing some hundreds of hands, owe their first rise from the ranks of their fellow-workmen; nor would it be difficult to single out persons in Glasgow now in the enjoyment of wealth, and largely engaged in its manufactures and commerce, who have wrought in their youth at the loom, the mill, or the anvil. In fact throughout Great Britain the upper ranks are constantly recruited from the middle and industrial classes; nor is any public position of honour or influence closed against them, when they have once obtained the confidence and respect of their fellow-countrymen. Now, though it may be quite true that in some few cases these advances have been due to some happy invention, some alteration of fabric caused by the fickleness of fashion, or some fortunate venture in trade, yet in by far the majority of instances they have been the result of steady, long-continued industry and sterling

integrity while in the employment of others. Indeed capital, without which no business whatever can be conducted, is generally the result of accumulated savings, aided and supplemented in some cases by the confidence placed by others, engendered by a longer career of untiring activity, upright conduct, and sterling principle. Without the cultivation of these habits, no permanent advance has ever been made from a subordinate station to one of wealth, influence, and independence: nor will the same causes that have already produced such happy results cease to operate wherever the legitimate means are employed. It would be well if the Glasgow operatives would reflect deeply on this subject, and see how far they in particular are employing the right means towards so desirable an end.

Even at the time that we are now writing, there is a numerous class of persons in and around Glasgow who, although still occupying subordinate posts, have already advanced onwards from comparatively low and ill-paid stations to others involving confidence and responsibility—such as overlookers, foremen, and managers, all of whom must, as a matter of necessity, be practically versed in every branch of business which they superintend. These are not merely clever mechanicians, and apt in business, but possessed of decided general abilities and well-regulated industrious habits, men perhaps with slender education originally, but who have seen the value of scientific knowledge, and procured in their hours of leisure that instruction which has aided them most essentially in their onward career. Glasgow affords many opportunities for such self-improvement in its Mechanics' Institutes and libraries; and these, or such as these, are the persons who avail themselves of them, using life well, and constantly rising in the social scale. They work silently, but surely, acquiring the confidence and respect of those around them; and instances are not wanting of persons in this class who are laying by considerable savings, to be employed either by themselves or with others in an independent venture. And let us look at the homes of these persons. Their own character being reflected in their families, their houses are in most cases clean, wholesome, well provided with domestic comforts, and furnished in a style which might equally suit the classes above them. It may happen also that some members of their families add their own wages to those of the parent; and thus, as all combine to promote mutual comfort, with a strict regard to a frugal economy, savings gradually accrue, which will hereafter lead to still further prosperity and final independence. In illustration of this statement, the writer of these observations may cite two cases of which he has personal knowledge. The first of these began life as a draw-boy to a harness-loom weaver, from which humble capacity he soon rose to be a shawl-weaver himself. He had a natural taste for pattern-scheming, combined with a certain mechanical aptitude, which he soon got the means of improving by instruction in leisure hours procured by savings from his wages, at that time higher than the present amount of competition allows. By dint of constant application and repeated experiments, he succeeded in introducing various improvements and plans for shortening the labour and increasing the pattern-working powers of the loom. These indications of manufacturing talent soon introduced him to a higher class of business, and by constant attention to these pursuits, he at length won the confidence of the principal shawl-manufacturers of the district. The post of manufacturing master in a large establishment became vacant; and he was chosen to fill it at a salary which at once placed him in comfort and independence. He is now the manager of one of the largest Thibet-shawl establishments in Lanarkshire, with a salary that enables him to live in gentility; and he has amassed, besides, a considerable sum of money, which he turns to advantage in trade. He has a son and daughter also, the former of whom holds a responsible charge in a Thibet-wool mill, while the latter

superintends the sewing and dressing of the higher classes of India-pattern shawl-pieces. The family are still young, and it is not too much to anticipate that the poor draw-boy may ere very long become a wealthy and influential manufacturer, giving employment to others instead of taking it himself. The second case that has fallen under our notice is that of a most worthy and talented man, who rose from being a heavy-forging to be a boiler-maker and fitter, and thence upwards by a native engineering genius, which has guided him, as it were, by instinct, to a practical acquaintance with every branch of the marine-engine business. His knowledge is of a most extensively-varied nature, and of ready application; but being a pure self-taught child of nature, he is far better fitted to superintend the practical working of the manufacture than to explain the abstract principles on which it depends. He is invaluable to his employers; and with all his roughness, he is a man of sterling worth and firm integrity, having the charge of every department, and the direction of every process, great or small, in one of the largest engine factories of Glasgow, at a very liberal salary far beyond his expenditure.

But to go a step lower—we have the knowledge of many factory operatives who, with their families, cannot earn more than 32s. or 34s. a week at the present rate of wages; and yet, by dint of strict economy, they contrive to maintain themselves comfortably with every appearance of external respectability and even gentility, occupying houses of small size, indeed, but clean, tidy, and well-provided with all the means of domestic comfort; and notwithstanding all this, putting by small sums regularly to serve them in time of sickness or slack employment. The secret of all this is simply as follows: they waste none of their hard earnings in foolish or profligate expenditure, but put it to a right and legitimate use—for the improvement of their homes, and the maintenance of their personal respectability. Such as these, too, fail not eventually to rise in the social scale. They may not, it is true, possess the abilities of the highest class of operatives, but still they possess that studious attention to business, and that firm integrity of conduct, which is sure, sooner or later, to open to them positions of trust and responsibility, if not those of a higher class that lead to permanent independence.

Now, as this comfort and positive happiness is at the command of ordinary working-men, who will set about seeking it with rectitude of purpose—and such labour, honestly persevered in, has a direct tendency to raise these men in the social scale—there appears no reason whatever for those expressions of horror and pity which are so thoughtlessly indulged in with respect to factory-labour, nor for the loud denunciations which, either by mistake or deep-designing purpose, are uttered against the manufacturing employers. The working-man gives his services for a stipulated amount of weekly wages, subject to fluctuations regulated by demand; and if he performs his duties conscientiously, and with diligence, maintaining his character and self-respect, he is as much an object of esteem in his own sphere as the employer himself; for labour is neither dishonourable nor a hindrance to happiness, disgrace and misery being the consequence not of the use, but of the abuses of the rewards of labour. That the factory operatives, too, are in many cases considerably well-informed on general topics, may be easily found in conversation; for they not unfrequently exhibit a degree of intelligence and acuteness, clearly indicating a considerable amount of mental discipline and reasoning power, as well as acquaintance with positive facts. Habits such as these elevate of themselves even the poorest operatives; for while they in no way interfere with, but rather promote their efficiency in hours of toil, they render them a blessing to their families, and an object of respect to all within the sphere of their influence. Superadd to these a profound sense of moral responsibility, based on religious obligation, which, we know, many actually do

possess, and we have all the elements of real happiness that may be the lot of all, and are enjoyed by many who are still contentedly working in the humble but useful capacity of factory artisans.

Melancholy facts, however, are so constantly forcing themselves on the attention of persons even slenderly acquainted with the condition of the operative classes in Glasgow, that we dare not conceal the truth, painful as it unquestionably is. Vast numbers—we fear fully one-half of these artisans—are in constant poverty, and plunged in debt, even when in full employment; having no thought for the morrow, but spending a large portion of their hard earnings with improvident profusion on indulgences wholly unnecessary and injurious—constantly uttering invectives and bitter reproaches against their employers, and their low scale of remuneration, instead of blaming their own habits, which act as a constant bar to their progress and improvement. As for saving money in brisk seasons of employment, this is a notion that they cannot entertain; and as soon as the demands of the labour-market diminish, and work once more becomes slack, or ceases for a time, they are thrown at once into helpless indigence, and compelled to seek charity or parish relief. This is the case with the improvident of every grade among the operatives; but more so perhaps among those who, being good workmen, receive higher wages, than among those who follow lower and worse-paid employments. Facts quite well known in Glasgow, as well as in the factory towns of England, fully bear out this assertion. With all the advantages of high wages due to their superior craftship, vast numbers of them are, notwithstanding, every whit as poor, and perhaps poorer, than those of very inferior abilities. Their superior wages, indeed, do them harm rather than good, for they have the more to spend in beastly self-indulgence and profligate enjoyment. Their week's earnings are half spent in a single night, and the rest of the week they are compelled to pass in a state of half starvation, surrounded by a squalid hungry family, in a home destitute of every comfort and most of the common necessities of life. The example of the father is too readily followed by his wife and children: use soon familiarises them to their degradation, and all of them speedily lose every sense of self-respect or care for appearances. This is the opposite side of the picture, and a very painful one; but it reflects no discredit on the factory system itself, being only the natural consequence of abusing instead of legitimately employing the wages of labour. We incline also to think that this unhappy mode of life is incidental, in Glasgow at least, far less to persons directly engaged in mills than to those employed in the metallic trades, or who work for small masters in the dyeing and other numerous branches dependent on the factories.

The cause of all this misery, which of course varies in degree according to the amount of self-indulgence, is, in one word, improvidence, which shows itself especially in two particulars, that somehow or other are generally found in close connection—a propensity for intoxicating drinks, and an ignorance or neglect of domestic economy.

Drunkenness, indeed, prevails to a more lamentable extent in and about Glasgow than in almost any other portion of Great Britain; and the amount of misery and impoverishment caused by such indulgence is sufficiently apparent from the fact, that the operative classes of that city squander in intoxicating drinks upwards of a million of money per annum, which, if put to a proper purpose, would maintain themselves and their families in respectability, placing them above all fear of actual want, and enabling them to live in comfortable homes, surrounded by thriving families, and entitled to general respect. Instead of this, we see these improvident, reckless workmen seeking refuge in pent-up unwholesome wynds and closes, to which they are content to resort that they may have the more to spend on illicit pleasure, which

consumes the larger portion of their wages. Indulgence in drink is almost always accompanied with other excesses and extravagance, such as treating, gambling, &c. A few shillings perhaps remain to pay off an instalment of debt at the provision shop, or to take out of pawn a few necessary articles to keep up appearances on Sunday; and after food has been purchased, sufficient for a day or two's consumption, nothing more remains. Clothes, and even furniture, are hurried to the pawn-office, in order to supply the place of the wages squandered at the spirit shops; the petty provision-dealer is once more resorted to for credit, which adds to a debt already beyond all probability of liquidation; or, if credit be gone, a great portion of the week is necessarily spent in want and penury. The example of the workman, too, gradually infects his family; for a drunken husband soon makes a drunken wife; and where the children are in the receipt of mill wages, the example of the parents so infects these also, that even in early years they become more or less the victims of the same degrading propensity. Such a state of things never lasts very long; for the habit once formed, speedily strengthens, all regard for appearances is soon lost in the absorbing love of drink, and constant altercations at home extinguish every chance of domestic felicity. Debts accumulate in various quarters, which at length become so pressing, that the assistance of friends must be called in to relieve them of a portion of their load; or else their wages are arrested, to the utter and irredeemable loss of their character with the employer. The experience of every one who has been in the habit of mixing with the operative classes will bear testimony to the truth of this sad picture, which, though one of an extreme case, but too truly describes the poor artisan's road to ruin. And yet these very men have the same chance, with perhaps a greater ability, for insuring their own comfort and respectability, as those better-principled persons who, living at home with their families, enjoy every domestic comfort for the present, with means in store for soothing the pains of sickness, or providing against the privations incidental to fluctuations of trade.

It is said that drunkenness has been on the decrease in Glasgow for the last two or three years; and considering the rapid increase of the population, we are inclined to think that this is to some extent true. Any such diminution, so far as it goes, is the lessening of an intolerable evil; but there yet remains sufficient of it, revoltingly perceptible, too, by even the most superficial observer, to be a foul blot on the population of Glasgow, and a source of lasting misery and pauperism to some thousands of innocent persons, who are unwilling victims to the profligate habits of their lawful protectors and supporters.

Closely connected with intemperance is the ignorance or neglect of domestic economy, which is so striking in the homes of many of the operative classes, that no person in the habit of visiting them can fail to observe it, and lament its baneful consequences. This results in some measure from intermarriages formed by persons engaged in the mills; for few of the females so employed receive that kind of domestic training likely to suit them for becoming useful and thrifty mothers of families. It were well for the workman to consider how much of his future comforts are dependent on the character of his partner in life. A wife who has method and love of order, combined with a fair knowledge of plain domestic economy, is an invaluable blessing, and will keep him from many a temptation from without. Nor is her task difficult, exacting her undivided time, for a very moderate amount of care and attention to cleanliness would, with inconceivably little trouble, render her husband's humble room or house both clean and orderly. His meals would be ready for him, without bustle or hurry at each return from his place of work; and his partner would at the same time (even with children to care for besides) have opportunities during the day for needle-work, or other employment that would at any-

rate supply the family wants, if not procure a small amount of money-payment to swell the family earnings. Alas! how many instances are there, on the contrary, in which the wife is constantly at home, or, what is worse, gossiping in her neighbour's room—a slattern in attire, with children even dirtier than herself, everything around her in disorder and filth, procrastinating every household duty till too late for its performance, and seldom prepared to administer to her husband's requirements; and this, too, when he is in the receipt of wages amply sufficient to entitle him to every reasonable domestic comfort. Little wonder, then, if grumbings and mutual recriminations be heard, and home at length be shunned, as presenting no attraction for him who provides it. The result in a vast number of cases is, that the unhappy man seeks a false consolation in the beer-shop or spirit-store, where he can obtain a brief snatch of quiet and so-called enjoyment.

Another and no trifling error of well-meaning but injudicious and short-sighted economists, is the too frequent habit of purchasing provisions in small quantities on credit at petty retail-shops, instead of laying in at the time of weekly or fortnightly payment a sufficient stock for use of the principal articles required, which they could purchase for ready money at a far lower rate—at least 10 per cent. less—in the markets or shops of large dealers. By this plan they would not only save money, and avoid all temptation to petty debts, but would be provided with a superior article of consumption. The saving, indeed, thus effected throughout the year, would of itself constitute a sum by no means trifling, to be laid out in useful clothing, or put by for a time of greater need. Such acts of economy as these, though seemingly unimportant, form a leading element of well-directed household management.

A third feature of improvidence in the operative classes, and which is productive of a long train of evils and distresses, is the too general practice of engaging in early and inconsiderate marriages. It is not unfrequently the case that youths, scarcely out of their apprenticeship, and only just arrived at man's estate, entangle themselves at the very outset of life with a wife and all the consequences of marriage, even at a time when their wages are barely sufficient for the respectable maintenance of themselves. Seldom, indeed, have they any savings wherewith to establish themselves in comfort, and much less frequently do they get any supplies for that purpose from those whom they have selected for their partners—young girls, probably as ignorant and inexperienced as themselves. A family speedily follows; and many a deserving workman finds himself saddled with anxious cares and a heavy burthen long ere he has power to bear them. Honourable feelings and just views of the marriage obligations are the only preventives for such an evil. To rush headlong into a state involving such heavy responsibilities is an act of downright cruelty to the confiding female whom he plunges in ruin, and surrounds with a family that he cannot support. The operative classes should reflect long and maturely on this matter, and instil right views on so important a subject into the minds of their growing children, and all other young persons who come within their influence. Marriage is a proper institution if rightly considered, and only entered into from right motives and with proper prudence: it will then in all probability greatly conduce to happiness and mutual comfort; but early and imprudent marriages are only the commencement of a train of evils and miseries that will end only with life itself. Let the industrious artisan, then, think well beforehand how far he is prepared for the burthen by prudent savings of former earnings, and consider maturely the character of the female whom he has chosen for his partner, before he involves both her and himself in obligations which should never be entered into without serious reflections on his and her powers of fulfilling them. Those in the middle class just above him exercise this prudence as a body to a remarkable extent, and there can be no

reason why the artisans of Clydesdale should not to a far greater degree than at present act with cautious discretion and forethought when contemplating an obligation so fraught with good or evil as marriage, which can never be dissolved except by death.

### FORTUNES OF THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

BETWEEN Passy and Auteuil were still to be seen, some few years ago, the remains of what had been a gentleman's residence. The residence and the family to whom it had belonged had both fallen during the first Revolution. The bole of a once magnificent tree, stag-headed, owing to the neighbouring buildings having hurt the roots, was all the evidence that remained of a park; but bits of old moss-grown wall—broken steps that led to nothing—heads and headless trunks of statues that once adorned the edges of what, now a marsh, had formerly been a piece of ornamental water—little thickets of stunted trees stopped in their growth by want of care—all hinted of what had been, although they could give no idea of the beauty which had once made Bouloinvilliers the pride of the neighbourhood and its possessor. Such was the aspect of the place recently; but when the following anecdote begins, France was to external appearance prosperous, and Bouloinvilliers was still in its bloom.

At a cottage within the gate which entered the grounds lived the gardener and his wife. They had been long married, had lost all their children, and were considered by everybody a staid elderly couple, when, to the astonishment of all, a girl was born. This precious plant, the child of their old age, was the delight especially of Pierre's life: he breathed but in little Marie, and tended her with the utmost care. Although attired in the costume appropriate to her station, her clothes were of fine materials; every indulgence in their power was lavished upon her, and every wish gratified, except the very natural one of going outside the grounds—that was never permitted to her whom they had dedicated to the blessed Virgin, and determined to keep 'unspotted from the world.' Pierre himself taught her to read very well, and to write a little; Cécilion to knit, sew, and prepare the *pot-au-feu*; and amusement she easily found for herself. She lived among green leaves and blossoms: she loved them as sisters: all her thoughts turned towards the flowers that surrounded her on every side; they were her sole companions, and she never wearied playing with them. An old lime, the branches of which drooped round like a tent, and where the bees sought honey as long as there was any lingering on its sweetly-odorous branches, was her house, as she termed it; a large acorn formed a coffee-pot; its cups, her cups, plates, porringers, and saucers, according to their size and flatness; and bits of broken porcelain, rubbed bright, enlivened the knotted stump, which served for shelves, chimney, and all; a water-lily was her *marmite*; fir-cones her cows; a large mushroom her table, when mushrooms were in season, at other times a bit of wood covered with green moss or wild sorrel. Her dolls even were made of flowers—bunches of lilies and roses formed the faces, a bundle of long beech-sprigs the bodies; and for hours would she sit rocking them, her low song chiming in with the drowsy hum of the insects.

When grown older, and become more adventurous, she used to weave little boats from rushes upon bits of cork, and freight them with flowers. These she launched on the lake, where the fresh air and fresh water kept them sometimes longer from fading than would have otherwise been their fate, during the hot dry days of July and August, on their native beds. Thus passed her happy childhood: often and often she dreamed over it in after-life, pleasing herself with the fancy, that perhaps as God, when he made sinless man in his own image, gave him a garden as his home, so for those who entered into 'the joy of our Lord' a garden

might be prepared in heaven, sweeter far than even that of Bouloinvilliers—one where sun never scorched, cold never pinched, flowers never faded, birds never died. The death of a bird was the greatest grief she had known, a cat the most ferocious animal she had as yet encountered. She attended the private chapel on Sundays and saints' days. The day she made her first communion was the first of her entry into the world, and much distraction of mind did the unwonted sight of houses, shops, and crowds of people, cause to our little recluse, which served for reflection, conversation, and curious questioning for many a day after. On a white-painted table with a drawer there stood a plaster-cast of the Virgin Mary, much admired by its innocent namesake, and associated in her mind with praises and sugar-plums—for whenever she had been particularly good she found some there for her. It was her office to dust it with a feather brush, supply water to the flowers amid which the little figure stood, and replace them with fresh ones when faded. Whenever she was petulant, a black screen was placed before the table, and Marie was not suffered to approach it. This was her only punishment; indeed the only one she required, for she heard and saw nothing wrong: her parents never disputed, and they were so gentle and indulgent to her, that she never even felt tempted to disguise the truth. The old priest often represented to the father that unless he intended his child for the cloister, this mode of bringing her up in such total seclusion and ignorance was almost cruel; but Pierre answered that he could give her a good fortune, and would take care to secure a good husband for her; and her perfect purity and innocence were so beautiful, that the kind-hearted but unwise ecclesiastic did not insist farther.

In the meantime she grew apace; and her mother being dead, Marie lived on as before with her father, whose affection only increased with his years, both of them apparently thinking that the world went on as they did themselves, unchanged in a single idea. Alas! 'we know not what a day may bring forth,' even when we have an opportunity of seeing and hearing all that passes around us. Pierre and Marie were scarcely aware of the commencement of the Revolution until it was at its height—the marquis, his son, and the good priest massacred—madame escaped to England—and the property divided, and in the possession of others of a very different stamp from his late kind patron, a model of suavity and grace of manner even in that capital which gave laws of politeness to the rest of Europe. All this came like a clap of thunder upon the astonished Pierre; and although he continued to live in his old cottage, he never more held up his head. Finally he became quite childish, and one day died sitting in his chair, his last words being 'Marie,' his last action pointing to the little figure of the Virgin. When his death, however, became known, the new propriétaire desired that the cottage should be vacated, and came himself to look after its capabilities. He was astonished at the innocent beauty of the youthful Marie, but not softened by it; for his bold, coarse admiration, and loud, insolent manner, so terrified the gentle recluse, that as soon as it was dark she made a bundle of her clothes, and taking the cherished little earthen image in her hand, went forth, like Eve from paradise, though, alas! not into a world without inhabitants. Terrified to a degree which no one not brought up as she had been can form the least idea of, but resolved to dare anything rather than meet that bold, bad man again, she plunged into the increasing gloom, and wandered, wearied and heartbroken, she knew not whither, until, hungry and tired, she could go no farther. She lay down, therefore, at the foot of a tree, with her head on her bundle, and the Virgin in her hand, and soon fell sound asleep.

She was awakened from a dream of former days by rough hands, and upon regaining her recollection, found that some one had snatched the bundle from beneath

her head, and that nothing remained to her but the little image, associated in her mind with that happy childhood to which her present destitute and friendless condition formed so terrible a contrast. The sneers, and in some cases the insults of the passers-by, terrified her to such a degree, that, regardless of consequences, she penetrated further into the Bois de Boulogne, when at length weak, and indeed quite exhausted from want of food, she sank down, praying to God to let her die, and take her to Heaven. She waited patiently for some time, hoping, and more than half expecting, that what she asked so earnestly would be granted to her. About an hour passed, and Marie, wondering in her simple faith that she was still alive, repeated her supplications, uttering them in her distraction in a loud tone of voice. Suddenly she fancied she heard sounds of branches breaking, and the approach of footsteps, and filled with the utmost alarm lest it might be some of those much-dreaded men who had derided and insulted her, she attempted to rise and fly; but her weakness was so great, that after a few steps she fell.

'My poor girl,' said a kind voice, 'are you ill? What do you here, so far from your home and friends?'

'I have no home, no friend but God, and I want to go to Him. Oh, my God, let me die! let me die!'

'You are too young to die yet: you have many happy days in store I hope. Come, come; eat something, or you will die.'

'But eating will make me live, and I want to die, and go to my father and mother.'

'But that would be to kill yourself, and then you would never see either God or your parents, you know. Come, eat a morsel, and take a mouthful of wine.'

'But when you go, there is no one to give me any more, so I shall only be longer in dying.'

'Self-destruction, you ought to know, if you have been properly brought up, is the only sin for which there can be no pardon, for that is the only sin we cannot repent.'

Marie looked timidly up at the manly, sensible, kind face which bent over her, and accepted the food he offered. He was dressed as a workman, and had on his shoulders a hod of glass: in fact he was an itinerant glazier. His look was compassionate, but his voice, although soft, was authoritative. Refreshed by what she had taken, Marie sat up, and very soon was able to walk. She told her little history, one word of which he never doubted.

'But what do you mean to do?' asked the young man.

'To stay with you always, for you are kind and good, and no one else is so to me.'

'But that cannot be: it would not be right, you know.'

'And why would it not be right? Oh, do let me! don't send me away! I will be so good!' answered she, her entire ignorance and innocence preventing her feeling what any girl, brought up amongst her fellow-creatures however carefully, would at once have done.

Auguste was a Belgian, without any relations at Paris, and with little means of supporting a wife; but young, romantic, and kind-hearted, he resolved at once to marry his innocent protégée, as soon at least as he could find a priest to perform the ceremony—no easy task at that time, and in the eyes of the then world of Paris no necessary one, for profligacy was at its height, and the streets were yet red with the blood of the virtuous and noble. They began life, then, with his load of glass and her gold cross and gold earrings, heirlooms of considerable value, which providentially the robbers had not thought of taking from her. With the produce of the earrings they hired a garret and some humble furniture, where they lived from hand to mouth, Marie taking in coarse sewing, and her husband sometimes picking up a few sous at his trade. Often, however, they had but one meal a day, seldom any fire; and when their first child was born, their troubles of course materially increased, and Auguste often returned from a weary ramble all over Paris just as he had set out—with-

out having even gained a solitary sou. The cross soon followed the earrings, and they had now nothing left that they could part with except the little plaster figure so often alluded to, which would not bring a franc, and which was loved and cherished by Marie as the sole remaining object connected with Bouloinvilliers, and the last thing her father had looked at on earth. The idea of parting with this gave her grief which is better imagined than described; for although the furniture of the cottage undoubtedly belonged to Marie, her husband knew too well that at a time when night was right, any steps taken towards recovering its value would be not only fruitless, but dangerous: he therefore never even attempted to assert their rights.

One day, however, they had been without food or firing for nearly twenty-four hours, and the little Cécile was fractious with hunger, incessantly crying 'Du pain! du pain!' Marie rose, and approaching the Virgin, said—'It is wicked to hesitate longer: go, Auguste, and sell it for what you can get.'

She seized it hastily, as though afraid of changing her resolution, and with such trepidation, that it slipped through her fingers, and broke in two. Poor Marie sank upon her face at this sight, with a superstitious feeling that she had meditated wrong, and was thus punished. She was weeping bitterly, when her husband almost roughly raised her up, exclaiming in joyful accents—'Marie, Marie, give thanks to God! Now I know why your father pointed when he could not speak! Sorrow no more: we are rich!'

In the body of the statuette was found bills to the amount of fifteen hundred francs—Marie's fortune, in fact, which her father had told the chaplain he had amassed for her. We need not dwell upon the happiness of this excellent couple, or the rapture, mingled with gratitude, in which the remainder of this day was passed. Those who disapprove of castle-building may perhaps blame them; for several castles they constructed, on better foundations, however, than most of those who spend their time in this pleasing but unprofitable occupation. Next day they took a glazier's shop, stocked it, provided themselves with decent clothing and furniture, and commenced their new life with equal frugality and comfort—Marie doing her own work, and serving in the shop when her husband was out engaged in his business. But in time he was able to hire an assistant, and she a young girl, to look after the children while she pursued the avocation of a *couturière*, in which she soon became very expert. The little image was fastened together again, placed upon a white table, similar to that which used to stand in her childhood's home, surrounded with flowers, and made, as of old, the abode of sugar-plums and rewards of good conduct. But alas! there are not many Mariés in the world. In spite of her good example and good teaching, her children would at times be naughty. They sometimes quarrelled, sometimes were greedy; and what vexed their simple-minded mother more than all the rest, sometimes told stories of one another. Still they were good children, as children go; and when the black screen was superseded by punishments a little more severe, did credit to their training. They were not permitted to play in the street, or to go to or from school alone, or remain there after school-hours. Their father took pains with their deportment, corrected false grammar, and recommended the cultivation of habits more refined than people in his humble although respectable position deem necessary. As their prosperity increased, Marie was surprised to observe her husband devote all his spare time to reading, and not only picture-cleaning and repairing, but painting, in which he was such an adept, that he was employed to paint several signs.

'How did you learn so much?' she said one day. 'Did your father teach you?'

'No; I went to school.'

'Then he was not so very poor?'

'He was very poor, but he lived in hopes that I might one day possess a fortune.'

'It would seem as if he had a foreknowledge of what my little statue contained?'

'No, my love; he looked to it from another source; for a title without a fortune is a misfortune.'

'A title! Nay, now you are playing with my simplicity.'

'No, Marie; I am the nephew of the Vicomte de —, and for aught I know, may be the possessor of that name at this moment—the legal heir to his estate. My father, ruined by his extravagance, and, I grieve to add, by his crimes, had caused himself to be disowned by all his relations. He fled with me to Paris, where he soon after died, leaving me nothing but his seal and his papers. I wrote to my uncle for assistance; but although being then quite a boy, and incapable of having personally given him offence, he refused it in the most cruel manner; and I was left to my own resources at a time when my name and education were rather a hindrance than a help, and I found no opening for entering into any employment suited to my birth. My uncle had then two fine, healthy, handsome boys; the youngest is dead; and the eldest, I heard accidentally, in such a state of health that recovery is not looked for by the most sanguine of his friends. I never breathed a word of all this to you, because I never expected to survive my cousins, and resolved to make an independent position for myself sooner or later. Do you remember the other day an old gentleman stopping and asking some questions about the coat of arms I was painting?'

'Yes; he asked who had employed you to paint those arms, but I was unable to inform him.'

'Well, my dear, he came again this morning to repeat the question to myself; and I am now going to satisfy him, when I expect to bring you some news.'

Marie was in a dream. Unlike gardeners' daughters of the present day, she had read no novels or romances, and it appeared to her as impossible that such an event should happen as that the cap on her head should turn into a crown. It *did* happen, however. The old gentleman, a distant relation and intimate friend of the uncle of Auguste, had come to Paris, at his dying request, to endeavour to find out his nephew and heir; and the proofs Auguste produced were so plain, that he found no difficulty in persuading M. B——de that he was the person he represented himself to be. He very soon after went to Belgium, took legal possession of all his rights, and returned to hail the gentle and long-suffering Marie as Vicomtesse de —, and conduct her and the children to a handsome apartment in the Rue —, dressed in habiliments suitable to her present station, and looking as lady-like as if she had been born to fill it. She lived long and happily, and continued the same pure, humble-minded being she had ever been, whether blooming among the flowers at Bouloinvilliers, or pining for want in a garret in the Faubourg St Antoine. Two of her daughters are alive now. Her son, after succeeding to his father, died without children of the cholera in 1832; and the son of his eldest sister has taken up the title, under a different name, these matters not being very strictly looked after in France.

### THE VICTORIA REGIA.

SUCH is the royal name which botanists have consented to bestow on the most extraordinary perhaps of all floral productions—the great water-lily of South America; the magnificence and splendour of whose blossoms far outstrip those of the more gigantic but less highly-organized flower of Sumatra (*Rafflesia Arnoldii*), at one time considered the greatest prodigy of the vegetable kingdom.

This queen of aquatics, so conspicuous in the lagoons of those immense rivers tributary to the Amazon, must have been long familiar to the native Indians, and indeed the mealy seeds contained in its fruit are

in favour with them as an article of food; but we believe that Hænke, the famous but unfortunate botanical traveller, was the first European botanist to meet with this vegetable wonder. It was during his South American travels in 1801 that he made the discovery; and so beautiful and extraordinary did the plant appear, that, in a transport of admiration, he fell upon his knees, and fervently expressed aloud his sense of the power and magnificence of the Creator in His works! The botanist and his companion encamped on the river's bank near to the place where the lily grew, for the express purpose of enjoying the splendid spectacle which it formed, and we are told that they quitted the spot with great reluctance. Professor Lindley says, 'An undoubted addition to a tribe of plants, at once so beautiful and so circumscribed as that of the Nymphaeaceae or water-lilies, would be an event of interest even if it only related to a distinctly-marked species of some well-known genus. But when the subject of the discovery is not only a new genus, but a plant of the most extraordinary beauty—fragrant, and of dimensions previously unheard-of in the whole vegetable kingdom, except in the colossal family of palms—an interest must then attach to it which can rarely be possessed by a novelty in natural history. Such a plant is the subject of the following notice—a water-lily, exhibiting a new type of structure, of the most noble aspect, of the richest colours, and so gigantic, that its leaves measure above eighteen feet, and its flower nearly four feet in circumference.\*'

Notwithstanding this water-lily having been discovered by Hænke in 1801, and subsequently observed by various botanical travellers, it was not before the year 1837 that any full detail of its history appeared, when Dr Lindley prepared an illustrated memoir, of which only twenty-five copies were printed. Even the earliest mention of the plant in print was in 1832, in 'Eroriep's Notizen,' wherein it is described as a new species of *Euryale*, under the name of *E. Amazonica*.†

Sir Robert Schomburgk, when investigating the natural productions of British Guiana in the year 1837, discovered the Victoria Lily there, and he gives a glowing detail of the discovery in a letter addressed to the Royal Geographical Society of London, on whose account, aided by the British government, his travels were undertaken. He writes, 'It was on the 1st of January 1837, while contending with the difficulties that nature interposed in different forms, to stem our progress up the river Berbice (lat. 4° 30' N., long. 52° W.), that we arrived at a part where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin. Some object on the southern extremity of this basin attracted my attention, and I was unable to form an idea of what it could be; but, animating the crew to increase the rate of their paddling, we soon came opposite the object which had raised my curiosity, and, behold, a vegetable wonder! All calamities were forgotten; I was a botanist, and felt myself rewarded! There were gigantic leaves, five to six feet across, flat, with a broad rim, lighter green above, and vivid crimson below, floating upon the water; while, in character with the wonderful foliage, I saw luxuriant flowers, each consisting of numerous petals, passing in alternate tints, from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with the blossoms, and as I rowed from one to the other, I always found something new to ad-

\* Botanical Register Misc., 1838, p. 9.

† Hooker's Description of Victoria Regia, p. 2.

pire. The flower-stalk is an inch thick near the calyx, and studded with elastic prickles, about three-quarters of an inch long. When expanded, the four-leaved calyx measures a foot in diameter, but is concealed by the expansion of the hundred-petalled corolla. This beautiful flower, when it first unfolds, is white, with a pink centre; the colour spreads as the bloom increases in age, and, at a day old, the whole is rose-coloured. As if to add to the charm of this noble water-lily, it diffuses a sweet scent. As in the case of others in the same tribe, the petals and stamens pass gradually into each other, and many petaloid leaves may be observed bearing vestiges of an anther. The seeds are numerous, and imbedded in a spongy substance. Ascending the river, we found this plant frequently; and the higher we advanced, the more gigantic did the specimens become; one leaf we measured was 6 feet 5 inches in diameter, the rim  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches high, and the flowers  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot across. A beetle (*Trichius* sp.?) infests the flowers to their great injury, often completely destroying the inner part of the disc: we counted sometimes from twenty to thirty of these insects in one flower. The circumstance mentioned by Sir Robert, that the farther up the river he proceeded the larger were the specimens, is a good illustration in nature of the fact now well known to cultivators of the Victoria in this country—that it will not succeed in an atmosphere within the influence of the sea-breeze, nor in water containing salt.

From the researches of the various travellers who have met with it, the great water-lily would seem to have a geographical range of considerable extent—a fact which the geographic botanist would not be led to suppose from its extraordinary structure. It abounds in the lagoons and still shallow bays which occur on all those great rivers tributary to the Amazon, often covering the waters with its gigantic foliage and magnificent flowers to the extent of many miles, its large boat-shaped leaves forming a resting-place for the numerous tribes of aquatic birds that frequent those humid regions. It has likewise been observed to occur in profusion in similar situations on the still waters of the La Plata and the Essequibo, appearing on the latter at a distance of not more than a hundred miles from the sea; and from the fact of so little being known of the botanical productions more especially of the interior of South America, it is probable that the Victoria may yet be found to be very generally distributed over at least the eastern portion of the continent.

When the great American water-lily became known in Europe, a strong desire to obtain its introduction to this country in a living state soon evinced itself. Frequent attempts were made, and long made unsuccessfully, to get fresh seeds and roots transported across the Atlantic. It was not merely the difficulty of obtaining the living plants and seeds which stood in the way: our cultivators were in a great measure ignorant of the natural conditions under which it was developed in its native waters, and even after plants were successfully raised in the Royal Gardens at Kew, they perished without producing flowers or fruit. Many, indeed, are the disappointments and delays of science, as Hooker well exclaims when detailing the history of this royal lily.

At length, after a series of futile attempts, which will form an interesting chapter in the history of botanical science, and an instructive one for the botanists of future times, the queen of all the lilies was successfully introduced into the Exotic Aquarium at Kew. A number of healthy plants being raised, they were last year distributed to the various horticultural establishments in Britain where proper accommodation could be given to the enormous aquatic. One of these plants was sent to the gardens at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire; and on the 1st November 1849 a flower appeared, indicating a condition of advancement beyond what had been attained by any of the other plants at Kew or elsewhere. On

the evening of Thursday, the 8th of the same month, between five and eight o'clock, this flower partially opened: it closed during sunlight on Friday the 9th, and fully opened on the same evening between five and eight o'clock. On the morning of Saturday the flower was beginning to wither, evincing that rapidity of development and decay which scientific travellers had observed of the lily in its native lakes. Professor Lindley thus describes the splendid blossom:—'The flower itself, when it first opens, resembles the white water-lily, of a dazzling white, with its fine leathery petals, forming a goblet of the most elegant proportions; but as the day advances it gradually expands till it becomes nearly flat; towards evening a faint blush becomes visible in the centre, the petals fall back more and more, and at last, about six o'clock, a sudden change occurs; in a few minutes the petals arrange themselves in the form of a snow-white hemisphere, whose edge reposes on the water, and the centre rises majestically at the summit, producing a diadem of rosy points. It then . . . constitutes one of the most elegant objects in nature. Shortly after, the expansion of the central parts proceeding, these points fall back; the stamens unfold in an interior coronet, the stigmas are laid bare, a grateful perfume arises in the air, and the great object of the flower—the fertilisation of the seeds—is accomplished. Then fold inwards the petals, the flower closes, the fairest of vegetable textures becomes wrinkled, decay begins, and the flower-stalk withdraws itself beneath the water, as if to veil the progress of corruption. But out of this decay arises a new living body; the fruit, curved downwards, swells rapidly, and in a short time a prickly seed-vessel is observed concealed beneath the floating leaves.' The Chatsworth plant continued to bloom profusely, and likewise produced fruit and perfect seeds, from which have been raised a new progeny to replenish our English gardens.

Subsequently to the flowering of the Victoria Lily at Chatsworth, its blossoms have been produced at two other celebrated horticultural establishments: first, at the princely establishment at Syon House in the neighbourhood of London, and afterwards at the Royal Gardens of Kew, the previous want of success in the latter establishment being attributed to the bad quality of the water with which the Aquarium was until recently supplied. The plants at Kew are in great health and vigour, and producing blossoms profusely; and we doubt not that great multitudes of the people of London, as well as visitors to the metropolis, will have availed themselves, before this sheet is published, of the opportunity of seeing one of the most wonderful and splendid productions of nature in the Royal Garden, now freely open to the public.

The plant has also been successfully reared in the lakes of Jamaica and Trinidad from seeds obtained at one of its localities on the Essequibo. The climate of these islands will of course enable it to be easily grown in the open air-ponds and streams, if proper situations are selected; but we fear the influence of the sea will be too powerful to allow of its extensive cultivation, as it will be necessary to confine it to the interior. Sir William Hooker mentions in the 'Kew Garden Miscellany' that his most recent letters from Dr Falconer of the H. E. I. C. Botanic Garden, dated 2d May, announce the arrival of the head gardener, Mr Scott, at that establishment, bringing with him seeds of *Victoria Regia*, which, says Sir William's valued correspondent, 'will constitute a splendid feature in our out-of-door tanks, surrounded with *Nelumbium speciosum*, which we grow almost by the acre, *Euryale ferox*, and *Nymphaea rubra*, &c.; but we have yet to ascertain whether the seed will germinate.' It will indeed be a grand addition to the vegetation of India, already so rich and luxuriant as to strike every European observer with astonishment and admiration.

Dr Campbell of Demerara, has recently sent seeds of the Victoria to the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh.

These are not expected to germinate; but the plants, both at Chatsworth and Syon, are fruiting freely, and producing plenty of perfect seeds, so that we may reasonably expect the *Victoria Regia* to be speedily diffused as a cultivated exotic throughout the gardens of Europe.

#### 'MODERN MYTHS'—THE PIG-FACED LADY.

THE Gentleman Bagpiper, it seems, is not the only one of our modern myths resting upon a stratum of reality. Another correspondent—'An Octogenarian'—now comes forward with information equally authentic touching the Pig-faced Lady.

I can by no means claim the distinction of being 'the oldest inhabitant' of this island, having only just completed my eightieth year, but I am quite old enough to have listened in my childhood to many marvellous stories of the Pig-faced Lady, who, in spite of her unnatural physiognomy, was invested in my imagination with all the charms of a princess in some fairy tale, so vivid were the accounts given of her wealth and magnificence—of her bitter trials and noble deeds. Indeed she was as true a being to me in those days as were Cinderella and Blue Beard; nor were their adventures one whit more exciting to my imagination than the history of this Pig-faced Lady, who, while she ate out of a golden trough, wore a veil of golden tissue, so thickly studded with jewels, that no eye could penetrate its lustrous folds; nor was it ever uplifted in the presence of any human being until her adventurous bridegroom, a son of Erin (who, if he loved 'woman,' loved also 'golden store'), claimed at the altar the privilege of beholding his wife. At such a moment he might not be refused; so he drew aside the costly veil which had heretofore concealed her from his view, but started back with dismay and horror at the brute-like physiognomy which met his gaze; and rushing out of the church, abandoned for ever his wealthy but repulsive bride. The unhappy lady, after suffering this cruel mortification, found her only solace in relieving the miseries of others; and while ministering to their wants, gradually obtained a mitigation of her own wretchedness. Thus she became blessed herself while blessing others, and lived to an advanced age, 'filling' to the last 'her odorous lamp with deeds of light.'

Such were my childish impressions of the Pig-faced Lady! In later years, however, the romance of her story has been destroyed by an acquaintance with the real facts of her life, which are as follows:—About one hundred and fifty years ago there died in the neighbourhood of Dublin a gentleman named Steevens, who was possessed of ample means, and left behind him two children, a son and a daughter. The latter was still a child, but the former had arrived at man's estate, and being of a studious and scientific turn of mind, had adopted the profession of medicine as his occupation in life. Mr Steevens bequeathed all his property to his son, leaving his infant daughter wholly dependent on her brother for support and care. And nobly did he fulfil the office thus assigned to him, for he watched over the little one as if it had been his own. The health of the child was precarious; and she suffered so severely from an affection of the eyes, that she could not bear the light of day, or even enjoy the balmy breeze of a summer afternoon. Owing to this infirmity, she always wore within doors a large green shade, which overshadowed her countenance, and never ventured into the open air without being protected from

the cold by a thick veil, which was so carefully wrapped around her, that no one could discern her features beneath its ample folds. This habitual concealment of her face imparted a certain air of mystery to her being, which soon awakened the curiosity of strangers, and excited in many a suspicion of some peculiar deformity in her aspect.

There exists probably in every human mind a love of the marvellous; but among some races the tendency is more largely and more generally developed than in others. This is especially the case with the Irish people, who are so deeply imbued with a love of the wonderful, that they delight in stories which exceed all the ordinary bounds of belief; and if a whisper be breathed among them which savours of the supernatural, it quickly circulates in an exaggerated form, until the viewless shadow grows into a substantive reality. Thus it proved in the case of Griselda Steevens—for so was our heroine called—who, on her approach to womanhood, had the misery to find that public rumour had bestowed upon her a pig's face. Why this peculiar form of physiognomy was allotted to her has never been rightly ascertained. Perhaps it was that Paddy in his gratitude to the '*craythur that pays the rint*,' bethought himself that if the young lady was to have any extraordinary defect, she could not be better off than in resembling this benefactor of Irish humanity. Be this as it may, poor Griselda, who was of a very sensitive disposition, was sorely dismayed on hearing of the rumour which was spread abroad concerning her; and to add to her distress at this painful moment, she was unexpectedly deprived of her beloved brother, Dr Steevens, on whose death she found herself a wealthy heiress, but not the less miserable at having lost her only friend—one who had watched over her, and cared for her since the earliest days of her life.

On opening the will of Dr Richard Steevens, it was found that he had left all his property to his sister Griselda, with the proviso that, in case of her not marrying, she should leave it after her decease for the purpose of founding and endowing an hospital in Dublin.

The unhappy girl was so overwhelmed with grief at the loss she had sustained, that for a while she gave herself up to the most absolute seclusion; and in this state of solitude, the report which had previously met her ear recurred to her memory, and fixed itself painfully in her thoughts, until the idea of appearing once more among her fellow-creatures became quite intolerable to her mind. In compliance, however, with the earnest desire of her physician, she at length ventured out. But to her diseased imagination, it seemed as if every eye were either bent upon her with idle curiosity, or turned away with ill-disguised aversion. So she returned to her solitary home with the inward determination to remove far from the busy haunts of men, and to bury herself for life in some remote and deep seclusion, where she might avoid the scorn and pity of mankind.

Happily for herself and others, the softening influences of benevolence and religion came at this moment to her aid. She pondered over the clause in her brother's will, whereby, in the event of her dying unmarried, the whole of his property was assigned to the purpose of 'founding and endowing an hospital;' and she resolved to fulfil his intention during her own lifetime, and to devote all her wealth and leisure to the accomplishment of the noble object which had been contemplated only conditionally in his testament.

With the quiet energy which so often characterises persons of her shy and retired disposition, Griselda Steevens at once set about this great work. She purchased a large plot of ground in James Street (Dublin), for the site of an hospital, to which she assigned by

deed the whole of her property, reserving only £120 a year for her own support during her lifetime, together with a suite of apartments in the hospital. The foundation stone was laid in 1720; and in 1723 a sufficient portion of the building was finished to receive forty patients. Subsequently, the whole edifice was completed, and afforded accommodation for upwards of two hundred patients.

Madame Steevens (for so was she designated) took up her abode without delay in the apartments which had been prepared for her; and renouncing all the ordinary pursuits and recreations of life, she at once devoted herself to the superintendence of the noble institution. Within its walls she resided during a long course of years, proving ever a friend to the friendless, and a kindly sympathiser with those who needed pity and consolation. The offices of charity which belonged to her daily life brought her into such frequent contact with her fellow-creatures, that she gradually lost that nervous apprehension of them which had haunted her for a while, like some baneful vision, and even threatened to consume her life by its corroding influence. The inmates of the hospital soon learned to look upon her with gratitude and affection, but out of doors the erroneous impression concerning her appearance remained unchanged. It would seem, however, that she became less painfully sensitive on this subject; for we learn from an aged housekeeper of the establishment, that in her early childhood she had often heard Madame Steevens spoken of by a physician, who had been one of the first governors of the hospital, and who told her that 'that lady often sat in a passage, to allow the public to see for themselves that her pig-facedness was all a fable.' A portrait of her is still hung up in the library of the hospital, and represents the countenance of an old lady, remarkable only for her very kind and comely aspect.

Madame Steevens never married, but after living to a good old age, died in the hospital, which still subsists as the noblest monument of her goodness, and which is familiarly known in Dublin as 'Madame Steevens's Hospital.' It is the most extensive hospital in that city, and is intended more especially for surgical cases. Its wards are visited by the most eminent surgeons and physicians, and there are always residing within its walls skilful practitioners, who are in constant attendance upon the patients. No case of fracture or of accidental injury is ever dismissed from its doors; and even in the dead of night, if the 'accident bell' is heard to ring, immediate admission is given to the sufferer, and fitting attention bestowed upon his case.

Such are the real facts of Madame Steevens's life. And yet, although they are perfectly well authenticated, and familiar to many of her countrymen, she is still popularly spoken of in Ireland as the Pig-faced Lady; and there are not a few who believe that her effigy is to be seen at the hospital, carved in stone, wherein she is represented with a monstrous snout instead of a mere human countenance. So true is the observation of an old writer, that 'prejudice is ever too strong with the multitude for the force of argument.'

Madame Steevens being thus reduced to the level of ordinary mortals, there remains only a word or two to be said concerning a mythical personage of the same sort, who, strange as it may appear, existed in England during the same century in which Madame Steevens flourished in the sister island.

I have recently been informed that about the middle of the eighteenth century there dwelt in London a noble lady of Scottish parentage, who, from some peculiar conformation of her features, was called the Pig-faced Lady; and my informant, a venerable and clear-headed old lady of ninety, assures me that her mother was well acquainted with this noble Pig-faced Lady, and used frequently to visit her at her house in Sloane Street. Further information on this mysterious subject I cannot give you; but perhaps some devout lover of the marvellous may make a pilgrimage to Sloane Street, and by patient research and investigation, discover the

real facts concerning this noble lady—whether she was amiable and human-faced, like Madame Steevens; or a sort of semi-monster, such as was portrayed in the popular traditions of that day.

## LETTERS.

NEITHER history nor tradition tells us aught of the first letter—who was its writer, and on what occasion; how it was transmitted, or in what manner answered. The Chinese, the Hindoo, and the Scandinavian mythologies had each tales regarding the inventors of writing, and the rest of those that by pre-eminence may be called human arts; but concerning the beginner of mankind's epistolary correspondence, neither they nor the classic poets—who, by the way, volunteered many an ingenious story on subjects far less important—have given us the least account.

Pope says—

'Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid—  
Some banished lover, or some captive maid.'

The poet evidently refers to the letter-writing art, and it may be so, for aught we can tell; but with all submission to his superior knowledge, banished lovers and captive maids have rarely been the transmitters of such useful inventions. Certainly, whoever first commenced letter-writing, the world has been long his debtor. It is long since the Samaritans wrote a letter against the builders of Jerusalem to Artaxerxes, and it may be observed that the said letter is the earliest epistle mentioned in any history. Older communications appear to have been always verbal, by means of heralds and messengers. Homer, in his account of all the news received and sent between the Greeks and Trojans, never refers to a single letter. The scribe's occupation was not altogether unknown in those days, but it must have been brought to considerable perfection before efforts in the epistolary style were made. That ancient language of picture and symbol, in which Egypt expressed her wisdom, was undoubtedly the earliest mode of writing; but however calculated to preserve the memory of great historical events amid the daily life, and toil, and changes of nations, it was but poorly fitted for the purpose of correspondence. How could compliments or insinuations be conveyed by such an autograph? Letters must have been brief and scanty in the hieroglyphic times; yet doubtless not without some representations, for the unalphabetized of mankind have combined to hold mutual intelligence by many a sign and emblem, especially in those affairs designated of the heart, as they above all others contribute to ingenuity. Hence came the Eastern language of flowers, which, with Oriental literature and mythology, is now partially known over the civilised world. In its native clime this natural alphabet is said to be so distinctly understood, that the most minute intimations are expressed by it; but the more frank and practical courtship of Europe has always preferred the pen as its channel of communication, which, besides its greater power of enlargement, prevents those mistakes into which the imperfectly-initiated are apt to fall with flowers. For instance, there is a story of a British officer in Andalusia who, having made a deep impression on the heart of a certain alcaide's daughter, in one of the small old towns of that half-Moorish province, and receiving from her one morning a bouquet, the significance of which was—'My mother is in the way now, but come to visit me in the twilight,' supposed in his ignorance, and perhaps presumption, that he was invited to an immediate appointment: whereupon he hurried to the house, just in time to meet the venerable signora, when the lady of his heart boxed his ears with her own fair hands, and vowed she would never again send flowers to a stupid Englishman.

In fine contrast to this sample of misunderstanding stands forth the dexterity with which an Irish serving-maid contrived to signify, by symbols of her own invention, her pleasure on a still more trying occasion. Poor

Kitty, though a belle in her class, could neither read nor write; but her mistress's grown-up daughter undertook, as a labour of love, to carry on a correspondence between her and a certain hedge schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, who laid siege to Kitty's heart and hand on account of a small deposit in the savings' bank, and that proverbial attraction which learned men are said to find in rather illiterate ladies. The schoolmaster was, however, providently desirous of fixing on the mind of his future partner an impression of his own superiority sufficient to outlast the wear and tear of married life, and therefore wooed chiefly by long and learned letters, to which Kitty responded in her best style, leaving to her volunteer secretary what she called 'the grammar' of her replies; besides declaring, with many hardly-complimentary observations on the schoolmaster's person and manners, that she had not the slightest interest in the affair, but only, in her own words, 'to keep up the craythur's heart.' Thus the courtship had proceeded prosperously through all the usual stages, when at length the question, *par excellence*, was popped (of course on paper). Kitty heard that epistle read with wonted disdain; but alas for human confidence! there was something in her answer with which she could not trust the writer of so many; for after all her scorn, Kitty intended to say 'Yes,' and her mode of doing so merits commemoration. In solitude that evening, beside the kitchen hearth, she sketched on a sheet of white paper, with the help of a burned stick, a rude representation of a human eye, and enclosing a small quantity of wool, despatched it next morning to the impatient swain by the hand of his head scholar—those primitive tokens expressing to Kitty's mind the important words, 'I will,' which the teacher, strange to say, understood in the same sense; and their wedding took place, to the unqualified amazement of Kitty's amanuensis. Epistolary forms and fashions have had their mutations like all other human things. The old Eastern mode of securing letters was by folding them in the shape of a roll, and winding round them a thin cord, generally of silk, as the luxury of letters was known only to the rich. In the case of billets-doux—for Eastern lovers did not always speak by flowers when the pen was at their command—enthusiastic ladies sometimes substituted those long silken strings which, from time immemorial, the Oriental women have worn in their hair—a proceeding which was understood to indicate the deepest shade of devotedness.

The mythic importance attached to these hair-strings must indeed have been great, as history records that a certain prince, whose dominions were threatened by Mithridates, the great king of Pontus—like other great men, a troublesome neighbour in his day—sent the latter a submissive epistle, offering homage and tribute, and bound with the hair-strings of his nineteen wives, to signify that he and his were entirely at the monarch's service. The custom of securing letters by cords came through the Greek empire into Europe in the middle ages; but the use of the seal seems still earlier, as it is mentioned in Old Testament history. Ancient writers speak of it as an Egyptian invention, together with the signet ring, so indispensable throughout the classic world, and regarded as the special appendage of sovereignty in the feudal times.

Of all the letters the Egyptians wrote on their papyrus, no specimens now remain, except perhaps those scrolls in the hands of mummies, referred to by early Christian authors as epistles sent to deceased friends by those unreturning messengers; and they, it may be presumed, were at the best but formal letters, since no reply was ever expected. The classic formula for correspondence, 'Augustus to Julius, greeting,' is now preserved only in letters-patent, or similar documents. That brief and unvarying style has long been superseded in every language of Europe by a graduated series of endearing terms, rising with the temperature of attachment, from 'Dear Sir,' or 'Madam,' to a limit scarcely assignable, but it lies somewhere near 'Adored Thomas' or 'Margery.'

Masters of the fine arts as they were, those ancient

nations came far short of the moderns in that of letter-writing. The few specimens of their correspondence that have reached us are either on matters of public business, or dry and dignified epistles from one great man to another, with little life and less gossip in them. It is probable that their practice was somewhat limited, as the facilities of the post-office were unknown to Greece and Rome—the entire agency of modern communication being to the classic world represented only by the post or courier, who formed part of the retinue of every wealthy family. The method of writing in the third person, so suitable for heavy business or ceremony, is evidently a classical bequest. It does not appear to have been practised in England till about the beginning of the eighteenth century, though it was early in use among the continental nations. Louis XIV. used to say it was the only style in which a prince should permit himself to write; and in the far East, where it had been in still older repute, the Chinese informed his missionaries that ever since they had been taught manners by the Emperor 'Tae Sing, no inferior would presume to address a man of rank in any other form, especially as a law of the said emperor had appointed twenty blows of the bamboo for that infraction of plebeian duty.

Of all human writings, letters have been preserved in the smallest proportion. How few of those which the best-informed actors in great events or revolutions must have written, have been copied by elder historians or biographers! Such documents are, by their nature, at once the least accessible and the most liable to destruction; private interests, feelings, and fears, keep watch against their publication; but even when these were taken out of the way, it is to be feared that the narrow-minded habit of overlooking all their wisdom deemed minute, which has made the chronicles of nations so scanty, and many a life in two volumes such dull reading, also induced learned compilers to neglect, as beneath their search, the old letters bundled up in dusty chest or corner, till they served a succeeding generation for waste paper. Such mistakes have occasioned heavy losses to literature. Time leaves no witnesses in the matters of history and character equal to these. How many a disputed tale, on which party controversy has raged, and laborious volumes have been written, would the preservation of one authentic note have set at rest for ever?

The practical learning of our times, in its search after confirmation and detail, amply recognises the importance of old letters; and good service has been done to both history and moral philosophy by those who have given them to the press from state-paper office and family bureau. In such collections one sees the world's talked-of-and-storied people as they were in private business, in social relations, and in what might be justly designated the status of their souls. In spite of the proverbial truisms, that paper never refuses ink, and falsehood can be written as well as spoken, the correspondence of every man contains an actual portrait of the writer's mind, visible through a thousand disguises, and bearing the same relation to the inward man that a correct picture bears to the living face; without change or motion, indeed, but telling the beholder of both, and indicating what direction they are likely to take.

The sayings of wits and the doings of oddities long survive them in the memory of their generation—the actions of public men live in history, and the genius of authors in their works; but in every case the individual, him or herself, lives in letters. One who carried this idea still further, once called letter-writing the Daguerreotypes of mind—ever leaving on the paper its true likeness, according to the light in which it stands for the time; and he added, like the sun's painting, apt to be most correct in the less pleasant lines and lineaments. Unluckily this mental portraiture, after the fashion of other matters, seems less perceptible to the most interested parties. Many an unconcerned reader can at this day trace in Swift's epistles the self-care and worship which neither Stella nor Vanessa could have seen without a change in their histories.

Cardinal Mazarin, however, used to say that an ordinary gentleman might deceive in a series of interviews, but only a complete tactician in one of letters; 'that is,' observed his eminence, 'if people don't deceive themselves.' The cardinal's statement strikingly recalls, if it does not explain, a contemporary remark, that the most successful courtships, in the fullest sense of that word, were carried on with the help of secret proxies in the corresponding department. The Count de Lauson, whose days, even to a good old age, were equally divided between the Bastille and the above-mentioned pursuit, in which he must have been rather at home—for though a poor gentleman, with little pretensions to family, still less to fortune, and no talents that the world gave him credit for, he contrived in his youth to marry a princess of the blood-royal of France, who had refused half the kings of Europe, and been an Amazon in the war of the Fronde; and in his age a wealthy court belle—this Count de Lauson declared that he could never have succeeded in his endeavours after high matches but for a certain professional letter-writer of Versailles, on whose death he is said to have poured forth unfeigned lamentations in the presence of his last lady. Letters always appear to have been peculiarly powerful in the count's country. Madame de Genlis, whose 'Tales of the Castle' and 'Knights of the Swan' delighted at least the juveniles of a now-departing generation, was believed to have made a complete conquest, even before first sight, of the nobleman whose name she bears, by a single letter, addressed to a lady at whose house he was an admiring visitor, when she unadvisedly showed him the epistle. An anxiously-sought introduction and a speedy marriage followed; but the scandal-mongers of the period averred that their separation, which took place some years after, was owing, among other circumstances, to an anonymous letter received by the baron himself.

Frederick the Great used to call the French the first letter-writers of Europe, and it is probable that their national turn for clever gossip gives to their epistles a sort of general interest, for in no other country have letters formed so large a portion of published literature. This was particularly true in Frederick's own age. Never did a death or a quarrel take place—and the latter was not rare among the *savants* of that period—but comfort or satisfaction was sought in the immediate publication of every scrap of correspondence, to the manifold increase of disputes and heartburnings. Some of the most amusing volumes extant were thus given to the world; and Madame Dunoyer's, though scarcely of that description, must not be forgotten from the tale of its origin. When Voltaire was a young attaché to the French embassy at the Hague, with no reputation but that of being rather unmanageable by his family and confessor, he was on billet-doux terms, it seems, with madame's daughter; but madame found out that he was poor, or something like it, for in no other respect was the lady scrupulous. Her veto was therefore laid on the correspondence, which nevertheless survived under interdict for some time, till Voltaire left the embassy, and it died of itself; for he wrote the 'Oedipe,' became talked of by all Paris, and noticed by the Marquis de Vellars. Gradually the man grew great in the eyes of his generation, his fame as a poet and philosopher filled all Europe, not forgetting the Hague; and when it had reached the zenith, Madame Dunoyer collected his letters to her daughter, which remained in her custody, the receiver being by this time married, and published them at her own expense in a handsomely-bound volume. Whether to be revenged on fortune for permitting her to miss so notable a son-in-law, or on him for obeying her commands, it is now impossible to determine, but her book served to show the world that the early billets-doux of a great genius might be just as milk-and-watery as those of common people.

Indeed letter-publishing seems to have been quite the rage in the eighteenth century. The Secretary La Beaumelle stole all Madame de Maintenon's letters to her brother, setting forth her difficulties in humouring

Louis XIV., and printed them at Copenhagen. Some copies were obligingly forwarded to Versailles, but madame assured the king they were beneath his royal notice, which, being confirmed by his confessor, was of course believed; but the transaction looks like retributive justice on her well-known practice of keeping sundry post-office clerks in pay to furnish a copy of every letter sent or received by the principal persons at court, not excepting even the royal family. Among these were copied the celebrated letters of the Dauphiness Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, which now, in good plain print, present to all readers of taste in that department a complete chronicle of all the scandal, gossip, and follies of Versailles; and that princess, whose pride stood so high on her family quarterings, was gravely rebuked, and obliged to ask pardon seven years after for certain uncomplimentary passages in her epistles regarding madame when she first came to court as nursery governess to the king's children.

Dangerous approvers have old letters been from thence to cottage. Many a specious statement, many a fair profession, ay, and many a promising friendship, have they shaken down. Readers, have a care of your deposits in the post-office; they are pledges given to time. It is strange, though true, how few historical characters are benefited by the publication of their letters, surviving, as such things do, contemporary interests and prejudices, as well as personal influence.

There must be something of the salt that will not lose its savour there to make them serve the writers in the eyes of posterity. What strange confidence the age of hoop and periwig put in letter-writing! Divines published their volumes of controversy or pious exhortation, made up of epistles to imaginary friends. Mrs Chapone's letters to her niece nourished the wisdom of British belles; while Lord Chesterfield's to his son were the glass of fashion for their brothers; and Madame de Sévigné's to her daughter, written expressly for publication, afforded models for the wit, elegance, and sentiment of every circle wherein her language was spoken. The epistolary style's different power of characterisation naturally recommended it in the construction of their novels, and many a tale of fame and fashion in its day, besides 'La Nouvelle Héloïse,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' was ingeniously composed of presumed correspondence.

Chinese literature is said to possess numerous fictions in that form; but it is not to be regretted that modern novelists, whose name is more than legion, pass it by in favour of direct narrative; for, under the best arrangement, a number of letters can give but a series of views, telling the principals' tale in a broken, sketchy fashion, and leaving little room for the fortunes of second-rate people, who are not always the lowest company in a novel. Tours and travels tell pleasantly in letters, supposing of course the letters to be well written; for some minds have such a wondrous affinity for the commonplace, that the most important event or exciting scene sinks to the every-day level under their pen.

Sir Andrew Mitchell, who was British ambassador to Prussia during the seven years' war, writes from the camp before Prague concerning that great battle which turned the scale of power in Germany, and served Europe to talk of till the French Revolution, in a style, but for quotations from the bulletin, suitable to the election of some civic alderman; and a less known traveller, writing to a friend of the glare of Moscow's burning, which he saw from a Russian country-house, reddening the northern night, describes it as 'a very impressive circumstance, calculated to make one guard against fire.'

It has been remarked that, as a general rule, poets write the best, and schoolmasters the worst letters. That the former, in common with literary men of any order, should be at least interesting correspondents, seems probable; but why the instructors of youth should be generally stricken with deficiency in letter-writing is not so easy of explanation.

Some one has also observed that, independent of mental gifts and graces, characters somewhat cold and frivolous generally write the most finished letters, and instanced Hogage Walpole, whose published epistles even in our distant day commanded a degree of attention never to be claimed by those of his superior contemporaries—the highly-gifted Burke and the profound Johnson. It may be that the court gossip in and upon which Horace lived has done much for the letters from Strawberry Hill, but the vein must have been there; and the abilities that shine in the world of action or of letters, the conversational talents or worthiness of soul, do not make the cleverest correspondent.

Count Stadion, prime minister to the elector of Mayence, according to Goethe, hit on an easy method of making an impression by letters. He obliged his secretary, Laroche, to practise his handwriting, which it appears he did with considerable success; and, says the poet in his own memoirs, being 'passionately attached to a lady of rank and talent, if he stopped in her society till late at night, his secretary was in the meantime sitting at home, and hammering out the most ardent love-letters; the count chose one of these, and sent it that very night to his beloved, who was thus necessarily convinced of the inextinguishable fire of her passionate adorer.'

'Hélas!' as Madame d'Epigny remarked when turning over the printed epistles of a deceased friend, 'one can never guess how little truth the post brings one;' but from the following tradition, it would seem the less the better. Among the old-world stories of Germany are many regarding a fairy chief or king, known from rustic times as Number Nip, or Count-the-Turnips. One of his pranks was played in an ancient inn of Heidelberg, where, on a December night, he mixed the wine with a certain essence distilled from the flowers of Elfland, which had the effect of making all who tasted it tell nothing but truth with either tongue or pen till the morning. The series of quarrels which took place in consequence round the kitchen fire belong not to the present subject; but in the *réa-garlonr* there sat, all from Vienna, a poet, a student, a merchant, and a priest. After supper, each of these remembered that he had a letter to write—the poet to his mistress, the merchant to his wife, the priest to the bishop of his diocese, and the student to his bachelor uncle, Herr Weisser of Leopoldstad, who had long declared him his heir. Somehow next morning they were all at the post-office heseeking their letters back; but the mail had been despatched, and the tale records how, after that evening's correspondence, the poet's liege lady dismissed him, the merchant and his wife were divorced, the priest never obtained preferment, and none of the letters were answered except the student's, whom Herr Weisser complimented on having turned out such a prudent, sensible young man, but hoped he wouldn't feel disappointed, as himself intended to marry immediately.

The most curiously-characteristic letters now made public property are those of Sir Walter Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth, written from the Tower (to which the historian of the world was committed for a wedding without her majesty's permission), and in the highest tone of desperation that a banished lover could assume; the correspondence between Frederick of Prussia and Voltaire, then of France, after what was called their reconciliation, beginning with the grandest compliments, and ending with reminiscences of quite another kind, particularly that from the royal pen, which opens with, 'You who from the heights of philosophy look down on the weakness and follies of mankind,' and concludes with the charge of appropriating candle-ends; and the epistles of Rousseau during his residence in England, which alternate between discoveries of black conspiracies against his life and fame, and threats of adjournment to the workhouse, if his friends would not assist him to live in a better style than most country gentlemen of the period.

There are printed samples with whose writers fame

has been busy; but who can say what curiosities of letter-writing daily mingle with the mass that pours through the London Post-Office? Can it be this continual custody and superintendence of so large a share of their fellow-creatures' wisdom, fortunes, and folly, that endows post-office functionaries in every quarter with such an amount of proverbial crustiness, if the word be admissible? Do they, from the nature of their business, know too much about the public to think them worth civility, so that nobody has yet discovered a very polite postmaster or man? A strange life the latter leads in our great cities. The truest representative of destiny seems his scarlet coat, seen far through street and lane; at one door he leaves the news of failure and ruin, and at another the intelligence of a legacy. Here his message is the death of a friend, while to the next neighbour he brings tidings of one long absent, or the increase of kindred; but without care or knowledge of their import, he leaves his letters at house after house, and goes his way like a servant of time and fortune, as he is, to return again, it may be, with far different news as their tireless wheels move on. Are there any that have never watched for his coming? The dwellers in palaces and garrets, large families, and solitary lodgers, alike look out for him with anxious hope or fear. Strange it is for one to read over those letters so watched and waited for when years have passed over since their date, and the days of the business, the friendship, or perhaps the wooing, to which they belong are numbered and finished!

How has the world without and within been altered to the correspondents since they were written? Has success or ill fortune attended the speculations by which they set such store? What have been their effects on outward circumstances, and through that certain channel on the men? Has the love been forgotten? Have the friends become strange, or enemies? Have some of them passed to the land whose inhabitants send back no letters? And how have their places been filled? Truly, if evidence were ever wanting regarding the uncertainty of all that rests on earth, it might be found in a packet of old letters.

#### NEWS FROM NATAL.

[The following letter refers to a paper in No. 303 of this Journal, the object of which was to urge intending emigrants to make full inquiry before throwing themselves into an untried field. We remarked, with reference to the humbler class of emigrants, who were more specially invited, that there was already a labouring population upon the spot, in the persons of the Boers and Caffres.]

Pietermaritzburg, NATAL, April 15, 1850.

Your letter, dated December 14th, reached me this morning; and I lose no time in answering your questions *seriatim*.

The land is, so far as I know, for my experience in this respect is limited, very variable in point of fertility. Seeds soon germinate, and break through, but in the neighbourhood of this town the soil is a basaltic or schistose sand, which is of little use without manure, but will do wonders with it. Three crops of oats may easily be had in a year; wheat I cannot speak about, as there are so many conflicting opinions. But beyond the Umgeni, about twenty miles hence, a practical Scotch farmer, a clever and intelligent man, tells me the soil is quite another thing, being some of the very best he ever saw, and needing no manure. There is also, I believe, good land about the coast; but the Klip river, about a hundred or more miles from hence, is universally agreed to be the best agricultural district. Of the country at a distance I have no personal or accurate knowledge; but freestone is brought from a little distance. The mode of cultivation is usually by a plough drawn by oxen; very strong ploughs are necessary, on account of the difficulty of minutely controlling the motions of a dozen or fewer oxen, some of which must be more or less imperfectly trained. I never heard any one mention, even approximately, the height of this town above the sea-level,

but at a broad guess, I should think it must be between 600 and 1000 feet. The country rises, however, rapidly beyond it, so that in winter the snow can be seen from my door on the mountain-tops, and even sometimes blocks the roads for a short time. Thirty miles further on from this they tell me a fire is very comfortable nine months out of the year.

About 600 soldiers are garrisoned in the fort here, and perhaps 400 more in the other parts of the district. We have also a trained Caffre corps; but whether this force is sufficient for all possible contingencies I cannot say. No one here seems to anticipate any trouble from the Zoolahs under Panda, who is said to have retired further to the north; and as to the poor creatures living in the district—the broken remains of, as I hear, about a hundred different tribes—when you let us know the dogs and horses have combined to expel the human race from Essex, then you may expect to hear that these simple, faithful people have conspired to expel us white folk from Natal. The only outcry here is, that there are not Caffres enough to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the colonists. Their *inkosi inkulu*, or 'great chief,' is a government officer, who has an almost absolute influence over them, and who recently brought away wagon-loads of silver, some gold, and quantities of cattle from among them, to the amount of £7000 or more, without a single military attendant, either black or white. Nor is there anything to apprehend from the emigrant Boers. Two of their former leaders I am in constant intercourse with, and more gentlemanly and pleasant men you would not easily meet with at the 'West End.' Those who have gone over the Vaal river are, it is said, still restless under Pretorius, an African Smith O'Brien; but their quarrels are with the Grigua and Basutu chiefs and the Cape government. They are a long way off from this district, and have completely abandoned all designs upon it; so that there is little more probability of Pretorius coming here than there was of Mitchel being crowned in London. I am surprised that 'Chambers's Journal' (usually an intelligent, or at least a cautious periodical) should recently have represented the Boers and Caffres as obstacles to colonisation here. 'More Boers and more Caffres' is the aspiration of every one here: both governors and governed, Dutch and English, are unanimous on this point. 'Give me back the Boers, and you may all go where you like,' said an intelligent and wealthy merchant in my hearing to a military officer; and the officer could not gainsay the preference shown. In short, I should have much less apprehension of robbery or violence in travelling alone, or with a couple of Caffres for two years in this part of the world, than I should in walking two hours after dark in some of the thoroughfares of London. There is a yeomanry cavalry belonging to this town; but it is like most similar volunteer corps—principally child's play at soldiering.

As to Byrne's Company, much more might be said than I could put in this letter. Owing to several causes, but principally, I think, in consequence of the slow and inefficient conduct of the government here, the gross ignorance of the home authorities, and the capricious mood of Sir Harry Smith at Cape Town, under which two latter powers the local authorities here are placed, the affairs of the emigrants are fallen into lamentable confusion; and not one, so far as I know, is properly and legally settled on his land. This has naturally rendered many of them dissatisfied, and impoverished those who had not handicraft trades to go to. Still, I have not heard of any instance of actual privation, and in my own mind I have little doubt that at the worst they can, if they choose, all earn a present subsistence, and look forward to something better when the chaos is reduced to order. It is useless, however, to make any account of the twenty-acres-land bounty. Whether you would not get the cheapest passage in Byrne's ships, is another question; but you would find it most comfortable to come by an East-Indianman to

Cape Town, and thence by a coaster, especially if you have children, and are anxious for their health or lives. This, however, would perhaps involve twice or thrice the expense. Some emigrant ships (Byrne's) have, as I hear, been very comfortable, and others very much the reverse—all greatly depending on the emigrants themselves as a body. Do not buy land in England: this is about the worst thing you could do: but first come and see, and choose, and hear prices, and compare them. Country land is quoted at all figures, from 6d. to £1 per acre, according to quality, situation, circumstances, and tenure, the last not the least important.

The water is very good everywhere, so far as I hear, except the water of the port or bay and its immediate neighbourhood, which is not wholesome to newcomers. This past summer has been very dry, the first instance of the kind for eleven years at least. Generally, the summer is wet—some say *very wet*—and the winter very dry. The farmers here, coming mostly from the old colony, insist much on irrigation; but according to my small experience, I do not think an English farmer would attach much importance to it. As to wild beasts, there are, I believe, a few leopards of different species (here called tigers), perhaps a lion here, and there, but scarcely ever heard of; hyenas and jackals are numerous, but the latter are harmless enough. A few days ago I saw some urchins playing with one they had just caught; after which one of them took it up by the back of the neck, and carried it down the town, just as you would a dog. Hyenas (here called wolves) tease the cattle at night; but I have never heard but once, and that only very vaguely, of an ox being killed by them. The oxen and horses here are usually turned out all night to graze on the open plains and hills, so you may suppose there is nothing very formidable to be dreaded. Snakes seem to be numerous, and some are very poisonous. I have, however, never heard of the death of any person here from their bite, nor even of any one being bitten in this district. A horseman, however, had his steed bitten suddenly a few weeks ago not far from the town, and it died in a short time afterwards.

Houses in this town are built either of 'green' or unburnt bricks, plastered over, or else burnt bricks, or else of the schist-stone so abundant here, which works very easily, and hardens by exposure to the air. At D'Urban they are mostly brick, or else 'wattle and dab.' There is at present abundant work for smiths, carpenters, masons, &c. and there would be more were there more capital in the colony. Journeymen get 6s. or 7s. per day. Horses are never shod here: iron is procured from Cape Colony—both Swedish, which is preferred, and English, which is considered not tough enough for the kind of work most in demand. It would pay well to import iron, it being very dear here; and the same may be said, I suppose, of a smith's set of tools. Coal is found in the district—a kind of anthracite or Welsh coal—but is little noticed or worked at present. Newcastle coals are, I believe, preferred for smiths' work, but are of course very dear—about £7 or £9 per ton. Carpenters' work is mostly about houses at present. There are no fences, and therefore no gates. The farmer in the country keeps his eye on his ploughed field by day, or sets a Caffre to see that no cattle get in; and at night he shuts up his cattle in a 'kraal' or pound, and goes to bed in peace, being perhaps half-a-dozen or more miles from the nearest ox likely to trespass.

Of course this state of things will not last for ever. A carpenter cannot, however, fail to do well in making furniture, and fitting up houses. The timber used here is principally 'yellow wood,' which is like deal, only even more splintery in the grain; 'stinkwood,' which is a dark-grained wood, answering in its uses almost to mahogany; 'thornwood,' tough, and answering perhaps in some degree to ash; 'wild lemon,' a still tougher wood; and some others, with which I am unacquainted. Timber of all sorts may be easily procured from the sawyers

or bushmen, as they are here called, who go out into the woods, cut down the trees, and saw them up into plank, quartering, scantling, beams, and what not. A yellow wood half or three-quarters inch plank, 20 feet by 1, sells for 3s. 6d. green, or 4s. dry. Deal is also imported from Sweden sometimes. As to wheelwrights, it is generally considered here that no English artisan can make a wheel that will bear the tremendous bumping and jolting of the wagons on the primitive roads of this part of the world. If any Englishman thinks he can, he may come and try his hand with the Dutchmen. Wagon-making is a business of itself, at which many fortunes have been made: a wagon is as strong as a ship, and costs, when new, about £80 or £90! Carts there are but three or four in the whole country, and between the roads and the oxen I suppose they will not soon be found extensively useful. One reason why oxen are so much used, is their cheapness of purchase—say 30s., or 40s., or perhaps 50s. if well trained—and of their keep, which costs just nothing. Another is, that horses are very liable to the horse-sickness (a bronchitic and pulmonary complaint of an acute and fatal type) in some parts of the district. I think your capital of £400 would be sufficient for you to turn yourself round on as a farmer; but much depends on your domestic circumstances and your habits of life. If you can live in a Caffre hut for a year or two, and rough it in a wagon or in the open air, you cannot fail to get on fast; but if you have a wife and family, who would require to have a house at first, and comforts and civilisation, the case would be wonderfully different: you might then perhaps bring £1,000, and yet see the last penny of it before you got another.

#### POETS AND POESY.

Few chance-breathed syllables! ye bring to me  
A joy full deep, though voiceless it must be.

How many thoughts an idly-spoken word  
Doth oft awaken! even as when a bird  
Lights on a flowery spray—in some sweet spot,  
Quiet and shady, where winds wanton not  
Amid the young green leaves, nor ever creep  
To kiss the bright buds from their balmy sleep—  
The fair flowers then all nod and dance, and fling  
Their treasured odour o'er that gay bird's wing!  
And scarcely can our slumbering thoughts be stirred  
By the soft breathing of a dearer word  
Than this one—poesy.

Oh glorious light,  
That with thy splendour makest all things bright!  
Thou loving angel! on whose brow the flowers  
Still keep the bloom they wore in Eden's bowers!  
Can there be those upon whose spirit all  
Thy fair creations unreflected fall?  
Alas! although in every soul doth rest  
The capability of being blessed;  
And each must have the latent power to prize  
What it was formed to love, yet oft it lies  
Self-shadowed 'mid the sunshine, with no thirst  
For fadeless light, no deep desire to burst  
Its weary bondage, and to rise above  
The cloud that shuts out beauty, truth, and love:  
The elements of Heaven, where not one tear  
May dim the joy so faintly dreamed of here.

But few although her worshippers may be,  
And only maskers some who bend the knee,  
Yet beauty is eternal! though on earth  
Made visible in things of mortal birth.  
Thus though some lyre which hymns her praise be flung  
To rear decay, unlaurelled and unstrung;  
Though the deep music of some minstrel's lay,  
With his own life, unhonoured pass away;  
The soul of poesy still lives! still breathes  
Its melodies to gentle hearts, and wreathes  
For them the fairy flowers; still hath its spell  
The power to wake the lovely things that dwell,  
Unseen, around us in the mystic air,  
Yet even as Music liveth over there!

Though silent oft the spirit-voice must be,  
Till, with a trembling hand, man sets it free;  
By genius, almost divinely, taught  
To vocalise his heart's unworried thought.

Oh priest of Beauty! dweller 'mid the blaze  
Of that eternal light, whose faintest rays  
Can, even on earth's most perishable things,  
Shed bloom like that an angel's pinion flings!  
Rejoice! rejoice! that thus to thee are given  
The splendours of an intellectual heaven.  
Yet, poet! when from thine unclouded skies  
Recalled a while by still unbroken ties,  
Thou, with thy fellow-man, again dost tread  
The common earth, let no vain tears be shed,  
That thus thy human heart must often share  
The weary lot which others always bear.  
But strive thou rather ever to reveal  
To all the glories thou hast power to feel;  
Nor deem thou that the blessings of thy God  
Are for thyself alone on thee bestowed.  
Fear not, and faint not! though too oft thy strain  
Seem breathed, like winds o'er desert wastes, in vain;  
Hearts yet shall feel the magic of thy lay,  
And own that in thy soul is shined a ray  
Divine, though tinged ever with the hue  
Of thine own thought—the urn it streameth through.

Oh! never till life's 'silver cord' is broken,  
May poets' words to me be vainly spoken!  
Aye to earth's crownless kings my spirit bends,  
And owns the sceptre whose mild sway extends  
Wide as humanity can spread its love,  
Of its wandering fancies o'er can rove;  
Far as its chainless thought can reach, and high  
As its most soaring hope may dare to fly.

We all owe homage to the mighty few,  
Who—since the days when human life was new,  
And Time's broad flood was but an infant stream,  
Bright with the radiance of the sun's first beam—  
Have, as they floated down its tide, flung in  
The gems they toiled from their own thoughts to win;  
And scattered o'er the waters leaves and flowers,  
That by the river bloomed; those wreaths are ours,  
Ours every sparkling jewel! for true thought  
Is deathless: 'twere too and to deem that aught  
Had perished utterly! Though many a name  
Was breathed too faintly by the lip of Fame  
For us to catch its tone; though many a lay,  
Heart echoed off, hath seemed to pass away;  
Ere it grew silent, all its soul it gave  
To those whose name and words outlive the grave.  
A spirit-life have thoughts by poets breathed;  
Oh! let us prize the wealth they have bequeathed;  
Nor idly murmur, though it be not ours  
To give to after-times bright gems or flowers.

F. F.

#### REBUILDING OF THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

It is stated in the 'Berliner Allgemeine Kirchen Zeitung' that the Jews have obtained a firman from the Porte, granting them permission to build a temple on Mount Zion. The projected edifice is, it is said, to equal Solomon's Temple in magnificence.

#### 'READING MADE EASY!'

M. Carnot has presented a petition to the Assembly from M. Jules Aleix, of Paris, stating that he has discovered a new method of education, by which a child may be taught to read in fifteen lessons of one hour each. A grant of 50,000 francs is asked for a model school.—*French paper.*

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#### CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

##### Part VII.

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## NEVER TAKE ABOVE FIVE PER CENT.

THERE are in this state of society so many advantages in being rich, and so many disadvantages in being poor, that a general solicitude about gain is not to be wondered at. If there is ever to be any better state of society, this solicitude may abate; but while we are all left to have our fates shaped by our respective exertions and our particular successes, certainly men will pursue wealth, however precarious may be the blessing. Even money, after all, might become a comparatively respectable pursuit, if men would be governed in it by the rules of integrity and prudence. Were it only sought for the sake of moderate pleasures, or for the discharge of rational family obligations, no moralist could visit it with reprobation. It must be admitted, however, that the pursuit is very generally in England carried to the extent of a vice, if not an impiety, and that its results are seldom of a satisfactory nature.

The formation of the railways of this empire has been, in its mechanical procedure and its effects in public convenience, most creditable to the country; but how discreditable the whole financial means and arrangements! A notion arises that 10 per cent. may be cleared by railways. Railways are, accordingly, projected for nearly the whole country at once, though they only could be executed with tolerable economy in the course of years. Lawyers, surveyors, engineers, are fed at ridiculously high rates to get the plans prepared and sanctioned. Proprietors of ground are bribed with monstrously high prices for their land, or in a more direct manner, to buy up their opposition in parliament. The whole business is carried through in a furor of avaricious madness. Mercantile men speculate in the stocks of the companies, in order to sell again at an advance; ladies possessed of small provisions buy in with the hope of high percentages: no class is exempt from the mania. As an adjuvant system, required still further to extend the means of adventure, exchange banks are instituted—a kind of pawnbroking, with railway stock for the security. Here, for a time, we hear of 7 and 8 per cent. being obtained for loans to the railway speculators. At length, when a considerable number of railways have been made and set in operation, it becomes evident that the large returns expected will never be realised; stocks fall; the exchange banks sink in the common ruin; and thousands of people find their fortunes revolutionised, and their social position lamentably changed. It is a dire result, and the suffering is great; but is it a new thing in the world, or could anything else have been reasonably expected?

In a proper view of the whole subject, the loss of the money is a less punishment than the disgrace; for it surely reflects little lustre on the sagacity of our mercantile community, that they should have looked

for such large gains, since all experience proves that, in a state of affairs such as we have arrived at, anything but small returns must needs be a rare case, and seldom safe when the case occurs. As for the management of railway finances, and the traffic in their stocks, it is an indelible stigma on England to which future ages must point with shame mingled with contempt. It is a fact that would be scarcely reconcilable with some of the other features of our age, did we not know how men may come to entertain self-complacent views of their own moral state, or their opinions and aspirations, while they are all the time taking license in every description of selfishness and even profligacy. To the credit of the country, the sufferers are not vociferous in their complaints. Consciousness of the real character of their misfortunes keeps them silent.

Unhappy England, that put'st thy faith in money! canst thou not make up a proper catechism for the votaries? Let us suggest one leading commandment for it—'Never, oh never take above 5 per cent.' Be assured this is as much as can truly be made by money unattended by your own industry and care. When ye hear, then, any offer of more, listen as if ye heard not; turn from the specious profferer, whoever or whatever he be, and keep your money till you can get an opportunity of investment sufficiently moderate in its pretensions. We would have ladies, above all, to lay this commandment to heart. In the gentle sequestration from the cares of life in which they are kept by their protectors of the other sex, they have very obscure notions of business. They are little prepared to distinguish amongst contending plans of investment. Very often the favourable word of one gentleman friend will determine them, and lead to their ruin. For them there is a precious simplicity in the rule—if they would only put faith in it, and follow it unswervingly—'Never, oh never take above 5 per cent.!'

We have used the phrase 'impiety' in reference to the inordinate pursuit of wealth. It is not here merely meant that the worship of Mammon precludes a true religion, but the anxiety shown about money exhibits, to our apprehension, a practical want of faith in the divine government of the world. We see men struggling to be wealthy, under a sort of terror of moderate circumstances. At the best, they are struggling to place their children, as they say, in independence, or above want, as if their children must necessarily be in wretchedness if left without fortunes. This we think a practical impeachment of the arrangements which God has made for the sustentation of his creatures. It is as much as to say—Unless I provide for the wants which certain human beings will be experiencing thirty years hence, nothing else will, and these creatures will accordingly be in misery. Now we know the fact to be, that God gives a harvest every year, and that on an average a suffi-

ciency is produced for all his creatures. We also know that the faculties of the creatures about whom we are so anxious are so formed, empowered, and commissioned by the Almighty, in relation to the physical circumstances around us, that they cannot fail to work out a livelihood, if allowed tolerably fair play. Why, then, this excessive solicitude about the welfare of posterity? Is it not what we have called it—an impiety? An extreme anxiety about our own future is a fault of the same kind, only somewhat more selfish. God is actually so good as to give us more day by day than we need, and we repay him by fearing that a time will come when he will give us nothing. Is it not a shameful imputation on His providence? How on earth can any such monstrous passion be defended?

That riches sought in such a spirit should make unto themselves wings and fly away—that the best-laid schemes of provision for the distant future should so often fail—that the Crescuses of to-day should so often become the beggars of to-morrow—is surely not to be wondered at when we consider the real character of all such things. It would of course be most unreasonable to expect that God should bless our blasphemies against himself.

It is among the middle or mercantile classes in this country that the worship of Mammon is most predominant. These classes are not deficient in religious profession, whatever be the state of their inner nature. The very insecurity of their affairs seems to assist in driving them into a peculiar zeal. Can we suppose such persons to have the faintest perception of the divine truth breathed in the words which they must often read and hear read—'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap, and God feedeth them: how much better are ye than the fowls! Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If God then so clothe the grass, which to-day is in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?' For the sake of force, a hyperbolic form of language is here used; but it is the expression, nevertheless, of the ordinance of God, that there is a natural provision for the wants of the human family. Strange that sentences so recommended to our profoundest veneration, should day after day pass over the minds of multitudes, as if they had no meaning whatever! Yet such must be the case, judging from the facts shown on the surface of middle-class society. The result of their neglect has been well described: 'The rich man shall lie down, but he shall not be gathered: he openeth his eyes, and he is not. Terrors take hold on him as waters; a tempest stealeth him away in the night. God shall cast upon him and not spare; he would fain flee out of his hand. Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place.'

#### AUNT VIOLA.

The traditional lore of our family was enriched with some curious anecdotes of an individual, familiarly known as Aunt Vi, or Dame Viola Danecourt, whose wonderful instincts for the recovery of lost or concealed property amounted almost to a miraculous gift. People came from afar to consult her, for the good dame's celebrity had widely spread, report declaring that she was never wrong in her deductions; yet Aunt Vi was extremely chary of bestowing her advice, and made it a great favour to do so, except in rare instances, when her interest was strongly excited. An early and valued friend, dying after a long interval of separation, left a destitute orphan daughter to the beneficent care of Dame Viola, who was by no means in affluent circumstances, though in receipt of an income which sufficed for her moderate wants—the round surplus over and above being devoted to works of charity. But

when a young lady, brought up in idleness, and with expensive habits, was to be maintained, the case became altogether different; and though Aunt Vi was willing to deny herself, and share everything with poor Emily Lattimer, yet Emily's delicate health, and still more delicate nurturing, involved an amount of expense and anxiety which not a little harassed and perplexed the worthy, kind-hearted soul. Miss Lattimer had but one relative in the world, and this was an old lady resident at a village called Elderside, situate about seven miles from the market town where Aunt Vi lived. Aunt Vi had often heard of Miss Conway's eccentricities, and her history was perfectly familiar to her; but until Emily Lattimer became an inmate of her dwelling, she had no personal acquaintance with Miss Conway. Now, however, a degree of interest attached to this personage, from the fact of Emily being her nearest of kin; and after a time, Aunt Vi determined on driving over to Elderside, and introducing herself and her protégée to Miss Conway's notice. From her earliest years this lady had been noted for penurious habits, and for a diseased love of amassing money for its own sake. She had inherited a large fortune, entirely at her own disposal; and it was conjectured that when she went to India, to join an only brother who held a lucrative appointment in the East, a love disappointment, the first and last tender emotion she ever experienced, influenced Miss Conway's self-banishment from her native land. Let that have been as it might, it was certain that her original defects of character or disposition became more glaring than heretofore, amounting at length to an absolute mania; and when, after an absence of twenty years, her brother's decease was publicly notified, Miss Conway made her reappearance in England, and settled down in the secluded village of Elderside, accompanied by a black female domestic named Faadeene.

Here Miss Conway established herself in a small lodging, consisting of two rooms, over a corn-chandler's shop: the absolute necessities of life were not wanting, but the strict economy of her housekeeping, and of all her unavoidable disbursements, led folks naturally to imagine that her ample original fortune must have been appropriated by her unprincipled brother, who had died deeply insolvent. Indeed when such hints were thrown out, Miss Conway would shake her head mysteriously, and look (as far as she could) like an injured innocent, muttering that we must cast no reflections on the departed, and that she was very thankful to have even a small pittance left to preserve her from starvation or the workhouse. This supposition was verified from its being perfectly well-known that Miss Conway had no property in India or elsewhere, excepting a small sum invested in the funds, from which she drew her income. She did not scruple to confess how limited that income was, often boasting of her own good management in eking it out. Many people pitied the poor lonely old woman, and said it was 'very hard' that an extravagant brother should have defrauded an only sister thus; but others smiled sagaciously, confessing that it was 'odd,' though they were sure Miss Conway never had suffered herself to be cheated by any one, and knew how to take care of her own against the whole world.

No: there was some secret or mystery which it seemed impossible to penetrate; for there was no enlightenment as to Miss Conway's proceedings in distant Indian lands. Faadeene was noiseless and stealthy in all her movements, usually silent; and when she did speak, it was to her mistress in an unknown dialect, for she had learnt but few words of the English language, being apparently indifferent to any knowledge she might gain in our cold northern clime. But though apparently docile towards her mistress, bearing Miss Conway's ill-humour and fretfulness with Indian stoicism, existing, too, almost on air, yet there was a something inexplicable about Faadeene which made those who were close observers uneasy in her presence. She was a

middle-aged woman, with a sooty complexion, and small pinched features; and the expression of her keen black eyes was sinister and cunning to a painful degree, giving one the idea of being watched by an ogre.

Miss Conway had never once been known to cross the threshold since she had resided at Elderside; her mode of life and eccentric employment, coupled with the importance she attached to it, had given rise to much idle conjecture and laughter—but who could guess what this simple but incessant employment was? It was the manufacture of pincushions, which she presented to every individual who approached her; nay, she sent them by dozens to the friends and acquaintances of these individuals when they could be prevailed on to accept the charge.

These pincushions were about six inches square, covered with silk or velvet, and elaborately embroidered by Miss Conway: Faadeene's sole serious occupation being in cutting flannel into shreds for the cases, stuffing the cases, and preparing them for her mistress to cover. Beautiful little things they were; and Miss Conway often sighingly declared that the materials cost her a little fortune. When advised to give up the employment, and turn to something more useful—such as making clothes for poor children—she looked wild and scared, became restless, and never again cordially received the person who offered this advice. Making pincushions was the business of her life; piles of them were always to be seen in a large covered basket in one corner of the sitting-room, and nothing won Miss Conway's favour equal to asking for a whole batch of them. Fancy-bazaars and fancy-shops were stocked with these pretty articles—there was not a soul in the village of Elderside who did not possess one or more of Miss Conway's pincushions; the charity children each had a handsome one—and still the daily labours of Miss Conway and her dark assistant progressed, and there was always a stock on hand. The most remarkable feature of the case was, that notwithstanding Miss Conway's passion for supplying others, she herself was contented with a faded pincushion, which always stood on her humble toilet-table studded with pins, and much the worse for wear; it was covered with rich scarlet velvet embroidered with gold, and once had doubtless been very handsome, though now tarnished and faded. But when Miss Conway's visitors joked her, saying that she ought to present the toilet-table with a new cushion, the old lady invariably grew uneasy and reserved, evincing a nervous irritability which the trifling circumstance did not seem to warrant—Faadeene meanwhile rolling her black eyes, and not unfrequently grinning when her mistress's back was towards her.

None of these things were lost on Aunt Vi; but whatever that wonderful woman's cogitations were, she kept them to herself, though it was noticed how unusual were the reveries in which she indulged, while her countenance wore an anxious and absent air. But after a time, these clouds gradually cleared away, Aunt Vi's placid smiles again were seen—she appearing like one suddenly relieved from a load of care, or as if a difficult problem were mastered.

'Aunt Vi has more on her mind than she cares to tell just yet,' said her intimates; 'but there will be some strange discovery by and by about that queer Miss Conway's lost property, for she'll find it out, be sure.'

'But,' said another, 'there's nothing to find out, for the poor soul's bad brother made away with it.'

'Tut, tut!' rejoined the first speaker; 'Madge Conway gripped it too tight for that. Wherever it is, it isn't lost, mark my words—Miss Viola's scent is finer than you could believe for this sort o' game.'

'Well, neighbour,' said the other, 'I hope you may be in the right, and that the property is safe, for sweet Emily Lattimer's sake—for if the old girl dies without a will (and they do say she has a horror of making one, thinking it a forerunner of death), Miss Emily, as nearest of kin, claims all she dies worth.'

'Ay, ay, leave Miss Vi alone; she knows that and a good deal more too: where she gets her knowledge from, 'tis not for us, or the likes of us, to say.' This was uttered in a solemn tone, which conveyed more than the words themselves, as the gossips separated.

Aunt Vi, accompanied always by Emily Lattimer, frequently visited Miss Conway during the ensuing six months. No remarks whatever were elicited from Aunt Vi respecting these visits; her lips were scrupulously sealed, though she had become a welcome visitor to Miss Conway, from the fact of never going to Elderside empty-handed—poultry, eggs, vegetables, or fruit, always forming the pleasant little offerings, which, with infinite satisfaction, Miss Conway received at Aunt Vi's hands. But Aunt Vi's eyes were wide open, and as keen as Faadeene's, who had regarded with an ill-concealed dislike and jealousy the intimacy of her mistress with these liberal-handed strangers; for Emily, at Aunt Vi's desire, had purchased a large assortment of gay remnants, for the manufacture of the pincushions, which she had presented to Miss Conway. Welcome visitants they were to the mistress, unwelcome to the dark domestic. But not the minutest circumstance passed unheeded by Aunt Vi; she, indeed, had formed her own conclusions deliberately, positively; but how to act upon them for the ultimate benefit of Emily Lattimer was the delicate point.

'I must be patient,' soliloquised Aunt Vi, 'and keep a sharp eye on that serpent Faadeene.'

But to the surprise even of Aunt Vi, Miss Conway one day informed her with tears of vexation (for where could she get so cheap and useful a servant?) that Faadeene insisted on returning to her own country directly, giving no reason save that she wished to be among her 'own people' once more. 'I really thought that she was attached to me,' sobbed the old lady with her lap full of pincushions, 'for I bought her when she was a girl—and her purchase money wasn't a trifle, for she came of a high caste—but of course this is a free country, and I cannot keep Faadeene against her will. But what she means to do, or where she means to go, I don't know, for it is all stuff for her to talk about her "own people;" she is contaminated, and has lost caste, and they will disown her; and she hasn't a penny in the world. But go she will, and I have asked neighbour T—to answer an advertisement in the papers for a native servant to attend on a family going to India in a few weeks.'

And when Aunt Vi questioned Faadeene on the subject, she corroborated this account, saying, 'Mc go home—me no Englees any more, ma'am.'

Shortly after this conversation, and when Faadeene's departure was all arranged, Miss Conway sickened, and became speedily in so alarming a state, that Aunt Vi would have sent her own medical attendant to see the sufferer; but the bare mention of such a proposition threw the old lady into a paroxysm of rage which threatened immediate dissolution.

'She hated lawyers, doctors, and parsons, and would have none of them;' declaring that she knew how to doctor herself better than any quack of them all, and 'she wasn't going to die yet—not she.' However, Aunt Vi was seriously uneasy; she had her own reasons doubtless—perhaps she saw death in the victim's face; and on quitting Elderside, she privately charged the people of the house, who were highly respectable, to send a messenger to her on the instant should any change occur for the worse in Miss Conway, which they promised to do.

Miss Conway's illness had commenced with violent sickness, followed by torpor and loss of appetite, the sickness recurring at intervals; Faadeene alone attended upon her, and was apparently attentive to her duties, while poor Miss Conway incessantly implored her 'not to desert her old mistress in sickness;' but Faadeene turned a deaf ear to these piteous intreaties, muttering with a determined and obstinate air, 'Mc must go, ma'am.'

In three days' time Faadeene was to join the family who had engaged her for the Indian voyage; and Aunt Vi had undertaken the task of nursing the lonely woman until help could be procured to please and satisfy the invalid, little thinking that Miss Conway would so soon be beyond the reach of human aid. It was yet early morning when a messenger arrived at Aunt Vi's cottage, with the tidings that Miss Conway had been found dead in her bed a few hours previously. The people of the house said that Faadeene, who always slept in the deceased's chamber, had alarmed them as daylight dawned, telling them in her broken accents that on going to look at 'ma'am Sahib' to see if she slept easily, she found 'poor ma'am cold, and breathe no more.'

Aunt Vi, on viewing the remains, was, for her, greatly excited, her mood being usually placid and composed; she quickly and sharply cast her eyes round the chamber, and her face flushed as she called Faadeene to come forward from the corner of the next apartment, where the Indian woman crouched, whining dismally. Faadeene slowly and reluctantly entered the chamber of death, her black eyes distended, and fixed on Aunt Vi, who quietly said, 'Where is the scarlet-velvet pin-cushion that always stood on that toilet-table?' pointing to the homely piece of furniture with its shabby garniture at the foot of the bed. Faadeene looked terrified; and no wonder, for Aunt Vi had an impressive and warning way with her, and now she stood as if reading the culprit's heart. After some hesitation Faadeene muttered, 'She bid rip 'em up, for cover new, ma'am.'

'And have you "ripped them" since I was here yesterday?' demanded Aunt Vi in a voice of thunder.

'No, no, ma'am; me no rip 'em yet, please,' replied the now trembling and astounded woman, who evidently believed that she had a sorceress to deal with, from whom it was useless to affect any concealment.

'Then place it where it was—nothing is concealed from me.'

As Aunt Vi said this, Faadeene slowly drew from her voluminous drapery the identical faded cushion, and without once taking her eyes off the sorceress, replaced it on the little table. Aunt Vi took it up, carefully examined it round and round, and perfectly satisfied herself that it had not been ripped; she then followed Faadeene out of the chamber, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and sat down to write two notes, which she sent down stairs by Emily Lattimer, with a request to Mr Edwards, the master of the house, to despatch them instantly by a safe hand. Faadeene meanwhile lay rolled up like a great ball of calico, emitting from time to time uncouth sounds of distress, but frequently peering out at Aunt Vi with a wild and scowling glare.

Aunt Vi, however, remained mute and immovable, Emily sitting beside her in anxious suspense, wondering how all this was to end, and what it portended. At length the door of the parlour opened, and two elderly gentlemen appeared almost simultaneously on the scene: one was the medical practitioner from N—, who had answered Aunt Vi's summons; the other was a solicitor of high repute from the same place. Mr Edwards was called up; and then, in a few clear, concise words, Aunt Vi stated the case, and expressed her suspicions. The gentlemen were well acquainted by common report with the deceased lady's past history.

On viewing the corpse, the doctor looked very grave and concerned, saying something in a low tone about a coroner's inquest, and whispering to Aunt Vi, as he cast his eyes towards Faadeene, that she must not be allowed to depart. But now Aunt Vi commenced her part of the business as she took the faded pin-cushion from off its accustomed stand, and delivered it into the lawyer's hands with a pair of scissors, desiring him to rip it open. Faadeene's eyes, on witnessing this strange ceremony, enlarged to a hideous extent; and as the operation proceeded, and the cushion was disembowelled,

a round glittering gem fell on the ground, eliciting a smothered groan from the Indian woman. It was a large and splendid diamond!

'Behold Miss Conway's lost fortune!' exclaimed Aunt Vi, as she held it up exultingly.

'You are indeed a witch, madam!' said the lawyer, bowing with old-fashioned gallantry.

'Ah, my dear sir,' replied Aunt Vi, 'it did not need much sagacity on my part to discover poor Conway's secret. Had she not betrayed it by her lurking and uncontrollable glances of anxiety towards that heap of flannel and velvet, the serpent Faadeene would have done so. But, truth to tell,' added Aunt Vi modestly, 'I have a singular power for such detections: may I ever be directed to use it for wise purposes!'

Little more remains to be told. The proper measures of examination were immediately resorted to, when a small quantity of some poison not generally known in Europe was discovered in the stomach of the deceased. Of course suspicion rested on Faadeene—her intended departure, and secretion of the pin-cushion by Aunt Vi's testimony, pointing her out as the culprit. All was confirmed by the succeeding deed of darkness: for the Indian woman effected her own destruction by the same means; a small box, most cunningly secreted, being afterwards found on her person containing a portion of the fatal powder. She had preserved an obstinate, unbroken silence since her apprehension, and died without a word or sign. There was nothing but conjecture as to the history of the recovered diamond; but from the departed lady's morbid passion for hoarding, there seemed no doubt that she had invested her fortune in this unusual mode for the purpose of concentrating in one point the wealth she worshipped, and so having it always before her eyes or within her grasp. Connected in some strange manner with this mania was the manufacture of pin-cushions; but poor Miss Conway, there can be no doubt, laboured under a certain degree of insanity. However this may be, she must have struck a good bargain with the Eastern jewel-merchant, for the gem sold for a sum exceeding that which, in the ordinary course of things, the purchaser could possibly have paid for it.

No will was found, and Emily Lattimer succeeded without opposition to all the deceased had died worth; her descendants carefully preserving a faded velvet pin-cushion beneath a glass-case—the memorable cushion wherein was hidden the missing fortune. Aunt Vi, as may readily be credited, increased in fame; nay, had she flourished in the dark ages, it is probable that she would have been accused of practising the forbidden arts; but fortunately, in these enlightened times, the magical influence of penetration and instinctive wisdom is acknowledged, without giving people the idea of burping their possessor for a wizard.

## THE SUN.

Of all the links in the stupendous chain of the cosmos, the sun, next to our own planet, is that which we are most concerned in knowing well, while it is precisely that which we know the least. This glorious orb has always been involved in the deepest mystery. All that had been revealed to us concerning it, till very recently, was derived from the observations and deductions of the elder Herschel. His discovery of a double luminous envelopment, at times partially withdrawn from various portions of the sun's surface, afforded, on the whole, a satisfactory explanation of the numerous spots that are always seen on his disk. This glimpse merely of the external changes which happen on his surface made up the sum of our knowledge of that great luminary on which the animation of our planetary system depends! One main cause of this utter ignorance on the subject, besides its own intrinsic difficulty, lay in the comparatively slight attention it

had always received from astronomers generally. No individual observer ever thought of devoting himself to the solar phenomena alone, while the public observatories confined themselves to merely observing the sun's culmination at noon, or to ascertaining the exact duration of its eclipses.

We knew, from the observations of Cassini and Herschel, that the spots on the sun's disk are not alike numerous every year; and Kunowsky particularly drew the attention of astronomers to the fact, that while in the years 1818 and 1819 very large and numerous ones appeared, some visible even to the naked eye, very few, on the contrary, and those of but trifling size, were seen in the years 1822-1824. But it was reserved for the indefatigable Schwabe of Dessau, who has devoted himself for a long series of years to this one single object, to establish the fact of these spots observing a certain periodicity. Among the results of his labours—for as yet we have only his brief announcements to the scientific world in the 'Astronomical Notices'—are the following:—1. That the recurrence of the solar spots has a period of about ten years; 2. That the number of the single groups of one year varies at the minimum time from twenty-five to thirty, while in the maximum years they sometimes rise to above three hundred; 3. That with their greater abundance is combined also a greater local extension and blackness of the spots; 4. That at the maximum time, the sun, for some years together, is never seen without very considerable spots. The last maximum appears to have been of a peculiarly rich character, as, from February 1837 till December 1840, solar spots were visible on every day of observation; while the number of groups in the former of those years amounted to 333.

But if a single individual, by observations continued unbroken for entire decenniums, has thus revealed to us the most important fact hitherto-known relating to the sun, there are other questions not less important which can only find their solution in the careful observation of a rarely-occurring interval of perhaps 1 or 2 minutes. The splendour of the sun is so amazingly great, as to preclude us entirely from perceiving any object in his immediate proximity unless projected before his disk as a darkening object. At 10, or 15 degrees even from the sun, when this luminary is above the horizon, all the fixed stars vanish from the most powerful telescopes. We are therefore in utter ignorance whether the space between him and Mercury is occupied or not by some other denizen of the planetary system. To enable us to explore the sun's immediate proximity, we require a body that shall exclude his rays from our atmosphere, and yet leave the space round the sun open to our view. Such an object can of course be neither a cloud nor any terrestrial object, natural or artificial, since parts of the atmosphere will exist behind it which will be impinged on by the sun's rays. Only during a total eclipse can these conditions be fulfilled, and even then but for a very brief interval, which may still be lost to the observer through unfavourable weather or from too low a position of the sun.

Notwithstanding that this rare and precarious opportunity is the only possible one we possess of becoming better acquainted with the physical nature of the great luminary of day, astronomers never availed themselves of it for any other purpose than the admeasurement of the earth, which might have been done as well, if not better, during any planetary eclipse. This error or indifference, whichever it may have been, cannot, however, be laid to the charge of our living astronomers. The

8th of July 1842—the day on which the last total eclipse of the sun took place—witnessed the most distinguished of these assembled for the purpose of making, for the first time, observations calculated to afford us some insight into this greatest mystery of the celestial world. This eclipse was total on a zone which traversed the north of Spain, the south of France, the region of the Alps and Styria, and a portion of Austria, Central Russia and Siberia, terminating in China; so that the observatories of Marseilles, Milan, Venice, Padua, Vienna, and Ofen, all supplied with excellent telescopes, and in full activity, came within its range; while many astronomers, at whose observatories the eclipse was not visible, set out for places situated within the zone just described. Thus Arago and two of his colleagues repaired to Perpignan, Airy to Turin, Schumacher to Vienna, Struve and Schidlöfsky to Lipetz, and Stubbendorff to Koerakow. Most of them were favoured by the weather. Let us now see what the combined endeavours of these practised and well-furnished observers have made us acquainted with.

First, as regards the obscurity, it was so great, that five, seven, and in some cases as many as ten stars were visible to the naked eye. A reddish light was seen to proceed from the horizon—that is, from those regions where the darkness was not total—and by this light print of a moderate size could, with a little difficulty, be read. Such plants as usually close their petals at night were seen in most places to close them also during the eclipse. The thermometer fell from 2 to 3 degrees of Reaumur, and in the fields about Perpignan a heavy dew fell. A change in the colour of the light, and consequently of the enlightened objects, was noticed by many, although they were not agreed in their description of it. But this diversity may have been caused by the nature of the air at different places being probably different, and the degree of obscurity very unequal. At Lipetz, where the eclipse lasted the longest, being 3 minutes and 5 seconds, a darkness similar to that of night set in, and there the eclipse began exactly at noon.

The effect of the eclipse on the animal creation was similar to what had been observed before in the like circumstances: they ceased eating; draught-animals suddenly stood still; domestic birds fled to the stables, or sought other places of shelter; owls and bats flew abroad, as if night had come on. Of three lively linnets kept in a cage, one dropped down dead. The insect world too was greatly affected: ants stopped in the midst of their labours, and only resumed their course after the reappearance of the sun; and bees retreated suddenly to their hives. A general restlessness pervaded the animal world; and only those places which were situated more on the boundaries of the zone, and where the obscurity was consequently less complete, formed an exception.

During the total eclipse, the dark moon which covered the sun's disk appeared surrounded with a brilliant crown of light or halo. This halo consisted of two concentric belts, of which the inner one was the lightest, and the external less brilliant, and gradually fading. In the direction of the line which connected the point of the commencement of the total eclipse with that of its termination, two parabolic pencils of light—some observers say several—appeared on the halo. Within it also light interwoven veins were observable. The breadth of the inner halo was from 3 to 3 minutes; that of the external one from 10 to 15 minutes; the pencils of light, on the other hand, extended as far as from 1 to 1½ degree: by some they were traced even to 3 degrees. The colour of the halo was of a silvery white, and exhibited a violent undulating or trembling motion, its general appearance varying in the briefest space. The light of the halo was intensest near the covered solar rim. Its brilliance at Lipetz was so great, that the naked eye could hardly look on it, and some of the observers almost doubted whether the sun had really altogether disappeared. At Vienna, Milan,

and Perpignan, on the contrary, the observers found the light of the halo resembling that of the moon towards its full. Belin, at Verona, who found time to estimate its intensity, ascertained it to be one-seventh of that of the full moon. Its first traces were noticed from 3 to 5 seconds before the entrance of the entire eclipse; in like manner, its last vestiges disappeared only some seconds after the eclipse was over. Vivid, however, as its light was, the halo cast but an extremely faint shadow. Some, indeed, who particularly directed their attention to it, could not detect any. But this might have been owing to those places on which the shadows would have fallen being faintly illumined by the reddish light of the horizon before mentioned. In other respects, during the progress of the eclipse, before and after its maximum, not the least change was observable in the uncovered part of the sun's disk. The cusps were as sharp and distinctly-marked as possible; the lunar mountains were projected on the sun's surface with the most beautiful distinctness and precision, and the colour and brilliance of his disk, in the proximity of the moon's rim, were in no way diminished or altered. In short, nothing was seen which could be referred in the smallest degree to a lunar atmosphere.

All these phenomena, striking as they were, were such as the assembled observers were prepared for; for they were such as had already been noticed during previous eclipses of the sun. But there was one of quite a different character, as mysterious as it was novel to them. This was the appearance of large reddish projections within the halo on the dark rim. The different observers characterised it by the expressions—'red clouds, volcanoes, flames, fire-sheaves,' &c.; terms intended of course merely to indicate the phenomenon, and not in any way to explain it. The observers differed in their reports both with respect to the number of these 'red clouds,' as well as to their apparent heights. Arago stated that he observed two rose-coloured projections which seemed to be unchangeable, and a minute high. His two colleagues also saw them, but to them they seemed somewhat larger. A fourth observer saw one of the projections some minutes even after the eclipse was over, while others perceived it with the naked eye. Petit, at Montpellier, remarked three projections, and even found time to measure one of them. It was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  minute high. Littrow, at Vienna, considered them to be as high again as this; and stated 'that the streaks were visible before they became coloured, and remained visible also after their colour had vanished.' The light of these projections was soft and quiet, the projections themselves sharp, and their form unchanging till the moment of their extinction. Schidlofsky, at Lipetz, thought he perceived a rose-coloured border on the moon in places where these red clouds did not reach; but could not be certain of the fact, on account of the shortness of the time.

These projections or red clouds, mysterious and unexpected as they were to men who directed their attention for the first time to the purely physical phenomena concerned, were in fact, after all, nothing altogether new. The descriptions given by astronomers of earlier eclipses of the sun had been forgotten or overlooked. Stannyan, for instance, in his relation of that of the 20th May 1706, says—'The egress of the sun from the moon's disk was preceded on its left rim, during an interval of six or seven seconds, by the appearance of a blood-red streak;' and Nassenius, during a total eclipse of the sun observed on the 13th of May 1783, mentions having seen 'several red spots, three or four in number, without the periphery of the moon's disk, one of them being larger than the others, and consisting, as it were, of three parallel parts inclining towards the moon's disk.' It is clear, therefore, that earlier observers had witnessed the same phenomenon, although they were unable to offer any explanation of it. It seems, however, no unreasonable conclusion to come to, that these projections or red clouds, as well as the halo with its pencils of light before spoken of, are something without

the proper solar photosphere, but not forming, as this does, one connected mass of light. What further can be known concerning this something must be left to future ages to discover.

### A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE BALL—CHRISTMAS-DAY—THE MILLINER'S SHOP—VISITING—CONCERT—CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THIS is the 23d December, and we are to have a great addition to our family party. Edward's sister, Helen, and her husband and children, arrived early to-day from Singapore, where they went before the rains for the benefit of his health. Having nothing exactly ready at home, they dined with us—their eldest boy, another dear little Johnny, sitting by us at table, quite happy, playing with some salt thrown before him as his part of the banquet. There came some days ago an invitation to a ball to-morrow at the house of a civilian of rank, who always gives one about the time of the arrival of the crack ships. He is rich, and a bachelor, and very popular.

24th.—Helen must go to this ball; and not one dress in the world has she fit to appear in! After months up in the Straits, she could have nothing presentable! A note was sent before tiffin—a *chit* I mean—to that wonder-working Madame de Ligné. An ayah in a palkee went off to some warehouse for lace and satin. The most approved of my half-dozen novelties was fixed on for the model, and we were faithfully promised an accurate copy by nine o'clock this evening. When our minds were thus relieved, Cary and I set out to call on one of my shipmates, who was staying with some friends at Garden Reach. It was too hot by the time we set out to open the Venetians, I could therefore only take a chance peep through them at the pretty village we passed, surrounded by plantations of sugar-cane. Garden Reach must be an agreeable situation to live in. The houses all stand in roomy compounds, prettily laid out in lawn and shrubbery; they command a fine view of the river and the Reach, and even get a glimpse of the sea in clear weather.

Punctual Madame de Ligné! The first person we saw after entering the ball-room was Helen in the white satin. Very pretty women and very handsome dresses abounded; but I thought that tall graceful girl, for she is no more, with her pale complexion, and her large dark eyes, and her black-braided hair, in which she wore no ornament, the most attractive beauty there or anywhere. But this must not be whispered here. The merest red and white, so it be young and fresh landed, is more admired here than the most classic loveliness three years married, and so considered faded. I must try and give you a general idea of this truly agreeable party. It is a very good house to begin with; the suite of rooms large and lofty; the most brilliant profusion of light; the number of military men, some naval officers, and the great variety of their uniforms, added much to the effect of so large a crowd; and the ladies, all in such fresh toilettes, most of them so young, and many of them so pretty, and such handsome jewels glittering on not a few—made up altogether a scene far superior to any English ball I have ever had the luck to enter. Then our bachelor host was so kind, so gay, so agreeable, he was the most amiable of entertainers—no reunion could have gone off better. We had brought out in our ship with us two fine girls, whom, we elders all agreed, were destined to be Calcutta beauties. They appeared in public for the first time this evening, and made quite as much sensation as was good for them.

One is large, and bright, and rosy; the other very delicate looking, small, and light. Edward has christened them the Bouncing Beauty and the Fragile Fair. The first had very nearly the whole room at her feet. The little one had her select admirers; and being very lively, and dancing like a fairy, she made great progress before the night was over, in spite of her want of red cheeks. All the young people danced with spirit, quite as if they enjoyed the music, which was very good. A full quadrille band, and a regimental band for the waltzes and galops. An air of unaffected happiness pervaded the assembly, most of the burra sahibs and burra bibis looking as pleased as the boys and girls. I was quite gay too, for we met nearly all our old shipmates, whom we felt towards as old friends among so many strangers. Of several we were very sorry to have to take leave; they are going up the country to their different destinations. The good-natured captain of the steamer proceeding to Allahabad, put off his departure till after Christmas-day, for the purpose of allowing his younger passengers to attend this ball, knowing it would be such a pleasure to them. How many of these, our four months' companions, shall we ever see again? I was not taken to supper by so great a man, but I found myself seated next to the Advocate-General. I did not know him as such. He only struck me as a very superior person. He conversed with great ease. There was both good sense and originality in his way of thinking, and altogether he suited me so well, that I was quite prepared to hear my elderly friend was considered one of the cleverest and most agreeable men here. Cary says the wide-awake wife was conciliating the court. I wish it may prove so!

25th, Christmas-Day!—Where did we spend the last? Do you remember how bitter cold it was, and how all the children crept about the fire, waiting for the opening of grandmamma's box of presents? Here I was driven in from the veranda by the heat and the mosquito bites, which are really intolerable. I was regularly victimised last night at the ball, as I foolishly walked a good deal in the veranda. The house is situated in one of the large squares in the town, the interior of which square is a tank; and in the neighbourhood of water these annoying insects swarm in myriads. I had to foment my ankles for an hour before going to bed—that is, ayah bathed my poor swelled feet while I wrote journal for you. A fresh prey is seized on ruthlessly; and the stock of health laid in during a sea-voyage tends to inflame these venomous bites, small as they are.

The natives are in the habit of sending round presents on Christmas-day to their European employers—fish, fruit, and sweetmeats—out of compliment to our great religious festival; a liberality of feeling worth reflecting on. One of these embassies made its way to us. A chobdar entered, ushering in half-a-dozen coolies, each with a loaded tray, covered by a fringed handkerchief, carried on his head. They set these down on the floor in rotation, and then uncovering the trays, and making grand salaams, they retired to the end of the room, while a well-dressed person, who had come with them, and had charge of delivering the present, advanced, and tapping his forehead several times before prostrating himself, till he almost touched the ground, addressed us ceremoniously. "This gentleman expects in return for all his trouble a rupee, as his *bricksheesh* or guerdon; the coolies one *ana* each, the sixteenth part of a rupee, about equal to three-halfpence of our money, two *anas*, by the way, being full wages for a day labourer. These presents, therefore, are rather costly to the receiver when very numerous, as the silver cups in which the sweetmeats are sent, and indeed all the tray-apparatus, are always returned by the bearer. The house was very much dressed up for this occasion, as I found on descending to breakfast. The Mawlies had been very busy in honour of it. They had added many plants to the number already in the veranda, and they had decorated the gates with garlands of flowers: this is their annual custom. We had a grand family and

friendly gathering in our English way of keeping this festival. Edward, considering himself chief of the scattered tribe here, collected a great dinner-party, picking up for it various stray young men unconnected with us, indeed, but in want of some place of refuge from the loneliness their home-recollections would make peculiarly poignant; so that, with all the children belonging to different members of the company, and their attendant ayahs and hirkarees, we filled the long drawing-room very respectably. The new arrival, the English *aunt*, as she is called, elected to that dignity by acclamation, though without claim to such distinction, played on the new pianoforte to a very merry little set of dancers, though I thought, poor things, their movements were languid; and the pale cheeks and slight forms of these delicate blossoms made me wish them all out of this forcing-house climate, and away to more bracing air. Even Caroline acknowledged that she did not regret thinking of her nursery being under dear grandmamma's charge, though so far from her.

26th.—Shopping here is very different from shopping in England. We were bound for the milliner's this morning, and had other purchases to make besides. But there are no shops, at least I observed only two, with any wares in the window—one, a confectioner's, recently established; the other a chemist's, where the large coloured-glass jars figured as usual. The European shops are principally milliners', where all sorts of haberdashery are sold; and provision warehouses, where are to be had ham, bacon, cheese, beer, preserves, pickles, and hermetically-sealed cases of rare meats; in short, every eatable imported from France or England. Outside, the milliner's shop looked exactly like a private house: it was a surprise, therefore, to find the drawing-room floor fitted up with counters, drawers, and shelves; and a still greater surprise to be received there with the most perfect air of nonchalance by two very finely-dressed ladies, who gave themselves no sort of trouble upon our account; anything we asked for they rather ungraciously produced: they offered nothing. This is easily accounted for. They are quite independent of chance custom: their goods are, indeed, so exorbitantly dear, that they drive moderate people to deal with the *box-wallahs*; literally, people with boxes—a sort of pedlar merchants, of whom there are great plenty who will go any distance to display their wares with a zeal and an importunity fully as annoying as the indifference of these European ladies. The dignified milliners make their money principally by country orders—what they call their *Mofussil* business: every part of the great plain of Bengal that is not town being called Mofussil. The ladies at the different stations write their orders to the Calcutta milliners and dress-makers, just as English country ladies do to the London houses, and the heaviest orders come from the half-caste wives—the poor husbands' purse! How many additional years of exile does the folly of a careless pair entail upon them!

The real daily business of the retail trade in Calcutta goes on in the native bazaars, where the head servants carry on all our dealings. Women of a second class, who can themselves frequent these places, get goods very cheaply by proper bargaining. Besides these regularly-supplied bazaars, there are several auction-marts almost always open, where anybody may go with propriety to examine the various articles intended to be put up for sale a few days afterwards. These sales go on most part of the year: they are very brisk just now: at this cool gay season one or two every week. Printed catalogues, and descriptions of the stock, which generally includes everything one has ever heard of as ornamental, useful, or necessary in an Indian establishment, are duly circulated with the newspapers; and it is one of the things in a small way that has made much impression on me, to see arriving every morning these closely-filled inventories, and constantly with them a notice, likewise printed, that there is also for sale at his house, in such a place, the whole of Mr So-and-So's

property. This is owing to so many people going home every cold season, when, as matter of course, they dispose of all their possessions. From the gentleman's library to the lady's work-box all is sent to the hammer without regret, as far as I could hear: all in this land is so temporary. In the strictest sense, every one feels himself to be so completely a stranger and a sojourner here, that when the happy day of freedom comes, the less encumbered the flight is the better.

27th.—I went by myself to-day to see some of our shipmates, and entering the drawing-room, just to give a nod to Caroline on my way to the carriage, a gentleman who was sitting with her, quite a stranger to me, got up, as matter of course, to give me his arm down stairs. This is the real old Anglo-Indian politeness, going out of fashion, I hear: too French for these improving days.

I shall not easily forget this, my first independent excursion. I don't yet know six words of Hindostanee, the language in use between the masters and their superior servants; and not a word at all of Bengalee, which alone is spoken by the lower classes. The English of the chobdar who had charge of me was almost equally a strange tongue to my un-Indian ear. Good elements of progress these! I had three other attendants, but they did not consider themselves in the least bound to notice me. The coachman had his horses to drive; the two syces had their horses to wait on—they merely hung on at the back of the carriage, to be in readiness for their vocation; the chobdar stood erect on the footboard above them, the silver stick in his hand—for Caroline had sent me most honourably forth, and she had taken the trouble to give the most pointed instructions regarding my expedition. She had written down on a card all the places I was going to in their proper rotation; she had read this list over several times to the chobdar, and made him repeat it every time after her, that there might be the less chance of a mistake. So we set out. These choddars, you must remember, are of a very respectable class: *hirkarees*, or messengers, also called sometimes *chuprassies*, and from the nature of their employment, sent here and there and everywhere, instead of hammering on for ever at one dull occupation, they are generally more intelligent than the other servants, always excepting the *consammaun*, who is quite of a higher grade. This chobdar, however, was old, and fat, and heavy-looking. He could not have begun this desultory sort of profession of his early enough to have had his perceptions properly developed, for our travels were a series of blunders. He set me down first at a house where I knew nobody. 'Burra madam' had acquaintance there; of course I could not pass those gates to go three doors off, where she did not visit. The next mistake was of no consequence, as I merely found myself in the presence of one friend when I imagined I was entering the abode of another. The third was more annoying, for a lady, a stranger, was occupied with sick children, and ran up to me as to the dear cousin she had sent for in her distress. I really think that, after the first feeling of disappointment, the little mistake amused the pretty young creature; and then, with true kindness, she gave me a lesson in the language sufficient for the day, and advised my setting to work in earnest to learn it, as the only way of getting on comfortably. By her help I made out my other visits satisfactorily, ending at Spence's Hotel, where I had engaged to meet Arthur at tiffin, in the apartments of our most agreeable fellow-voyagers.

28th.—A very quiet Sunday, a real rest, which I must say I thoroughly enjoyed after the bustle of the week. We went to the cathedral in the morning, took our drive at sunset, dined quite alone, and ended the evening on the house-top.

29th.—Hired a *dirjee* to make some repairs on our wardrobe, and was surprised to see how oddly he used his needle, sewing from left to right, instead of from right to left, as we do—a sort of working backwards.

Our English spools of cotton are the greatest possible treasure to the *dirjees*, and we should have a short account of any produced when they are employed for us, unless the *ayah* kept a sharp look-out. Formerly, these poor creatures used to have to spin their thread as they wanted it, by the help of very simple machinery—their fingers, their mouths, and their tees—now they can buy our common cotton-balls in plenty, with which they are quite contented, though they 'convey' the spools when they meet with them. I had to stand by while some more white cotton jackets were cut out for Arthur—the cool, and pretty, and comfortable dress worn by all gentlemen in the morning. It would be true charity to admit of this same style in the evening; but while the military are cased up in stocks and padded broadcloth, others do not like to shrink from equal suffering. Some few civilians I have seen with full dress—coats of cashmere, which is less hot than cloth, and looks as well, to ladies' eyes at any rate. When my yards of spare calico were safely restored to *ayah's* care, I went down to the drawing-room, where, finding nobody, I wandered on till I caught voices from the study. There I found the master and mistress of the house deeply engaged with long lists and little thick books, arranging dinner parties; a certain number of which stately formalities, their position, it seems, renders it necessary for them to give each season. Thirty to forty people are invited to these entertainments, which are really affairs of grave concern now that the old colonial customs are so much altered. In simpler days, every guest brought not only his own servants, but his own camp-equipage and his chair; the host provided merely the food. Up the country these primitive manners still exist; but in Calcutta luxury has so increased, that all householders are expected to possess knives, forks, plates, and glasses, sufficient for a moderate-sized company. Bedroom-furniture in the same way used to come with the chance inmate; but at this time of day all persons in receipt of a comfortable income have at least one stranger's room ready for any occupant—sheets and towels only not being furnished. I understand the same brotherly welcome hardly accompanies these improvements in the capital, as still warms the heart of a traveller in the up-country stations; yet to me everybody seems to be everybody's friend. A seat at every board most certainly is still heartily offered, and as freely accepted, no trouble to the host resulting, and no fees to the host's servants expected; intercourse is therefore on a very easy footing. Another feature in society here, and which I do think has a very favourable effect upon it, is, that there are no idlers—every man has something to do. The feeling of a certain position, of having occupation, of belonging to, and being useful to, the system of which he forms an acknowledged part, has the happiest result in the quiet self-possession of manner so very remarkable among even young Indians. The regular monthly pay too contributes to the complacency of the temper. There are no cares here to the civil or the military servants of the Company, or to any of the salaried officials, except of their own making. I hope the uncertainty of the barristers' gains may not bring peevishness with it. Arthur keeps a brave heart at any rate. Mine jumped a little bit when he brought me his first fee: and I dare say this actual beginning has brightened both our countenances for a little concert this evening at Helen's, for which I must now dress.

30th.—The concert last night turned out very fair. Helen sings well, and plays extremely well. Her friend, the lady with the sick children, is really an artist—a splendid voice highly cultivated. A young civilian joined them in several duets and trios, which were all executed quite beyond amateur style. The instrumental music was also good. There were two professional players, the Messieurs Ryckmans, father and son; a Captain Somebody, a tolerable violoncello; and the master of the house himself, by no means a bad violin: indeed the prettiest little piece we had during

the evening was an *aria* his wife performed on the pianoforte, he accompanying her on the violin. The son Ryckman has wonderful execution on the pianoforte—skill and time, to my mind, thrown away, as all that can be agreeably made of this useful instrument is accomplished at much less cost. The father is excellent on the bassoon. The violin of a French professional was very good, and a Portuguese tenor was quite good enough to encourage an idea of Helen's, to get up occasional quartettes. Music might be one of the best recreations in this climate. Edward, who is generally so quiet, became quite gay this evening. He is very fond of music, and he has no objection to champagne; the double excitement brightened him into a wit of the most entertaining kind—bold, and full of fun, and not the very least ill-natured. He was the life of the merry supper which followed the concert, and which half the company at the least enjoyed fully as much as they had done the music. It was rather amusing to recognise all our old acquaintance in the glass and china line upon the table, this being an extra-sized party, so beyond the unassisted powers of the establishment. Messages had been passing and repassing during the whole day between the two houses, which are not very far apart—chits coming and goods going, to the great waste of time and note-paper, and the strength of the servants. Evidently just at the moment a want struck our young hostess; she despatched a messenger for the article that came into her head. It had never occurred to her to set methodically to work in the morning, to consider all the things she should require, make a list of them, and get them all at once. Thinking over our pleasant evening, it just strikes me how odd we are—Edward so fond of music, Caroline playing no better than a child; Arthur no ear whatever that I can find out, and I a fit wife for a German fanatic. It is curious, is it not?—and how often we see such-like!

This is a holiday for the Musselmans, so we are deserted by half the servants. Instead of our beautiful Christian Sabbath, where all of every rank are supposed to rest, and to meet together every seventh day, both the Musselmans and the Hindoos have certain days set apart for their religious observances at particular periods of the year. They have plenty of rest hours and praying hours every day besides: those marked days are extra, and there are abundance of them, and many come together at certain festivals, so that, upon the whole, they have a pretty fair share of leisure. They require it, for they are small and weak, and poorly fed, and the climate is very exhausting. Some of them are capable of great exertions for a certain time, as the bearers and syces, and dandies or boatmen, especially when fresh from their native provinces. But they all fall off here. I am told the very Sepoys, after being three years in this lower part of Bengal, lose their spirit and muscle, and also become several shades darker in colour.

Arthur and I walked out to dinner to-day, to help to eat up the scraps of last night's supper, when we gave ourselves some of the most admired of the music also over again. I was part of the morning busy with my needle. English habits quite. In the cool season people can indulge in many English habits, particularly the fresh arrivals. We have been walking every evening during this last week, as we fancied we wanted more exercise than a mere airing in the carriage gave us. We drive to a certain corner, where we are set down, and after a turn or two on foot, are glad to be picked up again, for much is not to be done in this way. We have also walked a little on the esplanade in the mornings, and we both of us find ourselves the better of this change of habits. Cary is faithful to her carriage, and her husband always rides.

31st.—Here ends the old year. An eventful one to us. Whether Arthur will succeed or no in his profession here, he feels that he did right to try the chance. He has been engaged for a few causes, and he has made acquaintance that he trusts may be of use to him, and he

has also received encouragement to persevere. He can't expect to do much this first term. He will do all he hopes for, if he establish a character for prudence and industry.

## INDUSTRIAL GLASGOW IN 1850.

### CONDITION OF THE OPERATIVE CLASSES CONCLUDED.

HAVING so far discussed the subject of *improvidence* as a fruitful source of misery and want among the working-classes, we shall dwell on another feature of character by which they are now marked much more than they were some twenty years ago: we allude to the want of confidence and union between employers and employed, and to the predominant opinion of the latter that they are under-paid, and their general interests disregarded. Such feelings as these (which are too often fostered by factious demagogues—the workmen's false friends and advisers) are based on entirely wrong views; and as they are fraught with the greatest evil to the operatives themselves, if allowed to express themselves in strikes and turns-out, such as Glasgow so deeply suffered from in 1838, we shall endeavour to explain as briefly as possible the real position which the artisan holds relatively to his employer.

The operative labourer engages himself to perform a certain amount of work, or, what is the same, to give a certain amount of his time, for a certain amount of payment or wages, the rate of which is regulated by the demand for the articles which he is engaged in producing, and by the competition between manufacturers to furnish the best goods at the cheapest rate. Wages must always find their level; unions and strikes can never raise them above it, nor can manufacturers depress them below it. If the demand of the market be great, fresh hands will be wanted, and wages will proportionably rise; and when that demand lessens, wages will fall, because the unemployed will accept lower wages rather than remain idle—so true is it that the unemployed regulate the rate of wages. It is useless, therefore, to feel discontent with the wages offered by employers; for they are graduated according to a principle prevailing through every trade whatever, and can never be otherwise than fluctuating so long as the relations of buyers and sellers exist.

The workman, however, too often entertains another notion, which is equally founded in error. Seeing that his master is wealthy, and has at his command a large capital, which not only enables him to carry on most extensive operations, but to live with his family in ease and affluence, he at once jumps to the conclusion that all this is done at his expense, and to his manifest and great injury. A brief consideration, however, of the real facts of the case will speedily rectify this mistake. That he gives his labour as his own contribution of means to effect a certain object is perfectly true; but he engages to give it for a certain consideration; and this once fulfilled, there is no room for discontent. He works without fear or risk, and he receives the wages of his toil. He has no capital, and therefore can expect no return for what he has not contributed. The manufacturer, on the other hand, has already expended many thousands in building extensive premises, and setting at work a vast system of complicated machinery: he has to make large outlays in the purchase of raw material, and has heavy weekly expenses to meet in the shape of wages to great numbers of persons employed under him, and all this before he receives one penny in return for so large an outlay and so heavy a risk. The least, then, to which he is entitled as a fair return for his incomparably large contribution to the work is—a fair interest for the money sunk and risked in the undertaking—a profit sufficient not only to cover bad debts, but to repay him for the credit given for his goods after their manufacture—an allowance for the wear and tear of machinery and current expenses not included in wages; and lastly, a separate

profit by way of salary for superintending the establishment through all its ramifications, and providing a market for the goods manufactured. The manufacturer, in point of fact, puts into the concern a sum so large, that it would be folly to put the workman's unit share in comparison with it; and this is his *capital*, without which not a wheel of the vast machine could be set in motion, nor a single labourer be employed. It is this capital, indeed, which—regard it as he may—is the artisan's best friend. It gave him employment in the first instance, and it now maintains him in it; it furnishes him with regular work and regular wages, whether the market be brisk or dull; in short, without this capital he could not work nor live. A little reflection will at once convince the factory-operative that this is a true statement, and that he has no just reason to complain either of insufficient wages or unfair and oppressive treatment. The manufacturer, indeed, has every interest in keeping workmen around him by the attachments of kindness; but it cannot be expected that he will lose his place in the market by giving labour more than its current value, or, on the other hand, suffer a large diminution of his own fair gains to confer only trifling benefits on the workmen individually. The principle which forms the basis of the whole system is correct and natural; and neither manufacturers nor workpeople can by any artificial process interfere with or resist its operation. The employer's best interest is to keep his hands in full employment so long as he can find a market for his goods; and no disaffection of workmen, or combination to keep up wages at an unnatural level, can end otherwise than in a total ruin of trade, involving the operatives in immense loss and distresses from which there is only a very slow recovery. The interests of the two are, in fact, intimately connected; and no great manufacturing system can long continue in a healthy state without a mutual good understanding.

By the above remarks, which are elicited from us after a mature consideration of the question in all its bearings, we do not mean to exclude all consideration of the obligations due by the manufacturer to those employed under him; nor would we consider the latter, who are responsible moral beings, in the mere light of machines—such as the steam-engine, spinning-jenny, or power-loom. It is in the power of the employers to contribute essentially, by well-directed acts of kindness, to the comforts of their workpeople; and there are many who do this on a very extensive scale, to their own eventual advantage. Would that these examples were more frequently followed! We are well aware that the workman has no claim, properly so called, on his employer beyond the regular payment of his wages; but it must be remembered that the latter possess a power and influence which might easily be exerted to improve the condition of the many thousands whose labour administers to their wealth and importance. Glasgow is a town which, with all its beauty and comeliness, still comprises a vast number of habitations quite unsuitable for the abodes of the working-poor, but to which they are obliged to resort for want of means to get better, to the great risk of health and the contamination of morals. How such improvements are to be effected it is not easy to determine, but it would be highly conducive to the interest of the working-classes in this great city if public measures were adopted, not for improving (for that would only be perpetuating the evil), but for entirely demolishing the almost countless wynds and closes in which are congregated such vast numbers of the humbler factory labourers in contagious association with lazy and dissolute Irish, whose conduct and habits are a pest to the whole population, infecting whole neighbourhoods with filth, indolence, and pauperism. For the workpeople to effect this reform of themselves is utterly impossible; and so used are they, by long continuance in such unwholesome dwellings, to all their inconveniences and deteriorating influences, that they are fatally blinded both to the moral

and physical evils whereto they are thus exposed. Much has already been done to elevate the working poor by giving them increased means of education and self-improvement; nor are we without hope that the town authorities, backed by influential and benevolent manufacturers, will ere long put means in operation for removing the evils here complained of. The general health of the town would by such measures be greatly benefited, and the expectation of life among the artisan-class greatly prolonged; besides which, there can be no sort of question that the same population, removed from their present unwholesome purlieus to open and airy suburban houses, would be improved morally as well as physically, and inspired with new vigour and higher motives for future exertions. Only those, indeed, who are experienced in these matters can duly appreciate the depressing effects of bad lodgment even on persons imbued with good moral principles to sustain them under adverse circumstances. A case that fell under the writer's notice last November will illustrate this point:—A hard-working harness-weaver from the northern part of Ayrshire brought his family to Glasgow, in the hopes that they also, by procuring work from the muslin houses, might assist his efforts in supporting the younger children. Unhappily they fixed on a lodging—perhaps the only one to suit their confined means—in one of the closest and worst-drained wynds in the town. On their arrival they were as clean and thrifty as any of the rural poor; but only three or four weeks had elapsed when a second and third visit gave sad indications of their having become completely inoculated with the same dreamy torpor and lifeless indifference that prevailed all around them. Let such a family be removed to a better atmosphere, and they would at once recover their former elasticity and energy. It may be said, indeed, by way of palliative, that Manchester, Leeds, and other factory towns of England, have their low and misery-stricken districts likewise, equally injurious to health and life; but we speak advisedly in saying that no other town throughout Great Britain can show an amount of filth and squalid misery at all equal to that comprised within the wynds, closes, and blind alleys, whose name is 'legion,' in the older parts of Glasgow.

The reader, however, is not to suppose, because we deprecate the continued existence of these contaminating hot-beds of indolence, pauperism, and wretchedness, that we treat of them as forming the general abodes of the working-classes. No such thing: the thrifty, well-ordered artisan, especially if he be of the better class, seeks out far better and more wholesome lodgment—a room or couple of rooms looking out into a good, wide, and airy thoroughfare, and if in the outskirts, with an attached drying-ground for the family-clothes. No: the better ranks of the workpeople are not to be found here, unless their misconduct has sunk them into a depth of degradation and poverty that renders them glad to seek any refuge, however pestiferous, so long as it be cheap; and with such as these we can have little sympathy. But there are thousands of the humbler orders in the textile trades, who, from mere helpless necessity, make their residence in these noisome purlieus; and of this fact any one may at once be convinced by observing the entrances of the wynds at the end of the meal hours, when they are, as it were, so many gigantic vomitories sending forth whole regiments of mill and factory operatives. The wretched ill-paid handloom weaver, too, in these days of power-looms and weaving factories, can afford no better dwellingplace for his half-starving family; and we do not overstate the fact in alleging that between 3000 and 4000 persons connected with the manufactures of Glasgow are residents *perforce* of these unhealthy districts. To rescue these poor helpless people from moral contamination, bodily disease, and early death, is beyond all doubt greatly to be desired; and we sincerely hope and believe too, that no long time will elapse before effectual measures will be taken to open up and clear away a multitude of close unwhole-

some lanes and passages that are so inconsistent with all right views of civic economy and modern architecture.

It must not be supposed, however, that the operatives themselves, as a body, are without resources for effecting these and other improvements by their own unassisted power. What individuals cannot effect of themselves may be done with facility by combination; and no union of means can be more beneficial than one having for its end the improvement of their own condition. Small savings may be most profitably invested in building societies, formed for the express purpose of erecting groups of tenements in airy situations suitable for the working-classes. The experiment has been tried successfully in other places, and there seems no reason for doubting of its success in and about Glasgow. Indeed, if one-twentieth part of the money squandered yearly in intoxicating fluids were set apart as the capital of such a joint-stock association, buildings might soon rise into being of construction so economical, though withal substantial, that house-rent might be lowered fully 20 per cent., and the noisome closes and pestilential wynds left solely for those 'whose deeds being evil, prefer darkness rather than light,' and who would rather dwell in a filth akin to that of their own natures than seek improvement in an atmosphere of health and purity. And while we are on the subject of joint-stock associations, we may just throw out the suggestion, that although there be an apparent impossibility for the artisan class to establish themselves by individual efforts in independent business, and become employers like the manufacturers or middle class above them, there is nothing more easy than to do so by a combination of savings invested in well-considered and judiciously-conducted undertakings of various kinds in connection with the industrial arts of the district. The failure of plans of this description has been generally due to the misconduct of ill-chosen managers; but such evils as these may be obviated by proper laws, and the result would be, the realisation of an interest for capital far greater than that procured from savings-bank investment, accompanied with the satisfaction at the same time of having taken a decided step to promote self-advancement and eventual independence.

Our task is now done. Enough, and more than enough, has been alleged to prove the vastness and importance of the manufacturing and commercial operations carried on in and around Glasgow, as well as to show the astonishing variety of the labours therein conducted. This city has risen, we see, within a comparatively short period from being a fourth-rate provincial town, to be the second industrial depot in the empire, and beyond all comparison the first in Scotland, while its port, though merely artificial, formed with consummate skill at a vast outlay of capital, has become, in spite of its inland position, so busy and important, as to be second only to that of Liverpool. We have shown also the gradual rise and present importance of the steam navigation system, which was organized on the Clyde some years earlier than on any other river of Europe; and we have not failed to point out the immense advantages accruing to the entire district from its vast beds of coal and iron. With these almost inexhaustible resources for the employment of human industry, this busy hive unquestionably furnishes abundant means for promoting the comfort and happiness of the working-classes residing within its precincts; and this consideration has led us in the last place to discuss the possible and actual condition of the many thousands actively engaged in all these mighty operations.

The facts of the case are beyond all controversy true, and founded on personal knowledge, and confirmed by the opinion of individuals long resident and well conversant with the subject; nor do we think that the deductions drawn therefrom are otherwise than fair and reasonable. The operatives of Glasgow, taken as a body, are not enjoying that amount of comfort and happiness of which they are susceptible; but *the fault lies mainly with*

*themselves*; and we have the best reasons for believing, that but *for improvidence and other defects in their social economy*, they might occupy a more respectable position than at present in the moral community, and all or most of them enjoy that comfort and comparative independence which is the lot of those happier and more prudent persons of the same class who have learnt how to use, without abusing, the gifts of Providence and the rewards of toil. Education has already done much to ameliorate their condition, and the spread of temperance societies would undoubtedly forward the good work; but the grand desiderata, after all, are a *sense of high moral responsibility and the regular exercise of self-control*.

#### NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALES.

In the course of another generation the fairy tales of our own country will be read only by the grave archaeologists who live in the past, and 'Jack the Giant-Killer' and his compeers, despised by boys and girls, will become the heroes of grown children. This revolution, however, although perhaps inevitable everywhere, is not so close at hand in other regions; and in Norway, for instance, the rising generation is still as busy as ever with the fairy lore. It may be interesting to some of our readers to observe the national differences in the machinery of narratives of which the staple subjects must be the same; and we propose—though not, we admit, without some misgiving—to devote a column or two to the preternatural legends of neighbours with whom our historical connection is so intimate.

Let us begin with the male Cinderella of the Norwegians, a youth tyrannically treated by his elder brothers, and condemned, by their injustice, to sit at the fireside and expend his breath upon the ashes—which procured him the nickname of *Askefús*, or Ash-blower. This personage is the hero of many a fairy legend, but none equal to our own beautiful story. The narrative in which we shall introduce him to our readers is called

#### THE DOLL-IN-THE-GRASS.

Cinderellus was the son of a king, who commanded his twelve sons to go forth into the world in search of wives; but in order that his progeny might be fitted with spouses of no ordinary kind, he stipulated that the ladies they might bring home should be able to spin, weave, and sew a shirt in one day. The twelve sons, accordingly, set out on their adventures, all mounted and armed; but after riding a little way, the elder determined that they would not submit to the disgrace of being accompanied by their despised youngest brother, whom they therefore compelled to dismount. Poor little Cinderellus, with a swelling heart, saw the gallant cortège ride on, and he then sat down in the grass, and gave way to his despair.

Presently he sees, through his tears, something moving towards him in the grass. It is small, white, delicate; and he opens his eyes widely, when he discovers that, although so doll-like in appearance, it is in reality a tiny girl, who is so beautiful, and so magnificently dressed, that she might seem the queen of Lilliput.

'What make you here?' said Doll-in-the-grass: 'whither are you going?—what is the matter?'

'I am a king's son,' replied Cinderellus; 'and I am sent, as well as my eleven brothers, to seek for a wife who can spin, weave, and sew a shirt in one day. But my brothers will not let me go with them; they will never let me do anything but blow the ashes. Oh if you were but able to do what my father requires, and were willing to become my wife!'

'We shall see,' said she smiling; and that very moment she began to spin—and then to weave—and then to sew, till the shirt was complete. But alas! it was in proportion to her own size, not to ordinary peoples'; and as Cinderellus examined the exquisite little toy, his heart misgave him that his father would look upon it as

a joke. He took it home, however, and to his great joy the king was delighted with this gem of shirt-making; and so he returned to carry his tiny mistress to the palace.

He leaped from his horse, and was about to lift up the Doll-in-the-grass to perch her on the saddle; but this was not her way of travelling. Her chariot was a silver spoon, drawn by two white mice, and so they set forth for the palace, Cinderellus taking care to ride on the other side of the road from his betrothed, so that Doll, spoon, mice, and all, might not be crushed under the horse's hoofs. His tender precaution, however, was of no avail. When they came to the margin of a broad river, the horse suddenly shied, upset the spoon, and Doll-in-the-grass tumbled over the bank, and into the deep water.

Cinderellus was in despair, and would have thrown himself in after her, when suddenly he saw his mistress—no longer a little doll, but a full-grown woman, and more beautiful than ever—rising from the tide, borne up by a water-spirit. He at once placed her on his horse beside him, and rode home with his prize.

By this time his brothers had reached the palace, but in a very different condition. They, too, had been successful in obtaining wives; but the ladies had such horrible tempers, that they had all been fighting, men and women, pell-mell upon the road. Their bonnets were crushed, and their stony faces dabbled with blood; and the king was so disgusted, that he drove them all away, and giving all his affection to the gentle Doll-in-the-grass and his youngest son, he celebrated their marriage with great magnificence. The wedded pair lived long and happily; and indeed the story assures us that if not dead, they are living still.

#### THE GRAY-DAPPLE.

There once lived a married couple who had twelve sons, the youngest of whom, when he had grown up, determined to go forth and push his fortune in the world. In vain his father and mother intreated. Off he set; and he walked—and walked—and walked till he came to a king's house, where he was hired as a servant. The family happened at the time to be in great affliction; for a troll (a demon of the mountain) had carried away the king's daughter, his only child, and the distracted father had vainly offered the half of his kingdom and the hand of the princess herself to any one who would rescue her. But this of course was nothing to the young man, for what could he do? and after spending about a year in his service he went home to visit his parents.

The parents, however, were dead, and the eleven sons, supposing their youngest brother to be dead too, had divided among them the whole heritage—all but twelve mares which fed upon the hills. With these it was necessary for the young man to be content, and he went up to the place where they were feeding to look at his property, when he found to his great satisfaction that each of the twelve mares had a colt by her side, and that one of these colts was a prodigiously handsome gray-dapple.

'You are a fine fellow—you are!' said the lad, caressing the colt.

'Only kill the other foals,' whispered Gray-dapple, 'so as to let me suck the whole of the mares for a year, and you may then call me fine!' And the youth did so at a word: he killed every one of the eleven, and went home.

The next year, when he returned to the hills, the mares had all young ones again, and Gray-dapple was so sleek, that his coat shone like burnished metal, and he had grown so tall, that his master could hardly get upon his back. He praised him more warmly than before, and would have taken him away; but the colt repeated his former speech—'Only kill these foals, and let me suck the whole of the mares for another year, and you will see if I shall not be fine!' The young man complied, and the next year it was still the same

thing. But at the fourth year, the dapple had grown so huge, that it was with difficulty he got upon his back even when the vast animal was lying down, and so fat and sleek, that his coat shone like a mirror. This time the horse consented to be taken away; and when the young man rode into the yard, the eleven brothers, you may well suppose, were astonished at the sight. He bargained with them to shoe, and saddle, and bridle his horse in the most magnificent manner in exchange for the twelve mares and the foals on the hills; and all being ready, he sprang away on his glittering charger, which made the chips of stones fly from his iron heels into the air.

They soon arrived at the king's dwelling; and his majesty, who was standing on the steps, was filled with astonishment on seeing a horseman so gallantly mounted dash into his courtyard. The adventurer's request to be allowed to renew his service was at once granted; and so was his demand—suggested by Gray-dapple himself—of good stabling and abundant feeding for his horse. In fact the other four-footed denizens of the stable were obliged to be turned out to make room for the new arrival.

All this distinction raised up a host of enemies against the master of Gray-dapple; and at length the courtiers spread a report that he had boasted of being able, if he chose, to rescue the princess, who was still a captive in the mountain. In vain he denied the soft impeachment—the king was too much interested in believing it; and at length his majesty told him point-blank that he must either restore his daughter to his arms or die. The young man was much puzzled what to do, but at the same time much tempted by the reward, which was the hand of the princess and half the kingdom; and he went to consult his horse upon the subject.

'Have no fear,' said Gray-dapple; 'the thing is to be done. Only let me be well shod with twenty pounds of iron, and twelve of steel, and one smith to make the shoes, and another to put them on.' So was it done; and the young adventurer leaping on his back, they dashed out of the courtyard, making the stones smoke wreaths of dust. When they arrived at the mountain, the view was enough to make anybody look blank, for its sides were as perpendicular as a wall, and as smooth and polished as a pane of glass. However, Gray-dapple made a leap against this seemingly impenetrable barrier; but his fore-feet slipping, down he came with a rush that shook the hills like thunder. At the second spring he got higher up; but one of his feet slipping again, he fell like an avalanche. The third time he reached the top, and on they scoured like a tempest, till, coming to where the princess was, the adventurer caught her up on his saddle bow, and before the Demon could turn himself round, they were off, and safe down the mountain. The king no doubt was overjoyed.

'Thank you for saving mine own!' said he, and he was walking coolly away with her.

'Thine!' repeated the adventurer: 'but mine also, is she not?'

'Well, well, I will keep my word: but you must first remove that rock which obscures my palace, and let the sun shine straight upon us.' This was hard; but the lover's enemies were too strong for him, and he went to take counsel of his faithful Gray-dapple.

'It is a trifle,' said the horse; 'but I must be shod anew. Remember twenty pounds of iron, and twelve of steel, with one smith to make the shoes, and another to put them on.' So said, so done; and at the first bound Gray-dapple made upon the rock, it sunk ten yards, and so it continued sinking beneath his wild feet till the ground was as level as a bowling-green.

'See,' said the adventurer to the king, 'the sun shines straight upon the palace, and I demand my bride.'

'All in good time,' answered he: 'you must first provide her with a horse as superb as your own—that is nothing more than fair.' The lover was thunder-struck at this impossible demand; for where on earth could be found another steed like Gray-dapple?

'Not on earth truly,' said Gray-dapple, 'but in another place. Still, we must try: but remember, I must be shod anew—twenty pounds of iron, and twelve of steel, with one smith to make the shoes, and one to put them on. And we must take with us twelve tons of rye, twelve tons of barley, and the carcasses of twelve oxen; and in each of the hides of the twelve, twelve hundred nails, and finally, a far-barrel.'

Thus provided, they set out on their journey; and when they had ridden, and ridden, over hills and plains—

'Listen,' said Gray-dapple to his rider, 'and tell me what you hear?'

'I hear so terrific a whirring in the upper air, that I begin to be frightened,' he replied.

'Ay, these are the birds: cut a hole in the grain-bags, for they must be fed.'

Then came sweeping down over their heads so dense a cloud of wild birds, that they darkened the sun; but as soon as these terrible creatures got a sight of the streaming corn, they threw themselves upon it, and allowed the horse and his rider to pass on their way.

After a time Gray-dapple began to prick his ears again, and told his master to listen, and tell him what he heard.

'I hear something like the roaring and breaking of a sea, and I begin to be frightened.'

'Ay, these are the beasts, and must be fed. Down with the carcasses of the oxen!'

Then came bursting upon them an innumerable herd of bears, wolves, lions, and other savage animals; but when the creatures saw the ox-flesh, they threw themselves upon it, and tore at one another for the prize, and so allowed the horse and his rider to pass on their way. Long was the journey, furious the speed, and many were the hills, looking blue in the distance, which they passed; and when Gray-dapple told his master, for the third time, to listen, he replied—

'I hear something afar off like the soft neighing of a colt.'

Another blue hill was reached and left behind, when the question was repeated.

'The neighing has become louder—it is like the neighing of a full-grown horse.'

Another blue hill was reached and left behind, when the hills and rocks trembled, and the whole earth rung with the terrible sound.

'Now we are in for it!' said Gray-dapple. 'Throw over me the ox-hides with the nails, place the tar barrel on the field, and take yourself up into yonder pine, out of the way of the combat. When the tar-barrel is a-light, if the flame sinks, you may fear the worst; but if it rises, you may conclude that I am to conquer, and so come down at once, and throw my bridle over the horse you seek.'

Hardly had the young man done as he was directed, and ensconced himself in the pine-tree, when there came bounding on a mighty horse, breathing flame from its nostrils, which set fire to the tar-barrel in a moment. Then began the battle; and such a biting, and kicking, and flinging, was never seen—though the teeth of the new-comer did little damage, as they fastened only upon the ox-hides and the sharp nails they enclosed. The adventurer looked now at the conflict and now at the tar-barrel; but at length the flame distinctly rose, and jumping down, as he had been told, he threw the bridle over the strange horse, who grew instantaneously so quiet, that you might have led him with a thread.

When they got home to the palace, the king was standing on the steps, and saw, to his great admiration, that the two magnificent horses were as like as two peas. He had not the face to evade performing his share of the bargain any longer; and so the two lovers, thanks to their wonderful Gray-dapple, were at last married, and lived happy all their days.

#### THE UPPER MAID.

The youngest son of a certain king being, as usual,

restless and ambitious of adventure, and obtaining, though with great difficulty, his father's consent, set forth into the world to push his fortune. After travelling for some time, he at length arrived at the house of a giant, with whom he took on service. In the morning the giant went out, as was his custom, to herd his goats, desiring the king's son to cleanse the stables.

'That is all I demand for to-day,' said he gruffly, 'for thou hast a kind master; but take care to execute my orders, and never to enter another room in the house but the parlour, or I shall surely kill thee.' The prince was very well pleased to have plumped into so easy a situation, and before going out to his brief labour, he spent some time in pacing up and down the parlour, humming snatches of songs. At length it occurred to him, that although he was not permitted to enter the other rooms, he might at least peep in to see what extraordinary things they contained. He accordingly opened the first door; but the only thing he saw was a kettle boiling away with all its might, although there was not a spark of fire below it.

'I wonder what is in it?' said he, stooping over to take a look; but his long hair falling into the kettle, was changed to copper, and he drew away in surprise. In the next room there was another kettle, boiling like the former without fire; and his curiosity was rewarded by his long hair being plated with silver. In the third room there was a third kettle, and that he found, to the cost of his long hair, was busy boiling gold.

'What next?' thought he; 'surely something precious indeed!' And he entered the fourth room, and beheld the most beautiful lady he had ever set eyes on—a king's daughter at the least.

'Alas!' cried she, on seeing him, 'what dost thou in this place?'

'I was hired yesterday,' replied the king's son; 'and I think I have found a good master, since he has given me nothing to do for the whole of this day but to cleanse the stables.'

'And how wilt thou do that? Go and shovel as thou wilt, for every shovel thou throwest out, ten will come in! But this is what thou must do: turn the shovel upside down, and begin work with the handle, and the job is done.' You may suppose the king's son was much obliged to the beautiful lady; and so taken were they with each other, that before the day was done they agreed to be married some time or other. At length it was necessary for the lover to go and cleanse the stables before the giant should return; and he found that his damsel was perfectly correct, for when he used the blade of the shovel, ten shovelfuls came in for every one he threw out, and when he turned the handle, the whole stable was clean in an instant.

When the giant came home, and found the king's son pacing up and down the parlour, humming snatches of songs, he went hastily to the stables to see if it was possible that the work could be done. 'Aha!' said he, returning, 'thou has surely spoken with my upper maid!' The next morning, when going out with his goats, he ordered the new servant, for his day's work, to fetch home his horse that fed on the hills, cautioning him, as before, not to enter any of the rooms if he would not have his head twisted from his neck. The giant's back was no sooner turned than the king's son hastened to visit the king's daughter—for such she surely was—and told her with great glee of the light task that had been set to him for the day.

'Alas!' said she, 'for as light as it may be, you could never accomplish it without my aid. But take the bridle hanging by the door when you go to seek the horse; and although he comes to you like a dragon breathing smoke and flame, fling it boldly over his head, and he will submit at once.' In the evening (for they passed the day in talking of their marriage) he found that all this was true, for had it not been for the bridle he would surely have been devoured by that extraordinary horse.

When the giant came home with the goats, and found

the king's son pacing up and down the parlour, humming snatches of songs, he hastened to the stable to see if the horse was there.

'Aha!' said he, 'thou hast surely spoken to my upper maid!' The next day, on going out with the goats, he told his new servant to 'go to the fiend and fetch the fire-tax,' cautioning him as before. The king's son was dismayed at hearing such an order, but the upper maid, as usual, counselled him how to manage. In the evening, by her directions, he took a club that lay in the room, and going out to the hill-side, struck with it upon a rock, which was instantly opened by somebody with flames blazing out at his eyes.

'What dost thou want?'

'I am sent for the fire-tax,' replied the king's son.

'How much must thou have?'

'Just as much as I can carry, and no more.'

'That is well. Enter'—and so the king's son went into the rock, and filled a sack with lumps of gold and silver that were lying like stones in a heap.

When the giant came home with the goats, and saw the sack lying on the bench, and the king's son pacing up and down the parlour, humming snatches of songs—

'Aha!' said he, 'I see thou hast spoken with my upper maid!'

'Your upper what?' inquired the king's son: 'what is this you are always talking about? May I not see it?'

'Yes, yes, you shall see—what you shall see; and not later than to-morrow morning.'

'Oh I am so glad! I have longed so long to see this upper—thingumbob!'

The next day the giant took him to the upper-maid's room.

'Here,' said he, 'kill me this king's son, and boil him in the large kettle, and when the broth is ready, let me know:' and so saying, he stretched his huge form upon the bench to take a nap, and by and by slept so loud, that it seemed to thunder upon the hills. The upper maid now took a knife, and pricked the king's son on the little finger, so that three drops of blood fell on the stool. She then took all the old rags, shoe-soles, and other rubbish she could find, and put them into the kettle; and having so done, she filled a chest with gold-dust, and providing herself likewise with a salt-stone, a bottle of water, and a golden apple, she and the king's son, so laden, made their escape from the giant's house.

The giant stretched himself when they were gone, and asked, between sleeping and waking, if the broth would soon be ready? to which one of the drops of blood on the stool answered, 'Just begun boiling.' After another slumber, he asked again, without opening his eyes, 'Is it ready yet?' 'Half done,' replied the second drop of blood. A third time he spoke, and asked peevishly, 'Not done yet?' 'Yes,' said the third drop, 'quite done;' and getting up, he took a ladle, and plunging it into the kettle, fished up a ladleful of shoe-soles, rags, and other rubbish. The sight of this broth put him in a rage, and as he soon comprehended who had been at the cooking of it, he at once set out in pursuit of the fugitives.

He arrived at the borders of a sea where they must have embarked, but their ship was out of sight. Whereupon he summoned his water-sucker; who, lying down upon the shore, took two or three pulls, which diminished the water so much, that the vessel was distinctly seen with the lovers on board.

'Now,' said the upper maid to the king's son, 'throw out the salt-stone!' and this was no sooner done, than it grew to a mountain so tall and steep as completely to block up the passage of the giant. Whereupon he summoned his rock-borer, who presently bored a hole through the mountain, by which the water-sucker began to drink his huge pulls again. But the king's son, by the directions of the upper maid, threw overboard a drop or two from the bottle of water, and straightway the sea became as full as ever: so that

they got fairly to the other side, and so effected their escape.

When they were within a short distance of his father's palace, the king's son would on no account allow the upper maid to proceed farther on foot. This would be against the dignity of both, and he determined that she should halt where she was till he should go home and bring her the seven horses from his father's stables. The upper maid was very loath; but since he would go, she charged him neither to eat nor drink while away on his errand, if he would not bring misfortune on them both.

When he arrived at the palace he found all in a bustle, on account of the marriage of one of his brothers, and the family and guests crowded round him to invite him. But he would not be intreated: going straight to the stables to get out the horses. Then they brought out to him meat and wine, and all sorts of dainties prepared for the bridal: but he would not taste. At last the bride's sister rolled an apple to him across the courtyard, and without thinking, he put it to his mouth and bit. That moment he forgot everything—giant, upper maid, and all, and unable to imagine what he was doing with the horses at that time, he put the beasts into the stable, and went into the house. Here he fell suddenly in love with the lady of the apple, and agreed to marry her.

The upper maid, in the meantime, after waiting in vain for the king's son, took up her abode in a little hut in a forest near the palace. It was a shabby little place; and to lighten it up a little, she took a handful of her gold-dust and sprinkled it on the fire, when straightway a blaze came forth which gilded the hut inside and out. The fame of the golden hut of course spread over the country side, and many of the gentry came to woo its mistress for so wealthy a hand; but she played cruel tricks upon them all—sticking one to the poker, another to the door, and a third to the calf's tail, and making them dance and whirl with these appendages till morning.

The next day, when the marriage at the palace was to come off, the pole of the carriage broke just as the bride and bridegroom were driving out of the courtyard to go to church. They tried a new pole, and another, and another, but all in vain—they snapped at once; and a bystander advised them to borrow the poker from the Golden Cottage, which he had good reason to know was of tougher metal. This was done, and with perfect success; but no sooner did the chariot move, than the bottom fell out, and went in pieces. It was in vain to make new bottoms—none would stand the first jolt; till another bystander advised them to borrow the door of the Golden Cottage, which he had good reason to know was not affected by any ordinary or extraordinary motion. This was done, and all would have been right had the horses been able to do their work: but they first tried six—then eight—then ten—then twelve, and not a foot would the carriage move. Then a bystander advised them to borrow the calf from the Golden Cottage, as he had good reason to know that it was equal to any work it could be set to.

The upper maid did not refuse this any more than the other requests; and no sooner was the calf yoked, than off went the chariot over stones and rocks, through hedges and ditches, round the church and over the church, and home again faster than ever, till the bride and bridegroom were landed almost senseless at the palace.

When the company had sat down to dinner, the king's son remarked that it would be only polite, in return for her valuable loans, to ask the lady of the Golden Cottage to join them. This was agreed to; and the five eldest sons were despatched on the errand. But the upper maid replied, that if the king was too great a lord to come for her himself, she was too great a lady to go on any meaner invitation. Upon this the king went, and bringing the upper maid to the palace, set her down in the seat of honour. The king's son looked at her

without recognising his deliverer, till setting down the golden apple she had brought from the giant's castle before him on the table, his eyes were opened, and he remembered everything. Upon this the witch who had rolled the apple to him across the courtyard, and with whom he had taken that terrific ride to church, was punished as she deserved; and the king's son and his beautiful upper maid were married in earnest.

#### AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

It ought to be generally known that the manures of commerce—guano, bone dust, &c.—are subject to very serious adulteration; so much so, that in some cases only an insignificant portion of the article sold as manure possesses any valuable properties. And we need hardly say that farmers do not require to pay large sums for sand and rubbish, which they can have for nothing at their own doors. The only sure means of testing these manures is to analyse them chemically. But who has the opportunity or knowledge to effect this process? To afford aid to farmers in so important an affair, the Agricultural and Highland Society of Scotland employ a professional chemist, who, in a well-prepared laboratory at Edinburgh, conducts numerous experiments in reference to soils and manures.

A short time ago, at a meeting of the society, Professor Christison mentioned some particulars respecting the operations of Dr Anderson, who had charge of the chemical department. 'He had the satisfaction of stating that Dr Anderson was now placed in probably the best laboratory, he might say, in the United Kingdom, for such investigations. Since the operations commenced, a large number of analyses had been executed for members and others; and the increasing number of these showed that in this particular department of the chemical institution it enjoyed the confidence of the country. Previous scientific investigations seemed to have been carried on not with that direct practical bearing that they ought to have been; and impressed with this view, the committee were determined that they would undertake no investigation unless according to the suggestions of skilful agriculturists who were members of the committee. In the next publication of the Society's Transactions, the first efforts of Dr Anderson's inquiries in this department would be made known. These would embrace analyses of wheat soils taken from various parts of Scotland, being celebrated for the large quantity and the fine quality of the wheat grown on them. This was a proper mode of procedure. They knew where the most valuable crops of wheat could be raised; and as they were aware that this superiority must depend chiefly on climate or soil, it was of considerable importance that they should know the exact peculiarity of soil which tended to produce such rich crops.'

Dr Anderson, in addition to what was stated by Professor Christison, said another important branch of the work of the laboratory was that of performing analyses of different manures and other substances for members of the society and the public; and in this department he was glad to say that a considerable increase had taken place—about 130 analyses of different substances having been executed since January last.

Mr Finnie, Swanston, advised his brother farmers to put themselves in communication with Dr Anderson, and get him to test the manufactured article they purchase, whether guano, oil-cake, or such-like; and if they did this, their wonder and surprise would be how they had been so long in availing themselves of so invaluable an auxiliary.

Mr Dickson, Saughton Mains, in corroboration of what Mr Finnie had said regarding the advantages derived from the facilities now afforded to members for getting correct analyses of the various manures at a moderate cost, would mention that three weeks ago he purchased twenty-five tons of what seemed to be, from appearance, and what was also warranted to him by the party from whom he purchased it, as the best quality of Peruvian guano; and after sending for two tons, and taking a fair sample, which he had analysed by Dr Anderson, it was found to contain 41 per cent. of sand, in place of from 2 to 5 per cent., which is the usual quantity in genuine Peruvian guano. By getting this guano analysed, therefore, he made fully 1,100, which he would have lost by purchasing sand at the price of guano. He believed the party from whom he purchased the guano, who was highly respectable, to have

been quite ignorant of the quality of the stuff he was selling, and that he himself had been cheated, having bought it in London; and he afterwards got from the same person part of a direct cargo to Leith, the quantity of sand in which was only 3 per cent.

#### THE OUTWARD MAIL-PACKET.

Every month nine large steam-packets leave the Southampton Docks for different parts of the world—namely, one to Alexandria, two to the West Indies, one to New York, one to Constantinople, one to Italy, and three to the Peninsula. The departure of each of these is an event of no small importance, for the shipping of mails, passengers, cargo, and stores on board of her, gives employment to an immense number of persons, and the dock is a scene of great excitement for days before its departure.

When a steamer is selected to convey an outward foreign mail—say, for instance, the Indian mail to Egypt on the 20th of the month—the first thing is to thoroughly overhaul her, to see that her machinery and internal arrangements are in perfect order: carpenters, painters, shipwrights, machinists, are busily employed for days discovering and repairing every defect, and doing everything that will contribute to the comfort of passengers and the safety of the cargo and mails. While this is going on, others are engaged in shipping hundreds of tons of coals on board of her, sufficient to last till she reaches the first coaling station in the Mediterranean.

The stores necessary for provisioning a ship's crew of nearly one hundred persons, and furnishing a splendid table daily with every delicacy and luxury for a hundred passengers for five weeks, are enormous. Although fresh provisions for the crew and passengers are taken on board at every foreign port at which the steamer touches, the principal portion of the stores are shipped at Southampton. For some days before the departure of the outward packet, grocers, butchers, bakers, wine and spirit merchants, confectioners, poulterers, cheese-mongers, and provision merchants, are busy putting the contents of their shops, cellars, and warehouses on board—about 3000 lbs. weight of bread, flour, hops, and malt; 2000 lbs. of butchers'-meat, consisting of prime beef, mutton, pork, calves' heads, and ox tails; 200 head of live-stock—namely, sheep, pigs, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and a cow in milk; 100 head of dead-stock, consisting of turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and rabbits; 2000 lbs. of provender for the live-stock; 3000 bottles of champagne, claret, Madeira, port, and sherry; 6000 bottles of pale ale, porter, soda water, and lemonade; 200 gallons of brandy, gin, rum, and whisky; 3000 lbs. of tea, coffee, and sugars; 2000 lbs. of various groceries and spices; an immense quantity of oilmen and confectioners' stores, comprehending every imaginable thing—such as anchovies, blacking, bottled fruits, candles, cod-sounds, curry-powder, celery seeds, groats, herrings, jams, jellies, marmalade, macaroni, mustard, salad oil, olives, pearl-barley, pickles, capers, salt, sauces, salt fish, catsup, soy, soap, soda, salted tripe, vermicelli, whiting, vinegar; and 1000 eggs and 1000 lbs. of bacon, butter, and cheese, are shipped on board every Alexandrian packet at Southampton for one outward and homeward voyage.

The shipping of the cargo occupies several days, and consists principally of several hundred tons of linen, silk, and cotton manufactured goods, packed in bales from the north of England, consigned to merchants in the Mediterranean ports, and which, after passing through their hands, are conveyed in boats, and on the backs of camels, to distant parts of Asia and Africa. In a few weeks the beautiful fabrics from Manchester and other places, which have been shipped at Southampton for Alexandria, are ascending rivers or traversing in Eastern caravans the countries which surround the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and are perhaps adorning the Circassian beauties of Egyptian harems, turbaning the heads of pilgrims going to Mecca, and bartered for ivory and gold in Abyssinia.

At length the 20th of the month, the day for the departure of the outward packet to Alexandria, has arrived: carpenters, shipwrights, and others, have completed their tasks—the cargo has been shipped—the vessel has been coaled—and the cabin furniture and most of the victualling stores are on board. The crew and officers have been mustered, and the ship has been examined by the Admiralty officers, to see if everything is in harmony with the

mail contract. Early on the morning of the 20th the docks present an animated scene. Vehicles of every description are racing in and out. As the forenoon advances, the cabins and deck are crowded with the passengers and their anxious relatives and friends, who are giving and receiving mutual advice and instructions how to act when they are separated.

It is curious to witness this constant and ever-recurring crowd on board the outward Indian mail-packet, about to seek fortune, fame, or a grave, from the inexhaustible resources, the romantic incidents, and fatal climate of our Indian empire. Pacing up and down the deck may be seen gentle and beardless youths, dreaming of Clive and Hastings; hireute warriors returning to the British army at Scinde or the Punjab; ladies leaving England to join or seek husbands on the banks of the Ganges and the Indus; the sons of English gentlemen, merchants, tradesmen, and clergymen, going out to lord it over nabobs, rajahs, and moguls—to fight the fiercest warriors, or to collect the richest treasures, that are to be found in Asia.

Soon after one o'clock in the afternoon the deck of the packet becomes a crowded promenade; a band of music is playing on board, and the steam of the engine is escaping with a terrific noise; shipping agents and others are rushing to and from the steamer with bills of lading, custom-house papers, or something forgotten by the crew or passengers. A crowd of persons is collected also by the side of the vessel. Preparations are evidently making for the departure of the ship, when the attention of every one is arrested by the cry of 'Here comes the mail!' The mail being the last thing put on board, and the packet being bound to start immediately after it has been shipped, her departure can now be calculated to a minute, and passengers and their friends now know that the time to be with each other is limited.

Emerging from the dock gate are seen three immense railway vans, drawn by powerful horses, escorted by a mail-guard, dressed in the scarlet livery of the Postmaster-General, and preceded by policemen, who force back the crowd from the side of the vessel. These railway vans contain the Indian and Mediterranean mail. It is received at the gangway of the steamer by the local Post-Office authorities, and by naval officers in uniform, who take charge of it during the voyage. The mail consists of about 200 boxes, and sacks of letters and newspapers. The boxes and sacks weigh between four and five tons, and they contain about 100,000 letters and 20,000 newspapers. The mail that is now seen approaching the packet is the largest and most important that leaves England. It contains correspondence for Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Egypt, Eastern and Southern Africa, Persia, Arabia, India, China, Australia, and the Eastern Archipelago. Tens of thousands of our kindred in remote regions will be anticipating its arrival to learn the news from Old England.

As soon as the mail arrives alongside the packet, about twenty men are busily employed putting it on board, and the Admiralty and Post-Office authorities are checking off printed lists of its contents. While this is going on, the passengers and their friends on board are taking leave of each other. Prayers for the health and happiness of the voyagers are hastily expressed, promises to correspond are hurriedly extorted, and friends and relatives are rapidly leaving the vessel.

As soon as the mail is shipped, the Admiralty agent steps on board, and the gangways are drawn on shore. The commander and the pilot are on the paddle-box, the steersmen are at the wheel, and every officer and seaman is at his post, and amidst the sound of music and the belching of the engines, a stentorian order issues from the paddle-box to 'Let go the bow-rope—let go astern.' At the same time a signal is passed to the engine-room, and the paddle-wheels begin to move; and in a moment that which had seemed an immense castle built up against the dock wall, appears like a thing of life floating buoyantly on the tranquil water. A rush is now made by the crowd to the entrance of the docks to see the packet pass out from thence. A most beautiful sight it is to see from the mouth of the dock the ship, like a floating castle, gliding close by, with its bow gracefully turning towards Southampton Water. Passengers and their friends recognise each other once more, and in a few minutes the outward mail-packet is beyond hail or signal. In six days she will be passing through the Straits of Gibraltar: in sixteen days she will be anchored alongside the fertile shores of the land of Egypt.—*Hampshire Advertiser.*

### THE IVY.

A GRACEFUL ivy, fair and young,  
Around a dear old ruin twined,  
And closer still it crept and clung  
When o'er it swept the angry wind.

And for a time the ruin old  
Looked fresh in vest so soft and sheen,  
But oh the heart of stone is cold,  
So, haply, felt that ivy green.

Yet drooped it not! With love unchilled,  
Round every corner queer 'twould cling,  
And sportive twine as fancy willed—  
The living, loving, wayward thing!

Sad sighed the wind one wintry eve  
All mournful round the tottering pile,  
Some gentle spirit seemed to grieve  
O'er love that even at death could smile.

But all unheeded passed that sigh,  
And all unmarked that boding voice—  
The ivy true, as fate drew nigh,  
But fonder clasped its hapless choice.

While, sadder as the sad wind sighed,  
An answering cadence rose and fell,  
Deep echoing through each portal wide  
The dear old ruin's funeral knell.

Then reeled and sank each lofty tower  
That long erect in stately pride  
Had mocked the raging tempest's power,  
And time's destroying hand defied.

Now, buried 'neath the mouldering heap,  
The poor fond ivy whined lies—  
Be such my lot! I would not weep,  
But die when all I cherish dies.

Edinburgh.

M. T. II.

### A CAMEL RIDE.

The animal I got was a common baggage camel—very savage and stubborn, crying loudly and running backwards when beaten; so that my first experience was not a very pleasant one. He knelt down for me to get upon him, but even then it was a long stretch to cross his back. Subsequently, in Egypt, I learned to vault on to the saddle; if, indeed, the package of old carpet, straw, and wood-work could be called one. In front there is a high pommel, which you clutch hold of when the animal rises. If you did not do this, the pitching forwards and backwards is so violent, that you would inevitably be thrown off. You have only a simple single halter to guide him with, and the end of this is sufficiently long to beat him. I will own to having been in a terrible fright all the while I was on his back. With his uneasy rocking motion I had the greatest difficulty in the world to keep on, and the fall from my elevated perch—for such it really was—would have been no joke; and when he trotted, it was enough to bring the heart into the mouth. If I were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel ride, I would say—take a music-stool, and having wound it up as high as it will go, put it in a cart without springs, get on the top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel. To make him go fast, you cry 'Su! su!' and also make a noise with your tongue, something like the word 'thluck!'—and to get him to kneel down, you pull his neck sideways and downwards, and produce a creaking sound by pressing your tongue against the back of your teeth. At first, a very short journey is exceedingly fatiguing, and gives one the lumbago for a week; but afterwards a see-saw motion becomes so little cared for, that I can well understand folks going to sleep on a camel. Once, in the desert, on a very hot day, I nearly dozed off myself.—*Albert Smith's Month at Constantinople.*

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## CONDITION OF ENGLAND QUESTION.

PARLIAMENT, we are glad to observe, has lately done less in the discussion of the 'Condition of England Question' than was its wont in our young days. The subject has apparently been bequeathed to literature; and if we do not get speeches, there is no want of books to show that things are going on in a very bad way. One of the latest expositors of our social grievances is Mr Joseph Kay, who has treated his subject at somewhat immoderate length, in a work which, if not manifesting high philosophic power, is at least remarkable for its body of facts, and the earnestness with which these are detailed and commented on.\* Mr Kay's production takes the form principally of a comparison between continental and English life. He has travelled over all parts of Western Europe, and has everywhere inquired into the state of manners, education, and means of living—the whole of the results of these patient inquiries being compared with similarly-observed circumstances in Great Britain. As this kind of investigation bears some relation to our own pursuits while abroad—as we have indeed in some places gone on Mr Kay's tracks, and visited the same towns, schools, and prisons—we may be permitted to compare notes on the subject.

Let us, however, in the first place, run over a few of the author's conclusions on the aspect of home affairs. According to his view, society amongst us is in an exceedingly rotten and precarious state. Wealth is aggregating into large masses in few hands. A poor and struggling class, without hope, dissolute, and dangerous, is becoming more numerous. On abject pauperism nearly six millions of pounds are spent annually, under the poor-laws in England. Besides this, enormous sums are dispensed in supporting hospitals and other charities. Yet all that is done to rescue the people from the horrors of famine and the deepest vice and misery fails to effect its object. In vain we get up workhouses, ragged schools, houses of refuge; in vain we place restrictions on the sale of spirituous liquors; and nearly in vain do teachers, secular and religious, ply their vocation. Look at the state of things where population has densely congregated. 'I speak with deliberation when I say that I know no spectacle so degraded, and, if I may be allowed to use a strong word, so horrible, as the back streets and suburbs of English and Irish towns, with their filthy inhabitants; with their crowds of half-clad, filthy, and degraded children, playing in the dirty kennels; with their numerous gin-palaces, filled with people whose hands and faces show how their flesh is, so to speak, impregnated with spirituous liquors—the only

solaces, poor creatures, that they have!—and with poor young girls, whom a want of religious training in their infancy, and misery, have driven to the most degraded and pitiful of all pursuits. Greater evils never threatened civilisation and religion than the great cities which have been springing into existence within the last one hundred years. If we would save civilisation, religion, and the morality and happiness of our people, we must reform our towns. And one great step towards that end will be to do away with those causes which drive so many of our agricultural population into them.' Channing verifies this gloomy picture. 'To a man who looks with sympathy and brotherly regard on the mass of the people, who is chiefly interested in the "lower classes," England must present much that is repulsive. . . . The condition of the lower classes at the present moment is a mournful comment on English institutions and civilisation. The multitude are depressed in that country to a degree of ignorance, want, and misery, which must touch every heart not made of stone. In the civilised world there are few sadder spectacles than the present contrast in Great Britain of unbounded wealth and luxury, with the starvation of thousands and tens of thousands, crowded into cellars and dens, without ventilation or light, compared with which the wigwam of the Indian is a palace. Misery, famine, brutal degradation, in the neighbourhood and presence of stately mansions, which ring with gaiety, and dazzle with pomp and unbounded profusion, shock us as no other wretchedness does. . . . It is a striking fact, that the private charity of England, though almost incredible, makes little impression on this mass of misery; thus teaching the rich and titled "to be just before they are generous," and not to look to private munificence as a remedy for the evils of selfish institutions.'

The condition of the juvenile poor in the large towns is most afflicting of all, because it is the source whence general crime is produced. In London, with all its charitable appliances, there are at all times many thousands of deserted, roaming, and lawless children who crowd the streets, and never enter a school. The state of the houses in which the poor and dissolute herd together has been frequently made known. 'In these wretched dwellings all ages and all sexes—fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown-up brothers and sisters, stranger adult males and females, and swarms of children—the sick, the dying, and the dead—are herded together, with a proximity and mutual pressure which brutes would resist; where it is physically impossible to preserve the ordinary decencies of life; where all sense of propriety and self-respect must be lost, to be replaced only by a recklessness of demeanour which necessarily results from vitiated minds.' Mr Kay occupies at least a hundred pages in describing the horrors of these dens.

\* The Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe. By Joseph Kay, Esq. 2 thick vols. Longman, London. 1850.

We pass on to another indication of moral disorder—the practice of infanticide. This crime, which is of modern date in England, is carried on principally with a view to profit. Young children are entered into burial-clubs, in order that sums of money may be paid at their death. Poison, or slow drugging, is the means of destruction employed. One official says—‘I have no doubt that infanticide, to a considerable extent, has been committed in the borough of Stockport. I know it to be the opinion of some of the respectable medical practitioners in Stockport that infanticides have been commonly influenced by various motives—to obtain the burial moneys from the societies in question, and to be relieved from the burthen of the child’s support. The parties generally resort to a mineral poison, which, causing sickness, and sometimes purging, assumes the appearance of the diseases to which children are subject; and as they then take the child to a surgeon, who prescribes after a very cursory examination, they thus escape any suspicion on the part of their neighbours.’ Mr Chadwick mentions that ‘at the Liverpool assizes, in 1843, a woman named Eccles was convicted of the murder of one child, and was under the charge of poisoning two others with arsenic. Immediately after the murders were committed, it appeared she went to demand a stated allowance of burial money from the employers of the children. The collector of a burial society, one of the most respectable in Manchester, stated to me strong grounds for believing that it had become a practice to neglect children for the sake of the money allowed.’ A collector of rents gives in evidence that he is often promised payment when a child dies—the death of the unhappy infant being coolly spoken of as the event that is to bring in funds to pay the quarter’s dues.

Frightful as is the demoralisation and misery of large towns, our author goes on to show that the degree of vice prevalent in the rural districts is as bad, only more scattered and shrouded from general observation. The facts revealed by statistical returns are very striking on this point. We pick out two or three examples. In Rutlandshire, with no manufactures, and 22 inhabitants to every hundred acres, the ratio of criminals is 1 to 439 inhabitants. In Lancashire, nearly covered with manufactures, and 147 inhabitants to every hundred acres, the ratio of criminals is 1 to 509 inhabitants. And so on, it is demonstrated by undeniable figures that ‘in regard to juvenile crime North Lancashire is very greatly surpassed by 22 counties, most of which are agricultural; and that in female criminality it is surpassed by 19 counties, almost all of which are also agricultural!’

Such, to use a lawyer’s phrase, is Mr Kay’s ‘case.’ He makes out entirely, to his own satisfaction, that British society is on the eve of dissolution; at least cannot be expected to last any great length of time, unless ‘something be done.’ Mr Kay is apparently an alarmist. We nevertheless believe that, while every fact adduced respecting the prevalence of pauperism and crime may be true, the conclusions drawn by Mr Kay may be exceedingly erroneous. Deplorable as is the condition of the lower departments of society, we have the consolation of thinking that it springs from no institutional usages, but purely from self-inflicted improvidence. In no country in Europe is the humble labourer so lightly taxed as in England. Exempted from assessed taxes and local rates, he is exposed only to certain excise imposts; and these, excepting on the article soap, he may avoid without injury to health or

happiness. While the state thus leaves his earnings almost untouched, it does not take a single hour of his time—a most important exemption, for the German is obliged by law to serve three years in the army at the most valuable period of life, and every year afterwards he is subjected to a profitless and vexatious drill for forty days. Further, the English workman may travel when and where he likes, without passports or permission—a thing impossible in Continental Europe, where every movement is watched and obstructed. But it may be asked—Does not the accumulation of wealth among the higher classes in England indicate the impoverishment of those beneath them? No such thing. Riches are not a distinct entity. No one can say where they begin or end; and besides, it is matter of statistical fact that wealth is not increasing among the higher classes, so called, but in the hands of the great body of the people, as a natural result of their industry and foresight.

What says an acute observer on this interesting and often misunderstood subject:—‘It is the common theme of foreign travellers who visit England, and of many superficial observers among ourselves, that the social state of the English nation is a monstrous junction of boundless wealth, extravagance, and luxury above, and of utter destitution, misery, and suffering below. They look only at the upper and lower strata of the social mass, and do not perceive that all between the two is densely filled up with incomes and earnings of every amount and every fractional difference, from the highest, the thousands or tens of thousands a year, down to zero. There is no vacuum in the mass between the top and the bottom, as in the social state of the Continent. A zero, a destitution, total and extreme at one end of the social chain, there must be in every country. In considering the proportionate wellbeing of the working-class in different countries, the question is—Where is this zero farthest removed? where is the tendency to sink to it, or to rise above it, the strongest? Now it is evident that where the middle of the social body is most fully occupied with incomes of all degrees, and where there is most capital and most expenditure in the most hands, there is most employment for the working man, and most tendency in his condition to rise above zero in the scale of earnings, income, and wellbeing.’\* Lamentable as are some of the social features of the present age, they are undisputably an improvement on what prevailed a century ago. We no longer hang up twenty men in a morning at Newgate; burglaries and highway robberies are now rarely heard of; if the workhouse is full, the roads and streets are not crowded with loathsome beggars as we remember them to have been; *smuggling*, or taking food by force, is utterly gone; we do not hear of children being kidnapped and sent off in shiploads to the plantations, as was the practice little more than eighty years since; the analogous crimes of abduction and crimping are now equally out of use; *smuggling* and contraband distillation carry on a feeble existence in comparison to their rife-ness even so late as thirty years ago. In a hundred other things there is a similar advance. The author before us refers to the gin palaces and other ministrants of intemperance. We have the same answer. There exists the most conclusive evidence to prove that drunkenness is not nearly so prevalent as it was in former times. The vice has but descended to lower levels.

\* Observations on the Social and Political State of Europe. By Samuel Laing. 1836.

Sixty years ago, lords and gentlemen of property drank for days at a time; and he was reckoned a niggardly host who did not insist on seeing his guests roll under the table. Where is all this now? Gone! High jinks have taken refuge among classes whom it was not formerly the fashion to notice. Whether these classes are positively worse in station and comforts may be gravely doubted. Certain we are that in a vast variety of particulars they are better. To bring this 'Condition of England Question' to the test, let every man who reads these pages ask himself whether he is not better housed, fed, clothed, and educated than was his grandfather, supposing his family to have remained in its former relative position? Is there a single female domestic servant in Great Britain at this moment who does not own more elegancies of dress, not to speak of comforts, than did most ladies at the beginning of the eighteenth century? We are confident that there is not a working-man who earns twenty shillings a week, and is careful of these earnings, but has better clothing—paltry ornaments not included—than had any gentleman of the reign of Queen Anne. Look around dwellings of even an ordinary kind. Observe its carpets, mirrors, glass windows, hangings, fire-grates, cutlery, stoneware, crystal, and plate; and say if such could have been shown in dwellings of a similar class not three generations back? Probably such instances of general advancement will be held as proved, and yet much remains to deplore and condemn. So far we are willing to go with Mr Kay. Because society has prodigiously improved in material and moral aspects, there is no reason why we should stop improving. Only let it be carefully considered wherein the improvements should consist.

Unfortunately we cannot have the satisfaction of joining Mr Kay in his projects of amelioration. He seems to be the studied advocate of a crotchet. His crotchet is, that our social evils spring from certain legal arrangements. Property in land is centering in few hands; the law supports this principle through the agency of entails, primogeniture, and other arrangements. Not having an opportunity of acquiring territorial property, the labouring peasant has nothing to hope or toil for. He practises no self-denial, no economy. He marries, and is regardless of how many children he brings into a life of misery. Once a peasant, he must always remain a peasant. When overtaken by old age, he can only go upon the parish. 'I cannot too often repeat, that the great primary causes of the pauperism and degradation of our peasants are the utter *hopelessness* and *helplessness* of their position. We have done all we can to prevent their helping themselves, and to deprive them of every strong inducement to practise self-denial, prudence, and economy. A man will not practise self-denial, economy, and prudence, without an object. What object has an English peasant to practise them? A peasant cannot possibly buy land as the foreign peasant does. He cannot get a farm, even as a tenant-at-will of it. He cannot buy a house, or a plot of ground on which to build a house. He cannot even get the lease of a cottage. He cannot buy or get the lease of a garden. He often cannot even get the mere occupation of a cottage for himself. He is often obliged to take his wife to his father's or his brother's cottage, and to sleep with her in their bedroom. What earthly inducement, then, has such a peasant to practise self-denial and economy? Absolutely none. He does not, therefore, practise any.' There surely lurks some fallacy in this strangely-put statement. It may happen that in certain parts of England cottages with small gardens, and also patches of land, are difficult to be obtained; but in other quarters they abound, and may be rented or bought according to taste. Passing this over, however, we would deny altogether the propriety of peasants buying cottages or patches of land, and for the plain reason, that this species of purchase injuriously fixes a family to a spot. In Scotland, the instances are numerous of men being kept in a state of semi-starvation in consequence of clinging to some

petty heritage, while at the same time there was offered to them employment and a comfortable subsistence little more than a dozen miles off. The small tenures on the continent are the subject of Mr Kay's unqualified admiration. He would appear to wish that the whole land of this country should be cut up into morsels of five to ten acres, and sold to farm-labourers. Then would ensue an earthly paradise—no more improvident marriages, no redundant and impoverished population, no crowding into towns, and therefore none of that demoralisation with which cities now unfortunately abound. Peace, comfort, decency, are to prevail. The picture which is presented of small proprietorship in Flanders, France, Switzerland, and Germany, is doubtless fascinating:—'The majority of even the French peasants who have attained the age of thirty-five possess houses and farms of their own, the latter averaging from five to eight acres in size. The foreign peasant feels that his fate is in his own hands. He knows that if he postpones his marriage, he will be able to purchase a house and farm of his own, and thus to establish his own complete independence. He is not dependent on agents of landlords, or on landlords for the condition of his house, or for its tenure, or for the tenure of his farm, or for the social position of his family. All this, as well as his own future success in life, depends solely and entirely on his own exertions. This stimulates his energies and exertions. This makes his life hopeful and happy. This ennobles and develops his own character. This makes him a good citizen. This makes him a successful farmer. This increases his intelligence; and while it makes his life hopeful and happy even amid privations, it makes him a good and conservative citizen even in times of suffering and distress.' Our author, even in his most enthusiastic moments, does not say that foreign small proprietors *live better* than our own rural labourers; and we know they do not. Why, then, with superior means, do not our peasantry exercise similar virtues? Hopelessness of condition is said to be the cause. But it is mischievous to say that a man may abandon himself to despair because he cannot buy or inherit land. Land is only valuable to the extent of its productiveness. If, with the severest toil, a five-acre property produce in value only 12s. per week—and we should greatly doubt that so much could be wrung from it—the unpropertied English peasant, by hiring out his labour for 12s. per week, is better off without land; because he has sunk no capital, and at a day's notice he can go abroad in search of employment.

Nor is the system of small tenures of continental Europe to be recommended for its exempting men from cares. The proprietorship is in most instances a delusion. It is stated, on good authority, that over the entire land of France, which is thoroughly parcelled out, there hang mortgages for loans to the extent of five hundred millions of pounds, requiring a payment of thirty millions of interest annually. As this interest is only rent under a different name, we are constrained to foresee the worst evils which usually spring from the renting of small patches of land—over-population, individual misery, and national disasters. Prudent as the French habitually are as regards marriage and its consequences, there is too much reason to observe that their small-tenure system actually produces more population than the country can support. Our redundant numbers are absorbed by trades and manufactures. In France, however, there can be no such absorption; for as the mass of the people are poor land-owners, with barely the means of existence, they cannot, or, from their thrift, will not, buy manufactured goods. In this way trade has no encouragement, and consequently can give little employment. In short, but for the absorption of young men by the army, France would swarm with myriads of houseless marauders, and society would perish amidst the outburst of an intractable and impoverished jacquerie. The army, on the other hand, preys on the vitals of the nation, and the necessity for its existence leads inevitably to results similar to those which it is

intended to avert. Elementary education may modify, but cannot remove, the social defects of a country placed in these circumstances. Wherever there is poverty or penurious thrift, there will also be usually found meanness of ideas. With all their popular instruction, the Germans throughout have not manifested a degree of practical intelligence above that of a trade's union. On the occasion of their temporary political freedom in 1848, they made the most strenuous efforts to re-establish all the restrictions on trade and handicraft which had been previously abolished by their autocratic governments. While half-déranged on the subject of liberty and equality, the people poured in petitions to the parliament at Frankfort, praying that taxes should be imposed on machinery; that there should be no spinning or weaving except by hand-labour; and that certain ancient rules respecting apprenticeship and journeymanhood ought to be reorganized and enforced. In Prussia these restrictions have been re-imposed, in order to satisfy popular prejudice. Is the structure of society that produces such consequences a thing to be admired and copied by Englishmen? The truth is, that the system of small proprietorship on the continent has in less than two generations made it an impossibility to furnish the materials of an intelligent constitutional government. In France and Germany the choice lies only between anarchy and military despotism; and beyond this choice the system of universal peasant proprietorship appears to have set an impassable barrier.

That operatives and rural labourers must inevitably brutalise, if prevented from making investments in land, is, we repeat, a mischievous fallacy. Let all antiquated restrictions on the transfer and breaking-up of large territorial possessions be by all means removed. But further than this leave things to the course of natural events. Without troubling themselves with land, the working-men of Great Britain can have no difficulty in seeking out investments for their earnings. Where is there a country on the face of the habitable globe in which a man will find such scope for his genius; such encouragement, for his enterprise; such rewards for his industry and prudence? Contemplate, however, the *débris* which is accumulating and festering even in the midst of the most gigantic tokens of social advancement! And why is there such a mass of human wreck? Setting aside exceptions which spring from the inscrutable inflections of Providence, there can be only one stern answer—IMPROVIDENCE! Let us denounce this hideous sin with all the energy of which we are capable; and yet not neglect to view it as in no small degree a consequence of the very abundance scattered over these islands. What is it but an improvident expenditure of the wages of labour—a reckless sacrifice of the great and unknown future to immediate and mean gratifications—that fills our prisons, oppresses our poor-rates, sends forth to the streets hordes of homeless and ragged children, and produces that dismal overcrowding of dwellings, with its attendant demoralisation, which is avowedly the scandal of the age? Let us not be told that this prodigious vice springs of necessity out of any forms of society, or would be remediable by pulling down all to one broad cheerless level. On no grounds of common sense are the careful to be inseparably allied with the careless. Only one shred of excuse can be offered in extenuation of the improvidence which the most careful are the readiest to deplore; it is, that it is the sin of ignorance, and, as such, is primarily imputable to a want of education—not meaning by that abused word the arts merely of reading and writing, but of a thorough training in moral habits and rearing into intellectual strength; and we would add, if need be, by compulsion, should nothing

else be available. If society is in any respect to blame, herein lies the head and front of its offending. Occupied too exclusively in material pursuits, it incautiously neglects the institution of such enginery of universal education as would prevent in a great measure the growth of that lamentable ignorance which weighs down the resources of the nation, and maintains the gloom of savagery amidst the brightest gleams of civilisation. W. C.

### THE LEVANTINE BALL.

'COME and take your soup with me, and we will talk'—here followed an enumeration of hack Alexandrian topics. Such was the purport of a letter which I received one afternoon as I lay on my divan lazily inhaling the fumes that were wafted from the kitchen on an almost imperceptible breeze across the courtyard. The writer was a friend at whose table I had spent many pleasant evenings; and though I had been hugging myself with the delicious idea that I was housed for the next twenty-four hours, I could not resist the temptation, and mustering up courage, announced that I dined out, and with a considerable exertion of energy got into the street. It was the hour most trying to the European living in Egypt. Sunset was approaching, and a thin curtain of gray was already drawn across the sky. The minarets and the kiosques on the house-tops were brightly gilded for a moment or two after I began my walk, and then suddenly grew dim, as a purple flag fluttered on the loftiest gallery of Sheik Ibrahim, and the heavy boom of a gun announced the beginning of the Moslem day. For some time the air had been filling with that mysterious vapour called dew; and before I had taken a hundred steps, my garments were already humid, and a tepid, clammy perspiration began to burst out over my whole body. The true recipe for fever and ophthalmia is to go out at this hour. The sandy dust that covers the streets and lies thick upon the plain darkens as under the influence of a shower, and white trousers are defiled up to the knees with this curious kind of mud. Most persons hasten to take refuge in their apartments, or at anyrate put on warm clothing and walk briskly. Old residents learn to affront the danger by habit, but new-comers always suffer more or less.

I arrived, languid and dispirited, at the rendezvous, but the gay company collected soon put me in good-humour. Five or six men and one lady formed the party, all determined to be merry, so that the conversation was almost as sparkling as the champagne and as piquant as the viands. There had been no settled resolve to 'make a night of it,' but it happened that all were disgusted with the sober plodding of the day, and were bent on fun; if necessary, upon mischief. As soon as the pipes were brought in, and with accurate reminiscence of Cockney customs, the port and the sherry were throwing their ruby or their golden colours on the mahogany table; and as soon as the lady, under plea of fatigue, had retired, a perfect volcano of pent-up aspirations after jollity burst forth. I do not report the conversation, which consisted principally of 'Ha! ha! ha!' but jumping at once to the conclusion, record that, in about an hour, we were all crowded into a little balcony, built upon principles which a Chinese might envy. It was the second storey of the house, which, with twenty others, had been run up after a European sketch, in which the laws of perspective had been duly observed. The Arab architect had noticed that the windows and balconies of the upper storeys were smaller than those of the lower; so reversing the rule of Pheidias—who enlarged the head of his colossal Jupiter—he diminished the proportions of the upper ornaments, and succeeded in producing a perfectly unique effect.

But I have to do with the tenants of the balcony. They were all young men, or men who considered themselves young, with all their playful ideas stirred up by a generous repast. So the first thing that drew their attention—all else was dark and dismal in the plain—

At the late meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, a paper was read by Mr G. R. Porter on the self-imposed taxation of the working-classes, which, on statistical evidence, places this vice of reckless expenditure in a most appalling point of view. In a subsequent number we hope to be able to offer an abstract of Mr Porter's able paper.

was a flood of light proceeding from the upper windows of a house two doors off; and not only light, but eke strains of European music. 'Ha!' cried one of us, 'the Levantine P—— is giving a ball! I ought to have known it; for the charming Rosina has been observed to be in a bustle for two days, and to have rarely exhibited her beauty to the idle youths in the plain.'

'And he has not invited us!' we all exclaimed indignantly.

The reason was, that not one had any particular claim to be invited; but we felt hurt all the same. What right had this rascally Levantine—I repeat the mildest word used—to amuse himself quietly with his friends without the assistance of 'the most amiable,' 'the most sprightly,' 'the most fashionable,' 'the most polking,' and 'the most spiritual,' youth in Alexandria? We each assumed one of these names; and a stout gentleman, who had not yet spoken, added, 'and the most portly.' From whom the proposition proceeded I do not remember, but a unanimous resolve was almost at once come to, that as we had not been invited, we were bound to invite ourselves. A difficulty presented itself: we were all in dinner costume—that is, in loose jackets and trousers; and we knew that when Levantines assume the European, they are even more punctilious than their models. 'The most spiritual' made a brilliant suggestion. We were in the house of 'the most amiable'; nothing was simpler than to ransack his wardrobe. So off we started, and in ten minutes had rigged ourselves out to our perfect satisfaction, it being well kept in mind that our good dinner had made us of easy composition. As a specimen, I will mention that 'the most sprightly'—who records this incident—wore a blue dress-coat with vast gilt buttons, that reached nearly to his ankles; patent-leather boots, that, being twice too long, cocked up most impudently at the toes; a stock that swallowed up his chin; and a shirt-collar that threatened his eyes. The others were fitted out with equal elegance, especially 'the most portly,' who, having come without a waistcoat, appropriated one that would have required a shawl in order to conceal the space left between it and his trousers.

'Being thus bedizened and accoutered,  
Not on the inside, but the outward'—

we unbidden guests started off to the ball; but, by a freak of fancy, resolved to go by the house-tops instead of by the street. This operation was much more easily accomplished than would be the case in Europe. The roofs are flat, and are divided only by low walls; so with a short ladder, which we hauled after us, we soon reached the top of Signor P——'s house, having only encountered a variety of cats, and one or two owls. To our great surprise the terrace-door was closed; and as we had no mind to call for assistance, the idea was broached of returning the way we came. But 'the most portly' had forgotten to pull the ladder over the last wall, and a retreat could only be accomplished by a great deal of scrambling and sprawling. This was an annoying position, especially as all the windows looking upon the great quadrangular court were open, and we could hear the sound of music, and could see cavaliers walking their ladies in the half-lit corridor, and probably whispering soft things in their ear.

At length it was discovered that the lower panel of the door had been made to open for the passage of an enormous dog, luckily now down stairs. We resolved to creep through this hole; and as it was tolerably wide, all managed very well except 'the most portly,' who absolutely stuck fast. 'The most spiritual' gravely proposed to leave him there, and call for him on our return; but as he promised to wring the neck of this impertinent adviser, we took hold of his arms, and with a smothered 'heave-ho!' hauled him through, very crestfallen, and perfectly disgusted with himself for having joined in the frolic of 'a pack of foolish boys.'

Now came the most trying part of the adventure—our self-presentation. Having smoothed as well as pos-

sible our ruffled plumes, we descended, and rung the bell. A black opened the door; and taking it as a matter of course that we were invited, ushered us at once into the saloon, where we met a tall, big, respectable-looking man, who stood aghast at beholding us, and began to open an enormous mouth so slowly, and yet continuously, that we all expected to be able to leap down it, one after the other, in a few minutes; and would certainly have done so, for the novelty of the thing, had not the worthy host suddenly recollected himself, and checking the movement of up-and-down expansion, began to dilate the same organ in an opposite direction, so as to produce a kind of smile, or grin of welcome. The head of our party made a short apology; said something about 'well-known hospitality,' also a little about his friends, 'distinguished strangers'; then expressed admiration of the splendour of the apartments, of the elegance of the company; and, in short, carried by storm an introduction for us all to Signora P——, who reclined languidly, in full Levantine costume, upon a divan, and received us with astonished politeness. Altogether, the thing passed off very well, although for some time Signor P—— seemed in a sort of puzzled, muddled state, out of which he started with a frightened look if he caught one of our eyes, and bowed profoundly. At length he determined to be hospitable; and advancing towards 'the most portly,' tried to muster up his English, and said, 'You—paunch?'

'No, sir,' replied the stout gentleman, becoming very red, 'my name's not Paunch.'

'Very good,' quoth the host, quite delighted at being understood, as he thought, and looking cunning. 'I know—too much paunch *déjà*—eh? Face red; ha—ha! Tea better for you, sir! Ahmed—*hat el shai*! Sorry you got drunk, sir!' This was said in perfect simplicity, and was only too explicit on account of the worthy gentleman's limited knowledge of our vocabulary; but Mr Paunch—who is known by that name even to this day—grew redder and redder, and showed symptoms of apoplexy. We came to his assistance; and having by this time understood that *paunch* was intended to be offered, we accepted gratefully, and were astonished to be treated with copious tumblers of gin and water!

We now, to use language suited to the occasion, began to 'make up to the ladies,' for we were determined on a dance. But in the first place let me say something about the company collected. They were nearly all members of what may be called the civilised Levantine class—that is, although born or bred in the country, they affected to throw off their own manners, and adopt those of the Europeans. All the men, therefore, were dressed out in clothes imported ready-made from Malta—where there are fashionable tailors—or in painful imitations of the said clothes by two domiciled Scipis. I cannot say that there was any particular elegance displayed in the mode of wearing these habiliments; but really, on a casual glance, to people in our benevolent mood of mind, the whole affair appeared sufficiently European.

The ladies, however, were not all so civilised as the men. Besides the mistress of the house, several others wore brilliant shawls and rose-coloured silk trousers; and embroidered jackets, and little red caps with vast tassels that mingled with innumerable tresses of black hair, and long strings of braided silk ornamented with gold. Then there were almond-shaped eyes—nowhere seen but in the East; and lips almost with a negro pout, but vying with the rose-bud in hue; and small, delicate noses with ardent nostrils; and pale cheeks that looked pearly in the light of the tapers. All these features were lit up with unaffected joy: the eyes flashed beneath the thin black arch of the eyebrows; the rose-bud mouths expanded their petals to disclose the pearls hidden beneath; faint blushes flattered across the pale cheeks, as if a thin rosy cloud had been chased by a playful breeze between a field of snow and the sun.

All those who danced were young, so that 'the tapestry' was composed only of still lovely matrons and ancient duennas. I looked on in admiration long after my friends were bobbing up and down in a 'valse à deux temps'; and soon noticed a remarkable circumstance, which had not struck me in my first cursory glance—namely, that half these exquisite houris either squinted, or had only one eye. I had been used enough to make this observation elsewhere; but it never occurred to me so forcibly as on this occasion; and instead of joining in the amusements of the evening, I began to reflect on the causes of this unfortunate circumstance. Various explanations have been given of the presence of so many Cyclops in Egypt; and perhaps all contain something of truth. Thousands of men are said to have inflicted this cruel operation on themselves and their children in order to escape from the obligation of military service. The ravages of ophthalmia must also be taken into account; but a good deal must be attributed to hereditary imperfection of the organ. The Europeans are very rarely thus disfigured, although they expose themselves more imprudently than the natives. Perhaps, when attacked, they take the disease in time, and are thus quit for a few hours of exquisite pain.

I was roused from my reflections, which had almost changed the saloon into an hospital, by a nudge from Mr Paunch, who asked me why I did not dance. In a few minutes, accordingly, I was figuring away with the charming Rosina, who was intact in eye and limb, and really one of the most exquisite little beauties of the place. After that, I could not resist the temptation of inviting a splendid Levantine girl belonging to the category that had attracted so much of my attention. 'She had only one eye, but that was a piercer.' The interest of the evening here commenced for me. I fell over head and ears in love at once—at least I suppose so; for when I led back my beauty to her divan, I caught myself arguing whether her imperfection did not give an additional piquancy to her physiognomy. All this happened, perhaps, because the good eye was in general turned towards me; and I had the selfish satisfaction of being perfectly sure that she could bestow no stray glances upon others, and that it was out of her power to wink.

I cannot say that I made any progress in her affections, at which my self-love was more astonished than piqued. It could not be denied, however, that she was flattered by my attentions: as a rule, all women are flattered by being distinguished by admiration in any way, provided an impression of genuineness is produced. Truth always goes down, and bears away the palm; whereas I have observed—for I do observe sometimes—that certain men who go out with a settled intention of making conquests, and vouchsafe to compliment and flattery, whilst their admiration is evidently centered in their own sweet selves, never succeed except with the silly, the coquettish, the vain—they never succeed at any rate with one-eyed people.

But I am running away to describe my own impressions instead of talking generally of the ball. It was a gay, lively affair; and as soon as we felt at home, we amused ourselves mightily. The dances succeeded one another with rapidity, in spite of the heat of the weather; and all sorts of iced drinks began soon to be handed about. After midnight, however, I noticed that the number of men began to diminish, and that the invading party to which I belonged were almost the only cavaliers that remained. From this moment it was evident we were mighty favourites with the ladies, who seemed surprised and pleased that each time the small band struck up there were a sufficient number of gloved hands held out for partners. Some of us talked of retiring, 'fearing to trespass,' and so forth; but the little Signora Rosina explained our solitude by pointing, with a pretty gesture of contempt, down a long corridor, where we observed light and a cloud of smoke coming through an open door.

'The *faro* table is there,' quoth she. The mystery was no longer a mystery. All the Levantines had sneaked away, in accordance with their disposition, and were staking their dollars with true Oriental ferocity. I went, between a quadrille and a polka, to see what was going on; but could not penetrate the dense crowd, which now was buried in anxious silence, now growled and murmured. 'So I returned to claim the hand of the one-eyed maiden (by the way, I had forgotten, in my sentimentality, the ludicrous figure I cut in my borrowed garments), and we danced till four o'clock in the morning, and then went home in high glee. Next morning we all left our cards for worthy Signor P—, who thenceforth always looked politely at us when we met him; but it was evidently never very clear to his mind whether or not we had infringed the rigid rules of etiquette. The ladies, however, in consequence of the four hours' extra dancing we procured them, suppressed all the civil names we had given ourselves, and declared us to be '*gadu*,' equivalent to 'smart young fellows.'

#### LONDON GOSSIP.

SINCE my last was penned, the ordinary current of gossip has undergone a few startling shocks, from which it is only just beginning to recover, and reassume its habitual levity. The effect has been an extraordinary intermixture of topics—ups and downs in politics, wonderings, speculations, ways and means, pensions and dignities, battles, scandal and mourning, with a whole swarm of probabilities, behind which stood two or three solemn events in terrible impressiveness. The universal sorrow expressed at the death of Sir Robert Peel is now manifesting itself in the form of subscriptions to raise monuments to his memory: scarcely a town of note in the kingdom but is gathering funds for a statue of the great statesman. The intention is doubtless commendable; but it has been suggested that, instead of fixing such an amount of capital in a multiplicity of mementos, it would be wiser, and more in accordance with the spirit of the times, to make it permanently active: this end to be achieved by having but one monument, to be placed in Westminster Abbey, and the remaining subscriptions applied to the endowment of some useful institution. The suggestion is one which needs but a little earnest support to insure its realisation: and while good schools are so much wanted, and pauper colonies are yet unsettled on our waste lands, no one need be at a loss for a special object. The people of Brixton, who, on the passing of the Reform Bill, subscribed money for a dinner, and built almshouses instead, have, I will venture to say, never repented their change of purpose. The sight of aged men and women living in comfort in the buildings, is a better memorial of the event than the view of sculpture or the memory of a feast.

The foolish hubbub—no other word so well describes it—that was raised about the site of the Great Exhibition has now, as poets say, died into an echo; and many are ashamed of the part they took in the clamour. The talk about spoiling the Park, and the injustice of depriving equestrians of a drive, may be set down as so much of what Mr Burchell calls *fudge*. How easy it is, even in these days of enlightenment, to get up a hue and cry! It would seem to matter little what the object, no sooner is the note of alarm sounded, than the multitude give tongue, and rush pell-mell to the pursuit, as though Confusion were the true rectifier. Happily there are some with strong nerves and stout hearts to stand by and prevent mischief.

The upshot is, that the great building is to be erected where first proposed—in Hyde Park, though on a different

plan from that which was originally fixed on. The new design is for an edifice constructed almost entirely of iron and glass: it is by Mr Paxton; and those who have seen the noble conservatory at Chatsworth will accord to him no small skill in such transparent contrivances. The structure in the Duke of Devonshire's grounds is, so to speak, a double oblong pyramid: the larger one below supporting a smaller one above; but the Exhibition building will comprise three storeys, if such they may be called. It is to be one hundred feet high, whereby trees may be covered in instead of being cut down, should the commissioners so determine; and according to the printed statement, 'it gives an opportunity of introducing, at a small cost, six galleries, each twenty-four feet wide, of the entire length of the building, by which the floor surface will be increased above one-third; the whole outside surface of the roof will be covered with unbleached canvas, which will render breakage from hail impossible;' besides which, there will be ample means for ventilating and keeping the interior cool. Another advantage is, that 'the construction of this building has been so arranged, as to admit of all its parts being prepared and delivered ready for fixing in place, and being put together and taken down, far more easily than an ordinary brick building, which will greatly reduce all the constructive operations on the ground, lessen the number of labourers employed, and any amount of possible inconvenience to the neighbourhood.' To those who dread further delays or changes, it will be some satisfaction to know that the contractors for the building have commenced operations on the ground, and ere long we may expect to see the levelling and foundation work completed. Besides, we hear from Birmingham that the orders given for the fabrication of the *matériel* of the edifice in that town are 'in hand;' the lengths of ribs, gutters, &c. multiply into hundreds of miles.

The letter from the commissioners to foreign contributors is just published, stating that certain customhouse agents at different ports in England will have to 'enter into bonds to secure the payment of the duties assessed on the goods which are sent for exhibition, should such goods be sold in this country after the Exhibition is closed.' No duties will be charged on articles intended for show only. Several agents are nominated, who will clear and pass goods at 'a much lower scale of charges than those usually required in ordinary mercantile transactions.' The commissioners are 'willing to undertake to supply counters upon which the goods may be displayed; but (foreign) exhibitors, or such commissioners or representatives as may be duly authorised to act for them, will be at perfect liberty to take charge of fitting them up, according to their taste, with glass shades, &c. at their own cost.'

The continuance of the session for two weeks longer than was expected has kept people in town, and prolonged the season, greatly to the satisfaction of linendrapers, jewellers, innkeepers, and showmen. A fortnight's additional profit on brisk sales is not to be slighted in these times; and those tradesmen who were in doubt as to Herne Bay or Boulogne for their holiday, will now be able to choose the latter. Apropos of shows: scarcely had the excitement over the arrival of the hippopotamus subsided from fever heat to temperate, but there comes another monster with claims to notice. He is a huge land tortoise, named by naturalists *Testudo elephantopus*; and whether two such formidable rivals can be entertained at once in the Zoological Gardens, is a speculation on which Cockneydom may expend itself till one or the other abdicates. The river-horse is already curtailed into 'potmus;' and a few days since I heard some ladies liken the unwieldy quadruped to a 'big drab pig'—a comparison which would be far from satisfactory to Professor Owen. Besides these 'attractions,' the gardens present yet another, in which those who have read of the marvellous serpent-feats described in books of Eastern travel take no small delight. This is the Arab snake-charmers: not a couple of men from Galway sophisticated for the occasion, but two veritable Ishmaelites—Jabar Abou Haijab, and Mohammed Abou Merwan—

who 'perform' three times a week, 'weather permitting.' Each of these magicians will take up a sheaf of ten or twelve snakes, and play with them as familiarly as a lady with her 'King Charles;' and make them exhibit convolutions not a little startling to the spectators. At times one of the writhing reptiles, releasing a few of his coils from the man's arm, makes a sudden dart, with projected tongue, apparently towards one or other of the bystanders; but the creature is held well in check, and before the terror excited by the feint has evaporated, he is seen hanging from the Arab's neck as a boa, or coiling around his limbs. After Jabar or Mohammed, as the case may be, has amused himself for some time in this way, he takes each snake in turn, brings its head near to his mouth, breathes gently upon it, when immediately the animal appears to lose all muscular power, hangs lithe and lax as a silken cord, permits itself to be tied in a knot, or coiled up in any form the conjuror may choose; and then, being placed on the ground, remains perfectly motionless, dead in appearance, until picked up again to go through his part in the grand finale. Whatever the secret may be, its influence on the serpents is most potent. It would be curious to know whether it is in any way related to that by which the famous Kerry 'Whisperer' reduced intractable horses to obedience: or can there be a blarney-stone in Arabia?

Holiday seekers, and those favoured with idleness to spend, never had such a choice of exhibitions offered to them as at the present time. When some future historian takes in hand to chronicle the social phenomena of the middle of the nineteenth century, he will instance shows and sights as among the most remarkable. No need now to travel into distant countries, to encounter perils by land and water, and dangers in the wilderness, for all the world is brought to our own doors. With 'loose change' in your pocket to the amount of ten shillings, you may be transported (not as a convict) to Australia, and after viewing its capabilities, may go on to New Zealand, take a look at the British colonies there located, and, if the painter has been faithful, discriminate between 'red-tape' and manhood settlements. From thence you cross the Pacific to California and Oregon, and get a sight of the 'diggins,' without risk of ague or bowie knives; and presently to Egypt and a voyage down the Nile, where your eyes see much, and your memory more, in the solemn antiquities disclosed one after the other along its banks. Cleopatra and Mark Antony, with all their appliances, could hardly have beheld them to greater advantage. Before the inspiration of the Pyramids has gone off, you may find yourself a-camel-back 'doing' the Overland Route. From this land of wonders you pass by a natural transition to Constantinople and the Dardanelles; and when you see the crowd of caiques, caftans, kiosks, minarets, and Mussulmans, you wonder how it can ever become a question of Admiral Stroganoff or Admiral Parker leading a fleet through such a confined and encumbered channel. You think of the Gaiour, and of Zuleikas, and Selims, and of drowning in sacks without troubling the coroner; and then at the expense of a little locomotion and another shilling, you are in the picturesque hills of the Tyrol, and pass the Brenner without losing breath. Another flight takes you down the Rhine; another to Lisbon; and then getting home as best you may, you feel grateful for the skill, tact, and talent which has shown you more than Captain Cook ever saw, with—no trifling consideration—the bright side always uppermost. Some philanthropists say that so many pictorial exhibitions tend to diffuse a love for art among great masses of the population who can only be instructed by great and striking effects. It is a question, however, whether those who go to such spectacles are the 'masses;' and without attempting to decide it, I may safely suggest that a panorama which should show foreign settlements as they really are, would be especially acceptable to emigrants.

There is no sunshine without its shadow: among a host of commendable exhibitions and entertainments, we have had one which would lead sensible people to believe that the epithet 'fools mostly,' applied by a clever writer

to the British population, is not wide of its mark. I refer to the 'balloon ascent on horseback,' to copy the equivocal announcement, from which it would be quite fair to infer that the animal was to carry the balloon; a stupid imitation of an equally stupid exploit perpetrated at Paris. Think of thousands of people being found to part with their half-crowns for an exhibition at once so childish and so barbarous! Is it an indication that enlightenment attends the diffusion of literature in a much slower ratio than has commonly been supposed? Were the bottle-conjuror to appear once more at the Hay-market, he would hardly fail to 'draw' a full house.

Don't be impatient, nor accuse me of spinning it out. You must remember the hint in my last, that I should have to dilute or to make a *réchauffé* of old material, in order to provide a supply for the dead season. Turning an old letter upside down to make it do duty a second time is, as 'our correspondents' in the go-ahead States have proved, one of the possibilities of the age. However, not to dally with dangerous topics, out of which might come revelations prejudicial to writer-craft, I may tell you that the library and reading-room at the Bank of England have made a most successful start. Six hundred members, 'gentlemen' of the establishment, have paid their annual subscription of eight shillings, and at the end of the third week it is found that two hundred and fifty have taken books home for perusal. Considering that this is the season for holidays and out-of-door recreations, the result is such as all concerned may felicitate themselves upon. The reading-room is fitted up not only comfortably, but luxuriously, and the supply of papers and periodical literature is such as to gratify almost any subscriber excepting one who has no relish but for the 'intense' and the 'thrilling.' The library contains three thousand volumes obtained by gift and purchase, and will perhaps be more resorted to than the reading-room: many a man will carry home books to read who would be unwilling to break through his usual habits to frequent a reading-room. The coming winter will best prove the social facts on this point, and by and by we shall learn whether an institution starting with a thousand pounds in hand, and the first year's subscriptions, nearly two hundred and fifty pounds in advance, can be efficiently and usefully carried on in the first monied establishment of the empire. It is well deserving of remembrance that the Bank gives the rooms, with all their fittings and furnishings, and supplies gas and firing also gratuitously. One of the clerks acts as librarian; his duties commence at 3 p. m., when the public business is over, and continue until six; the reading-room remains open two or three hours later.

Having touched upon books, I may say a word on a few others: the publication of Wordsworth's 'Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind,' is a surprise to most readers. It is an autobiography of the bard's youth and manhood, written in the style of the 'Excursion,' and describes such frolics as he could indulge in—his goings and comings, college life at Cambridge, and so forth—in his simply fluent narrative. To quote his words—

—This history is brought  
To its appointed close; the discipline  
And consummation of a poet's mind,  
In everything that stood most prominent,  
Have faithfully been pictured.

Then we have numerous works for and against Free Trade, and not a few to point out Reforms. 'A Thread-needle-Street Broker' proposes a plan to diminish and pay off the national debt, by converting 3 per cent. stocks into terminable annuities. According to his statements, £1,130,750,000 might be paid off at the end of thirty-one years from the present time without loss or inconvenience to any one. Besides these, Mr Laing and Mr Kay, both well-known writers, have published their opinions on the social condition of peoples in Europe, wherein legislators, prime ministers included, may find wisdom. Another author has given us a volume about the Emperor Charles V., and Southey's 'Correspondence' has reached the fifth volume; and last, I have only space to notice John Evelyn's 'History of Religion,' written, as he says, 'in an

age wherein religion, piety, and even common honesty, were made to subserve the ends and interests of dominion and ambition, or the advantages of some private party.' What would he say now?

## A QUIET EVENING.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

'CHARLOTTE,' cried Mrs Lentley at the top of her shrill voice as she flew down stairs, 'put by that dress, I say, and tell Emma to get off hers as quickly as she can, for there's Aunt Sally coming up the street, and, as I live, she will be at the door directly.'

'I wish she could stay at home, the prying old creature,' muttered Charlotte, rushing past her mother with a dress of fine French tulle over her arm. It was a costly thing, in the newest ball fashion, looped up with violets, and fresh from the hands of the milliner; but as Charlotte fled, the wide hanging skirt was caught by her hasty foot, and a loud tear announced the demolition of one entire side of the robe, violets and all, just as an application at the knocker below declared the arrival of Aunt Sally.

'Dear aunt,' said Mrs Lentley, who had gained the back parlour just in time to run out, knitting in hand, at the sound of her voice, 'you haven't been here this age. It was only this morning that Charlotte and Emma were wondering if you had forgotten us, they missed you so much, poor girls. Tell them aunt is here,' she continued, addressing the servant. 'They're just up stairs dusting their father's books;' and that eminent relative was conducted into the parlour.

Scarcely had she been seated in the easy-chair, and her health minutely inquired after, when Charlotte and Emma burst in with their delighted welcome, in very plain print gowns, and hair on which incredible efforts had been made to take out the curl.

Aunt Sally was one of those wonderful old ladies to whom two generations had given the same title. She was, in reality, Mr Lentley's aunt, being his mother's sister, and had never married, though she inherited a large fortune from an uncle with whom she had resided almost from childhood in the double capacity of adopted daughter and housekeeper. He had been a merchant in the West India trade, who lived single too, and gathered money, of which he taught his niece the value so perfectly, that her objections to wedlock were believed to arise chiefly from a determination to keep her fortune to herself. It was her life's boast that a shilling had never been taken out of the principal—that she had spent only the interest. Nobody knew how her will would be made; and for forty years had she been bowed down to and served by every branch of her kindred for the causes set forth in that declaration; but the nieces and nephews, the cousins and the cousins' children, who had built their hopes on her death, married, and grew old, many of them died themselves, and still Aunt Sally was living on the interest—a little, spare, sharp-faced lady, who could trot over all London, and thread a needle without spectacles. Aunt Sally had a will and a way of her own, as they say most ladies have, and everybody should have, provided they leave room for their neighbours; but the old lady's way and will had been so long humoured, that she imagined there ought to be none in the world but hers, and there was no toleration for dissenters in the smallest particular from her peculiar notions. These were exclusively in favour of small savings, humble attire, and household work. Whether profitable or not, Aunt Sally liked to see everybody busy; and as she considered her own duty in life was that of a general superintendent, those whom she specially patronised had no easy purchase of their expected reversion in her will. The Lentley family had, by great exertion, attained that prospect—at least for the present. It consisted of the father, who was her eldest nephew, and now a barrister of respectable abilities and tolerable practice, his wife, and two grown-up daughters, introduced to the reader at the opening of our story.

Mr Lentley was a man on the borders of fifty, who had led a laborious life ever since he quitted his native city of York, young and almost friendless, to push his fortune in the world of London. His talents, though good, were not extraordinary, and his success had been in proportion, with an occasional rise and fall, to which every line of life is liable. Mr Lentley's income was, on an average, sufficient to support his family on a scale of economical comfort, while, by insuring his life for a considerable sum, he had secured them against want in case of an unexpected summons. Mr Lentley was an honourable, good-natured, but unfortunately vain man. In his youth he had been a first-rate beau at dancing parties, where Mrs Lentley made a conquest of him—whether through her acknowledged skill in dress, or her dexterity in laying snares of that kind, charitable neighbours could never decide; but in the latter art she was believed to have considerable practice, being the accomplished daughter of a half-pay captain, whom her connexions brought out expressly to be provided for.

Mrs Lentley had improved, as might be expected, on her early lessons. The chief glory of a lady's life, in her estimation, was to be considered young, handsome, and fashionable, at any cost or peril; and the chief end—to get advantageously married. Such a union had its common consequences. Their wedded life had been a series of distrusts on the one hand and concealments on the other, with the usual accompaniments of careless coldness and oft-recurring quarrels. They had no children but Charlotte and Emma—the former about twenty, the latter about eighteen. Charlotte was tolerably, and Emma positively pretty: both were about the middle height, with fair complexions, and almost auburn hair; and except that Charlotte had what is called a snuffy temper, and Emma over-estimated her own attractions, there was nothing else remarkable about them. But the Misses Lentley had been brought up to suppose themselves at once belles and heiresses. It was their mother's principle, that people who had no fortunes for their girls, must cut a figure to get them disposed of. Accordingly she insisted on residing in a fashionable neighbourhood, though far more comfortable and less expensive dwellings than their means could command there might be had in equally respectable quarters; kept a liveried servant; and rivalled families of twice her husband's income in dinners and balls. Her girls were trained for show from their childhood: they could sing whole Italian operas, execute fantasias, and dance anything; but it would have puzzled either of them to keep the family accounts for a single week, make up the simplest of their own garments, or entertain any human being with half an hour's rational conversation. Humbler acquaintances learned the changes of fashion from theirs and their mamma's dresses; and never was there a caprice of etiquette, presumed or imported, that they did not hasten to practise. The result of such conduct might be anticipated. The Lentleys had a large and gay circle, who voted their parties dull, and wondered the barrister could keep things up. The girls were constantly supplied with dangles, but always from among the cadets of society—unknown lawyers, nameless artists, and ensigns who never expected promotion. From beneath their thinly-gilded surface there occasionally oozed out tales of unpaid tradesmen and pecuniary expedients; servants revealed the manners of household economy, and the tricks upon papa by which those expensive appearances were supported; and friends and neighbours pitied the barrister at many a tea-table to which such stories found their way. Nor was their commiseration unmerited, for numerous were the impositions practised through his good-nature and occupied days, which left him little time for investigating family schemes; but the man's vanity was enlisted in their cause: he, too, was ambitious of being ranked among people of fashion; and, like his lady, flattered himself that all was necessary to the respectable settlement of their girls. When a startling supply was demanded, or an undreamt-of bill came to his know-

ledge, the barrister lost his equanimity, and there was stormy weather within doors for some time; but the household sky cleared up till another discovery.

It was not, however, upon Mr Lentley alone that his wife and daughters exercised their ingenuity: Aunt Sally's legacy was the goal of all their wishes. At the age of seventy-five she could not expect to live long; and they set themselves with all their might to please and secure the old lady. For that purpose each of the trio kept a piece of work and a few old dresses in constant readiness. Mrs Lentley had often attempted, though she never succeeded, in calculating the cost of extra coals for the back parlour when she was expected. It had now been a labour of some years' standing, and as Aunt Sally resided at the opposite extremity of London, things could generally be put in order for her coming; but on that particular day her appearance was a special inconvenience. A dancing party, composed of the *élite* of Mrs Lentley's circle, had been arranged a fortnight before, to come off that very evening; Charlotte and Emma had got new dresses for the occasion, which were just brought home, and in process of being admired, when their mamma desisted the enemy's approach. It had been an understood matter between her and her daughters that two strangers were to be present at the party, on whom it was desirable to make an impression. They were the sons of one of Mr Lentley's old acquaintances, who had been a respectable bookseller in York, till the decease of a distant and heirless relative put him in the unexpected possession of a handsome estate in the neighbourhood, on which he now took rank as a country gentleman. Relations in London, whose memory he had long escaped, consequently recollected his and his family's existence; his eldest son, who was to inherit the property, and his second, already a rising lawyer, had been earnestly invited to see the gaiety of the London season. The family whose guests they were belonged to the Lentleys' circle, and the prudent barrister lost no time in renewing the former intimacy with the sons of his now prosperous friend. George and Henry Warren had more than once dined at his house, danced with Charlotte and Emma at sundry parties, and showed a disposition to continue the old friendship between their families, which Mrs Lentley hoped to improve in her own peculiar style, by setting forth the splendours of her house and the attractions of her girls. The party was to be a grand step in that direction. How much manoeuvring and preparation it cost the three ladies; what skill, temper, and anticipation, not to speak of money, was spent upon it, we shall not determine. But alas for human hopes and schemes! Aunt Sally had arrived at twelve, as they well knew, on one of her accustomed visits for the day.

'How agreeably surprised Herbert will be to find you before him at dinner!' said Mrs Lentley, her brain working like small-beer for an expedient to meet the crisis; and it was desperate. Aunt Sally's principles could not tolerate a party of any kind; and the slightest inkling of what was expected that evening would have lost her good graces for ever.

'Herbert's a good industrious man,' responded the old lady, speaking apropos of her niece-in-law's reflections; 'and does well for you all, if he could only learn a little more care of his earnings—a penny saved is a penny won,' and she proceeded to disengage her knitting from a huge black work-bag. There was no shifting that visit, but a legacy was endangered; and Mrs Lentley's resolution to make a merit of necessity was at once taken.

'He is learning that, I assure you,' she replied with wonderful grace. 'It is necessary for people who have a family to provide for, though some of our neighbours don't seem to think so. And, dear aunt, though we are always glad to see you, your coming to-day is just a charity, as it will save us dressing for the stupid party of those Austens over the way; they are always seeing company, and living so expensively; but one can't offend them. However, we will just take the

opportunity; and, Charlotte, my dear, I'll give you the copy of an apologising note.'

Charlotte looked horribly sulky, not that she wasn't practised in dissimulation, but the girl's temper overcame her; while the more adroit Emma arranged writing materials for her mamma on the small table, and kept Aunt Sally in conversation touching the folly of parties in general, and the extravagance of the whole neighbourhood, till her mamma had transferred to paper her plan of defence, which was, that an immediate and confidential intimation should be sent by her girls to all the invited, setting forth that she had been seized with a headache so violent, that they could not think of receiving company, and the party was therefore postponed for a week. Handing these instructions to Charlotte, and informing Emma that it was her turn to superintend the cooking department, she dismissed them to write the notes up stairs as best they might, with some pointed observations on bringing girls up to be useful.

Aunt Sally responded in tones of approbation, and Mrs Lentley related various imaginary achievements of the industrial and economical kind for her entertainment; till, with many a sigh from Emma, and many a scold from Charlotte, a small basketful of countermanding notes were written, duly sealed, and committed to the care of Polly, the confidential maid, with strict orders to deposit them at the post-office in time for the next delivery. Then the well-trained young ladies took their seats in the back parlour, hemming, as if all their pride and pleasure lay in two stripes of coarse muslin. But the maid got seldom out, and had a confidant of her own in the next street, to whom she thought the story of her expedition might be edifying. Once fairly seated in the kitchen, the two friends found so much to discuss in the misdoings of their respective employers, and the equivocal conduct of a certain policeman, that Polly's allotted time had expired before they were aware; when, as an expedient against scolding, the notes were transferred to the cap of a little boy, who, in consideration of a penny paid in advance, agreed to carry them to the post-office—which, in consequence of sights and stoppages by the way, they did not reach till fully two hours after. Meantime a resigned calm reigned in the household. Mr Lentley came home at his usual dinner-hour more than usually tired; and though his vanity was prepared to endure the party, among the many other sacrifices it had made, the overworked and worn man experienced a sort of relief on hearing that, after all, they were to have a quiet evening.

'You are always so clever, my dear,' he said, as his wife took a private and early opportunity of acquainting him with the postponement, and how it had been effected. To do the pair justice, however their opinions might differ on other subjects, they were always of one mind where Aunt Sally was concerned; but the course of deceit does not always run smooth. The Lentleys dined of course in the back parlour, with a table equipage as plain as their united cares could make it. Emma had left her hemming occasionally to bend over the kitchen fire, by way of getting the cooking colour, and came to dinner in an apron, to the entire satisfaction of her aunt, who thereupon hinted what she could do for industrious girls, at which Charlotte looked jealous, and there grew between the sisters a sudden rivalry, which was doomed to wither the same night. But Aunt Sally took no note of that: she had shared in Mr Lentley's punch, and became so friendly as to inquire after his business—particular accounts of which were always reserved for her special hearing—and distributed advices round her in the fashion of legacy leavers. Tea-time approached, and by way of eclipsing her sister, Charlotte undertook the preparation of a hot cake, which she at least saw accomplished by Polly in the kitchen, her own attempt being a failure, whereat the young lady lost her temper; and then, together with some minor difficulties attendant on the postponed party, delayed the evening meal considerably beyond its usual hour.

All was at length ready, the hot cake was brought in in triumph, the expected praise bestowed, and the five had taken their places comfortably round the table, while Mrs Lentley, with some passing remarks on the happiness of a plain quiet life, proceeded to pour out the tea. Suddenly there came a sound of wheels, and a thunder at the knocker which made the house ring!

'Who in all the world can that be?' said the moralising lady, almost dropping the teapot in her terror.

'Oh, mamma, you know it can't be anybody!' said Emma with a look of determined security.

'Oh no, I'm sure it's nobody,' cried Charlotte, but growing pale at the same time, and putting back her hair to listen.

'Does Nobody knock in that way?' asked Aunt Sally, and she looked them in the face, one after the other, like a justice of the peace. As she spoke, the boy in livery had flung open the street door as wide as it could gape, and presently were heard voices and pattering footsteps on the stairs; and then that unlucky boy opened the room door, and announced, in as loud and consequential a tone as if he had been performing a virtuous action, 'Mrs Smith—the Miss Smiths!' In trooped the mamma and her five daughters, with white gloves, satin shoes, bare necks, and ever so many flounces and flowers. Rat-tat-rat-tat went the knocker; more voices, more footsteps on the stairs; and the boy in livery, determined to be heard in spite of all, went at it again and again as fresh as an echo.

Mrs Lentley was well-nigh at the fainting; but she had the presence of mind, notwithstanding, to glide from one mamma to another, whispering desperately, 'Party postponed—notes delayed at the tiresome post-office—oh such a headache!' and her hand at her brow told what was then only a simple truth. Charlotte, pale and grim, stood eyeing her aunt like an ogress; but Emma, taking more after her mother, though sinking with shame at the mean tea-tray and her own odious dress, turned a bland and coaxing look at the same respected relation. This would no longer do, however; and when the company at length retired, their well-bred condolence breaking into a titter as they left the room, and that deepening into a roar of laughter as they descended the stairs, Aunt Sally got up in her turn.

'Get me a coach too, or a cab, or something,' cried she: 'I'll stay no longer among such——.' And she added a collective title, generally understood to mean the reverse of truth-telling. The cab was called by the boy in livery, who actually received a sixpence for that service, and Aunt Sally and her legacy drove away for ever from the Lentleys' door.

Next morning there was wrath, and gossip, and laughter over the postponing notes at their different breakfast tables. Some were mortally offended, some were mightily amused, and all agreed that it was a shallow attempt to toady the old lady, which had been blown up by some delay of the post-office. As for Polly, she kept her own counsel, though the boy in livery was dismissed for showing them in—the only defence he could set up being, that 'he always know'd the ladies wur to dress in the back parlor.' After his discharge, tales of manœuvring became rife, and the Lentleys utterly lost their gentility in that cifle. But their losses did not end there, for Aunt Sally was so completely disgusted at their attempt to impose on her prudence, that she executed a will the same week, excluding them from all participation in her money, which was judiciously divided among her least known relatives. Fortunately for these, that will the old lady did not live to change; an attack of influenza, caught, as some said, on her hasty return from the barrister's, closed her long and much-flattered existence just six weeks after that event.

The last time we heard of the Lentleys, they were endeavouring, though with sadly-diminished hopes and funds, to become fashionable in an old street of York, to which the father had retired when London became

untenable. Charlotte and Emma were still, as their mother said, to be provided for; but it was remarked that the whole family had a mysterious enmity to post-office functionaries in general; and the good lady, though she never could be brought to explain the how or when, was wont to inform her new friends in confidence, that but for the delay of one post, she and her daughters might have had their own carriage, and one couldn't forget the loss of a legacy.

### TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

It is proposed in the following article to give the reader some idea of one of the greatest and most extensive scientific works going on at the present time in this country—namely, the examination of the phenomenon of the earth's magnetism; but before doing so, it will be necessary to make a few prefatory observations respecting magnetism generally.

The attractive power of the natural magnet or loadstone over fragments of iron seems to have been known from the remotest antiquity. It is distinctly referred to by ancient writers, and Pliny mentions a chain of iron rings suspended from one another, the first being upheld by a loadstone. It is singular that although the common properties of the loadstone were known, and even studied, during the dark ages, its directive power, or that of a needle touched or rubbed by it, seems to be the discovery of modern times, notwithstanding the claims of the Chinese and Arabians to an early acquaintance with this peculiarity.

There is no doubt that the mariner's compass was known in the twelfth century, for several authors of that period make special allusion to it; but centuries elapsed before its variation from pointing precisely to the poles became noticed. If a magnet be suspended by a thread, in such a manner as to enable it to move freely, it will, when all other magnetic bodies are entirely removed from it, settle in a fixed position, which, in this country, is about 25° to the west of north; this deviation of the needle from the north is called its variation. Again, if, in place of suspending a magnetised needle, making it move horizontally on a pivot, we balance it upon a horizontal axis, as the beam of a pair of scales, we shall find that it no longer remains horizontal, but that one end will incline downwards, or as it is called, *dip*, and this dip or inclination from a horizontal line is about 70° in this country.

Thus we are presented with two distinct magnetical phenomena:—1. The variation or declination of the needle; 2. Its dip or inclination; and to these we may add the intensity or force which draws the needle from pointing to the north, and which varies in different latitudes. These phenomena constitute what has been called terrestrial magnetism.

Recent writers, and among them the great philosopher Humboldt, have shown that in all probability the declination or variation of the magnet was known as early as the twelfth century; but this important discovery has been generally ascribed to Columbus. His son Ferdinand states that on the 14th September 1492, his father, when about 200 leagues from the island of Ferro, noticed for the first time the variation of the needle. 'A phenomenon,' says Washington Irving, 'that had never before been remarked.' 'He perceived,' adds this author, 'about midnight that the needle, instead of pointing to the north star, varied half a point, or between five and six degrees, to the north-west, and still more on the following morning. Struck with this circumstance, he observed it attentively for three days, and found that the variation increased as he advanced. He at first made no mention of this phenomenon, knowing how ready his people were to take alarm; but it soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the laws of nature were

changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world, subject to unknown influences. They apprehended that the compass was about to lose its mysterious virtues; and without this guide, what was to become of them in a vast and trackless ocean? Columbus tasked his science and ingenuity for reasons with which to allay their terrors. He told them that the direction of the needle was not to the polar star, but to some fixed and invisible point: the variation was not caused by any failing in the compass, but because this point, like the heavenly bodies, had its changes and revolutions, and every day described a circle round the pole. The high opinion that the pilots entertained of Columbus as a profound astronomer gave weight to his theory, and their alarm subsided.'

Thus, although it is possible that the variation of the needle had been noticed before the time of Columbus, it is evident that he had discovered the amount of the variation, and that it varied in different latitudes. The great philosopher Humboldt observes on this point, that 'Columbus has not only the incontestable merit of having first discovered a line without magnetic variation, but also of having, by his considerations on the progressive increase of westerly declination in receding from that line, given the first impulse to the study of terrestrial magnetism in Europe.'

With respect to the dip or inclination of the magnetic needle, which must be regarded as the other element of magnetic direction, there is little doubt that it was known long before the period usually assigned as the date of its discovery—namely, in 1576; for it is difficult to conceive how the variation of the needle should be observed and noted, and not its deviation from a horizontal line. In the above year a person of the name of Robert Norman, who styled himself, 'hydrographer,' published a book containing an account of this phenomenon. The title of this work is sufficiently curious to be quoted. It runs: 'The New Attractive; containing a short Discourse of the Magnes or Loadstone, and amongst others his Virtues, of a new discovered Secret and Subtill Propertie, concerning the Declination of the Needle touched therewith under the Plaine of the Horizon, now first found out by Robert Norman, Hydrographer.' In the third chapter we are told by what means the rare and strange declining of the needle from the plaine of the horizon was first found.

'Having made many and divers compasses, and using always to finish and end them before I touched the needle, I found continually that after I had touched the yrons with the stone, that presently the north point thereof would bend or declayne downwards under the horizon in some quantity, insomuch that I was constrained to putt some small piece of waxe in the south parts thereof, to counterpoise this declaying, and to make it equal againe. Which effecte having many times passed my hands without any greate regarde thereunto, as ignorant of any such properties in the stone, and not before having heard or read of any such matter, it chanced at length that there came to my handes an instrument to be made with a needle of sixe inches long, which needle, after I had polished, cutt off at full length, and made it to stand keuell upon the pinn, so that nothing rested but only the touching of it with the stone. When I hadde touched the same, presently the north part thereof declayned down in such sort, that being constrained to cut away some of that part to make it equall againe in the end, I cut it too short, and so spoiled the needle wherein I had taken so much paines.

'Hereby being straken into some cholar, I applied myself to seek farther into this effecte; and making certain learned and expert men, my friends, acquainted in this matter, they advised me to frame some instrument to make some exact triall how much the needle touched with the stone would declayne, or what greatest angle it would make with the plaine of the horizon.'

The author then proceeds to give a number of experiments which he made with his instrument, and which may be regarded as the dipping-needle in its first and

rudest form. By it he found the inclination or dip to be  $71^{\circ} 50'$ .

It is remarkable that until within the last seventy years it appears to have been the received opinion that the intensity of terrestrial magnetism was the same at all parts of the earth's surface; or, in other words, that in all countries the needle was similarly affected. And yet few things are more inconstant; for not only is the magnetic force widely different in various parts of our globe, but the magnetic condition itself is one of swift and ceaseless change.

The first person who attempted to collect and generalise observations on the variation of the needle was Robert Halley, who constructed a chart, showing a series of lines drawn through the points or places where the needle exhibited the same variation. This chart was published in 1700, and was preceded by some exceedingly curious papers communicated to the Royal Society, in which he expresses his belief 'that he has put it past doubt that the globe of the earth is one great magnet, having four magnetical poles or points of attraction, two near each pole of the equator; and that in those parts of the world which lie adjacent to any one of those magnetical poles, the needle is chiefly governed thereby, the nearest pole being always predominant over the more remote.

The great importance of collecting as much information as possible respecting the laws of magnetism, with a view to the proper understanding of its effects, was fully understood by Halley, as the following passage, taken from one of his papers read before the Royal Society in 1692, singularly attests:—The nice determination of the variation, and several other particulars in the magnetic system, is reserved for a remote posterity. All that we can hope to do is to leave behind us observations that may be confided in, and to propose hypotheses which after-ages may examine, amend, or refute; only here I must take leave to recommend to all masters of ships, and all others, lovers of natural truths, that they use their utmost diligence to make, or procure to be made, observations of these variations in all parts of the world, as well in the north as south latitude, after the laudable custom of our East India commanders; and that they please to communicate them to the Royal Society, in order to leave as complete a history as may be to those that are hereafter to compare all together, and to complete and perfect this abstruse theory.'

Halley's theory, or rather hypothesis, which regarded our globe as a great piece of clockwork, by which the poles of an internal magnet were carried round in a cycle of determinate but unknown period, was so far confirmed, that his variation chart had been hardly forty years completed, when, by the effect of these changes, it had already become obsolete; and to satisfy the requirements of navigation, it became necessary to reconstruct it. This was performed by the aid of various observations furnished by the Commissioners of the Navy, and the East India, Africa, and Hudson's Bay Companies. But the chart was far from satisfactory, and in consequence of the discordant nature of the observations, no dependence could be placed on it.

No further steps were taken to ascertain the magnetism of the earth until the close of the last century, when the French government undertook the first comprehensive experimental inquiry on the subject. When the exploring expedition of La Pérouse was organized, the French Academy of Sciences prepared instructions for the expedition, containing a recommendation that observations with the dipping-needle should be made at stations widely remote, as a test of the equality or difference of the magnetic intensity; suggesting also, with sagacity anticipating the result, that such observations should particularly be made at those parts of the earth where the dip was greatest, and where it was least. The experiments, whatever their results may have been, which, in compliance with this recommendation, were made in the expedition of La Pérouse, perished in its

general catastrophe, neither ships nor navigators having ever been heard of; but the instructions survived.

Our knowledge of the laws of magnetism was not increased until 1811, when, on the occasion of a prize proposed by the Royal Danish Academy, M. Hansteen, whose attention had for many years been turned to magnetic phenomena, undertook its re-examination. With indefatigable labour M. Hansteen traced back the history of the subject, and filled up the interval from Halley's time, and even from an earlier epoch (1600). The results appeared in his very remarkable and celebrated work, published in 1819, entitled, 'Upon the Magnetism of the Earth;' in which he clearly demonstrates, by a great number of facts, the fluctuation which the magnetical element has undergone during the last two centuries, confirming in great detail the position of Halley—that the whole magnetical system is in motion; that the moving force is very great, extending its effects from pole to pole; and that its motion is not sudden, but gradual and regular.

In the magnetic atlas which accompanies M. Hansteen's work there is a variation chart for 1787, showing the magnetic force at that period. In this chart the western line of no variation, or that which passes through all places on the globe when the needle points to the true north, begins in latitude  $60^{\circ}$  to the west of Hudson's Bay; proceeds in a south-east direction through the North American Lakes, passes the Antilles and Cape St Roque, till it reaches the South Atlantic Ocean, when it cuts the meridian of Greenwich in about  $65^{\circ}$  of south latitude. This line of no variation is extremely regular, being almost straight till it bends round the eastern part of South America a little south of the equator. The eastern line of no variation is exceedingly irregular, being full of curves and contortions of the most extraordinary kind, indicating plainly the action of local magnetic forces. It begins in latitude  $60^{\circ}$  south, below New Holland; crosses that island through its centre; extends through the Indian Archipelago with a double sinuosity, so as to cross the equator three times—first passing north of it to the east of Borneo, then returning to it, and passing south between Sumatra and Borneo, and then crossing it again south of Ceylon, from which it passes to the east through the Yellow Sea. It then stretches along the coast of China, making a semicircular sweep to the west, till it reaches the latitude of  $71^{\circ}$ , when it descends again to the south, and returns northwards with a great semicircular bend, which terminates in the White Sea. Thus it is demonstrated that in the northern hemisphere the general motion of the variation lines is from west to east, in the southern hemisphere from east to west.

A great impetus was given to the study of terrestrial magnetism by the publication of M. Hansteen's labours; and the various arctic expeditions sent out by the country did much towards making us acquainted with the laws of magnetism in the northern regions. One of these expeditions led to the discovery of the north magnetic pole, or that point where the dipping-needle assumes a vertical position. The discovery was made by Captain Sir James Ross, who sailed with his uncle Sir John Ross in a voyage undertaken in search of a north-west passage. He left his uncle's ship with a party for the sole purpose of reaching this interesting magnetical point, which a series of observations assured him could not be very far distant. The following extract from his journal communicating his discovery will be read with interest. Under the date of the 31st May 1831, he writes—'We were now within fourteen miles of the calculated position of the magnetic pole, and my anxiety, therefore, did not permit me to do or endure anything which might delay my arrival at the long-wished-for spot. I resolved, therefore, to leave behind the greater part of our baggage and provisions, and to take onwards nothing more than was strictly necessary, lest bad weather or other accidents should be added to delay, or lest unforeseen circumstances, still more untoward, should deprive me entirely of the high

gratification which I could not but look to in accomplishing this most-desired object. We commenced, therefore, a rapid march, comparatively disencumbered as we now were; and persevering with all our might, we reached the calculated place at eight in the morning of the 1st of June. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was  $89^{\circ} 59'$ , being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this magnetic pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed—a fact which even the most moderately-informed of readers must know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any. The land at this place is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. But nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot that she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers. We had abundance of materials for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister containing a record of the interesting fact, only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to stand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux. The latitude of this spot is  $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ , and its longitude  $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$  west. The reader may remember that during his late arctic voyage in search of Sir John Franklin, Sir James Ross was extremely anxious to revisit this interesting locality, which he was at one time not very distant from; but which, as the places of magnetic intensity are continually changing, he would no longer have found representing the north magnetic pole. It is not a little remarkable that during Sir John Ross's voyage, Mr Barlow, who had been long engaged investigating the laws of magnetism, had constructed a magnetical map in which he laid down a point which he described as that where, in all probability, the dipping-needle would be perpendicular, and which is the very spot where Sir James Ross ascertained the north magnetic pole to exist.

But valuable and interesting as were the observations made by navigators in different parts of the globe, yet philosophers began to perceive that, without some definite plan of proceeding, the mere multiplication of random observations made here and there at irregular periods was not the course most likely to lead to desired results, and to make us acquainted with the mysterious laws of magnetism. The establishment of national observatories for the registration of magnetical observations became absolutely necessary; and the illustrious Humboldt, to whom every branch of science owes so much, gave the first impulse to this great undertaking. During the course of his memorable voyages and travels in various parts of the globe, the observation of the magnetic phenomena in all their particulars occupied a large portion of his attention; and as the commencement of any great work is always an epoch of rare and lasting interest, we shall give the philosopher's own words on the subject:—When the first proposal to establish a system of observatories, forming a network of stations, all provided with similar instruments, was made by myself, I could hardly entertain the hope that I should actually live to see the time when, thanks to the united activity of excellent physicists and astronomers, and especially to the munificent and persevering support of two governments—the Russian and the British—both hemispheres should be covered with magnetic observatories. In 1806 and 1807 my friend M. Altmann and myself frequently observed the march of the declination needle at Berlin for five or six days and nights consecutively, from hour to hour, and often from half

hour to half hour, particularly at the equinoxes and solstices. I was persuaded that continuous uninterrupted observations during several days and nights were preferable to detached observations continued during an interval of many months.

Political disturbances, always ruinous to the calm researches of the man of science, for many years prevented Humboldt carrying his wishes into effect; and it was not until 1828 that he was enabled to erect a small observatory at Berlin, whose more immediate object was to institute a series of simultaneous observations at concerted hours at Berlin, Paris, and Freiburg. In 1829 magnetic stations were established throughout Northern Asia in connection with an expedition to that country which emanated from the Russian government; and in 1832 M. Gauss, the illustrious founder of a general theory of terrestrial magnetism, established a magnetic observatory at Göttingen, which was completed in 1834, and furnished with his ingenious instruments.

In 1836 Baron Humboldt addressed a long and highly-interesting letter to the Duke of Sussex, then president of the Royal Society, urging the establishment of regular magnetical stations in the British possessions in North America, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and between the tropics, not only for the observation of the momentary perturbations of the needle, but also for that of its periodical and secular movements. This appeal was nobly responded to.

The Royal Society, in conjunction with the British Association, called on government to advance the necessary funds to establish magnetical observatories at Greenwich, and in various parts of the British possessions; and in 1839–40 magnetical establishments were in activity at St Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Canada, and Van Diemen's Land. The munificence of the directors of the East India Company founded and furnished, at the request of the Royal Society, magnetic observatories at Simla, Madras, Bombay, and Singapore, and the observations will be published in a similar form to those of the British observatories. We will now briefly describe the scheme of observations, and the manner of making them in the different observatories.

Each observatory is supplied with three magnetometers, or bars of magnetised steel, delicately suspended by threads of raw silk, which measure the magnetical declination, horizontal intensity, and vertical force—and such astronomical apparatus as is required for ascertaining the time and the true meridian. To these have also been added in each case a most complete and perfect set of meteorological instruments, carefully compared with the standards in possession of the Royal Society, not only for the purpose of affording the necessary corrections of the magnetic observations, but also with a view to obtaining at each station, at very little additional cost and trouble, a complete series of meteorological observations. In order that the observations may be made at the same periods of time, it was resolved that the mean time at Göttingen should be employed at all the stations, without any regard to the apparent times of day at the stations themselves. Each day is supposed to be divided into twelve equal portions of two hours each, commencing at all the stations at the same instants of absolute time, which are called the magnetic hours. At the commencement of each period of two hours throughout the day and night, with the exception of Sundays, the magnetometers are observed, and the meteorological instruments read off. Independently of these observations, others are made at stated periodical intervals every two minutes and a-half during twenty-four hours. These are known by the name of 'turn-day observations.' Printed forms for registering the observations have been prepared with great care, in order that a complete form of registry may be preserved—a point of great importance, when it is remembered that all the observations made at the different stations must eventually be reduced and analysed. A singularly ingenious adaptation of photography has

been carried into effect with the magnetometers. By means of mirrors attached to their arms, reflected light is cast on highly-sensitive photographic paper wound round a cylinder moved by clockwork, and the slightest variation of the magnets is registered with the greatest accuracy.

The period has not yet arrived for reaping the fruits of all the labour carried on in the magnetic observatories at home and abroad, but already certain results have been deduced from the observations which are highly interesting. It appears that if the globe be divided into an eastern and a western hemisphere by a plane coinciding with the meridians of  $100^{\circ}$  and  $280^{\circ}$ , the western hemisphere, or that comprising the Americas and the Pacific Ocean, has a much higher magnetic intensity distributed generally over its surface than the eastern hemisphere, containing Europe and Africa, and the adjacent part of the Atlantic Ocean. The distribution of the magnetic intensity in the intertropical regions of the globe affords evidence of two governing magnetic centres in each hemisphere. The highest magnetic intensity which has been observed is more than twice as great as the lowest. It had long been known that in Europe the north end of a magnet suspended horizontally (meaning by the north end that which is directed towards the north) moves to the east from the night until between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, when an opposite movement commences, and the north end of the magnet moves to the west. Recent observations have shown that a similar movement takes place at the same hours of local time in North America, and that it is general in the middle latitudes of the northern hemisphere; but to show the capricious nature of magnetism, it may be mentioned, that although in the southern portion of the globe the movement of the magnet in the contrary direction is constant throughout the year, yet at St Helena the peculiar feature of the diurnal is, that during one half of the year the movement of the north end of the magnet corresponds in direction with the movement which is taking place in the northern hemisphere, whilst in the other half of the year the direction corresponds with that which is taking place in the southern hemisphere.

Another striking result of these investigations is the estimate of the total magnetic power of the earth as compared with a steel bar magnetised one pound in weight. This proportion is calculated as 8,464,000,000,000,000,000,000 to 1, which, supposing the magnetic force uniformly distributed, will be found to amount to about six such bars to every cubic yard of the earth's surface.

Thus measured, it will be seen how tremendously mysterious is the power of magnetism, and how potent an influence it must possess over animate and inanimate nature! And not one of its least wonderful mysteries is its singular exception to the character of stability and permanence. The configuration of our globe, the distribution of temperature in its interior, the tides and currents of the ocean, the general course of winds, and the affections of climate—all these are appreciably constant. But magnetism, that subtle, undefinable fluid, is perpetually undergoing a change, and of so rapid a nature, that it becomes necessary to assume epochs which ought not to be more than ten years apart to which every observation should be reduced. The extreme importance of knowing the exact amount of magnetic variation can scarcely be overrated for maritime purposes; and the establishment of a complete magnetical theory, based on an extensive series of observations, must be regarded as a desideratum by the first nautical country.

The numerous magnetical surveys that have been made by our government, taken in conjunction with those in progress on the continent of Europe, and particularly in the Austrian dominions, give a full promise of the speedy realisation of M. Humboldt's wish so earnestly expressed, that the materials of the first general magnetic map of the globe should be assembled;

and even permit the anticipation, that the first normal epoch of such a map will be but little removed from the present year.

### THE FORCE OF FEAR.

At the close of the winter of 1825-26, about dusk in the afternoon, just as the wealthy dealers in the Palais-Royal at Paris were about lighting their lamps and putting up their shutters (the practice of the major part of them at nightfall), a well-known money-changer sat behind his counter alone, surrounded by massive heaps of silver and gold, the glittering and sterling currency of all the kingdoms of Europe. He had well-nigh closed his operations for the day, and was enjoying in anticipation the prospect of a good dinner. Between the easy-chair upon which he reclined in perfect satisfaction, and the door which opened into the north side of the immense quadrangle of which the splendid edifice above-mentioned is composed, arose a stout wire partition, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and resting upon the counter, which traversed the whole length of the room. Thus he was effectually cut off from all possibility of unfriendly contact from any of his occasional visitors; while a small sliding-board that ran in and out under the wire partition served as the medium of his peculiar commerce. Upon this he received every coin, note, or draft presented for change; and having first carefully examined it, returned its value, by the same conveyance, in the coin of France, or indeed of any country required. Behind him was a door communicating with his domestic chambers, and in the middle of the counter was another, the upper part of which formed a portion of the wire partition above described.

The denizen of this little chamber had already closed his outer shutters, and was just on the point of locking up his doors and retiring to his repast, when two young men entered. They were evidently Italians, from their costume and peculiar dialect. Had it been earlier in the day, when there would have been sufficient light to have discerned their features and expression, it is probable that our merchant would have defeated their plans, for he was well skilled in detecting the tokens of fraud or design in the human countenance. But they had chosen their time too appropriately. One of them, advancing towards the counter, demanded change in French coin for an English sovereign, which he laid upon the sliding board, and passed through the wire partition. The money-changer rose immediately, and having ascertained that the coin was genuine, returned its proper equivalent by the customary mode of transfer. The Italians turned as if to leave the apartment, when he who had received the money suddenly dropped the silver, as though accidentally, upon the floor. As it was now nearly dark, it was scarcely to be expected that they could find the whole of the pieces without the assistance of a light. This the unconscious merchant hastened to supply; and unlocking, without suspicion, the door of the partition between them, stooped with a candle over the floor in search of the lost coin. In this position the unfortunate man was immediately assailed with repeated stabs from a poniard, and he at length fell, after a few feeble and ineffectual struggles, senseless, and apparently lifeless, at the feet of his assassins.

A considerable time elapsed ere, by the fortuitous entrance of a stranger, he was discovered in this dreadful situation; when it was found that the assassins, having first helped themselves to an almost incredible amount of money, had fled, without anything being left by which a clue might have been obtained to their retreat.

The unfortunate victim of their rapacity and cruelty was, however, not dead. Strange as it may appear, although he had received upwards of twenty wounds, several of which plainly showed that the dagger had been driven to the very hilt, he survived; and in a few months after the event, was again to be seen in his long-accustomed place at the changer's board. In vain had

the most diligent search been made by the military police of Paris for the perpetrators of this detestable deed. The villains had eluded all inquiry and investigation, and would in all probability have escaped undisturbed with their booty but for a mutually-cherished distrust of each other. Upon the first and complete success of their plan, the question arose, how to dispose of their enormous plunder, amounting to more than a hundred thousand pounds. Fearful of the researches of the police, they dared not retain it at their lodgings. To trust a third party with their secret was not to be thought of. At length, after long and anxious deliberation, they agreed to conceal the money outside the barriers of Paris until they should have concocted some safe plan for transporting it to their own country. This they accordingly did, burying the treasure under a tree about a mile from the *Barrière d'Enfer*. But they were still as far as ever from a mutual understanding. When they separated, on any pretence, each returned to the spot which contained the stolen treasure, where of course he was sure to find the other. Suspicion thus formed and fed soon grew into dislike and hatred, until at length, each loathing the sight of the other, they agreed finally to divide the booty, and then eternally to separate, each to the pursuit of his own gratification. It then became necessary to carry the whole of the money home to their lodgings in Paris, in order that it might, according to their notions, be equitably divided.

The reader must here be reminded that there exists in Paris a law relative to wines and spirituous liquors which allows them to be retailed at a much lower price without the barriers than that at which they are sold within the walls of the city. This law has given rise, among the lower orders of people, to frequent attempts at smuggling liquors in bladders concealed about their persons, often in their hats. The penalty for the offence was so high, that it was very rarely enforced, and practically it was very seldom, indeed, that the actual loss incurred by the offending party was anything more than the paltry venture, which he was generally permitted to abandon, making the best use of his heels to escape any further punishment. The *gendarmes* planted at the different barriers generally made a prey of the potables which they captured, and were consequently interested in keeping a good look-out for offenders. It was this vigilance that led to the discovery of the robbers; for, not being able to devise any better plan for the removal of the money than that of secreting it about their persons, they attempted thus to carry out their object. But as one of them, heavily encumbered with the golden spoils, was passing through the *Barrière d'Enfer*, one of the soldier-police who was on duty as sentinel, suspecting, from his appearance and hesitating gait, that he carried smuggled liquors in his hat, suddenly stepped behind him and struck it from his head with his halberd. What was his astonishment to behold, instead of the expected bladder of wine or spirits, several small bags of gold and rolls of English bank-notes! The confusion and prevarication of the wretch, who made vain and frantic attempts to recover the property, betrayed his guilt, and he was immediately taken into custody, together with his companion, who, following at a very short distance, was unhesitatingly pointed out by his cowardly and bewildered confederate as the owner of the money. No time was lost in conveying intelligence of their capture to their unfortunate victim, who immediately identified the notes as his own property, and at the first view of the assassins swore distinctly to the persons of both—to the elder, as having repeatedly stabbed him; and to the younger, as his companion and coadjutor.

The criminals were in due course of time tried, fully convicted, and, as was to be expected, sentenced to death by the guillotine; but, owing to some technical informality in the proceedings, the doom of the law could not be carried into execution until the sentence of the court had been confirmed upon appeal. This delay afforded time and opportunity for some meddling

or interested individual—either moved by the desire of making a cruel experiment, or else by the hope of obtaining a reversal of the capital sentence against the prisoners—to work upon the feelings of the unfortunate money-changer. A few days after the sentence of death had been pronounced, the unhappy victim received a letter from an unknown hand, mysteriously worded, and setting forth, in expressions that seemed to him fearfully prophetic, that the thread of his own destiny was indissolubly united with that of his condemned assassins. It was evidently out of their power to take away his life; and it was equally out of his power to survive them, die by the sentence of the law, or how or when they might; it became clear—so argued this intermeddler—that the same moment which saw the termination of their lives, would inevitably be the last of his own. To fortify his arguments, the letter-writer referred to certain mystic symbols in the heavens. Now though the poor man could understand nothing of the trumpety diagrams which were set forth as illustrating the truth of the fatal warning thus conveyed to him, and though his friends universally laughed at the trick as a barefaced attempt of some anonymous impostor to rob justice of her due, it nevertheless made a deep impression upon his mind. Ignorant of everything but what related immediately to his own money-getting profession, he had a blind and undefined awe of what he termed the supernatural sciences; and he inwardly thanked the kind monitor who had given him at least a chance of redeeming his days.

He immediately set about making application to the judges, in order to get the decree of death changed into a sentence to the galleys for life. He was equally surprised and distressed to find that they treated his petition with contempt, and ridiculed his fears. So far from granting his request, after repeated solicitations, they commanded him in a peremptory manner to appear no more before them. Driven almost to despair, he resolved upon petitioning the king; and after much expense and toil, he at length succeeded in obtaining an audience of Charles X. All was in vain. A crime so enormous, committed with such cool deliberation, left no opening for the plea of mercy: every effort he made only served to strengthen the resolution of the authorities to execute judgment. Finding all his efforts in vain, he appeared to resign himself despairingly to his fate. Deprived of all relish even for gain, he took to his bed, and languished in hopeless misery, and as the time for the execution of the criminals approached, lapsed more and more into terror and dismay.

It was on a sultry afternoon in the beginning of June 1826 that the writer of this brief narrative—then a not too thoughtful lad, in search of employment in Paris—hurried, together with a party of sight-seeing English workmen, to the *Place de Grève* to witness the execution of the two assassins of the money-changer. Under the rays of an almost insupportable sun, an immense crowd had congregated around the guillotine; and it was not without considerable exertion, and a bribe of some small amount, that standing-places were at length obtained within a few paces of the deathful instrument, upon the flat top of the low wall which divides the ample area of the *Place de Grève* from the river *Seine*.

Precisely at four o'clock the sombre cavalcade approached. Seated upon a bench in a long cart, between two priests, sat the wretched victims of retributive justice. The crucifix was incessantly exhibited to their view, and presented to their lips to be kissed, by their ghostly attendants. After a few minutes of silent and horrible preparation, the elder advanced upon the platform of the guillotine. With livid aspect and quivering lips, he gazed around in unutterable agony upon the sea of human faces; then, lifting his haggard eyes to heaven, he demanded pardon of God and the people for the violation of the great prerogative of the former and the social rights of the latter, and besought most earnestly the mercy of the Judge into whose presence he was about to enter. In less than two minutes both

he and his companion were headless corpses, and in a quarter of an hour no vestige, save a few remains of sawdust, was left of the terrible drama that had been enacted. Soon, however, a confused murmur pervaded the crowd—a report that the victim of cruelty and avarice had realised the dread presentiment of his own mind, and justified the prediction contained in the anonymous letter he had received. On inquiry, this was found to be true. As the signal rung out for execution, the unhappy man, whom twenty-two stabs of the dagger had failed to kill, expired in a paroxysm of terror—adding one more to the many examples already upon record of the fatal force of fear upon an excited imagination.

#### A HINDOO BLACKSMITH.

It is frequently asserted by those who have observed only the surface of the native character, that the inhabitants of India, and particularly those of Bengal, are deficient in that hard-working, pushing energy which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon, and that they never raise themselves to eminence except by money transactions. We have now, however, to record the death of one who exhibited in his own labours a complete refutation of all these assertions, and who, though moving in the humble sphere of a blacksmith, was as worthy of admiration as any of the men who have in England raised themselves to independence solely by their own exertions. The father of Crishna Chundra, Monohur Kama, entered the service of the Serampore missionaries shortly after their arrival in this country, as a manufacturer of the steel dies from which the matrix is formed for casting types, or, in the parlance of the trade, as a punch-cutter. In this capacity he worked on the Serampore establishment for more than thirty years, and cut the punches in more than fifteen Oriental languages. The son continued at his father's employment, and cut, among other difficult type, the intricate Chinese characters required by Dr Marshman for his Chinese works, and which have puzzled some of the best typefounders in England. Crishna Chundra subsequently determined to set up for himself as a printer; but he was aware of the inefficiency of the old wooden presses, and was without sufficient capital to purchase an iron one. With an energy and patience deserving of the highest commendation, he constructed with his own hands an iron press, on the model of one then employed in the Serampore printing-office. With this single press he commenced business; and his low rate of charges, and singular skill in his trade, speedily procured him as much business as he could conveniently manage. He gradually purchased or constructed another press or two, and commenced the publication of a 'Punjika,' or Bengalee Almanac, by far the most popular of the many editions current in Bengal, and the annual circulation of which rose shortly to four or five thousand. Although this gave him a greater command of money, he still continued his trade of punch-cutting; and the great improvements which have been made in the appearance of the Bengal types, now used in twenty presses in Calcutta, is almost entirely to be ascribed to his exertions. His labours, though they never afforded him wealth, gave him an income much superior to that enjoyed by the generality of his countrymen in his own rank, and, we believe, his sudden death has not left his family unprovided for. An attack of cholera, which seized him on the morning of the 18th, carried him off in a few hours; and we have rarely witnessed more regret for the death of an individual, than that displayed by the native community of Serampore, by whom he was universally respected. His life and success should be a stimulus to his countrymen in the path of active, patient exertion, and his history, if fully narrated, would go far to redeem them from the charge of being deficient either in energy or perseverance.—*Friend of India.*

#### BANKRUPTCY IN BATAVIA.

The laws of bankruptcy in Batavia are somewhat stringent. A letter from Java, to a merchant in Boston, gives this outline:—"To be bankrupt here is a somewhat different affair from what it is in the United States. Immediately on becoming bankrupt, the names of the parties are placarded about town, and in the Exchange, as if *primæ facie* infamous. The books are then examined by the public officer for that purpose. If the estate does not pay 60

per cent., and the bankrupt can be proved to have done business after he knew the fact, he is put into prison as a criminal for a number of years, and declared "aloot," which signifies infamous, or without character. After this the "aloot" person is indeed excommunicated. His word is not to be taken; he is not allowed to be a witness, even on oath; and if a man trusts him, he does it at his own risk—he has no legal remedy against him. On the other hand, if a man takes his books to the public officer, and declares that he has given up all he has, and it does not appear that he has been doing business, knowing he was a bankrupt, and after a strict investigation, there are no suspicious circumstances, his creditors must sign his papers. Thus the creditor is protected without oppressing the debtor, the rogue is distinguished from the honest; and a person is obliged, by a terrible penalty, to know the state of his affairs, and when once embarrassed, to refrain from speculating to retrieve himself. This law came into operation in May 1848, and it was not long before it caught something in the shape of an English concern, who pay about one-quarter of 1 per cent., and whose partners are now expiating their offence in prison."

#### THE BLOOMING OF VIOLETS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

AV! cast those gloomy thoughts aside,  
The genial spring is here:  
She comes with all her violets  
To bless another year.  
Lo, rising at her welcome voice,  
They steal in gladness out,  
And, wished for long, the light warm south  
Is harping all about.

By garden walk and rustic fence,  
Fair bush and rude gray stone,  
They laugh among the leaves and grass,  
In starry clusters strown.  
Retiring from the gaze of men,  
They lurk, a bashful race,  
But every breeze that wanders by,  
Reveals their hidingplace.

While, heedless of their own sweet worth,  
They quaff the shining dew,  
Or catch, from God's eternal arch,  
Its deep and stainless blue.  
Go, mark thou well the accents and dyes,  
To them so freely given,  
And own that weak and lowly things  
Are yet most loved of Heaven.

Then drop this weary load of care,  
Be meekly glad as they,  
Nor fear to live on Earth unseen,  
To pass unseen away.  
Learn thou with joy to stand or fall,  
Where sacred duty leads,  
And prize, above renown or gold,  
Pure faith and holy deeds.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## A LAST BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

I STATED at the beginning of these papers that I was not a sporting character. The 'state of the odds' and their fluctuations are to me perfectly incomprehensible: indeed, looking at the thing practically, the chance of a race appears such a vague, uncertain juggle, that no love of horse-flesh would ever induce me to risk a shilling on it. And as far as the excitement goes, a number of coloured balls rolling down hill would give me greater satisfaction; because I should believe that, as far as the sport went, it was all as fair for one as for the other.

Not that I object to go to the races. On the contrary, I always enjoy myself exceedingly when the great annual festivals come round. The journey thither; the numbers of people you meet all pleasantly tempered, smartly dressed, and out for a holiday; the general life and bustle; the odd phases of character encountered; the luncheons, gossipings, and flirtations, are all really very agreeable. I regard the racing itself merely as something necessary to bring these things about: but whether Peewit wins the Great Banbury Handicap, or Kittums beats Old Pleasant for the Members' Plate, I must confess I have little concern. And so I pass an agreeable day; not winning any money to be sure, but, what I consider far more agreeable, not losing any.

Yet there must be a marvellous number of individuals deeply interested in the turf, or we should never see so many baits put forward to entrap them as there are at this present time. The diffusion of the mania is of very recent origin. It commenced with the Derby Sweeps. These were lotteries, in which various sums were invested, the names of horses drawn by lot, and the total amount awarded to the holder of the winner after the race. They diffused a terrible spirit of gambling. There was nothing unfair in them, for they were mostly started at acknowledged public-houses and taverns, but they led people to spend more than they could afford. If they lost, they were perhaps driven to expedients to cover the outgoing; and if they won, they did not know how to bear the sudden idle acquisition of a large sum, and got alike into difficulties. We had a servant who gained two hundred pounds in this way. He thought immediately that he would open a small public-house. This he did, and took to drinking his own beer so immoderately, that he got his leg broken by a kick in a drunken squabble, and died of *delirium tremens* within three months. An acquisition is not always an advantage. We knew a family who were ruined by winning a huge Twelfth-Cake in a raffle. They were not at the time in good circumstances, but they thought they must give a party in honour of their cake. A great many people came; a great many candles were lighted; a great many bottles of

wine were drunk; and the expenditure of this evening, small in itself, was the last feather that broke the back of the family.

But to return to the sporting lotteries. After a while, the sweeps were put down by law; but it appeared that these affairs had been so lucrative to the getters-up of them, that they invented all sorts of tricks to evade the legislature—such as publishing portraits of the horses at nominal prices, opening betting lists, and all kinds of wonderful schemes to ride through the act of Parliament. This species of gambling, as with others, was attractive. It must have been, or else the *entrepreneurs* could never have afforded to pay for their long advertisements. The mania spread; and last of all came the 'prophets,' whose lures form the most curious phase in the advertisements of the present day. Amongst a few of these gentlemen we have been finding a little amusement, which we wish our readers to partake in.

We were first struck by the extraordinary style of composition their advertisements displayed. They called their secret, which professed to reveal for a certain sum of money, a 'tip' or 'pick'; and they all professed certain knowledge of the winners. From their addresses, the slang terms, the doubtful grammar, and the odd confusion of the first and third person in their sentences, they had evidently but small pretensions to education. But their stilted phraseology was the drollest feature of their advertisements. One would assure his customers that 'the Christmas log would sparkle brightly round many a hearth made festive by his advice;' and another told them that, 'long before the gray winter's dawn had ushered in the new year, he had sent the name of *Voltigeur* to happy hundreds!' and that, after the Derby, 'his heart throbbed with pride and glory as he saw that thousands were in possession of a fortune by following his advice.'

Another remarkable feature in these advertisements was, that the week after the race, whatever it might be, the prophets always congratulated their customers upon having received the right horse. This looked very wonderful; and so, for our own satisfaction, we waited until the Goodwood Cup was coming on, and then wrote to one or two of the prophets for their advice. Their fee varied from five shillings to one; but conceiving that each was of equal value, we chose the latter.

This was the first advertisement to which we replied:—

—'S TIP for the GOODWOOD MEETING now ready for 5s. Stakes and Cup certainties (different horses); any single event one shilling, or five for the whole. Back the horses the stable backs, and win your money.—Address, by letter only.

In a day or two came the reply, vilely written, and thus worded:—

'Sir—Windischgratz is for the "cup" a certainty, bar accidents and is really meant!!!!

Yours resply,

B. N.

'Canezon }  
 Officious } 2nd and 3rd worth backing for.

'The favour of your recommendation is resply solicited.

'Back Windischgratz for the double event.'

This was not sufficient to convince us, so we looked out for another, who thus promised us a fortune:—

—'s TIP for the GOODWOOD STAKES and CUP are certainties, bar accidents. Send for them if you wish to win money. His friends will have splendid pickings at Goodwood. He promises them they will win enough to stand many a shock afterwards. Single events, 1s., and stamp; a marked list, 5s.

In two days a little scrap of paper was returned, and on it was written, evidently in a female hand—

'Dr Sir,

Goodwood Cup. Cossack.

Yours

We were still in doubt, for the prophets had sent different horses; so we tried to see if two out of three would give us a majority on any one in particular, and took the following recommendation, which was the next advertisement, and was headed 'Nimrod Eclipsed':—

—having been extraordinarily successful hitherto, now offers his certainties for the Goodwood Stakes and Cup, St Leger, Ebor Handicap, Cesarewitch, and Cambridgeshire, 1s. each event. His subscribers will hear from him on Sunday, with all the latest information. His Derby horse can be had for 5s. — begs to inform the public that he cannot send more than one letter for 1s. Those persons wishing to have the tip and a second letter before the races notifying any change, &c. which sometimes proves of incalculable value, can have such second letter by forwarding 1s. 6d. instead of 1s. Those gentlemen forwarding 1s. can only have one communication.

This brought back a printed paper, urging 'his friends' to subscribe to the lists, with the following ingenuous avowal:—

'His friends must be aware that it will not be of pecuniary benefit to him, as the number of communications for one subscription will be very far under the shilling; in fact probably under sixpence.—He only wishes his friends to win; and if first-rate information and untiring assiduity together with no little outlay, can accomplish it, they may rely upon turning in the useful.'

And under this was written—

'Sir,

My advice for the Cup is Canezon, Chanticleer, Pitsford,

Yours

Here were three fresh names, and we were getting more confused than ever! We therefore wrote to some more. It is unnecessary to give the advertisements and the answers in detail, for there is very little about them that is interesting. It will suffice to state, that the name of almost every horse in the 'state of the odds' arrived in turn; and that when the important struggle arrived, Canezon was proclaimed the winner. This horse had been mentioned in the third letter, and hinted at in the first it is true; but our impression was, that the prophets sent a different horse to everybody, so that they were certain to be right in one instance. Whether this was the case or otherwise, they all came out on the following Saturday with their congratulations to their friends upon having sent them the winning horse—'cheering the toils of the poor man'; 'leading the liberal sportsman to well-earned prosperity'; 'guiding them to the harbour of affluence through the perilous billows of turf speculation'; with other pleasant things. One of them, however, appeared to have got into some discredit with his followers, as he

'A word *en passant* about his selection for the Brighton stakes. — emphatically begs to state that what you all had was one of the best things of the season; it could have won by lengths, and was on the downs ready to run and win, but for certain reasons was not allowed to start—much to the regret of the writer, who knew good money was on.'

With all these promises of fortune, one truth appears to be lost sight of by the speculators—that where a large sum of money is won, a corresponding amount must be lost. Sovereigns do not grow up from the earth to be gathered like buttercups; nor does the physical formation of the race-course resemble California. If you gain five pounds, be sure that they have come out of somebody else's pocket; and that you were just as likely to have been that somebody as anybody besides. If all the prophets told the truth, there would be no losers; and then how would 'the poor man's' heart be brightened by the sun of prosperity?

Somewhat tired of the prophets, we next turned to a few attractive advertisements, which promised small incomes by the teaching of certain arts and mysteries whereby moderate competencies could be secured. It was certainly our own fault if at last we did not get rich, for the outlay in most cases was not great. Thirty postage-stamps were sufficient to procure the necessary information from the benevolent artists, who were usually females, to judge from the address.

The first road to wealth pointed out to us was by stencilling leaves on rustic tables. You were to take an ivy leaf, place it flat on some stout card-board, trace round its edges, and then cut out the pattern thus obtained. Next, having your table, or seat, or flower-stand painted green, you procured a darker shade of paint, and placing your pattern where you wished the leaf to be, you stencilled it through the card-board. This was all. The process was simple, and the result moderately picturesque, but we mistrusted the competency promised to us by exercising it. The artist's ideas of a fortune were evidently as modest as they were sanguine.

The second golden secret—'whereby many had, during the last year or two, realised considerable sums'—so ran the advertisement—was even less promising, had any one placed his entire hope of ultimate independence on its results. It was a woodcut engraving of a crochet mat, with some bewildering and enigmatical directions for producing it appended. It was curious to speculate as to what new social fashion had caused so great a demand for these mats as to raise their makers to ease and affluence. Disbelieving in crochet entirely—conceiving it to be as utterly ineffective and dust-collecting as it is useless, and in the case of anti-macassars, music-stool covers, and cushion-skins, excessively irritating and offensive, we are not perhaps to be considered as an unbiassed judge of its value or popularity. But yet we cling stoutly to our notion, that the mat in question was a vague thing to trust to for ultimate wealth.

Two more answers bore on the fine arts. One was a prospectus of 'Arabian painting'; and an apple, more brightly green than any tint that ever bore its name, limned on a perforated card, was sent as a specimen. The other was a recipe for 'Japan work,' whereby portfolios, tables, card trays, &c. could be made, &c. under very advantageous circumstances indeed. But these were equally feeble. They were specimens of that class of industry which flourishes in London in the Soho quarters of the town, where many struggling professors of feeble painting and unnecessary fancy-work undergo years of toil in producing articles which can never, under any circumstances, be of the slightest use to anybody either in or out of society.

The last of these communications that we received was what the language of Young England terms 'a sell.' In an envelop, written in a neat female hand, we read, 'Never think of spending a shilling until you have got it, and then contrive to make sixpence do as well!' This was not a great deal to receive for thirty postage-stamps to be sure; but really we think it was more

valuable than either the Arabian painting or the Japan work, the crochet mat or the stencilled ivy leaves.

To one advertisement that we applied to we never received an answer. It was in a provincial paper, and ran as follows:—

**MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR HOW TO WIN A LOVER.**  
—PROFESSOR —, LONDON, will send free to any address, on receipt of Thirteen uncut Postage Stamps, PLAIN DIRECTIONS to enable Ladies or Gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may desire. The process is simple, but so captivating and enthralling, that all may be Married, irrespective of age, appearance, or position, whilst the most fickle or cold-hearted will readily bow to its attraction; young and old, peer and peeress, as well as the peasant, are alike subject to its influence; and last, though not least, it can be arranged with such ease and delicacy, that detection is impossible.

*N. B.—Beware of Ignorant and Imitating Pretenders.*

We heard afterwards of we dare not say how many letters having been returned to the post-office in consequence of the professor not being at his post. Not learning this secret has distressed us more than we can well depict. We would have given up all the others for it.

Even whilst these papers have been in course of compilation, a young medical friend has informed us of a speculation of his own in the advertising line, to test the credulity of the public. In a penny weekly periodical he announced a lotion to cure spots on the face and neck, and copied the prescription from a work on the skin by one of our first professors of cutaneous pathology. He paid thirteen shillings for the advertisement, and it took its place amongst hair-dyes, cures for rheumatism, and other deceptive baits. It was only inserted once, and he had forty answers, and each enclosed a dozen stamps. The matter was for a wager, and the surplus was put into the poor-box of the — Hospital, about a fortnight ago, and signed 'The offering of a few land-gulls.'

Seriously, the faith placed by the public in these various swindles—for they are no better—is matter for lamentation. Exposure alone can defeat them; and if, from the study of this and the foregoing papers, the belief of any of our readers in matrimonial advertisements, professors of graphiology, racing prophets, and teachers of wealth-bringing secrets, should be shaken, a little higher end will have been attained than the mere amusement which, we hope, may have resulted, in a small degree, from their perusal. A. S.

## POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

### THE GLACIAL THEORY.

THE snow which falls on mountains above the point at which the temperature suffices to melt it, gathers, as is well known, in a deep bed, preserving a character which may be described as something between snow and ice. This stuff, called in the Swiss Alps *névé*, descends the mountain sides wherever it finds a convenient outlet, till, reaching a level where the temperature is higher, it melts away. A stream of *névé*, or imperfect ice, pouring down some long-descending hollow in the mountain side is called in Switzerland a *glacier*. It is a fearful and a beautiful sight to stand on the brink of one of these ice-rivers, which you know is constantly moving, though so slowly as to be imperceptible, to see its rugged splintery surface glittering in the sun's beams, to hear its subdued cracking sounds and the trinkle of the rills which traverse it during the heat of the day—a tremendous mechanical engine of nature, irresistible within its own domain, but so defined in its range of power, that the peasant rears his cot and cultivates his garden within a few yards of its termination, confident that thus far may it come, but no farther.

As the glacier passes down the defiles of the parent mountain, it smoothes away all the prominences in its course, and reduces its rocky channel to a perfectly polished state. Meanwhile masses of rock, great and small, fall upon it from the bare pinnacles above, and either rest on its surface or become incorporated with it.

All along its sides, and at its termination, you see high mounds of rubbishy matter, including large blocks of stone, which it has formed out of the materials collected by it in its course, or which have been forced away by it from the ground it has passed over. These are called *moraines*. A glacier might thus be likened to a graver going deeply and forcibly through a rough surface of stone, leaving a perfectly smooth channel, and throwing up a ridge of broken-off particles on each side of its course. It is, however, something more than all this, for the stones with which it is charged are also brought into action, so as to produce deep cuts or striae in the solid rock underneath—much like the diamond set in a slip of wood by the glazier for the purpose of cutting glass. Thus there is at once a polishing or smoothing, and a striating effect, from glaciers. It is to be remarked that these effects are quite peculiar and characteristic, and there is no other known power in nature by which precisely the same polishing and the same striation can be produced.

When this is kept in mind, it may be imagined with what surprise the scientific men of Europe learned about fourteen years ago, from the writings of two Swiss philosophers, that surfaces so marked, were observed in the Swiss valleys far beyond any point which the glaciers can now reach. For example, the glaciers descending from the north side of Mont Blanc now terminate, and for ages have terminated, just as they come into the great valley of the Arve. But so far down this valley as Servoz, the sides of the hills for a good way up are observed to be smoothed and striated. This shows that all these glaciers had once combined to form a larger one, which passed down the valley, at least as far as Servoz. Such an effect could only take place under a lower temperature than what now prevails. On the temperature being raised, the great glacier had shrunk up, leaving only its tributaries to pour into the main valley, as we now see them. We even find the memorials of an intermediate set of circumstances, for above the place where the celebrated Glacier des Bois comes in, there is a barrier of blocks crossing the main valley, which can only be interpreted into the anciently-extended moraine on the upper side of the glacier, when it was large enough to cross the valley and abut against the opposite mountains. We see, then, the following series of facts:—1. A main glacier in the valley of the Arve, fed by smaller glaciers from the north side of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring high grounds; 2. The minor glaciers only pouring into and across the main valley; 3. And finally, what we now observe, these glaciers only entering the main valley, but not crossing it. The ancient moraine here spoken of has at one time formed a dam, so as to gather the waters of the valley for a few miles upward into a lake. It has since been broken down, so as to let the waters out; but we may yet trace three terraces along the valley sides, clear indications of a series of levels at which this lake stood while the dam continued to exist at various elevations.

It was not difficult to imagine an ancient temperature so low as to cause glaciers to descend to Servoz, or even lower; but in a little time observations of a more startling nature were made. It was discovered that there were marks of glacial action on faces of the Swiss mountains 1500 feet and more above the bottoms of the neighbouring valleys. In the valley of the Rhone, below Martigny, and also below St Maurice, ranges of blocks of huge size were found many hundred feet up the mountain sides, apparently the remnants of a moraine which had been formed there by a most voluminous and profound glacier filling up the valley to that height, for they were of kinds of rock found in the mountains towards the head of the valley, and they lay in a zone-like fashion, as might be expected of them if they had been deposited in that particular manner. Nay, even on the other side of the great basin of Switzerland, the faces of the Jura mountains were found polished and grooved, exactly as is done by ice, to a height not much short of 3000 feet above the sea, while

here also lay huge travelled blocks of Alpine rock (the Pierre-a-bot, a notable example), as if the Rhone glacier had crossed to this place with its magnificent burthen. It was hardly possible to imagine such a thing; but it was at least manifest that ice had somehow been at work for the smoothing of the mountains above Neufchatel, and that it had in some way been the carrying agent by which the blocks had travelled so far from their original seat.

It was now remembered that appearances resembling those attributed to ancient ice had long been under the observation of the scientific men of Sweden and Norway. In most districts of those countries, the rocky surface of the ground, wherever it was exposed, excepting only on the highest mountains, was found to be worn down into flat and rounded forms, and often with striae freshly marked. This was particularly the case on eminences exposed to the north and west, while the opposite sides remained comparatively rough. The notion of the Scandinavian philosophers was, that a tremendous deluge had set in upon the country in ancient times, carrying stones and mud along with it, and that by these means the country had been worn down and striated in the manner now seen. When ice was suggested as an agent more likely to have produced the effects, the idea was grasped at by many; but still a great difficulty remained, in the necessity of explaining how ice could pass over so vast an extent of country, not formed like the descending valleys, where alone glaciers now reside, but open, and presenting every variety of surface.

General attention being now attracted to the subject, various English geologists, and particularly Dr Buckland and Mr (now Sir Charles) Lyell, set themselves to search for traces of ancient glacial action in the British islands. Some smoothed and grooved surfaces which Sir James Hall had found on the Corstorphine Hill, near Edinburgh, and attributed to floods, were now fixed upon as memorials of the former presence of ice. A few other surfaces resembling those smoothed by glaciers were discovered; but the chief objects fastened upon by Dr Buckland were certain masses of gravel and sand which are liberally interspersed throughout the Scottish mountain vales, and which he believed to be remnants of ancient moraines, though in reality they are clearly attributable to the operations of rivulets at a time when the sea filled the main valleys in the form of estuaries. Some allowance, however, ought to be made for the zeal of scientific men at the first outburst of any new discovery. There is always a disposition to ascribe hitherto unexplained phenomena to the new cause; and it is not till comparatively cool times that we can distinctly discern the limits beyond which it is improper to go.

The transatlantic geologists were more successful in their researches, and it is now pretty generally acknowledged that the entire surface of North America, as far south as Florida, and even on grounds 3000 feet above the sea, has been subjected to the action of ice. The appearances are particularly conspicuous around Lake Superior, the line of grooving and cutting being generally from the north or north-west.

Professor Agassiz of Neufchatel, in order to account for the wide prevalence of glacial action in the northern hemisphere, started a theory which for a while met with some favour. He suggested that at a particular period, owing to an unusual depression of temperature, the circumpolar ice extended much farther to the south than it now does. There was, in fact, a cap of ice on the northern hemisphere, reaching to a point far within the limits of the present temperate zone. The glaciers, he said, move by a process of dilatation dependent on the expansion of water when it takes the form of ice. There are chinks in all glaciers; the water melted during the day by the sun's rays trickles into these chinks; at night, when the influence of the sun is withdrawn, the water freezes—consequently expands; hence the movement of the glacier. He supposed that in this way the ancient circumpolar ice was urged athwart Europe and America, grinding down the entire surface, and

leaving the appearances which we now see. But this theory did not stand long. Professor James Forbes of Edinburgh devoted himself to a most careful study of the movement of glaciers, and by a series of ingeniously contrived experiments, completely ascertained that they move by the force of gravitation. A glacier is simply a river of plastic matter, rushing downhill as fast as its tenacity and the friction it encounters will permit, and no faster. It thus became evident that, were there a cap of ice over the northern hemisphere, it would not move so as to produce the observed appearances, because it would not have the requisite of a downhill course. An inclination of at least 3 degrees is necessary for its motion.

The glacial theory has therefore stood for some years at an awkward point, or rather has been in a great measure given up. Men have rather inclined to doubt the fact of the appearances than to rest in a state of inability to account for them. We must, however, reassert these appearances to be a most remarkable superficial feature of our globe, however difficult it may be to understand their origin.

Perhaps no one, without travelling over Sweden and Norway, could form any approach to a right idea of the phenomena as they are actually presented. The worn, rounded, and polished surface is so prevalent, that one comes to regard anything else as an exception. (On actually seeing it, all preconceptions of easy ways of accounting for it are found to be too weak to stand for a moment. Ice has been there beyond a doubt, because it is impossible to detect the slightest distinction between a well-preserved piece of surface and what you see close beside an Alpine glacier at this day. The ice has not been carried in any light, or trivial, or occasional way over the surface of the country—as it might be, for instance, by icebergs: it has clearly been a *sheet of ice*, moving over the ground in the same close, hugging, equally pressing manner that we see in existing glaciers. It has moved over a wide extent of country at once, preserving one general direction, rarely admitting of any deviation, indifferent to minor inequalities of all kinds, capable of ascending hills several hundred feet high; passing, in short, over the hill and dale of an undulating country in one straight course. In the Christiania Fiord this course is south-westerly; on the shore of the Gulf of Bothnia it is south-easterly; on the shores of the Icy Sea it is north-easterly. In Northern Norway it more generally follows the line of the valleys, perhaps because the valleys are there deeper. Remains of an immense quantity of rubbish, which it has transported along with it, are spread over the lower grounds of Sweden, but all bearing the manifest traces of a subsequent washing in an unfrozen sea. Much of this rubbish has been rearranged by that element in long ridges, called *ösar*, some of which extend for hundreds of miles through the country, regardless of the diverse lines of lakes and rivers which they cross in their course.

We shall endeavour to bring these glacial memorials before the mind of the reader by describing them as they appear in a limited district of Scotland. The object here primarily is to show that such things really are—that they are no delusion of some casual observer, but a great and wonderful reality, which rests for the present in need of an explanation.

The valley of the Firth of Forth, besides the estuary itself, comprehends a plain of about fifty miles in length, and from eight to twenty in breadth, flanked on the south by the Pentland and Lammermuir Hills. From the general undulating level of this plain start up a few ranges of small hills and isolated eminences, on one of the latter of which the Castle and Old Town of Edinburgh are situated. The direction of the general valley is between a point south of west and a point north of east. In this fact by itself there is of course nothing remarkable. But, what is very striking, it is a rule among the smaller hills which variegate the plain, that, long and narrow in form, they lie in precisely the direc-

tion of the general valley. The long hollows between the hills *observe the same direction*. Another general feature of these hills is, that they are bold and abrupt towards the west, but slope away towards the east, melting in that direction into the general plain. On their north and south sides they are all perfectly smooth.

The Corstorphine Hill, near Edinburgh, is in some features exceptive. It consists of an upturned piece of a stratum of trap, having its cliffy face to the east, and dipping away at a low angle to the west. There are, however, in the crest of this hill three or four clefts or transverse valleys, lying in a line directed precisely to a point north of east. In the low country to the eastward there is a trough or dry valley running along from each of these clefts in *precisely the same direction*. On the western slope of the hill, the trap, wherever exposed—and it is so over whole roods of space, besides being smoothed down into rounded and flat surfaces—is full of grooves from several inches to a foot in depth, and *all observing exactly the same direction as the hills and valleys*.

The general surface of the plain country is so much covered over with formations of clay, gravel, and soil, as to be much masked; but there are several places where the rock is ordinarily exposed. It is invariably in these places found smoothed down into flat or rounded surfaces, usually somewhat weathered, but in many situations retaining the original polish, and even showing certain striae and groovings. We have here only the remains of an original aspect of things. What that was, is shown whenever there happens to be an uncovering of a portion of the rock surface heretofore concealed under clay. Such an exposure was made a few years ago on a shoulder of Arthur's Seat, nearly 400 feet above the sea. Another has lately been made in a valley of the Pentland Hills, 200 feet higher. A third has more recently been made at the North British Railway works, on the northern basis of Arthur's Seat. In these instances we see the porphyry brought to a glassy polish, evidently by some mechanical agent externally applied. That polished surface is full of long scratches or striae, the whole bearing, in short, precisely the appearance of those rocks over which glaciers are passing at this day in the Alps. And, strange to say, these striae seldom diverge, and never but in a very slight degree, from one direction, and that is to a point north of east, being the direction of the groovings on the Corstorphine Hill, that of the minor hills and valleys, and that of the general valley itself. Such markings are seen in many places between the Pentland Hills on the south and the Fife Hills on the north, and even over and beyond those hills, and always observing a uniformity of direction—clear proof of their having been produced by some agent which comprehended the whole space at once. If this agent was ice—and the identity of the appearances with those produced by existing glaciers leaves no doubt on that score—then it must have been a current of that material many hundreds of feet deep; not an aggregation of loose masses; but one pretty compact volume. It is an idea difficult to form; but there seems to be no escape from it.

During the last few years Mr Charles Maclaren, Mr David Milne, Professor Fleming, and other observers, have pointed out different places in Scotland and the north of England, generally in valleys or the sides of hills, where the rock, when uncovered, presents the same appearances. In the valley, for example, of the Gare Loch, opposite to Greenock, the whole surface is smoothed and striated, from the top of the hills, 600 feet above the sea, down to a point below its surface. Several of the Highland valleys, as far north as Caithness, are so marked. It would appear that one great ice-stream has passed through the valley between the Firth of Clyde and the Forth; another down the upper part of the Forth valley; and these two meeting at the extremity of the Campsie Hills, have formed the grand current which has been spoken of as passing

between the Fife Hills and the Pentlands. The direction of these various ice-streams is usually from the north or west; but sometimes it is from the eastward. There is also a group of mountains in the island of Skye where the lines of smoothing clearly radiate from a centre in the high ground, exactly as is the case in modern glaciers, though perennial snow has long ceased to exist in that district. The author of the present article lately, in a paper read before the British Association at Edinburgh, laid down the proposition that the northern portion of our island is precisely in the same general condition with respect to ancient ice as Sweden and Norway, which he had visited in the preceding year. The only difference is in the greater masking of the surface of Scotland by superficial clays and gravels; but wherever the rock-surface is presented, it is rounded or worn into flatness, if not grooved and striated; and many farm-houses in Scotland are brought to a near resemblance to those of Sweden, by their being planted on platforms of smoothed rock—rock smoothed by the ice of early times, applied in a way which we can now scarcely understand.

No satisfactory theory has as yet been started to account for these appearances. Sir Roderick Murchison attributes the various phenomena of smoothings, scratchings, and transported materials in Sweden, Finland, Russia, &c. to a flood which had broke away from the Scandinavian chain at the last great upheaval—a flood not excluding ice, but containing it only in a small proportion to water. Mr Milne also argues for water as the chief cause. But it has never been shown that water, however charged with loose materials, could wear down the rocky surface of the earth in such a manner, polish it, and leave it all covered with scratches observing uniform directions throughout large spaces. It has been shown, on the contrary, by Sir Charles Lyell, that a great flood may pass over the land, carrying large quantities of stones along with it, and make very little impression on the surface over which it passes. On the other hand, as has already been insisted on, the appearances are precisely those which modern glaciers produce; therefore it would appear to have been ice in some form which produced the appearances. But what the form, and how applied? It has been suggested that it bore exactly the shape of the modern glaciers, proceeding, for instance, in Scotland from the Grampian Hills into the low country. But while it may be admitted that local glaciers account for some of the local phenomena (as in the case of the Cuhullin Hills in Skye), it is contrary to all our knowledge of glacier movement that a stream of ice proceeding from Ben Nevis could travel through the neighbouring vales for a hundred miles without any adequate declination of ground to give it impetus. When we think of the many hundred miles of flat country in North America and Sweden over which ice appears to have travelled, we see still more clearly that the form of the ice could not be that of common glaciers, or its dynamical power derived from the same source.

The nearest approach to a satisfactory theory on the subject, is one which was explained and illustrated at the late meeting of the British Association by the ingenious Mr Hugh Miller. It is to be observed that there is a remarkable superficial formation very prevalent in Scotland, called the compact boulder clay. It generally lies close upon the smoothed and scratched surfaces. It contains blocks of stone of various sizes, generally brought from no great distance, usually rounded, and often polished and scratched, having apparently been the instruments by which the fast rock was similarly marked. There can scarcely be a doubt that this clay, with its contents, is immediately connected with the mystery of the ancient glacial operations. It strongly betrays the presence of water during those operations. Mr Miller, for these and other reasons, thinks that the phenomena in question may have been produced by *rafts of ice* floating along in currents upon the sea, when the land was deeply submerged.

This idea is certainly plausible; yet it does not settle the question, for it so happens that the superficial matter in Sweden resembles that of *moraines*, and therefore leads the mind to subaerial ice, while it is not easy to imagine how an ice-raft, by which is meant a mass of loose pieces of ice, borne on a current, could pass through a valley like that of the Firth of Forth, in such a vast volume and depth, and in so jammed and rigid a form, as to mark the whole uniformly to several hundred feet up the hills. Here, however, the question must rest for the present, and until some suggestion be made that shall better explain the whole phenomena involved.

R. C.

## THE DEATH-WARNING.

A LEGEND OF SACO ISLAND.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

Of all the great centres to which strange characters are attracted, Paris is perhaps the most remarkable, very much, apparently, because of the encouragement given in it to original talent. Clever and enterprising Americans are often met there. One whom I lately encountered proved to be a pleasant and conversible man. We chanced to get upon the subject of superstition, or rather, to speak more fairly, on matters pertaining to what has been called the night-side of nature.

'I expect you love a yarn; I'll just give you one which is genuine. I'm not a superstitious man, but the contrary. But I'll give you an item of new-country fancies which will amuse you.'

I shall not preserve the energetic words of my American friend, as some of them would be difficult of comprehension in our part of the world; but I give the facts of his narrative exactly as they were told.

Saco is a small town at a very short distance from the sea, in the state of Maine, famous only within a circumference of a few miles, in connection with the Labrador fishery, and also as the nursery of an industrious, hard-working set of shipwrights and fishermen. In the early history of the state of Maine mention is made of Saco island as the site of an Indian village; but local tradition gives more ample details relative to the ejection of the Red Skins from the place. But with this I have nothing to do, except incidentally, as will be seen in the course of my narrative.

Abel Jacks, my informant, was the son of a working shipbuilder of Saco, a pushing, industrious man, who in times of thriving business, and when a pressing job was on hand, would work eight days without taking off his clothes. He lived in a house just above the town, the front of which faced the island which parted the river, variously known as Cuth and Saco island. Abel was his youngest son—at the time we speak of a young man of twenty. About a dozen yards distant from their residence was an old tumble-down shanty, which had been abandoned for many years. A murder had been committed within its walls a long time ago, and people said that ever since noises were heard at midnight around its ruins—a troubled cry of conscience from the criminal. No man was ever found bold enough to reside in it again, until a poor widow, Curtis by name, obtained leave to make it her home.

Widow Curtis was as superstitious and fearful as her neighbours, perhaps even more so, for she firmly believed in death-warnings. The once glad mother of nine children, she had lost eight, and before the real news reached her, she always had a warning. It is true that her signs and tokens came very much oftener even than bad news; but as bad news did sometimes follow her hints from the other world, she had sufficient reason for her belief. She found herself at last with one only child, a daughter of eighteen, who was at service on Cuth island, in the house of Squire Sheen; and to be near this beloved child, the widow took up her quarters in the haunted shanty, which to her seared heart had now no terrors.

Mr Jacks was kind to the poor widow, gave her some furniture, and assistance in various other forms; and she was grateful. A great part of her time was spent in the house of the shipwright, whose son Abel was warmly attached to her daughter Martha, who was indeed to be his wife that very fall. For some months the widow had been quiet and happy: the thought of her child's advantageous marriage had driven gloomy ideas from her head, and her cheerful state of mind the assiduous kindness of the Jacks had also tended to promote.

One afternoon a tremendous storm startled the good people of Saco, and filled them with alarm. Saco river was lined with saw-mills, the owners of which floated their timber and planks down by its waters. But just above the town a huge boom lay across the stream, to check the rafts, and to protect the bridges which connected Cuth island with the two shores. Once in the memory of man a freshet had carried away the boom, and given passage to the vast weight of timber, which coming with terrific violence against the bridges had utterly destroyed them. The storm on this occasion was followed by the rapid swelling of the river, and about four o'clock the boom gave way; the mountains of planks and logs brought down by the inundation rushed madly through, and all communication between the island and the town was cut off. The timber plunged with irresistible force over the falls below the island, carrying the bridges away with it.

The roar of the blast, the rushing of the wild waters, the crash of logs, the plunging of masses of wood over the two cataracts, the running to and fro of the people, all roused in poor Widow Curtis feelings of terror and alarm; and about sunset she came into the house to old Jacks, and told him that she had received a death-warning relative to her last child. Tears streamed down her pallid cheek, and her whole mien was that of a broken-hearted woman. Both old Jacks and Abel sought to comfort her in every possible way. They tried ridicule, they tried reason; but all in vain; the widow still declared she had heard the never-failing warning.

'And what was it like?' suddenly cried old Jacks.

'A low screech, like the cry of one in pain,' replied the widow.

'Tush, woman, you heard the squaw of Cuth island. She never fails to howl with the tempest.'

'And who, pray, was the squaw of Cuth island?'

Old Jacks drew the widow to the table, lit his pipe, poured out a glass of beer, and after a vigorous hem, began his story. Before the settlement of white men round the borders of Saco river, the island was inhabited by a whole tribe of Indians. An old fellow of the name of Cuth, wishing to establish a saw and flour mill in the place, bought the site of the Indians, who, on the receipt of the purchase-money, decamped in accordance with their word. Old Cuth then crossed over to the island to select the spot whereon he wished to build; but to his astonishment he found an aged squaw, who refused to depart. She declared that in the general distribution she had been left out, and demanded a share of the purchase-money of the white man himself. Cuth gave her a bottle of rum, which she eagerly tasted, and then leaping into her canoe, hurried across to join her tribe. But whether the rum had affected her head, or whether age had rendered her limbs too weak to contend with the current, could not be known, but she was drawn into the rapids, and over the falls, where of course she was drowned. From that day the island point was believed to be haunted by the squaw spirit; and there was scarcely a man, woman, or child in Saco but would declare having heard the moaning of the old crone before and during storms.

'Maybe,' said Widow Curtis when old Jacks had concluded, 'maybe 'tis the squaw has given me every warning?'

'Nonsense, Mother Curtis; all nonsense and flummery. And yet I am bound to believe in ghosts too. I

aint a superstitious man nohow, but I've been tried too. One night I was at work till late at the Lower Ferry, and after work I joined a merry-making. It was past twelve when I started home. Everything was square and straight until I got to the road near the churchyard: then I distinctly heard the rustling of a silk dress close beside me. "Come out of that," said I, "and no poking fun at me!" I got no answer; and away I slashes in the bushes with a big hickory stick; all to no good. The rustling of silk was still close to me as ever. I was in a precious rage with myself I do own; but I heard it plainly enough. At last I came to the bridge; and you know the ends of the planks stick out beyond the rail to save sawing off. What do I see but an old fellow walking along these ends beside me in an old silk morning gown. "Good-night to you, Sam Jacks," said he. I returned his politeness; and then he began to ask news of Saco town, and of people dead and gone these twenty years. He seemed surprised when I told him they were all departed; and at the end of the bridge we separated. Now, Widow Curtis, I know I did see all this, and yet old Sam Jacks knows precious well there was nobody there. It was nothing but fancy and deceit, and so was the cry you heard. Cheer up, old girl Martha! all right!

But the widow was not to be satisfied. The old man's stories rather excited her imagination, and she declared that every instant she felt more sure that Martha was gone. About midnight she started towards home, and Abel went along the water-side with her, to say a few words of comfort.

'Did you hear that?' suddenly said the poor mother. 'If that was not Martha's voice, it was her spirit.'

Abel had heard the cry: it was a shriek of despair, so clear, so distinct, no man could hesitate or doubt. The night was now calm and still, and the moon shone brightly over the whole scene. A boat lay moored within an indentation of the river at the young man's feet. He gazed rapidly round. Just above the point of the island he saw a small canoe, and a person standing upright in it—a woman with her hands clasped, as if in prayer. The canoe was hurrying down the stream, though not yet in the rapids. A lover's glance is not easily deceived. It was Martha! To leap into the boat, to push out towards the canoe, and to begin rowing with the energy of mingled love and despair, was the work of a single instant. The widow sank down upon her knees on the bank.

The river was wide, and the current strong, while just below were the rapids. Abel was almost within their influence, and soon found it necessary to pull up-stream to avoid being sucked in. When again he turned the bow of his boat across, the canoe was not more than fifty yards above the spot where he lay, and was coming with extreme velocity.

'Courage, dear Martha,' cried the young man; 'Abel is at hand.'

'I dropped my paddles, Abel, while getting away from a snag.'

'Check the canoe with your hands, dear girl. Put them in the water. Every inch gained is valuable.'

'I am going too quickly, Abel. You can never save me. Is that my dear mother on the bank?'

'It is, Martha,' replied Abel solemnly, at the same time pulling vigorously. 'But silence now.'

The two boats were drawing near, while both were setting down with great velocity on the rapids. Martha was in a light bark canoe, which lay almost on the surface of the water. A few minutes more, and Martha and Abel were parallel to each other, at a distance of about a dozen yards. Abel leapt to his feet, and looked around. They were within thirty feet of the rapids, and two hundred of the falls, in the very middle of the stream. All hope of Abel's catching the canoe was now gone. She, it seemed, could not be saved. They could only be lost together. The young man gazed at the moonlit isle, the shore, his father's home, the aged mother kneeling on the shore, while old Jacks and his

mother stood motionless near the threshold of their house.

'Martha,' cried Abel in a voice calm and collected, though husky, 'act with courage and spirit. One minute, and we part perhaps for ever. Rouse all your courage, think of your mother and of your future husband, and let the thought give you the energy of a man. Lie down quickly in the canoe; lie still, and move not. The fall is swelled by the rain, and the white rock is hidden. That is a dear girl! Move not for your life! Adieu!'

No more words were spoken.\* Martha, as she was bid, lay at full length in the bottom of the slight bark canoe, and next instant was sucked into the rapids. Round and round went the frail boat, and then entering the very centre of the quick-flowing stream, it darted along, and was lost sight of over the falls. Abel pulled like a madman for the shore, guiding his boat slightly up stream.

'My child, my child!' cried the agonized mother as he leapt out upon the bank.

'Boy,' said his father severely, 'what have you done with Martha?'

'Father, stay me not! Martha is in the hands of Providence. Follow me, and a few minutes will decide her fate!'

The mother and Abel's whole family ran with the young man along the shore, following the portage of the falls. They soon reached the nook in which lay the boat used by the Jacks for fishing under the cataract. As Abel expected, the high tide and the great volume of waters considerably lessened the height of the fall, which was also wider than usual.

'Where is my child?' cried Widow Curtis once more.

Abel made no reply, but leaping into the boat, pulled across the stream. The two falls, one on each side of Cuth island, made of course a very strong current in this part of the river, but where the two currents met, the one counteracted the other, and the volume of water being very great, three backwaters ensued, one going back to the island-point, the other two along shore. Abel pulled for the still water in the centre, and in a few minutes had the intense satisfaction of seeing the frail bark canoe lying motionless on the very edge of the eddy.

'Martha!' he cried in a low agonized voice.

No answer was given, and in a few minutes more he was alongside. There she lay in the pale moonlight, as calm as an infant on its mother's bosom, but to all appearance lifeless. Abel lifted her hurriedly into his boat, and sprinkled her marble face with water. A deep sigh, a low wailing sound of pain, and then a burst of tears and laughter, proclaimed the victory of youth and nature over death.

'Oh, Abel, how have I been saved?' said the trembling and agitated girl, clasping her lover's two hands.

'By thy courage and trust in Providence, dear Martha,' replied Abel in a low tone; and these two simple unsophisticated children of nature knelt, and with the roaring cataract on each side, and the placid sky above, prayed to the God of their hearts.

'Let us go to my mother,' said Martha after an instant's pause; and Abel, without another word, struck out for the shore. The meeting formed a most exciting scene. Tears and questions, and thanks and laughter, were strangely mingled with each other, and then the whole party returned to old Jacks' house.

It appeared that Martha, knowing her mother's character, and aware of the influence of a storm upon her mind, had determined, as soon as the moon rose, to cross over and reassure the widow as to her own safety. She took her master's bark canoe, and starting a good way above the site of the bridge, began pulling across. When well in the stream, a beam of wood checked her progress. Eager to push it from her path, she let go her paddles, which she had forgotten to fasten on the rollers, and they fell into the stream. She caught des-

perately at the snag, but in vain; and then she gave the wailing cry which mother and lover had both heard.

Old Jacks warmly commended Abel's presence of mind in giving the advice he did, but far more the calm courage of Martha in following it, while all felt that, under any circumstances, the escape was next to miraculous. Old Jacks insisted on Martha's returning no more to service; and taking upon himself the duties of patriarch, decided that the marriage should be celebrated two months sooner than was originally intended. A week later, Abel and Martha were man and wife; and, to judge from their present solid affection and genuine happiness, they have never forgotten their one terrible trial. Abel loves to tell his story, but says that now it is in my hands, he stands a good chance of hearing, 'We have seen that in print,' a prophecy which I hereby prove to be correct. Old Jacks and the widow are now dead, and Saco is a large place; but though our worthy couple have been now fourteen years married, they remember, as if it were yesterday, their own legend of Saco island.

### A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

NEW YEAR'S DAY—THE GREAT DINNER—THE BOX-WAHLER—CONCERT—SEARCH OF SERVANTS.

It is the custom among the British here to usher in the New Year with a discharge of artillery, and so many other noises, that sleep during any part of the night is out of the question. I was therefore neither annoyed nor disturbed by the gun at daybreak, at which time we now regularly get up, in order to begin our walk before sunrise. On making our way about nine o'clock to breakfast, we found the landing-place at the drawing-room door covered with little trays containing the usual presents offered on festival days: almonds in their shells, small raisins, native sugar dropped into round balls, sugar candy (a much better thing), and a variety of native fruits. I have not yet learned to like the fruits. The ping-apples have little flavour; pomegranates, custard-apples, pummaloos, are all very bad in my opinion; plantains are more tolerable—they taste something like raspberries and cream, but are rather sickly. The best fruits are not now in season—leeches, peaches, and mangoes. There was a large fish on one tray, the largest edible fish I ever saw. We did not try it. It went, with a share of all the other dainties, to the servants, who are very fond of fish to put into their curries. The poorer natives can seldom afford a fish or meat-curry; their low wages force them to content themselves with dahl or other pulse, flavoured with garlic to mix with their rice, which is enriched by ghee, a sort of clarified butter made from buffalo's milk, answering to the *kitchen* of the Scotch and Irish. We had another pleasant little family dinner to-day: we have them very frequently—seldom, indeed, dining alone. Some old friend has suddenly arrived from an out station, or some new friend; some young stranger must have kind attention shown him, or we pick up our company on the Courge. It is too hospitable a house, I fear, for home to be seen very distinctly in it. One of the guests this evening, the captain of an Indiaman, had his ship-servant behind his chair, a black, but not a native of these parts. I rather think that he and Caroline's ayah might have claimed kindred, for he had the look of Portuguese extraction. He was dressed in a white jacket and trousers, European fashion; and—so rapidly does the eye accommodate itself to what is constantly presented to it—I thought it quite strange to see a man in such guise waiting at table. The number of servants in a Calcutta dining-room must in the hot weather be a serious annoyance. Every person has an

attendant, and the great people have two, besides the superior servants of the house in waiting at the sideboards. Quiet as all their movements are, so many human beings cannot be roaming about, handing dishes and bottles, and changing plates, so very officiously too, without causing some confusion, and consuming an undue proportion of good air. At the small parties it is not pleasant, at the great dinners it must be very nearly intolerable. They never speak while in the room; they stand motionless as statues, with folded arms, when not employed; but they chatter like apes when beyond the screen in the passages. I shall have an opportunity to-morrow of deciding upon the pleasures of a *burra khana*, or great dinner, as one of the assemblages, the arrangement of which I disturbed in the study some days ago, will take place here. There was no preparation for it visible to-day; all I noticed was a longer bazaar list than usual, and a heavier bag of rupees handed to the *khansamaun*, which I understand is the more approved method of spelling this dignitary's name. The *burra bibi* has little trouble in ordering her household.

Jan. 2d.—At seven o'clock this evening the guests began to arrive. In half an hour all had assembled, the number, however, reduced to twenty-six by four apologies. We formed a long procession, all properly paired, preceded by chobdars with their silver sticks. It was quite like a public dinner, or rather like a ball supper, only with hot joints and regular courses. There were ham and turkey, boiled salt beef, and roast saddle of mutton, which dishes always keep their station at top and bottom and the two sides of an old-fashioned Calcutta dinner. The many intervening smaller dishes were little attended to, with the exception of the curries. The wines were said to be excellent, and perfectly well cooled. The master and mistress of the feast sat opposite to each other in the middle of the side of the table, intimate friends at the ends. We had a very great lady among us, and a very agreeable one too, the wife of a member of Council. There was some time ago such a storm about precedence here, and it reached to such a height with some of the ladies, that the matter had to be referred home, when it was settled by a warrant from George IV., given at Carlton House, and though not exactly satisfactory to each and every appealing party, it has proved a blessed peacemaker, because a final settlement, and ordered thus:—The ladies of the governor-general, of the chief-justice, of the lord bishop, of the members of council according to their rank in council, of the puisne judges according to the seniority of their husbands' arrival, of the naval commander-in-chief, of the military commander-in-chief—these all precede the wives of the rest of the society, who rank as they were accustomed to do; but—and here was the rub—any lady having by birth rank of her own in England, preserves it here, whatever may be her husband's position, and takes her place immediately after the wives of the members of council. From my safe retreat among the nobodies, I can afford to smile at these little follies, and proceed with our dinner party. The great lady in company gives the signal for leaving the gentlemen, who soon follow her up stairs. It is she also who retires the first when it is time to go away—no one else would like to break up the meeting. Then begins great fatigue to the master of the house, who is expected to accompany most of the ladies down stairs to their carriage, whatever other beau those of higher rank may have secured besides. Indeed a real old Indian receives all the ladies on their arrival as well: every time the

two strokes of the gate bell sound, he appears at the door of his house to conduct them upon his own arm into the drawing-room, and there present them to the other assembled guests. His hope at the parting is, that, like a flock of wild geese, they may all take flight together, when he would be unable to flutter up and down to convoy them individually. It has been rather a dull three hours or so, although we had in one cool corner a great deal of pleasant conversation with several very agreeable people.

3d.—I have heard old Indians at home say that the moment the dishes were removed from their tables, the remaining contents were thrown out into the streets or into the road before the door; and that in an inconceivably short space of time they were devoured by the ever-ready adjutants, who certainly are, as they have long been called, the most active of scavengers. It is a hideous beast-like bird, very disgusting to look at; and it stalks away upon its long, long legs, among all the filth, in a nasty greedy manner; not finding, however, so many delicate morsels in these days, for the shocking waste of food formerly permitted no longer continues. People have learned to send the larger remnants of their feasts to the jail, the sailor's home, and such-like places; or to give them to poor European families. And in every household there are servants who gladly accept these fragments for themselves and their families—such as Portuguese Christians, perhaps a negro cook, and natives who have lost caste on account of performing the very offices for which we hired them. It is a perquisite beyond their wages very welcome to all of them. After such a display as yesterday with all this, and the best part of the provisions left over, set aside during the cold weather for a small entertainment next day, a good deal still remains, which the khansamaun is permitted to sell to those less fastidious than himself about eating it. Just at present meat can be kept good for several days; and since the happy introduction of ice from America, this can be done with any rarity even in the hot weather that is coming. How all the people here do revel in this new luxury, this profuse supply of ice! The pure blocks arrive as imported, and are broken up into knobs of various sizes, which can be thrown into the glass of wine, or beer, or soda water, for those who are too impatient to wait for the odder's more correct cooling process. There was a grand cleaning of wall-shades to-day, and of the little glass cups which hold the cocoa-nut oil within them, every light having been used yesterday. The daily illumination struck me as too magnificent for a private dwelling, but on company occasions it is doubled. The cost is said to be trifling; still, every little helps the whole; and I am treasuring up economical hints against our taking up house ourselves, when our aim will be to save every outlay on which comfort is not actually dependent.

4th.—We had a very amusing scene with a box-wahler yesterday. He came by appointment with some goods which had been ordered. He had set out from his open shop in the bazaar leading a train of eight coolies, every pair of whom carried a large tin box between them balanced upon their two heads. An assistant brought up the rear. In this same state the whole set were ushered by the chobdar into the boudoir where we two ladies sat expecting them. The chief was well dressed, well mannered, though somewhat too humble and beseeching, and very bright-eyed. His assistant was quite inferior. Both salaamed with the profoundest respect; but the coolies remained quite in the background till ordered forward when a box was wanted. The necessary purchases were soon made, after a little chaffering, through the medium of the ayah, who has too great a part to play in these bargaining transactions not to take good care to be in the way; and then began the real business of the day. The box-wahler approached

the burra bibi, and putting his hands together open and at full stretch from palm to palm, and holding them up in an intreating manner, as is the habit of these people when about addressing a superior, he salaamed more reverently than before. 'Well,' said Caroline, 'you have something very pretty to show I see; but unfortunately we want nothing more to-day.' Another salaam more respectful than the last. 'Madam can only look—madam need not buy. Some lace—so beautiful!' How well he knew my sister's foible. 'Beautiful French lace!' The conversation grew animated, for Cary jabbers on in their language as well as they do themselves, ayah interpreting to me as much of it as she thought interesting. At last she settled matters by stepping forward and addressing a pair of expectant coolies at the other end of the room. She called out in an authoritative voice the short word 'laou.' A tin case and its two supporters immediately moved forward together as if one piece, one group of some frieze or bit of statuary. The naked figures stooped, and depositing their burthen at our feet, retired to the veranda: they have not sufficient politeness to salaam. These poor coolies are among the lowest of the people, very dark and very ugly—the lower the caste, the darker the complexion. Bad food, constant exposure to the sun, and the quantity of cocoa-nut oil with which they saturate their skins, to enable them to endure the heat in their naked state, are the principal causes of their wretched appearance. The floor was soon overspread with a profusion of all the finery that women love. But we were not to be tempted, although this honest merchant came down in price with every article as he proceeded to show them to us. At last he unfolded the lace. 'Eighty rupees for that beautiful trimming!' 'Great lady!' continued he in a deprecating tone, 'if you cannot afford to buy my goods, where shall I offer them? The little people will not buy such handsome things—they must have low goods at low prices. Great lady must buy this *Neehlin* lace! I expected one hundred rupees for it. See! I give it you for eighty!'

Caroline laughed. 'Vanheram,' said she, 'I have dealt many years with you: I will buy the piece of lace from you since you so much wish it, and I will give you twenty rupees for it.'

The box-wahler looked quite tragically indignant: he not only gave utterance to his angry feelings, but bustled about with his assistant, replacing all his property in the tin case. He left the lace aside awhile, however, then taking it up, as if before consigning it to the darkness of the tin box, he threw all the cunning suavity of expression he could muster into his handsome face, and holding out the tempting bait, he began another speech, ending with 'Sixty rupees!'

'You are only wasting your time here, Vanheram,' replied the great lady gravely. 'I don't want the lace, nor do I wish to buy it; but to oblige you I consent to take it, and I will give you for it twenty rupees.'

'Madam wish to ave it all de same,' said ayah aside to me; 'an' box-wahler he give it too, I see; so I go to khansamaun;' and away she trotted accordingly.

The box-wahler continued, in English—which these dealers all speak fluently enough—'Who will buy it if you don't buy it? Fifty-five rupees! Very well, you must have it; very well, you must buy it for less than it cost me: no other-lady knows French lace from English.' Turning to me he went on—'Chota madam [that is, young or humble madam] understands these affairs; the young lady will say this fine lace worth forty-five rupees!'

'Twenty rupees or none,' said Caroline in a determined voice; and touching her forehead with her finger, she put an end to the audience.

The master summoned his assistant, the assistant called forward the coolies, and with many salaams, they in silence departed. I felt sure they were gone, the procession was formed so regularly, changed from the order in which it had entered; the assistant now leading, and the merchant himself going out the last. He turned

at the screen, and drawing from his bosom the piece of Machlin lace which he had artfully concealed there, he held it up with an air quite of tender intreaty. 'Thirty-five rupees!'

'No, no, none; twenty rupees or nothing!'

'Twenty rupees! What do I hear? Twenty rupees; it is enough! No, no, lady, salaam!'—and out glided the box-wahler in earnest this time.

'Now,' said Caroline, 'either to-morrow or next day he will be back with that piece of lace, and I'll get it for twenty-five rupees, or thirty at any rate.'

The scene had annoyed me—annoyed more than it had amused me. The trouble of such bargaining, the waste of time, the utter dishonesty of the dealer, who would have pocketed the eighty rupees from an ignorant customer, without feeling he was a cheat to take three times the fair value of his goods—it all grated unpleasantly on my home feelings; but the consideration of these curious doings was checked for the moment by the entrance of the ayah with the lace. She had been to the khansomaun for the money—the twenty rupees—and she had made the exchange on the landing-place as the box-wahler, after his grand flourish near the screen, was going down stairs. It was very liberal in her to encourage the bargain, as it is the custom for the merchant to give her back an ana out of every rupee she pays him. The porter, too, I understand, levies a contribution from all to whom he gives admission; and should any one resist this demand, there are plenty of competitors who will submit to anything. Of course the sahib is made to pay for all—a shocking system, and liable to great abuse; but it is the custom of the people, prevailing equally in courts and in markets, in palaces and in huts: every one trades in money—every one is a speculator. The better-paid head-servant lets out the surplus of his monthly wages at daily interest. The khansomaun thus employs the sum intrusted to him by his master when, in the old-fashioned way, the expenses of the week are thus prepared for in advance: a constant selling, and lending, and bartering is going on among all ranks.

5th.—Cary and I have been with a large party of friends to a concert at the town-hall to-night: a very fine building, handsome outside, imposing within, an entrance and staircase very remarkable. We had much the same professional performers as at our private musical party: the French violoncello, the German bassoon, the Portuguese tenor, the German boy's pianoforte, one or two others very fair, and the artillery band, which is a very good one, to help. The great bulk of the audience was composed of the dark-complexioned. Respectable natives, half-castes, &c. some who considered themselves as the elite of the European society, protested rather vehemently against such persons being admitted. They regret the good old times of exclusiveness under the unlimited tyranny of the old charters. A much better tone is beginning to prevail, and will naturally gather strength with the certain progress of public opinion at home, which has already made itself known across the Indian Ocean. Monopoly after monopoly will give way as this great empire becomes more really a part of the dominions of Great Britain, and less a mere mart for a company of merchants to trade with. This enormous territory, which has grown, and is still growing to such an inordinate size, no one can well tell how, is certainly upon the whole very fairly governed; but I suppose nobody will contend that all the resources of the country are brought out as they might be, if less were taken from it in the shape of revenue. We are much better sovereigns than any Asiatic potentate ever was. We are just, as well as powerful, but hardly paternal. There must of course be difficulty in governing a people so various in kind and creed, so false, so low in feeling, so selfish, and so sensual. We must wait for some change of character among the better classes at any rate, before the considerations and the liberality suited to superior man-ners could essentially serve castes now quite unprepared

to be so dealt with. Human instruments can only help the slow, better-ordered work of time; and with this hope for the future we must at present, I am afraid, be satisfied.

6th.—The gentlemen dining out this evening—a man-party somewhere—Cary and I dined at tiffin, and had an early tea with buttered muffin—so English and so happy. We talked you all over. We went back to old days, and old scenes, and old incidents; and I do think Cary is inclined to think more resolutely of a home future, and to prepare, by stricter economy, for an earlier return among you. It is a great mistake that Indians make in leading such a mere life of pleasure. If they would consider it more a life of business, and keep the one aim and end of their coming here more steadily before them, they could all return, if not in affluence, most certainly in comfort, to their native land while yet in the prime of their days. All this philosophy is the effect of the muffin, which, though not exactly equal to those you may now be looking at, reminds us sufficiently of them to bring before us the fire, and the kettle, and the curtains, and the tea-table of those dear temperate regions, where so many that we love are at this very moment perhaps thinking of us. I must take my home-fancies to bed, and release poor ayah, who, sleepy as she is, stands fanning off the musquitos from me, and I must get her to open just as much space in the muslin case around my couch as will enable me to dart into that secure asylum from the greatest annoyance in India.

7th.—I got home to-day all our shipboard linen, very nicely washed. Four rupees for every hundred pieces—hardly a penny each. Ayah bargained with the dhobee to wash for us for ten rupees a month—a very fair compact. I had a dirjie here too, a dirjie of repute, to make me up some plain dresses suited to the hot weather now approaching, and was thus let into a curious custom. The ayah forgot to warn the porter that she had ordered the attendance of this needleman, and the durwan would not let him in. I had to send a chit down to him, which, though he could not read, he accepted as a warrant. These chits are quite a plague; one is perpetually note-writing. Every message must be written, word of mouth not answering where messages have to go through so many blundering heads. Another part of the durwan's business I was introduced to in the course of this day. He has to search the persons of all who leave the house. My dirjie could not escape, nor any one not thoroughly known as above suspicion. It is even done to all the servants of the guests at a dinner party, and if it were not, there would be but a poor account of table napkins, spoons, and forks. It is also necessary to search recently-hired servants coming into the family every time they wander beyond the great gates, unless they have been vouched for by the tried heads of their departments—the best and general plan to guard against the imposition of disreputable subordinates being to take some pains to secure the services of higher-caste upper domestics, and to make them responsible for their gangs. There is so much of hanging together in the genius of these people, that it hardly ever answers to make one servant independent of another. To trust one chief is therefore the only plan that can safely be resorted to. This is carried so far, that the khansomaun commonly keeps the house purse, the ayah all the clothes, lace, shawls, jewels, and money of her mistress; and it is very rare for either of these to break their trust.

8th.—The holidays in the Supreme Court are over, and Arthur will begin business in earnest. He has had a second case to study, and I believe he will be employed in one of some importance through the kindness of my legal friend, who proposed him in the place of a junior counsel gone suddenly down to the Sandheads for change of air. One of the judges gives a great bar-dinner to-day—a very popular man, who lives much more in the best-English style than most others here. If Arthur get away from this generally pleasant party tolerably

early—the judge is famous for his wines—he will join us at a house I am dying with curiosity to find myself inside of—an account of which visit you shall have to-morrow.

## AUTOGRAPHS.

### PARISIAN MANUSCRIPT.

THE prevailing taste for collecting autographs and manuscripts of individuals who have distinguished themselves in society, although doubtless it is often very trifling in the hands of some childish collector, has proved of immense importance in biography and in history. Events, before mysterious, have been explained; occurrences have been accurately described; and truth has been developed by the discovery of some private letters which had been unexpectedly preserved. The intrigues of statesmen, the negotiations of diplomatists, have had a sudden light thrown upon them by a curious investigator who has ransacked some old papers, and drawn from them a knowledge of the facts that really occurred. The principal source of our minute acquaintance with all the circumstances that marked the reign of Henry IV. of France, is to be traced to the collection made with so much industry and zeal by Lomenie de Brienne, secretary of state to that monarch. From that period commences the real knowledge of events that have occurred in France. He it was who set the example which has been since largely followed of amassing every document that he could place his hands upon—autograph-letters, manuscript memoirs, public acts signed by men in authority, were brought together with avidity and with eager curiosity. This collection has given us an insight not only into events, but has made us acquainted with men, their manners, their customs, their virtues, and their vices. Classed by Messrs Dupuy, who were his executors, copies of them were made, and these were given to them as a reward for the labours, whilst the originals, which occupied 340 volumes, purchased by Louis XIV., are carefully preserved in the National Library of France.

Pierre Dupuy and James his brother followed the example that had been set them, and during a period of forty years completed one of the noblest collections of original manuscripts that has ever been made. The valuable archives were given to Louis XIII., and remain a monument of labour and of energy. The literature of the seventeenth century would have been incomplete without them: they are not confined to French autographs, but are illustrative of the history of Italy and Germany, and even embrace the Greek and Latin languages. The Duc de Bethune, an immediate connection of Sully, not only amassed letters of the age in which he lived, but sought for the treasures of older times, in which he was assisted by the Abbé de Marolles. Upwards of a thousand letters, principally from kings, queens, princes, princesses, and the highest nobility, came into his possession. His son felt the same enjoyment in the pursuit of documents. M. de Gaigneres was the next contributor to this species of historical evidence: he bequeathed his literary treasures to Louis XIV. There were five sections of manuscripts mentioned in his catalogue: the first containing eighty volumes in folio of original titles of archbishoprics and bishoprics with the seals; the second, of twenty volumes of original titles of abbeys, and documents from the clergy; the third, sixty volumes of autograph-letters of all the great men of France, from Charles VII. up to the reigning monarch; the fourth embraced ten volumes of despatches and diplomatic autographs; the fifth was a large collection in portfolios of the deeds, charters, and foundations of the monastic institutions. It was a matter of much marvel how any individual of moderate means could have found money to purchase such rare and valuable materials, and how he could have found time to arrange and explain their various contents.

Many have been the distinguished men who have since devoted much of their lives to similar collections:

amongst them the great Colbert; his antiquarian taste led him to researches of the most important character. Everything that could illustrate the administration of Cardinal Mazarin was most diligently sought after, and he explored every new source for something that could add to his store. Sixty portfolios of original documents from the time of Philippe Auguste down to Francis I. show how indefatigable he was in his inquiries. The recent accusation made against M. Libri, of purloining some of the manuscripts from the public libraries in France, has directed attention to the accumulated treasures in the National Library, and to the carelessness with which they have been hitherto preserved. A number of writers have come into the field, amongst them the Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), Achille Jubinal, Gustave Brunet, and Cretaine. From these we learn that the robberies and mutilation in the manuscript department have been frightful: it has been despoiled of some of its most valuable riches, nor can it be exactly ascertained at what period these losses occurred. It is known that the Vandalism of the Revolution in 1789 extended to every object of literature and of art. The democrats destroyed manuscripts because they thought they might contain the titles of the nobility, or the correspondence of the aristocrats. At a domiciliary visit made to Duplanil, the translator from the German of Busching's 'Domestic Medicine' one of the commissioners saw in a compartment of the library some portfolios; he dragged them out of the dust, and immediately accused him of corresponding with the enemy. Duplanil showed him that they were letters of Louis XIV., and of Turenne, explaining to him that they were no longer living. The answer was, 'To the guillotine with him! he has dared to receive letters from the tyrants and his doctors, and to keep them!' It was after the burning of innumerable valuable documents, parchments, books, armorial drawings, and historical manuscripts, that in the year 1793 the Abbé Gregoire dared to raise his voice against these barbarous devastations; and the Convention passed a decree forbidding further dilapidations.

M. Jubinal has shown that, within a short period, letters of Louis XI., of Calvin, of Melancthon, of Galileo, of Rubens, of Theodore Iseza, of Bongars, of Etienne Pasquier, of Ronsard, of Dubartas, of Stephen Dolet, of Montaigne, and of Mary Stuart, have disappeared. The history given by him of the autograph of Raphael, the only one known to exist of the great painter, is curious enough. There is in the celebrated collection of fac-similes of autographs, published under the name of 'L'Isographie,' one of Raphael, to which is appended a note, stating that the original is in the National Library. Jubinal, anxious to see with his own eyes one of the greatest of all our literary curiosities, went to the library, and learned to his astonishment that it had never been there; he next sought for some information from M. Duchesne, who was one of the editors of 'L'Isographie.' He informed him, that notwithstanding the assertion in his volume, that it had never made a part of the museum. The gentleman stated that it had been brought from Italy during the successes of Napoleon Bonaparte, amongst others of the rich treasures which were destined to adorn the public institutions of Paris; it was in the hands of the conservator of the Louvre, to whom had been consigned, as a public officer, the Venus de Medicis, the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, as well as the autograph of Raphael; but the latter he had placed in his own private library. At his death his collection of autographs was advertised for sale, and amongst them this precious jewel. M. Dubois, since director of the Egyptian Museum, protested against the property of the nation being thus confiscated, and it was withdrawn from the sale. M. Duchesne sought and obtained permission to lithograph the document; but the individual who lent it for the purpose, insisted that the name of the person who held it should not be given, and in consequence of this the editors stated that it belonged to the Royal Library, although it had never been within its

walls. Upon the remonstrances of M. Dubois, the letter was given up to the keeper of the Louvre; but it was again destined to be misplaced, for there was a rumour that it had disappeared from its place, and for fifteen years it was lost to the world. The Revolution of 1848, although it has proved of very little value to anything else, has been of importance to the lost manuscript, for the new administrator of the Louvre, M. Jeannon, has laid his hands upon it. It was found in what is technically called its original chemise, being the covering in which it was first placed. Within this was a document, signed by Tinet and by Berthollet, dated Venice, stating that the commissioners for the importation into France of the works of art of Italy, had collected amongst the *chefs-d'œuvre* a writing of Raphael, which it describes as a bargain made by Raphael for a picture of the crowning of the Virgin, and congratulates France upon its possession of this fruit of its victories. The autograph is in itself interesting. It is dated the 21st of June 1516. It is the agreement for a picture of the Assumption of the Virgin, for which 200 ducats are to be paid—seventy at the commencement of the work, and the rest at its completion. Then follow three lines in Raphael's own handwriting, traced with a firm hand; the writing is excellent, and well defined: it commences—'Io Raffaello so contento qto de sopra e scritto et a fede ho facto questo de mia mano in Roma,' so that no doubt can be raised as to his autograph, and to the orthography of his name, of which there have been many doubts.

No man has made greater use of autographs than Lamartine: he has with singular research availed himself of every opportunity that has presented itself; and the many important collections that exist in Paris have furnished him with ample materials for the correction of the errors into which historians of the Revolution have inadvertently fallen. He has been able to throw considerable light on the mooted question, whether Robespierre shot himself at the Hôtel de Ville at the moment of his arrest, or whether, as has so often been asserted, he was wounded by another person accidentally. From the evidence of a letter in the collection of one of the most fervent admirers of Robespierre, it would appear that the latter was actually the case. It is known that the leader of the Jacobins sat for some time in the saloon, unwilling to take any prominent part in opposing his enemies: he seemed to have lost all energy. Had he at once called out the sections, and headed them, he might have been enabled to overthrow his adversaries. He was with difficulty induced to act: at last he determined to issue his orders. He commenced an address to the Commune, and had finished that portion of it which it was his part to draw up, and was affixing his signature to it, when the detachment rushed into the room. The first letters of his name were then finished, the last with a trembling hand; but he must then have been interrupted, and stains of his blood blot out some of the writing. There is something actually speaking in the appearance of the manuscript, which, when associated with the apartment in which the occurrence took place, carries with it its own history.

Another circumstance has been set to right by a letter, which weighed heavily in the mind of an individual who played a conspicuous part in the Revolution. At the moment when Louis XVI. wished to address the people from the scaffold, on which he had immediately to lay down his head, a command was given, and the rolling of the drums interrupted him, and prevented him from being heard; and as those who condemned him to death had issued no orders to that effect, the responsibility rested on the commander of the forces, Santerre. The Royalists accused him of a gratuitous act of inhumanity, and he was loaded with imprecations. He denied the truth of the statement, but nobody listened to him. At the sale of M. Bourdillon's autographs, was sold a letter from General Santerre, dated 1802, addressed to Citoyen Chateaubriand, in which he justifies the conduct of Westermann, and that which rendered the manuscript most

interesting was at its back some observations of Chateaubriand, which fully proved, from his own personal knowledge, that it was not Santerre, but that it was an officer who had been a member of the household of Louis XVI. This person being then living, and holding a prominent position, was applied to, and acknowledged himself to have been the person who commanded the drums to be beat, and who gloried in the opportunity of making the fact public.

An opportunity was lately afforded to a collector of autographs, an Englishman residing in Paris, to exculpate his countrymen from a heavy charge that has lately been brought against them by one of the popular writers in the *feuilletons* attached to the daily papers. He made the principal object of his romance an attack upon the English during the Revolution for the treatment of the French prisoners that fell into their hands, and boldly affirmed, that although the accusation had often been made, there never had been the slightest attempt to rebut it; and that English superior officers themselves regretted that the orders they received from their government were of so strict a nature, that they were compelled to carry them out. This was repeated, with some harsh observations, in private society, and gave an opportunity to the collector of autographs, who was present, to produce a letter in French, written by Sir David Dundas when commanding at Toulon, addressed to General Dugommier, the French officer in command, not only stating that he had given every accommodation to the prisoners who had fallen into his hands, expressing that wishes that he should do so were forwarded by his own government, but also inculcating in forcible language the reciprocal duties that they were called upon to perform. Historical documents exist to a much larger amount in France than they do in England, for in the convents and monasteries there were individuals who were glad to employ their time and their minds upon such an object. Many of the classic authors have been written in legible hands, and sometimes very singular annotations are found with them, evidently the work of ripe scholars. Treatises upon rhetoric, upon architecture, upon theology, and upon history, résumés of the lectures delivered by the professors of the Sorbonne, are not unfrequent in the libraries of the learned; and most of them, when offered at auctions, command good prices. In England, it is often the handwriting that the curious are anxious to see—the subject which is written upon interests them but little; and scrap-books thrust before some unhappy individual who has gained a notoriety, attest that there is a species of avarice rather than a laudable wish to learn some new fact; whilst a novel method of extracting a few shillings from the purse has been ingeniously hit upon by some clever fellow, who, aware of the power of self-love, and the complacency of egotism, offers to give an accurate picture of an individual who will forward a few lines of his handwriting. Numerous are the missives despatched upon this errand, and the remunerations have brought several competitors into the field. It is singular that although the British Museum contains a vast number of curious letters, it has not been very active in adding to its stores; and that numerous sales affording good opportunities have been allowed to pass by without any notice. There seems to be an indifference which is quite unaccountable, when we see the advantages which have resulted from the publication of Horace Walpole's letters, of Garrick's letters, of Peepys, and of the several men who have been brought before the public, to printing the numerous correspondences which must exist, or to giving lithographic imitations of the handwriting of those who have been most eminent. It would often lead the amateur to the knowledge of the authenticity of a piece.

The French have some good works, which have done much good to the antiquary. The one entitled '*Isographie des Hommes Célèbres*' is a useful collection of fac-similes of the writing of men of all countries. It is for the most part well done, and the letters are

chosen from well-known collectors. It has often enabled persons to detect the tricks which are constantly played by the adroit and dishonest fabricator upon the careless and the unwary. The materials in the British Museum would furnish forth admirable food for the *savants*. It is said that many volumes exist there, made up of fragments taken from some of the most precious manuscripts; and that some of these come from the National Library of Paris. It is supposed that even the Harleian MS. would exhibit many proofs that a barbarous spirit has been at work, and that his evil deeds have been rewarded. In the catalogue of the Greek manuscripts of the National Library of France is recorded 'the act of munificence of Lord Harley,' who restored thirty-five leaves of which it had been despoiled by Aymon. But there are still in the Harleian collection thirteen leaves torn from the Bible of Charles the Bald by Aymon. Oxford and Cambridge are also rich in manuscripts and in autographs known only to few amateurs. They should likewise furnish the literary world with some of those specimens which are most prized. Some sensation has been created amongst the learned by the discovery of an unedited letter of Montaigne: it has been lithographed, and a very curious dissertation published upon it by Achille Jubinal, one of the most learned antiquaries of the day. He has made some interesting remarks upon it, which are worthy an English translation. One of the first difficulties which, as a collector, he has to contend with at the onset, is the orthography of names. It is not only as early as the days of Shakspeare that we have to look for men spelling their names in sundry manners; but at the present time, especially on the continent, there are such variations that we know not by what to abide. We find Bonaparte sometimes admitting a *u* into his name, at other times leaving it out; Bertholet sometimes spells his name with one *l*, at others with two; Mallesherbes sometimes left out the *e* after the *l*; and examples might be multiplied even in England. The Somerset family have lately spelt the classic Seymour as St Maur; Lord Howden has chosen Caradoc instead of Craddock; and Smiths have chosen to metamorphose themselves into Smythes. The next difficulty is the varieties of different periods of life in penmanship: this, however, would form a chapter in itself as amusing as any that could be offered in the History of Autographs.

#### IRISH TRAVELLING.

TRAVELLING in this our day is brought to a degree of perfection that is truly astonishing to those who remember what it was in 'the good old times.' There are many who can remember the proud distinction won by those who had made what was once called the 'grand tour'—that is, who passed into France and Italy for a time, and then returned home to be the lions of their respective neighbourhoods. In those days, a journey of 200 miles was a matter of more preparation and importance than one which now comprises half the globe; the ascent of one of our own Irish hills—Kilworth or Tullysker—was considered as great an achievement as it is now to cross the Alps; and the exploration of the caves of Cloghnan was looked on as an event in one's life, of more importance than we think it at present to saunter among the Pyramids of Egypt, or to dive among the hidden things of Herculaneum. When Stephenson the engineer was examined before parliament on the subject of railways, and ventured to say that he thought locomotives might be propelled at the speed of twenty miles an hour, he heard a half-suppressed titter among the members, who thought he was carried far beyond the limits of possibility by a wild enthusiasm; since then, we have become so saucy about travelling, that we think nothing of twice the rate.

The change which has taken place in Ireland is marvellous to those who remember what travelling through that country was half a century since, and who can bear witness to the truthfulness of Miss Edge-

worth's description of Irish posting. The journey between Dublin and Cork, comprising 159 miles, was considered to be happily accomplished if performed in six days. In consideration of the casualties which might occur in so hazardous an undertaking, it is said that no person possessed of any property would set out without first making his will. There were heartrending leave-takings, and tedious days of anxious waiting, till news of the travellers could arrive: fond mothers were haunted by disastrous visions of a succession of damp beds, and daring robbers, and reckless drivers; catarrhs, and rifled pockets, and broken limbs, constantly flitted in wild confusion before their troubled fancies. As a gratuity was given to the postboys at each stage, a caution was not unfrequently given to be sure to save upon anything rather than this, for there were fearful tales of post-juvenile revenge.

An old gentleman, a dear friend and neighbour of ours in the county of Limerick, has often described to us the journeys which he made in the days of his youth, to attend quarterly examinations during his college course. He and three fellow-students (among whom was Mr O'Grady, afterwards Lord Guilmore, and for many years Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer) used to travel together; for the accommodation of their party they hired a coach, and thought themselves fortunate if it rattled through the streets of the metropolis, having completed its route of 119 miles, by the close of the third evening. To while away the tedious hours of their journey, the students going up to Dublin to attend examination provided themselves with a pack of cards; a handkerchief spread across their laps serving the purpose of a card-table, on which they pursued their game of whist. As the driver invariably availed himself of every rut and stone which lay before him, the bumping and jolting were incessant, and consequently the shuffling and dealing were performed somewhat after the fashion of a paroxysm of St Vitus's dance. On approaching a town, the postilion was sure to have an access of energy; and lashing the jaded horses, if possible, into a gallop, to the manifest danger of women and children, pigs and dogs, he reached the inn-door in a fit of frenzy, and banged the door of the carriage open, and clattered the steps down with a noise which might have awakened the Seven Sleepers. It is strange that all this time no attempt to reform the system of travelling had been made by the influential inhabitants of the country, and that the task was ultimately left to two strangers—one a Scotchman, the other an Italian.

The former, Mr Anderson, had arrived among the Irish people with but £500; but that sum, realised by his own industry, was a fortune to one in humble circumstances. He brought to Ireland what was far more useful than wealth—wonderful activity of mind, and an earnest desire to benefit his fellow-creatures. He embarked his little capital in the staple trade of Cork—the exportation of provisions—and soon found himself in possession of £25,000, which was eventually increased to £50,000. Instead of sitting down quietly to enjoy the fruit of his industry, he resolved to serve the country which he had made his home, and to turn all the vigour of his mind, as well as his other resources, towards its improvement. With him to project and to execute were the same. Attracted by the picturesque situation of Fermoy, and its capabilities of improvement, Mr Anderson purchased four-sixths of the estate. His first object was to build a town where he found but a poor hamlet, consisting of a carman's inn and a few wretched hovels. Soon after it fell into his hands, no traveller could pass without being struck by the appearance of the town—one of the handsomest and most prosperous of which the south of Ireland could boast: the admirable manner in which it was planned, the regularity of its buildings, and its clean and flourishing condition, were deservedly admired. The scenery by which it is surrounded added much to its attractions—the river, the Black Water, on which it is situated, being embellished by beautiful demesnes which skirt its

banks, with all their diversity of woods, and sloping lawns, and glades.

Mr Anderson turned his capital into a number of other channels for the benefit of his adopted country: besides building his town, he raised churches and schoolhouses; he established a bank; he formed an agricultural society, which holds annual meetings in October for ploughing-matches and the distribution of premiums. He likewise planned various lines of road, and got presentments for some of them; but among the crying evils of the country which engaged his attention, the system of travelling particularly struck him as requiring a thorough reformation; and to him the country owes the inestimable advantage of the introduction of the mail-coach system, now dating little more than half a century back. Hitherto the mail-bags had been carried by postboys on horseback, or in locked-up boxes in wagons drawn by a single horse; and we may infer from this how tardily the communication was kept up. The first public carriage that ran between Dublin and Cork was established by Mr Anderson, and entered the metropolis on the 8th of July 1789. The nobility, and others of high rank, to whose companionship he had raised himself, not only valued and esteemed him for his active benevolence and sterling sense, but found great enjoyment in his society, and in the honest pride with which he often adverted to the humble circumstances from which he had advanced himself by his own unassisted ability and industry. When a sudden and unforeseen turn in his affairs took place (in great measure owing to a change in the currency, by which his bank was materially affected), a public meeting was convened in Cork, at which all persons of consequence in the county attended. The strongest testimony was borne to his worth, and the deepest expressions of the sense entertained of all the country owed to him were mingled with those of affectionate sympathy. To intimate how highly his services were appreciated, a baronetcy had been offered to him by government; but he declined the honour for himself, while accepting it for his son.

Mr Anderson's son—Sir James Anderson—had a turn for science, and devoted himself to projects for improvements in steam-carriages, on which he expended considerable sums, but which his means would not permit him to pursue. He resided for many years at Buttevant Castle, which is finely situated on a rocky eminence on the margin of the river Awby, of which it commands a beautiful view. The river has a peculiar interest in being 'the gentle Mulla' of which Spenser sung. Kilcolman Castle in the immediate neighbourhood is also hallowed as having been the residence of the poet for twelve years, and the spot where he composed his 'Faery Queen.'

Though wonderful improvements had been effected in the system of travelling between some of the principal cities, yet still there remained a lamentable want of communication throughout Ireland. Whole districts were in a manner insulated; agricultural advancement retarded; mind itself stagnating for want of the free interchange of thought so necessary to keep up a healthy tone, and dispel the mists of prejudice. The few mail and day coaches which Mr Anderson had so happily introduced, and which were intended as the beginning of the system which he had so much at heart, fell far short of what was necessary for the improvement and comfort of the country. Those living apart from the great cities, whose occupation, health, or pleasure, made it necessary to travel here or there through the country, were without any public accommodation whatever, and had to make what arrangements they best could. Consequently risk was run and expense incurred to a considerable amount. Many a pedestrian wending his weary way along—to effect his purchase or his sale, or to transact some other business—would have been deterred by some trifling expense, to have been carried a few miles, had the opportunity been afforded, by some fitting vehicle. Among those destined to tra-

verse the roads through the heat of summer and the cold of winter a youth of about fifteen years might be constantly seen: his countenance and foreign air at once proclaimed him a stranger; he was from Milan, and had come over to Ireland in the year 1802 to seek his fortune. His stock in trade was carried in a box, strapped on his back: it consisted of prints, picture-frames, and the materials for gilding—an art which he was called on to practise at many of the houses at which he stopped on his way from Tipperary (the town where he had settled) to Clonmel, at about eighteen miles' distance. His attainments in the English language did not exceed *two words*; but they sufficed for all the purposes of traffic. 'One pennee' was all that he could say; and the price of the article which he offered for sale was simply and clearly made known, as he would touch the fingers of his left hand in succession with the thumb of his right hand, repeating as he touched them, one after the other, 'One pennee—one pennee;' and so on. If the value of the article exceeded fivepence, he again commenced the touch and the one pennee. The purchaser had only to cast-up the one pennies as they were repeated, to know the value which the youthful merchant set upon each article. Thus did the stranger boy pursue the calling which he planned for himself; and the pleasure which he felt in knowing that by his indefatigable industry he was earning a livelihood may be conceived by those who, like him—

'To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile  
Assiduous wait upon her,  
And gather gear by every wile  
That's justified by honour:  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train-attendant;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent.'

Time passed on, and still this industrious boy passed along the track which he had marked for his itinerant trade. Often overcome by fatigue, the wish has arisen that he and his load could have been borne on their way by some vehicle; then vague plans for the purchase of a horse and car passed through his mind. It has been said, and probably with truth, that he imparted the wish to one who had befriended him; who proffered the loan necessary to effect his desire—a sum which it was the youth's first care to repay. It so happened that in passing between the towns he would occasionally stop and offer a seat to some weary traveller. Among those who were indebted to his kindness, some were willing and well able to pay for public conveyance had any such existed; and perhaps it may have been thus that offering seats on his car for a moderate fare may have been suggested. He had indeed long reflected on the wants of his adopted country; and nothing had been more strongly impressed upon his mind than the great inconvenience which the public suffered from the utter want of travelling accommodation. In the year 1815, and in the same month—July—in which Mr Anderson had started the first mail-coach, the young adventurer, Charles Bianconi, started his first public car. It ran between Clonmel and Cahir, passing over eight miles of road. How this undertaking prospered may be seen in a statement made by Mr Bianconi himself, at a meeting of the British Association held in Cork, August 19, 1843:—'In July 1815 I started a car for the convenience of passengers from Clonmel to Cahir, which I subsequently extended to Tipperary and Limerick. At the end of the same year I started similar cars from Clonmel to Cashel and Thurles, and from Clonmel to Carrick and Waterford; and I have since extended this establishment, including the most insulated localities—namely, from Longford to Ballina and Belmullet, which is 201 miles north-west of Dublin; from Athlone to Galway and Clifden, 183 miles due west of Dublin; from Limerick to Tralee and Cahirciveen, 233 miles north-west of Dublin; and numbering 100 vehicles, including mail-coaches and different

sized cars, capable of carrying from four to twenty passengers each, and travelling eight or nine miles an hour, at an average fare of one penny-farthing per mile for each passenger, and performing daily 3800 miles, passing through 140 stations for the change of horses, consuming 3000 to 4000 tons of hay, and from 30,000 to 40,000 barrels of oats annually, all of which are purchased in their respective localities." So rapid was the success of Mr Bianconi's speculation, that before the close of the year in which he had started his first public car, he ran others in various directions, and had contracted for the carriage of several of the mails.

The great advantages of Mr Bianconi's establishment are not confined to the facilities for travelling, though most valuable to all classes on that account. 'The farmer,' Mr Bianconi observes, 'who formerly rode and spent three days in making his market, can now do so in one for a few shillings, thereby saving two clear days and the expense and use of his horse.' But additional benefit is conferred on some of the farmers by the establishment in the remote localities to which its stations extend: they are no longer without the chance of disposing of their crops; for the demand necessary to be supplied for the great number of horses employed has opened a market for some who would otherwise have found considerable difficulty in making sale of the produce of their ground. The employment of a great number of persons in the establishment gives support to many poor families. There are upwards of 100 drivers, and at each of the 140 stations from one to six grooms are engaged, the number of horses amounting to 1400.

In the regulation of this vast establishment good sense and good feeling combine. 'This establishment,' Mr Bianconi tells, 'does not travel on Sundays, unless such portions of it as are in connection with the post-office or canals, for the following reasons:—First, the Irish being a religious people, will not travel on business on Sundays; and secondly, experience teaches me that I can work a horse eight miles per day six days in the week much better than I can six miles for seven days.' The interest which Mr Bianconi takes in the moral conduct of those in his employment must be attended with the greatest benefit, not merely to its immediate objects, but to those who are connected with them. He inculcates the strictest adherence to truth by instantly dismissing any of his men detected in a falsehood. If prompt in punishing the guilty, he is not less earnest in promoting the welfare of the deserving. Those who conduct themselves well are stationed where there is the highest remuneration for their services. The grooms and drivers know that nothing but misconduct can make them forfeit a full pension should they be incapacitated by age or sickness. The interests of the children of those who die are most carefully attended to: they are educated by Mr Bianconi, and afterwards placed in situations in the establishment. The methodical arrangements by which he superintends every branch of his concern are as remarkable as its extent. He inspects every day 124 way-bills; every week he receives a return from each of his stations, setting forth by name the condition of each horse, the quantity of hay and oats consumed, what has been added, and what remains, and an accurate list of the markets and prices. After minute examination and comparison with entries, he returns any in which the slightest error appears for explanation.

The deserved popularity of Mr Bianconi cannot be more fully understood than by the fact of the perfect safety with which his vehicles, many of them carrying the mails, have passed through the most lawless districts in the most disturbed times. There is not an instance on record of one of his conveyances having been stopped, or in any way molested at any time. The services which he has rendered to the country of which he is now a naturalised citizen cannot be too highly appreciated. That they are deeply felt through all classes of society, is proved by the high respect and

esteem in which he is held. He has been frequently consulted by leading members of the government; he twice filled the office of mayor of Clonmel with great dignity and usefulness; he was offered the representation of that borough in parliament, and four other constituencies sought him as their representative; but he declined these honours from conscientious motives, as he felt that the large establishment which he superintended would prevent his giving sufficient attention to public matters. The duties belonging to the position in which Providence has placed him are never lost sight of. The large fortune which he has realised so honourably could not have fallen into better hands: it affords ample means for the gratification of his benevolent feelings, and for the indulgence of those elegant tastes which seem to belong intuitively to his countrymen. It is thus an intelligent friend writes who lives in Mr Bianconi's neighbourhood, and who has had opportunities of seeing him in his domestic circle:—'He is liberal and charitable, and never forgets a faithful servant; he feels convinced that he owes his prosperity to his having always considered the interest and happiness of his dependents, and his anxiety to accommodate the public for a fair remuneration; his mind is evidently imbued with strong religious feelings and gratitude for his present independence. Mr Bianconi now resides at Longfield, near Cashel, a very handsome modern house, with an extensive demesne; to this is attached a well-circumstanced estate. His energies are directed to the embellishment of his house and demesne, and to promote the interest and happiness of his tenants. He has built some comfortable houses, reduced his rents proportionate to the times, and is encouraging in the most liberal, and at the same time judicious manner, every effort that is made by his tenantry to improve their condition. He has been married about twenty-one years. He has a son and two daughters, to whom he is a fond and indulgent father, and to whom he has given every advantage of education. Mrs Bianconi is very pleasing and agreeable. In the gardens and pleasure-grounds of Longfield are several fine casts taken from the works of celebrated sculptors; and in the house are several valuable paintings by Barry, and of the Titian and Raphael school, and vases of the finest marble by the best Italian sculptors. His library is filled with choice and well-selected books, besides many beautiful engravings and specimens of virtue.' But of all his possessions, it is said that there is none on which he looks with more satisfaction than on the box which he was wont to carry as he traversed the long weary roads, and which he will sometimes show to a guest with an honest pride. Another affecting proof that Mr Bianconi often recurs to the days that are gone by is, the order given to the drivers of his cars to be sure, when there is room, to offer a seat to any weary traveller they may chance to meet, preferring such as carry a pack, or a woman with a child in her arms.

Since the opening of the Great Southern and Western Railway the number of Mr Bianconi's cars has diminished and his profits decreased; but from an earnest desire to continue employment to those who have served him faithfully, he anxiously seeks out new lines for his establishment. The works on the Great Southern and Western Railway commenced in the year 1845; the line was opened from Dublin to Cork by the lord-lieutenant on the 18th, and for passengers and traffic on the 29th of October 1849. Its extent is 188 miles, passing through seven counties, and having thirty intermediate stations. Great part of its way lies through the richest land in Ireland. From the form of the ground, the works from Buttevant to Cork, a distance of thirty miles, were the most laborious and important ever attempted in Ireland. They excited the surprise of the lord-lieutenant, who spoke in terms of great admiration of 'the stupendous embankments and magnificent viaducts.' The first viaduct over which he passed was close to Mallow, twenty miles from Cork: it crosses the Black Water, whose banks present a scene of woodland

beauty which can scarcely be surpassed; the length is 520 feet, comprising ten arches; its height 60 feet. Seventeen miles further, the second viaduct crosses the picturesque glen of Monard; its length is 560 feet, comprising seven arches; its height 90 feet. A mile and a-half further, the noble viaduct of Kilnap, with its eight arches, meets the view; its height is 90, and its length 420 feet. The adjacent country, with its green pasture-lands, its corn-fields, and wooded nooks, has a most beautiful effect as seen through the arches of these viaducts. A tunnel is being bored near the ground allotted for a permanent station-house in Cork: its length, when finished, will be about three-quarters of a mile; but as it has to be cut through solid rock, that part of the work will not be completed for some time. The journey between the cities, which once occupied six days, is now accomplished in seven hours, including all stoppages, the locomotives moving at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour; by special train it has been performed in four hours and a-half. To those who remember the six days' tedious journey between the cities, this speed appears miraculous. Those who formerly could afford neither time nor expense to go to see their friends, or to visit the metropolis, can now indulge themselves by merely taking a pleasant morning drive, and at the most moderate expense, as the fare for each passenger per mile only amounts to 2d. for the first-class, 1½d. for the second-class, and 1d. for the third-class carriage.

The advantages of this new style of travelling are so universally felt and acknowledged that they need no discussion. In Ireland it is more especially a national blessing, where the development of natural resources, enterprise, and agricultural advancement, so eminently requires a helping hand. Already the traffic on this great line is considerable, and it is increasing every day. We must remember, too, that these works were going on when the land was wasted by famine and disease, and that four thousand labourers have been employed on them at a time, earning thereby support for themselves and families, who would otherwise have been utterly destitute.

#### BURSTING OF WATER-PIPES WITH FROST.

A paper on this subject, read at the Mechanical Section of the British Association by Mr Alexander Macpherson of Leith, F.R.S.S.A., appears to us so interesting, and promises to prove so useful in preventing this very inconvenient and destructive occurrence, that we subjoin a brief analysis.—The various unsuccessful means that have been tried to prevent the action of frost on water-pipes are fully described: such as exterior protections of non-conducting materials, charcoal, rope-yarn, straw, &c. and the more generally recommended mode of circulating the water through the pipes by means of partially opening the cock at the sink. This latter, although beneficial in preserving the supply-pipes, is disadvantageous in its freezing, and consequently obstructing, the soil-pipes and drains, and is very often, as in New York, prohibited by the municipal authorities. The only really practical means of preventing the pipes from bursting is simply to *keep them empty* in time of frost; and the means at present of effecting this is to place two cocks on a low part of the supply-pipe, and by the one to shut off the water, and by the other to empty the pipes. But to render this plan of any avail, great watchfulness is necessary; and the consequence is, that even where the cocks exist they are rarely used in time. 'Reasoning on this,' Mr Macpherson goes on to say, 'I have conceived the possibility of employing some self-acting apparatus, which, on the approach of a low degree of temperature, would of itself shut off the water and empty the pipes; or, in other words, of having a machine so constructed and regulated that it would shut a cock before the freezing-point of water 32 degrees, and open it when the temperature assumed its normal state.' This requisite motive power was first considered attainable by mercury confined in a bulbous glass vessel, acting as a barometer, with the assistance of having a cylinder and piston. The next suggestion was to Mr Macpherson by Sir David Dewar, and consisted of employing the expansion of

metallic rods, on the principle of the pyrometer. But his ingenious experiments led him to the result, that the freezing of pipes depends on their capacity for conducting heat. Thus copper, as a conductor, is to lead as 5 to 1; and therefore a determinate quantity of pure distilled water, confined in a copper tube, was invariably frozen before that in the lead. The expansion (about one-ninth) consequent on its crystallisation is applied, by a simple mechanical arrangement, to elevate a piston and shut a cock while the water in the lead pipes is still fluid. The paper concludes by the following not inappropriate description of the idea:—'I have thus endeavoured to point out and substantiate a principle, that supplies a desideratum long and universally acknowledged, and which may be described in a word, as the somewhat novel but simple application of the expansive force of one body of water while freezing, to counteract the destructive consequences which are the ordinary characteristics of another.'

#### THE TALISMAN.

Away with gems and ornaments, and braidings of the hair,  
Bright roses and the rainbow tints are for the young and fair:  
The sombre foldings of my robe no glittering clasp confines,  
Yet hidden, resting on my breast, a golden emblem shines.  
I clasp it close this talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain  
To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain.

My pilgrimage on earth may be perchance through devious ways,  
Where joyous sunshine scattereth but dim and transient rays;  
And wearied with the journey, in impatience or in pride,  
I often wish the pathway was a choice one and a wide,  
And lightly clasp the talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain  
To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain.

I shield my precious treasure well from foolish scoffers' eyes,  
Its coarseness they fathom not, its purity deep lies;  
Yet hath it wondrous healing power to warm, and soothe, and bless,

When chilling blasts strike cold and drear amid the wilderness.  
Then clasp it close this talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain  
To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain.

With supplicative lowly plaints, each day at morn and even,  
When guardian angels hover nigh to waft each sigh to Heaven;  
Oh raise this hallowed emblem high, which, fragile as it seems,  
Mysteriously overshadoweth with bright and awful gleams!  
Say, need I name the talisman? 'Tis known from shore to shore:  
Close, closer clasp the priceless cross—the crucified adore!

C. A. M. W.

#### THE WEDDERSTONE.

The Wedderstone stands in a field near the village of Catton, in Leithdale. Tradition states that several years ago a notorious sheep-stealer infested this part of the county of Northumberland, who, it appears, was the terror of the whole of the neighbouring farmers: in the first place, because he appeared to be a good judge of mutton, from the fact of his taking the choice animal of the flock; and in the second place, that although he had paid a visit to every sheepfold for several miles around, and to many where a strict watch was kept, he remained unsuspected; neither was there the slightest suspicion as to who the thief might be. At length, however, the invisible became visible. It appears that his method of carrying off his booty was to tie the four legs of the animal together, and then, by putting his head through the space between the feet and body, thus carry it away on his shoulders. On his last visit to his neighbour's flock, the animal which he had selected for his week's provision being heavy, he stopped to rest himself, and placed his burthen upon the top of a small stone column (without taking it off his shoulders), when the animal, becoming suddenly restive, commenced struggling, and slipped off the stone on the opposite side. Its weight being thus suddenly drawn down round his neck, the poor wretch was unable to extricate himself, and was found on the following morning quite dead; his victim thus proving his executioner.—*Literary Gazette.*

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## SHOPS, SHOPKEEPERS, SHOPMEN, AND SHOP MORALITY.

THE *shops* of London form one of the principal attractions to visitors, come from what part of the world they may. There all that the science and industry of man have succeeded in producing at home, as well as all that enterprise and capital have collected from every explorable district of the globe, is to be found in abundance, and to be bought for a price. Everything that man can require under any circumstances of his life, and ten thousand things besides, tempt the vanity and cupidity of the passenger, and teach him, if he be disposed to learn, in one and the same lesson, both the value and worthlessness of wealth. Behind the lofty planes of crystal, framed in brass, he may gaze upon riches in gold, silver, and precious jewels, such as the old monarchs of the East might have dreamt of, but never saw. In the space of a single mile he may travel from the North Pole to the Polynesian Isles—from Western Europe to Japan, and contemplate, and handle if he choose, the infinite productions of every latitude and every race. If he be an Englishman, he will probably feel some justifiable pride in the universal extent of that commerce, the evidence of whose success is in all directions so abundantly manifest. Let him pause—there are two sides to every picture.

There are aching hearts and anxious bosoms behind many a gorgeous front and wealth-crammed window. The inevitable expenses attendant upon a shop of any pretensions in London are enormously large. A trader in search of a shop to settle in, though he may find plenty to let, will rarely find one that holds out any prospect of ultimate success, for which a heavy premium is not demanded. For a house in one of the populous lines of road hundreds must be paid down for liberty to go in, and when that liberty is purchased, hundreds more must often be expended before the place is put in a habitable condition. We have heard of £300 premium being asked for a filthy den, the fee simple of which, independently of situation, was not worth £50; and it is often made a condition of entrance that the incoming tenant shall, in addition to premium, expend some hundreds more in immediate repairs and fittings. Then if we take into consideration that the annual rent of such places, when the traffic is plentiful, may be reckoned low at £200, and is often much more—and that, at the lowest estimate, other expenses which cannot be avoided amount to at least as much, we shall see that every such retail shop must realise a gain of above £1, 10s. a day to defray standing expenses, to say nothing of housekeeping charges and interest of capital. With such responsibilities upon him, it is no wonder that a cloudy day or a shower of rain is regarded as a calamity by a struggling tradesman, who depends, as the

majority of shopkeepers do in the crowded parts of town, upon what is called chance-custom—that is, single transactions with persons whom they never see again.

This chance-custom, by the way, is one of the most inexplicable things connected with shopkeeping. A man shall take £30 a day on one side of the way, averaging the year throughout, while his neighbour on the opposite side of the way, in the same business, and with a similar stock, shall not take £2, 10s. But go a hundred yards down the street, and you shall find that the current of commerce has changed sides, for no reason upon earth that it is possible to imagine. Rents of course change in proportion; and in the favoured spots, a thin slip of a house, hardly as wide as a country-church door, will realise more than a roomy mansion in the less successful locality. The tide of business is liable to strange and anomalous fluctuations from trifling or unaccountable causes. Sometimes a new thoroughfare is opened into a main street, and away flies all the traffic; at other times it will fade away gradually from one block of buildings in a long street, all the rest remaining prosperous as before. The establishment of a gin-shop often changes the commercial character of the neighbourhood entirely, compelling the traders in its immediate vicinity either to change their saleable commodities for others, or to remove altogether from the district. We have known a man's business fall off thirty per cent. through the widening of the pavement by order of the commissioners. The appointment of a cab-stand in a street of no great width may ruin a shopkeeper who deals in fancy articles; nay, a crossing-sweeper, by clearing a clean pathway through the mud, may carry half a man's customers across the road to another shop. The establishment of omnibuses along the whole line of retail traffic has, however, been the severest blow to the retail shopkeepers, and is now, especially since the reduction in omnibus fares, by which everybody may ride to any quarter of the town for threepence, being severely felt by the landlords themselves, whose lordly rents are tumbling down apace. In thousands of instances the tradesman now stands at his shop door, and sees his former customers rolling past on the top of the omnibus: the consequence is, that business is fast migrating to the suburbs, which present an aspect peculiar to London, and to London only; we refer to the rows of houses, miles in length, having their shops projected in front, covering the area that was once the front garden. In many instances the rents of these houses have risen to three or four times their original amount.

Considerable tact is required in the choice of a situation for a business, or of a business for a particular situation. Landlords know this, and as their rents are dependent upon the success of their tenants, they frequently will not let their premises to traders for whose

business they know them to be unsuitable. We have known a man enter upon a house and shop, open it in a respectable culling, with a fair capital, and with civil and obliging manners, and fail in a few years, dragged down by the heavy rent; and we have seen him succeeded by a man in a jockey-cap, talking a race-course jargon, whose whole stock consisted of a huge nondescript iron machine—reminding one of that in the quack's apartment in Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode'—by the aid of which he roasted chestnuts at a penny a dozen, who yet stood his ground for years, and apparently thrived well. We could refer to another who for twenty years fought a hard battle with fortune, rose early, and rested late, and reared a large family upon an average profit of £20 a month, till, by the fortunate expedient of adding one new article to his stock, he raised the profits all at once to £120 a month. So important is it to suit the commodities dealt in to the neighbourhood.

Chance—custom being the main support of the great majority of shopkeepers, of course it becomes of the first importance to catch the eye of the passer-by. The width of frontage, therefore, is one grand element of a trader's success. To secure this to the utmost possible extent, the persons interested have recourse to every possible device. The party-wall of the house is often shaved as thin as is consistent with the safety of the fabric, and is sometimes cut away in front till the window touches the neighbours' premises on either side, and the whole stock is multiplied in appearance by the insertion of mirrors at both ends. Sometimes the stock in trade travels up stairs from room to room, monopolising every front window, and even peeping over the parapet level with the roof. Not content with this, some will paint their houses from the chimneys downwards of a blood-red or emerald-green, or in party-coloured chequers. Others are eternally 'selling off,' and keep their premises, for seven years together, covered with enormous placards, stuck on lengthways, sideways, or with their heads downwards. Some, the shop-sellers in particular, keep a band of music in perpetual pay, which during the day perambulates the streets and suburbs in a hired van swathed all over with the announcement of 'terrible bargains,' and stops at dusk in front of the 'mart,' 'emporium,' 'pantaloonicon,' or whatever it may be, where the blatant brass is heard bellowing far into the night, while a flaring illumination in gas lights up the surrounding district. Others resort to the well-known 'sandwich dodge,' by which the public thoroughfares are crowded with miserable wedged fast between two heavy placarded boards. These poor fellows, whose bread, sandwiches as they are, can hardly be said to be well-buttered, receive invariably a shilling a day for carrying their Sinbad load, from which they are only released when it becomes too dark to read.

Somewhat analogous to the sandwich, though on a much genteler footing, is the 'gazer.' This leisured employé, whose very existence is hardly known to one in a thousand, is a genteelly-dressed, complacent-looking individual, having much the appearance and manners of an aristocratic 'gentleman about town.' It is but rarely that his services are monopolised by a single firm, unless they are the proprietors of several shops in different quarters of the town. It more frequently happens that he is the joint property of several individuals whose occupations and interests do not clash with each other. They manage to rig him out in fashionable trim by general contribution: a hatter takes charge of his head; a tailor of his back; the proprietor of the 'pantaloonicon' contributes the trousers; the boot-maker induces him in a pair of the genteelst of boots; he sports a gold-headed cane or a handsome umbrella, supplied by the manufacturer of those articles; neck-tie and handkerchief of irreproachable style and pattern are bestowed by the haberdasher; while a jeweller finds him a gold watch, a showy ring, and a handsome double-breasted coat. Thus equipped, he 'goeth forth to his labour'

whenever the state of the weather is such as to support the probability of his genuineness. All he has to do is to walk leisurely from the shop of one of his patrons to that of another, stopping in front of the window, and scrutinising with much apparent interest and complacency the various objects displayed to public view. In so doing, he handles his gold eye-glass with aristocratic grace—taps his model boot with his splendid cane—drops a monosyllabic ejaculation of surprise or commendation, and when half a score of simpletons have gathered round to admire the astonishing cheapness and perfection of the wares, he pops into the shop, gives an order in a loud and pompous tone for a dozen of the article which the tradesman wants to push off—desires that they may be sent to May Fair before dark, and leaving his card with the shopman, who bows him reverentially out, walks leisurely off to the next shop on his beat, there to repeat the same interesting ceremony. He contrives to arrive at the tailor's at the fashionable hour when that functionary is engaged with customers; there he may perhaps give a concise order for a couple of coats, a paletot, or an Oxonian. 'You have my measure—no immediate hurry: this-day-week will do,' and he is off again on his way to the jeweller's. He accomplishes his easy round in the course of the day, and betakes himself to his scurvy lodging, and doffs his 'show-togs' before dark; after which he is perhaps 'touter' in some gold or silver 'hell' in the purlieus of St James's Street, or master of the ceremonies at one of the hundred casinos open for midnight folly and debauchery. His pay varies from half-a-crown to three-and-sixpence a day, according to his figure and effrontery; and he considers it easily and pleasantly earned, inasmuch as he is, according to his own notions, to all intents and purposes a gentleman during the hours of duty.

He has a counterpart in the fair sex, who, however, is not half so pleasantly occupied or provided for. She stands at this moment, where she has stood for the last dozen years (we know her well), in the front door-way of one of those tempting shops where bonnets and millinery are displayed in the windows. Her function is far more delicate and difficult than that of the dashing 'gazer.' She has to watch over the interesting vacillations and indecisions of the fair, who, hovering on the brink of purchase, fear to launch into actual outlay, and look and long, and withdraw, and return, and look again, at the tempting wares and snares that ingenuity has prepared for vanity. She is to the shopkeeper what the landing-net is to the angler: it is her office, at the precise crisis between hesitation and resolve, to lug the half-unwilling victim who has bitten the tawdry bait into the interior of the shop, where she is handed over to persons too well skilled in the art of perpetrating a sale to leave her any chance of escape. These sirens, all unlike their classical prototypes, are for the most part worn, weather-beaten, and extra-ordinary, not to say ugly. Judging from their dowdy appearance, and the evidence of ill-feeding in their gaunt bony figures, and their lank aspects, they must be but stingily remunerated for their eternal sentinelship. They are the standing monuments of woman's inhumanity to woman, and, like myriads of other monuments less touching, have suffered considerable dilapidations from contact with angry winds and tempestuous weather.

So numerous are the devices of tradesmen to attract attention to their wares, that they have themselves given rise to many trades, which are among the most flourishing. Shop-fitters abound in every district, and are ever ready to contract for any alteration, however trifling or extensive, from twenty shillings to a thousand pounds or more. The amount of money that is annually paid in London for mere shop-fittings must be enormous. The rage for new fronts and plate glass seems at length to have reached its maximum, and it will shortly be necessary to have recourse to some less common luxury to excite the public attention. Costliness and profusion seem to be studied more than any-

thing else in connection with shop decoration. Of course this is found to meet the public approbation, or it would not be continued; yet it is an anomalous thing, and would seem to wear the aspect of bad policy, seeing that the public must be aware that the cost of all comes out of their pockets, and must in some way or other tend to increase the price of goods. The gin-shops originally set the example in this race of splendour and magnificence; and it has since been proved by plentiful experience that the same bait which allures the very poorest and most wretched of the populace, has charms equally potent with the better classes.

The dummy-maker pursues an occupation which within the last few years has risen to great importance in all our large towns, but more especially in London. The demand for dummies has wonderfully increased with the exaltation and extension of shop-windows. Though the shopkeeper may carry his windows up to the first or second floor, as indeed many of them do, it is out of his power to lift the heads of his customers up to the same level: he consequently finds out, sooner or later, that it is a losing game to exhibit his perishable stock at a height of half-a-dozen feet or more above the heads of the public; and he has recourse to the maker of dummies, who can counterfeit any description of solid-looking goods, and save him from the deterioration of genuine stock. The dummies, therefore, go aloft, and occasionally fill in the background, and, for purposes of show, answer just as well as the real article. They are not, however, confined to the window solely: a young tradesman with small capital may fill the major portion of his shelves with dummies, displacing them gradually by real wares as success enables him to do so. Pieces of linen, rolls of broad-cloth or Brussels carpeting, whole fathoms of backs of elegantly-bound books, chests of tea, huge tuns of 'Old Tom,' or real Jamaica rum, packets of patent medicines, and fifty things besides, are counterfeited with such perfect effect, as to defy recognition by a stranger; nay, we have sometimes seen the tradesman himself lay hands on the dummy, mistaking it for a piece of real goods. The dummy-maker is liable occasionally to strange mistakes in the fabrication of sham books: taking his titles from some printed catalogue, you may often see that of a small duodecimo upon the ribbed back of a huge folio, and *vice versa*; or find a work which was published in the form of one thin octavo, blazoned in morocco and gold to resemble the backs of ten ponderous quartos. But we must now leave the shops, and turn our attention to their owners and occupiers.

#### CONFESSIONS OF A SHY MAN.

AMONG the minor miseries of life, there is none greater than the misery of shyness. I speak feelingly, for I have all my life been under the dominion of that evil spirit, which I have in vain attempted to exorcise. And here, before proceeding further with the narrative of my sufferings, I would rectify a mistaken supposition entertained by many persons, that it requires greater confidence to unbosom one's self to the public than to an individual. Quite the contrary I know to be the case. In confiding one's woes to the public, there is no accompanying dread of a cold word or a cold glance—no fear of one's communications being received with that manifestation of indifference, or air of abstraction, which is agony to the shy man, because it makes him feel as if he had been guilty of folly or presumption—thus establishing more firmly than ever the thrall of his tyrant foible. In addressing the public, the man is sheltered behind the author. He is not, as in the society of his fellow-men, so flurried and nervous that, knowing not what he says or does, he is guilty of absurdities foreign to his real character. In the quiet of his own study, with only his pen for his companion, he preserves his

presence of mind, and can be *himself*, which, with others, the shy man never is, or can be. True, when his productions are fairly launched on the cold, merciless waves of public opinion, he may feel many misgivings: he may seek more than ever to abstract himself *personally* from the notice of the world; but he buoys himself up with the belief that some will understand his sorrows, and, in spirit at least, yield him their sympathy: he indulges the hope that to the hearts of those who share the same unfortunate constitution, his words, foolishness as they be to others, will carry the consolation they suffer not alone or unpitied. But to return to myself.

Many would call me one of the fortunate of the earth, and in outward circumstances I have reason to esteem myself such. But philosophers have agreed that the seed of happiness is in the mind: one would say, therefore, that when the mind is in a constant state of constraint and uneasiness, there can be little real enjoyment. I am one of two brothers, the children of parents in easy circumstances, belonging to the great middle class of society. In disposition my brother was remarkably the reverse of myself. He possessed that easy grace, that winning confidence of manner, equally remote from forwardness on the one hand, and from shyness such as mine on the other. I was early sensible that he was with everybody a much greater favourite than I was—even with our father and mother; not that they intended this to appear—for they were good and just parents, and wished in every respect to do rightly by their children, and in all substantial marks of their regard ever made them equal; but they replied to my brother's affectionate demonstrations by caresses which were never lavished upon me. All this was perfectly natural. Perhaps they thought I did not care for such manifestations of love, as I did not court them; but it wounded me to the quick, and I frequently withdrew to my own little room to weep alone and unpitied—my grief aggravated by the consciousness that while over-sensitiveness was the fault of my nature, I was regarded as an indifferent, apathetic child. And yet I would have died rather than my tears should have been seen or their cause guessed. At these times I frequently felt jealous of my brother; but this frame of mind seldom continued long, for I admired him greatly, was peculiarly sensible of the fascination of his disposition, and even passionately desirous of being valued by him. With these sentiments towards him, I served him in every way I could devise, screened him when he got into scrapes, and wrote his Latin version or Greek verb for him when he was idle or puzzled, for I was not only more painstaking than he was, but my intellectual powers were greater. No one, however, gave me credit for the last kind of superiority: I was generally considered a 'plodding boy.' In common minds there is always a sort of showy effectiveness associated with idea of talent; and most persons erroneously regard industry as the virtue of dulness, or at best of mediocrity, instead of, as it ordinarily is, the concomitant of superior abilities. My brother meanwhile rewarded my good offices now and then by informing me that I was 'a very good fellow after all, though it was a pity I had so little pluck!'

As I drew towards manhood, the agony I endured from being obliged to go into society was indescribable. The company of women in particular was formidable to me. I was plain and insignificant in appearance, and awkward in manners, and I fancied that they despised my attentions, and even sometimes made merry at my expense. A party was for me but a succession of mortifications. One lady in particular, an intimate friend of my mother's, was a constant source of terror to me. I would willingly have walked ten miles any day to avoid her. She was not, however, generally considered a disagreeable person; on the contrary, she was a favourite with most people. She was a lively, sharp-witted woman, fond of saying smart things, and thoughtless of the pain they might give. Her heart, I believe, was good and true, and she would not have intentionally done an injury to any one; but her sym-

things were all with wit, brilliancy, grace, and fashion. My brother was a prodigious favourite with her. She invited him to all her entertainments, and he was her right hand man upon every occasion. Me she was constantly twitting with my sheepishness, stupidity, and want of gallantry. She was mercilessly witty at the expense of my awkwardness and blunders, and denied that diffidence had anything to do with them. On the contrary, she declared that I frequently said and did ruder and more forward things than anybody she knew. And making allowance for her exaggerated style of speaking, there was truth in her accusation; but she little dreamt of the desperation, the mortification, goaded for the moment to recklessness by her jibing, satirical remarks, which prompted my unmannerly conduct. Such a disposition as mine was quite inconceivable to her—totally foreign to her own nature. Had she comprehended my character, her conduct, I believe, would have been different, for, as I have said before, she was far from being a bad-hearted woman, and had been my mother's tried and constant friend from childhood. But in my behaviour she saw only obstinacy and disagreeableness.

My mother had died while I was a schoolboy, and I was still little more than a youth when my father followed her to the grave. He had realised a considerable fortune, which he left to be equally divided between my brother and myself. My brother embarked his share in the concerns of a mercantile house, in which he was a partner; I succeeded to the profession of my father—that of a solicitor in a large town. I am now approaching what I may term the romance of my life; for even my life, pale, colourless, and negative as its general tenor has been, has had its era of romance, or at least of romantic feeling.

After my father's death I rarely went into company, but confined myself to the society of clerks and musty parchments during the day, while in the evening I held converse with the mighty minds of humanity through the medium of books. I had become a sort of city hermit. I was now resigned to my fate. In the complete seclusion in which I lived, I was no longer daily subjected to my former mortifications. I enjoyed a sort of negative contentment, if not a positive felicity. But the calm of my life was broken at last. One day I received an invitation to an entertainment, to be given at the suburban villa of an old and intimate friend of my father's, and the senior partner in the firm to which my brother belonged. The invitation was an unwelcome one, as, from my evident disinclination for society, everybody had given up asking me. This was to be quite a gay affair: there was to be dancing within doors, and the grounds were to be lighted with coloured lamps. The evening arrived. How well I remember it! A warm August night, with a soft, starlit sky, and no moon. I had not thought much about the party, and had not at all made up my mind whether I should go or not. Now, however, I decided on going. I thought I should like to take a peep at the world once more, as a mere spectator, and by way of adding to my materials for philosophising. I went, and to my amazement was received by my host and hostess almost with distinction. By them I was immediately introduced to their daughter, the heroine of the night, for the ball was given in honour of her birthday. I had not seen her since she was quite a child, as she had been absent at school for several years. And now, how shall I describe her, so as to do justice to her grace and beauty, and to the goodness and intelligence which spoke in every feature of her lovely face? Mary—for such was her name—seemed about eighteen or nineteen, of a tall, graceful, and yet girlish figure. Her complexion was very dark, but uncommonly smooth and clear. A rich roseate glow, changing with every emotion of her sensitive heart, mantled on her cheek, and added brilliancy to her soft dark eyes, while the expression of her exquisite mouth bespoke the sweetness of her temper. Long luxuriant curls of the richest and

darkest hair fell around the fresh, blooming, joyous, young face. An overwhelming fit of shyness seized me the moment this lovely vision met my eyes. I made a more than usually awkward bow, for my muscles seemed suddenly to contract and stiffen. I stammered, and said nothing, feeling as if suddenly bereft of ideas. A glance in a pier-glass completed my discomfiture. There, beside my radiant companion, my defects were more striking. My shabby ungainly figure, my pale, harsh features, my awkward attitude and disconcerted aspect, formed a strange contrast with her brilliant figure and graceful deportment. I felt that I looked like a fool, and yet I knew I was not a fool. But my fate (so it seemed to me) had condemned me ever to appear like one. I would have shrunk into an obscure corner, had not Mary, in a frank, lively tone, began to talk to me. By degrees I became more at ease. There was a fascination in her voice, and under its influence, for a few brief minutes, I forgot myself and my shyness in the pleasure of listening to her. She asked me if I danced: I replied in the negative. How I wished I had! In the excitement of the moment I believe I might have asked her to join a quadrille.

We were standing near a window which opened upon the lawn. I ventured to admire the picturesque effect of the ladies' white dresses seen through the trees, and the lamps glittering among the dark foliage.

'Have you been out?' she inquired.

'No,' I replied.

'Should you like to go?'

'If you will accompany me,' I said hesitatingly, and in amazement at my own courage.

'Willingly,' she answered; and the next minute I found myself sauntering down a shady alley, partially illumined by the green-like light of the coloured lamps, the stars shining through the rents in the leafy roof, the sound of music borne on the perfumed and tepid air, and the most charming woman I had ever seen leaning on my arm. It was like enchantment; and now when I look back upon it through the long vista of years, it resembles a dream of fairyland. The brief moment of intoxication was soon over. I was not again that night near Mary; but from a remote corner, I watched every movement of her light, bright figure—every turn of her sweet, gleeful countenance.

From that day forward I thought and dreamed only of Mary. I never had another conversation with her; she never leant on my arm again; but when I met her, she bestowed on me a sweet sunny smile, and a kind 'How do you do, Mr Charles?' and these were the golden moments of my life. I lived upon the remembrance of them for days and weeks. I would have given the world to have been able to accost her; but I never could, and I believe she thought I preferred to be unnoticed. I would have walked ten miles any day to have caught only a glimpse of her; and the very sight of a light in the window I imagined to be hers would make my heart beat violently: little did she dream of the fond idolatry with which I regarded her.

Half a year had elapsed from the time of the memorable ball, when one day my brother looked into my private writing-room, and with his handsome face lighted up with more than usual satisfaction, informed me that he came to tell me some news: he was going to be married, and bade me guess to whom. I could not.

'What do you think of Mary?—?' he replied.

Thanks to the long-confirmed habit of suppressing all outward demonstration of my emotions, which my shyness had rendered almost instinctive, though unable to make any reply, I contrived to maintain a calm demeanour. My brother was too much occupied with his own satisfaction to observe my silence. After expatiating for some time on his felicitous prospects, he left me to call upon Mary, his countenance beaming with delight.

As soon as he was gone, I gave orders that I should not be disturbed on any pretext whatever, locking the door of my apartment, that I might indulge my feelings

unmolested. I felt stunned, wretched, and overwhelmed with a bitter sense of loneliness. It seemed to me as if, by an irrevocable doom, I had been thrust beyond the pale of human sympathy. In Mary's eyes I was probably but an odd, insignificant, *outré* sort of being, whom her gentle heart led her to compassionate—and my brother was the object of her love! My heart was torn with jealousy, and even with envy. I cursed the hour of my birth, my many disadvantages, and the crowning evil of my shyness, which prevented me from making any use even of those I might possess. How that wretched afternoon passed I cannot tell. But 'time and the hour run through the roughest day,' and pass it did. By degrees I became resigned to my fate, and after long struggles, I almost brought myself to rejoice in the prospect of my brother's happiness. I could not, however, so far conquer my feelings as to be able to call on my sister-in-law elect, and I excused myself from appearing at the marriage on the plea of illness. And in truth I was ill—in one of the worst stages of life's 'fitful fever.'

When the honeymoon was over, and the young couple settled in their new home, I overcame myself so far as to visit them there. The kindness, nay, affectionateness of Mary's manner towards me almost maddened me. With playful grace she rallied me on my eremitish propensities, and invited me to come to them any evening that I felt tired of my own company, or every evening if I pleased. Sometimes, but rarely, I availed myself of this invitation; for though I always received a kind welcome, I fancied somehow or other that my presence was a drawback to their ease and enjoyment. As the years rolled on, however, the adoration I had once felt for my brother's lovely wife settled down into a devoted but calm friendship: the happiest hours of my existence were spent in her company, and I was no longer so mad as to regret the tie which had given me a claim to her society, and a title to address her as my dear sister Mary.

Mary and my brother had been married for more than twelve years; when the latter was killed by a fall from his horse. Poor Mary had hardly recovered from the first poignant anguish caused by this sudden calamity, when intelligence was received that a vessel in which nearly all her fortune and that of her children was embarked had been lost at sea. Her father being involved in the same misfortune, could do nothing to help her, and she was thus left almost penniless. The intelligence of this last sad blow was communicated to me by herself in a note full of good sense and good feeling. She at once asked me to afford her some assistance to get her boys educated. Her little girl, she said, she should teach herself, while she could easily maintain both by giving instruction in music, in which she was allowed to be a proficient. As soon as I had read this note, the contents of which had caused me truly the deepest concern, although there was mingled with it a strange and selfish feeling of satisfaction, which I in vain endeavoured to hide from myself, I hastened in the direction of Mary's house, which was situated in a different quarter of the town. I found her alone, writing, and surrounded by letters and papers. My brother's widow was dressed in the deepest mourning; her magnificent dark curls were now all drawn beneath her close muslin cap; the bright bloom of youth had forsaken her cheek; she was sad and pale; but in her noble, patient sorrow she was still a beautiful woman.

'This is another heavy affliction, dear Charles,' she said as she affectionately pressed my hand; 'but it would seem nothing after the last' (here her lip trembled, and her eyes filled with tears) 'if it were not for my children. The poor boys, Charles!' And Mary looked the petition she had preferred in her note.

Now, being asked a favour always added tenfold to my shyness. I stammered, turned away my head, shuffled my limbs, and returned no answer. Then, as I stole a glance at Mary, I saw that her countenance fell,

and she began hastily to say, 'Oh never mind; perhaps you cannot. I shall be able perhaps to get one of them into Christ's Hospital, and'—

But I hastily interrupted her. 'I am a fool, Mary; but you must forgive me. See, here is my will. Read it.'

It was a will by which I bequeathed the bulk of my property to her, and in succession to her daughter. Her face as she read assumed an expression of extreme astonishment.

'You see, Mary,' I said, 'it is all intended for you. I need but little at any time: so take it now; educate your boys, and keep what remains for yourself and little Mary.'

'No, no, Charles—dear, generous brother! But this will, I see, was made long ago. I thought you had not cared for me?'

'Oh, Mary! I have always thought more highly of you than of any other in the world; and I wished you to know, at least after I was dead, how I had valued your goodness, and felt all your benevolence towards me.'

'My dear Charles, I am more and more amazed! I fancied you disapproved of me, you came so seldom to see us. Sometimes I imagined my mirth displeased you, and I used to try to be grave when you were here; but all in vain.'

'And did you actually imagine I disliked you?'

'No, not *disliked*; I knew you had too good a heart for that.'

'And how did you know I had a good heart, Mary? It must have been your own good heart that led you to suppose so.'

'No, Charles; I know your heart better than you think.'

My distress was for a moment inconceivable, and I was not a little astonished that Mary should think of alluding to such a subject—it seemed unlike her usual delicacy. I was therefore almost relieved when, opening a drawer, she produced several numbers of a magazine to which I had long been a contributor.

'I have read your heart in your writings,' she said.

'My writings!' I cried, blushing like a maiden accused of love. 'How did you know—how?'

'I had long suspected you of being literary; and I chanced one day to meet with an article in this magazine which, in language and sentiment, reminded me so forcibly of something I had once heard you say, that I was convinced it must be yours. I became a subscriber to the magazine; and both from what I read, and from watching your proceedings, I was confirmed in my opinion. I admire your talents, Charles; still more your principles. Often and often have I derived pleasure and improvement from your writings. I have felt proud of my brother I can assure you.'

'Did my brother know?' I inquired at that moment, more deeply gratified than I had ever been in the whole course of my life before.

'No; I thought it might vex him to think you had not told him, and I almost felt that I was bound in honour to keep the secret I had discovered; though I was mortified that you should think us so illiterate, or so tasteless, or so wanting in affection, as not to deserve your confidence.'

'Ah, Mary, how you have misunderstood me!'

'I feel I have so most completely; and I fear that all this time, when I imagined you so placidly contented, you have not been happy. I wish you would confide in me, Charles, as I have confided in you. I am sure you can have nothing to tell that will not do you honour, and I long to understand you thoroughly.'

She spoke with innocent, affectionate earnestness. At that moment I made a desperate resolution to obtain for myself for the first time the luxury of sympathy. Without permitting myself a moment for reflection, which I felt intuitively would only be to bring back the nightmare of shyness to seal my lips for ever, I plunged at once into a somewhat incoherent recital.

I laid bare the arcana of my nature. I even told her of the mad love I had once—long ago now—felt for herself. I told her it was this which had first kept me from her society, and afterwards the fear that I but cast a gloom over their happiness—a fear which was doubtless increased by the gravity she had so kindly assumed with the hope of pleasing me. I told her that I felt for her now the affection of a brother and the esteem of a friend; and that no one on earth could ever have upon me a claim so strong as herself and her children. Mary was evidently deeply touched, and wept several times during my narrative. When I had finished speaking, she took both my hands and pressed them between hers, while she said, 'I always thought well of you, my dear brother Charles; but only now am I able to do you justice, and love you as you deserve. God bless you for all your goodness to me and mine! Make what arrangements you please for the boys: I leave them all to you.'

'And yourself and little Mary?'

She returned no answer; but she must have read a wish in my eyes, for a sweet kind smile gave me courage to say, though in faltering accents, 'Mary, if you do not agree to what I propose, I shall not feel at all hurt. You must leave this house; and if you would come to mine, I should not be much in your way. I am at chambers in the morning, and at night!'

'Ah, Charles, you are far, far too kind! But we shall try to make your house as cheerful and comfortable as we can: it is all we can do to show our gratitude. Little Mary will be so glad to try to amuse you of an evening, dear, kind uncle Charles!' and Mary burst into tears, and I wept with her.

It is now some years since Mary took up her abode in my house: they have been the happiest years of my life: and though a shade of sadness will occasionally steal over the placid brow of my widowed sister, and a gentle sigh bear witness that her thoughts are occupied with the memories of other and brighter days, she appears content, is always cheerful, and has even moments of mirth, which seem to bring her before me once more in all the pride and joy of her girlish beauty and vivacity. As in former days, I pass my mornings at chambers; but in the evening I read to Mary, or she and her daughter, my niece Mary (now a blooming, sweet-tempered girl of fifteen, of whom I am very fond, and very proud), play and sing to me; or we consult together as to what is to be done with the boys, for I have the cares of a family on my shoulders now.

I am still a shy man, and shall, I fear, continue so to the end of the chapter: but I am no longer alone on the earth; and when I look back on the seasons of suffering past long ago, I feel in the peace of the present, with its calm enjoyments, sufficient cause for thankfulness and happiness.

And now, I fear, you will think I have been describing a very undignified character. You will say that my miseries have proceeded from a morbid sensitiveness about the opinions of others, which I ought to have checked: you will say that a noble mind ought to proceed onwards in the path of rectitude and benevolence, satisfied with the approbation of the still small voice, and undisturbed by the anxious solicitude for the suffrages of men, which has in my case been the reason I have never obtained them. And it is all true. But in saying this, you will only say what I have said to myself without avail a thousand and a thousand times. No: I write not in the expectation that you are to hold my character in veneration. It is but your pity I have sought to win, that through this pity you may be induced to be tender to others afflicted as I am—to be cautious of hurting their feelings by a thoughtless jest; and never, for the sake of appearing witty, to inflict a wound of which you can little guess the anguish. Had those by whom my own youth was surrounded sympathised with and encouraged me, instead of neglecting me or laughing at me, I believe I might have been a different man; for ere I was aware

of the nature of my disease, it had taken too firm a hold of my character ever to be eradicated. But if I can persuade only a few to observe the golden rule in their behaviour towards the shy and the sensitive, I shall neither have suffered nor confessed in vain.

## SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

WHEN, in the year 1827, the pasha of Egypt presented two living giraffes to the kings of England and France, so great was the interest excited by the appearance of a creature which for nearly three centuries had been a stranger to Europe, that every fashion of the year was, in the French capital, *à la giraffe*. Ladies bore the pictured form of the graceful animal on their dresses, men carried it on their handkerchiefs, and little children rejoiced in giraffe-bordered pinafores. Such a distinction will probably not be extended by the English to the unwieldy form of the hippopotamus now in Regent's Park; yet his arrival will, we think, render the following notes not unacceptable to our readers.

The earliest account, *by name*, which we now have of this animal, is that given by Herodotus, but which is said by Porphyry to have been copied from that of his predecessor Hecataeus. This description attributes to it the cloven foot and hoof of an ox, a snub nose, projecting tusks, and the mane, tail, and voice of a horse; while Aristotle adds that it has a crest on its forehead, and the tail of a pig. It is almost needless to remark, that with the exception of the tusks, both these descriptions are incorrect. Pliny closely follows these accounts, and adds, that before leaving the river for its daily pasturage, it fixes upon a proper place of resort, and then walks backwards to its destination, lest its footsteps should be traced, and snares set for it on its return. He also tells us that when it feels oppressed by fulness of habit, it seeks out a place where strong and sharp-pointed reeds abound, and lies down in such a manner as to cause the reeds to pierce the skin, and act the part of a lancet. This idea is reproduced with variations by Santos, who says, that being subject to gout in the stomach, it falls on the hoof of the left foot, which, penetrating the flesh, 'appeases and terminates its pain;' on which account the Caffirs carry about the left hoof as a preservative from gout.

The first hippopotamus which was brought to Rome, and apparently the first seen in Europe, is said to have been the one exhibited at the games by Æmilius Scaurus during his edileship, in the year 58 B.C., when a temporary canal was formed for the accommodation of this animal and five crocodiles. Others say, but with less authority, that the hippopotamus, together with the rhinoceros, was first conveyed to Rome by Augustus Cæsar in the year 29 B.C., as an appropriate memorial of his triumph over Cleopatra. The next record of such an exhibition at Rome is that given by Capitolinus, who informs us that Antoninus Pius imported 'hippopotamuses, and various other foreign animals,' between the years 130-180; an example which was followed, though in a very different spirit, by Commodus, who in 180, and the twelve succeeding years, slew no fewer than five hippopotamuses\* in the amphitheatre, where he enacted the part of a hired gladiator. In the following century, a collection of various curious animals, which included a hippopotamus, was made by Gordianus Pius, and used by his murderer and successor, Philip, in the games which, in the year 248, celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the building

\* It may be proper to point out the incorrectness of the generally-adopted plural of the word hippopotamus, which, being compounded of two Greek words, has yet been given a Latin plural termination, hippopotami, while the true plural would be hippopotamoi. Perhaps the English form of hippopotamuses would be the best, as the present mode of spelling the singular is a corruption, in which the Latin *u* usurps the place of the Greek *o*, making it hippopotamus, instead of the original hippopotamoi.

of the imperial city. The hippopotamus which appeared on this occasion was commemorated on the medals of Otacilia Severa, the wife of Philip, and on the coins of Philip Junior, their son. Tracing the historical associations connected with this animal onwards, we find that in 273, when Firmus the Seleucian assumed the purple in Alexandria, he distinguished himself by riding on a hippopotamus.\*

In the fifth century this animal was described by Damascius and Achilles Tatius; the last of whom, though he delineates its form more correctly than the earlier writers, yet fables it to breathe fire and smoke. It is generally supposed that this extraordinary error arose from the extreme hardness of the teeth and tusks, which, in the gladiatorial combats above mentioned, caused the spears with which they were struck to emit sparks; while we can easily imagine that the laboured breath of the poor animal would ascend like smoke from his nostrils, when he was taken from his favourite element, and baited and worried to death in a crowded amphitheatre.

We have said that Herodotus is the earliest writer extant who mentions the hippopotamus by name, but there remains little doubt that the Behemoth of Job may be referred to this animal, whose habits are accurately and characteristically portrayed in the description given in the 40th chapter, which, after alluding to his great strength, and stating that 'he eateth grass like an ox,' proceeds, 'the mountains bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field play. He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not,' &c.

The hippopotamus is peculiar to Africa, though it was supposed by an ancient writer to exist in the Indian rivers; and some more modern authors have believed that it is also found in Sumatra—an opinion which is unsupported by proof, while every negative evidence is opposed to it. It is not a little singular that small figures of it occur in the casts from the ancient tombs of Siberia, which are now in Paris; whence it is concluded that the worship of it had been by some means introduced into the north, though the animal was unknown to the inhabitants. We may, however, mention that fossil remains of four distinct species have been discovered in various parts of the old world, and it is possible that some of these fossil forms, like those of the mammoth, another huge pachyderm, may have been sufficiently preserved to give rise to the notion of the sculptor. The Egyptians certainly held it sacred, and in one district even revered it as a god; yet they scrupled not to make war against it, and to slay it—a practice which still exists among certain negro tribes who worship, and yet eat it; very justly regarding it as one of the most valuable products of their rivers, and in a great measure relying on it for their stock of animal food, yet at the same time holding it as a power whom it is necessary to propitiate, on account of the damage it sometimes does to their crops, trampling and destroying by its enormous weight that which it does not devour.

The flesh is described by Europeans as an excellent substitute for beef, while that of the young animal greatly resembles poor veal; the tongue, and the layer of fat which is found under the skin, are regarded as great delicacies; and the Dutch colonists of the Cape frequently exhibit a ludicrous eagerness to obtain the first offer of these comestibles from the natives. It is curious that the fat, which they call *see-koo-spek*—seacow's pork—is concentrated in this layer, while the remainder of the flesh is entirely lean; an arrangement which appears to be accounted for by the necessity of lubricating the skin, caused by its amphibious habits. Pliny recommends this fat as a cure for 'cold fevers,' and we believe that some medical virtue is still supposed to abound in it. In the year 1776, Sparrman brought a dried tongue of the hippopotamus, which measured

two feet eight inches in length, to Europe, and presented it as a rarity to the king of Sweden.

The teeth of the animal are also much valued, as, from their superior hardness, and from their not becoming yellow, they are preferred by dentists to the ivory of the elephant: these qualities apply not only to the canines, but also to the incisors. Nor are they without their superstitious uses: Pliny prescribes the teeth of the left jaw to be rubbed against the gum as a remedy for toothache; while the native Africans, believing them to be a charm against poison, form them into trinkets, which they suspend round their necks.

Nor is the hide without its economic value. Herodotus and Aristotle mention that it is so thick as to be formed into spear-handles. This was probably done by cutting it into narrow strips, and rolling each piece in such a manner that the edges were neatly placed together, and then suffering it to dry. Indeed staffs are still manufactured in this way by the native Africans, as are whips also, though these last are afterwards greased in order to render them pliable. The ancients, and probably some of the negro tribes, used that part of the skin which covers the spine for shields and helmets—a purpose for which its extraordinary thickness rendered it peculiarly appropriate.

The habits of the hippopotamus long remained a mystery to man; nor, indeed, are they yet accurately known. In some particulars Pliny appears to have been better informed than many of his successors; as, for instance, when he asserts that it feeds upon corn; while many modern naturalists, among whom was Buffon, looking to the analogy drawn from its amphibious existence, instead of to its structural anatomy, affirmed that it partly subsisted on fish—an idea which, though now wholly disproved, gave it a place among the animals allowed to be eaten in Lent. Not contented with giving it a fish diet, Poncet informs us that it carries off goats and sheep, and feeds upon them; Santos declares that they devour each other; and Lobo darkly hints that a human limb would not be rejected by these dangerous creatures. Then, again, Pliny says that there 'exists some kind of connection between the crocodile and the hippopotamus.' This was in course of time denied; and the two animals were supposed to maintain a constant state of warfare, in which great numbers of crocodiles were slain. Salt, Burckhardt, and a number of other credible witnesses, however, mention that these mighty river-giants constantly frequent the same pools, where they swim about and take their pastime in perfect indifference to one another.

Much uncertainty exists as to whether the hippopotamus ever voluntarily enters salt water; for though he has undoubtedly been found at the briny mouths of rivers, it is highly probable that this was merely an accidental occurrence. He certainly cannot drink salt water, and appears to have a great aversion to it; while but a very slight inference can be drawn from the fact of the head of a hippopotamus being found in the interior of a shark, as mentioned by Dampier. Some authors have endeavoured to set the question at rest by suggesting that the animal which resorts to the open sea may be a different species from that which is confined to the rivers; but this appears to be little more than hypothesis so far as relates to locality, though not, we believe, with regard to the difference of kind.

From all these uncertainties and mistakes, we turn with pleasure to the amiable and contented creature which arrived in the Regent's Park on the 25th of May last. This specimen was made a prisoner in the month of August 1849, on the island of Fobaya-ch, in the White Nile, about 2000 miles above Cairo (on which account it has received the name of Fobaya-ch); and from thence it was conveyed to Cairo, where it was

\* The conjecture that a second species of hippopotamus—for which Morton proposes the name of *H. minor*—should be established, is chiefly founded on difference of size and cranial formation.—See *Ann. Nat. Hist.*, xiv.—*Report of Ray Society*, 1847, &c.

placed by Abbas Pasha under the care of the Hon. Mr Murray, the British Charge d'Affaires. Here it excited much curiosity; for though the animal formerly abounded in Lower Egypt, it is now quite unknown there; and we believe the last living hippopotamus seen at Cairo was that mentioned by Thevenot, as being partially domesticated, in the middle of the seventeenth century. From Cairo, Fobays-ch was sent to England in the Ripon-steamer, on board of which it had a comfortable berth, constructed for its especial accommodation, with a bath attached: this bath was filled every other day with 600 gallons of fresh water; while the allowance of food for the infant giant consisted daily of the milk of two cows and twelve goats, together with a reasonable proportion of Indian meal. When he reached England, he was 3½ feet in height, 7 feet in length, and about 6½ feet in girth, and was supposed to be about ten months old. When captured, he was about the height of a new-born calf, but much more bulky in his proportions. His bushy retreat in the island was discovered by the earnest endeavours made by his poor mother, who had been mortally wounded, to return to the place; and as soon as the young creature saw that his concealment was no longer safe, he attempted to rush into the river, and would, on account of the slippery nature of his skin, have succeeded, had not one of the men struck a boat-hook into his flank, and so secured him. It is interesting to observe how this account coincides with that given by Thunberg in the year 1795. The Hottentots, he says, shot the mother hippopotamus, and then left their hiding-place in order to catch the new-born calf alive: the creature, however, 'being wet and slippery, got away from them, and made the best of its way to the river, without having previously received any instruction from its mother either relative to the way it should take, or to this most natural means of saving itself.'

The extraordinary affection which Fobays-ch has formed for his Arab attendant is well known, and was of great service in obviating the difficulties of his various changes of conveyance. Professor Owen gives a pleasant description of the manner in which the keeper walked from the transport van into the Zoological Gardens, followed by the unwieldy creature, trotting along, and sniffing grotesquely at the bag of dates which was carried by Hamet, and with which it was duly rewarded on reaching its destination.

The same naturalist then proceeds to give such graphic sketches of its habits in captivity, that we can do no better than to transcribe such portions of them as our limits will allow. 'When I saw the hippopotamus,' he says, 'it was lying on its side on the straw, with its head resting against the chair on which its swarthy attendant sat. It now and then uttered a soft complacent grunt, and lazily opening its thick smooth eyelids, leered at its keeper with a singular protruding movement of the eyeball from the prominent socket, showing an unusual proportion of the white. . . . It had just left its bath, and a minute drop of a glistening secretion was exuding from each of the conspicuous muco-sebaceous pores. . . . This gave the hide, as it glistened in the sunshine, a very peculiar aspect. When the animal was younger, the secretion had a reddish colour; and, being poured out more abundantly, the whole surface became painted over with it every time he quitted the bath. . . . After lying quietly about an hour, now and then raising its head, and swivelling its eyeballs towards its keeper, or playfully opening its huge mouth, and threatening to bite the leg of the chair on which the keeper sat, the hippopotamus rose, and walked slowly about its room, and then uttered a loud and short harsh snort four or five times in quick succession, reminding one of the snort of a horse, and ending with an explosive sound like a bark. The keeper understood the language, and told us the animal was expressing its desire to return to the bath.' The keeper then led the way, the animal 'following like a dog close to his heels.' On arriving at the bath-room,

he descended with some deliberation, the flight of low steps leading into the water, stooped and drank a little, dipped his head under, and then plunged forwards. It was no sooner in its favourite element than its whole aspect changed, and it seemed inspired with new life and activity: sinking down to the bottom, and moving about submerged for a while, it would suddenly rise with a bound, almost bodily out of the water, and splashing back, commenced swimming and plunging in a cetaceous or porpoise-like style, rolling from side to side, taking in mouthfuls of water, and spouting them out again, raising every now and then its huge grotesque head, and biting at the woodwork of the bath. . . . After half an hour spent in this amusement, it quitted the water at the call of its keeper, and followed him back to the sleeping-room, which is well bedded with straw, and where a stuffed sack is provided for its pillow, of which the animal, having a very short neck, thicker than the head, duly avails itself when it composes itself to sleep. When awake, it is very impatient of any absence of its favourite attendant, rises on its hind-legs, and threatens to break down the wooden fence by butting and pushing against it in a way strongly significative of its great muscular force.'

The whole of this narration proves the now acknowledged fact of the extreme docility and gentleness of the creature, which the older travellers delighted to represent as one of the most ferocious of wild beasts. Father Merolla talks of the houses in Congo being built upon statues ten feet high, with a ladder to draw up and down, to 'prevent the inhabitants from being injured by the sea-horses!' Andrew Battel, in his quaint old narrative, assures us that 'they are verie dangerous in the water, having greate strength in the claws of their lefte forefoot.' Dampier affirms that he knew a man who had seen one of these animals open its jaws, seize a boat between its teeth, and sink it to the bottom; and Lobo says that it is equally dangerous to the crocodile. The animal is, however, in common with many calm and placid natures; very courageous; and if wounded, or otherwise irritated, he may become a formidable enemy, more especially when in the water.

The Africans have various modes of ensnaring the hippopotamus; a common plan being by means of pitfalls dug in the paths which they frequent. According to Hasselquist, the Egyptians and Hottentots throw large quantities of dried peas in his way, which he greedily devours, but which afterwards swell in such a manner as to destroy him. Sometimes he is lamed by means of iron spikes, when he falls an easy prey to his pursuers; or occasionally a poisoned dart is stuck into a heavy block of wood, which is suspended by a cord over the hippopotamus's haunts in such a manner that the feet of the animal catching in the cord, bring down the laden dart with unerring precision upon his back. The more usual method, however, is by shooting or harpooning him when in the water. Of the dangers and excitements of this sport, Spurrman gives some animated and amusing pictures; but the most extraordinary accounts are those of Mr Gordon Cumming, who talks of 'bagging' fifteen first-rate hippopotamuses as coolly as if they were so many snipes: he, however, destroys the interest of his tales by the cold-blooded and life-wasting tone which he throughout assumes.

The hippopotamus is not found in any of the African rivers which flow into the Mediterranean, except the Nile, to the upper part of which it is now confined. They usually, though not invariably, associate in large herds of from twenty to thirty; selecting deep and shady river pools for their retreats, and sleeping on the muddy shores, or in the little islands. When swimming, they seldom raise more of their heads out of the water than is necessary to procure air; and their nostrils are curiously furnished with valves, which can be spontaneously opened and shut, and which are in constant movement when the animal is in the water. The ears and eyes are very small, but the mouth is of great size, and opens to such an extent, that Ray supposed the

upper jaw to be capable of movement. Owen remarks on the upward curve of the corners of the lips, which gives such a comic and characteristic expression to the whole countenance. The body is of a dark dusky colour, and is almost destitute of hair; but the muzzle is furnished with short, stiff bristles, which project at regular distances. The legs are short and thick, and support the body only just clear of the ground; while each of the feet terminates in four spreading hoofs. The general outline of the animal would seem to connect it very closely with the hog, on which account some naturalists have suggested the propriety of changing its name to that of *cheropotamus*, or river-hog; but this name would not, in reality, convey any better notion of generic identity than the old-established, and therefore better recognised, one of *hippopotamus*, or river-horse; though the latter is by no means applicable to its appearance, nor, according to modern researches, to its voice, notwithstanding the assertion, that it received the name from the resemblance of its neigh to that of a horse. Belonging to the thick-skinned or *pachydermatous* order of animals, which includes the elephant, rhinoceros, tapir, horse, hog, &c. some points of generic affinity to each or all of them is only what might be expected by the scientific inquirer.

#### CELESTIAL INTELLIGENCE.

CHINA is so much an unknown land, a land of exclusion, that we think some gossiping news about the self-styled Celestial Empire and its 'black-haired myriads,' as the people are affectionately termed by their omnipresent, deified, and otherwise unrivalled emperor, the son of the Sun and Moon, will not be devoid of interest to our readers, especially when they consider that the country of which we speak is nearly as large as all Europe, and its population exceeds a third of the whole inhabitants of the globe.

Our informant as to the recent doings of the Celestials is a good-sized pamphlet, bearing the imprint 'Hong-Kong, 1850'—having, in fact, been published there only in March last, and thence traversed three-quarters of the globe, till it duly reached our table. Its externals are admirable, superior to any pamphlet of the kind we ever beheld even from our home press. The type is new, and beautifully impressed on India paper of admirable consistency—(lucky dogs! they get nothing but India-paper out there, while we pay our guinea extra for an engraving on a piece not two feet square)—and its whole 'getting up' does ample credit to our clever countryman Shortrede, who recently established the 'China Mail' in Hong-Kong. The author of the pamphlet is Mr Wade, assistant Chinese secretary; and he tells us that he has drawn his materials from the pages of the 'Pekin Gazette,' the only publication in the least resembling a newspaper that has ever existed in the immense empire of China, and whose origin is traced back to the tenth century of our era. It appears daily at Peking, and manuscript copies are forwarded to the chief functionaries throughout the empire. Its contents may briefly be said to be—a chronicle of the proceedings of the imperial family—elaborate memorials from the chief officers of government 'upon almost every topic that can interest the welfare of a nation'—and the decrees of the emperor, either of his own motion, or in reply to the memorials. Mr Wade has digested the contents of this Gazette for 1849, and gives some valuable reflections and observations on the present condition of the Chinese empire. But with the heavier portion of the work we shall not meddle; we merely gather the lighter pickings scattered through its pages, and present them in a connected form to our readers.

Pitifully, there have been great floods in China. The Yellow River, and the Yangtse-kiang, or Son of the Ocean—the two enormous rivers which traverse the em-

pire from west to east—have burst their embankments, and inundated to a frightful extent the level country through which they flow, and which is the very garden of China. The rains have been falling for forty days, says a memorial recounting this second deluge, 'until the rivers, and the sea, and the lakes, and the streams, have joined in one sheet over the land for several hundred li,\* and there is no outlet by which the waters may retire.' In the province of Hu-pih alone, says a Franciscan missionary, a district 230 miles long by 80 broad—larger than all Scotland from John o' Groat's to the Border—was under water. In two of its larger cities the flood rose to the upper storeys of the highest houses, and the damage done in them amounts to between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 sterling. Wu-chang-fu, the capital of the province, 'fared no better;' while the smaller towns were utterly overwhelmed, ten thousand people destroyed, and 'domestic animals drowned in untold numbers;' crowds even of the first families were begging bread, and (horror of horrors to the pious Celestials!) coffins were floating about everywhere on the face of the waters. Altogether, the inundation exceeds in extent and devastation anything within the memory of the present generation.

The emperor and his court have done their utmost to alleviate the wide-spread distress. In some districts the half-year's taxes for 1848 were remitted; and in all gratuitous distributions of grain had been made from the public stores. Subscriptions for the sufferers were opened throughout the empire; and the amounts contributed, though not without some recompense from the state, are very creditable to the Celestials; while, as the revenue is short, a large sum has been raised for the same purpose by sales of rank, of which we shall say more anon. Many governors of provinces are desirous of hiding their incapacity to meet the emergency by resigning. 'Your servant,' says one styled Wu-wan-yung, in his address to the emperor, 'has set up altars in all places; and, followed by his subordinates, has gone hither and thither, sacrificing early and late, shedding bitter tears, and crying aloud for grief; but he has been unable to succour the afflicted.' If he had been building dikes and cutting drains it would have been more to the purpose, especially as all these are 'phrases of stereotyped perfection,' as Mr Wade says—nothing more. 'Shuddering and bewildered,' proceeds the luckless governor, and still speaking in the third person, 'at his meals he cannot swallow his food; during the night, as he hears the rain falling, he wanders about his dwelling. He knows not what measures to adopt, and beats his breast at his own incompetence.' This is all very fine, but we think the rescript of the vermilion pencil must have astonished him. The emperor, whose eyes seem to have been opened of late to the character of his *subs*, writes back that 'Wu-wan-yung's despatch is the extreme of stupidity, absurdity, and audacity.' . . . He has had the sense only to accuse himself of a fault, but has not thought of discharging his duty to the utmost. If, whenever there were a season of difficulty, all those upon whom devolves the personal charge of our dominions were to act like Wu-wan-yung, what would become of the misery to which the myriads and tens of myriads of the black-haired race are exposed? The luckless governor is then deprived of his button, but ordered to remain at his post, with the assurance, that if he is successful, he may yet in some degree atone for his transgression. 'But if it again appears,' says the emperor, 'that he does not know how to exert himself, and that his administration is, after all, so unsuccessful as to send the people wandering to the streams and ditches, his crime will of course be severely dealt with. When Our word has once gone forth, the law follows it; and We shall assuredly not allow the least mercy to be shown him. Tremble and attend! Respect this!'

The whole conduct of the emperor during this disas-

\* Three lis are equal to one English mile.

trous period exhibits his 'paternal' government in a very favourable light. It is a despotism certainly, but with far more checks than we generally believe; and the emperor almost never takes a step without first consulting the boards at Peking, one of which, the Censorate, is privileged to tell him his faults whenever they see occasion. All his decrees are very sensible productions, perfectly plain, and free from the bombast so common in the East. But he has a sad set of knaves and imbeciles to look after; indeed the government offices, from Peking to Thibet, are one vast hive of peculators. Of late years the embezzlement of the mandarins has occasioned a defalcation in the revenue; and the practice of supplying the deficit by sales of rank and office is increasing the evil, by placing incapable men in office. On an average of the last seven years, the money thus raised in Cheh-kiang has annually averaged upwards of L.93,000; while the whole pay of the civil and military officers of that province only amounts to L.100,000. Thus more than nine-tenths of its expenditure, exclusive of any public works, has been made up by riches unfairly reaping the rewards of talent. This system is a serious evil, and is always quoted as a chief one among those which have led to the fall of previous dynasties.

But the incapacity of the officials thus selected, woful as it is, is quite thrown into the shade by their corruption, by their unceasing traffic in bribes. Their sole science of government seems to be—to give bribes to all above them, and to receive bribes from all below them. Were there nothing else, the extraordinary rewards bestowed upon official integrity would hint the general prevalence of its opposite; but the Gazette for last year furnishes proofs 'plenty as blackberries.' Take one province and one excise department as a sample. In Shan-tung the salt-tax should yield a fixed revenue of L.40,000; but the arrears last year amount to nearly L.30,000, of which L.22,000 is the interest due on collections from 1844 to 1848. 'An inquiry, conducted by Ki-ying as high commissioner,' says Mr Wade, 'resulted in the arrest of the present governor of the province, four ex-governors, his predecessors, and eight ex-directors of the Gabelle, accused of collusion with the salt monopolists, and general abuse of their trust. . . . The commissioner of finance was also implicated.' The governor of Shan-si was exiled in the early part of the year for the extortion of a relative of his own, and others in the province; but his misdeeds were so eclipsed by the rapacity of his successor, long notorious for his avarice, that he was recalled, and promoted. This is a pretty picture of speculation certainly: from the lowest to the highest, all seem engaged in a nefarious struggle to better themselves at the public expense. But instances might be endlessly multiplied; and in one of his decrees the emperor even threatens to send his lords of the Treasury 'to the Board of Punishments, who will make strict inquiry, and upon proof of the facts, award the proper penalties. . . . Governors-general and governors guilty of previous connivance at, or subsequent suppression of, such acts, shall be treated with the utmost rigour.' What should we think of a state of matters here in which it was thought even possible for Lord John Russell and his colleagues to be pilfering from the Mint and the Treasury? In China not even a transit of government goods from one quarter to another can take place without those in charge making the most of their opportunity. Thus we learn that the supply of copper for the mint, despatched in 1847-8 from Yun-nan in the south-west, had not reached Peking by the end of 1849, in spite of numberless and reiterated reports that it was close at hand. The real cause of the delay is said to be the avarice of the officials in charge, who are engaged in laying fees upon such private boats as they meet or overtake, upon the pretext that they are obstructing the way of the government vessels. Indeed so national is this predilection for dishonesty and fraud, that an imperial proclamation offering a reward almost always closes with the assurance that

government will keep faith—that it will not 'eat its words;' and the issue of licenses, or the payment of a sum, is guaranteed to take place in open court, 'to prevent any extortion on the part of the clerks or runners.' Even their legal code is framed on the supposition that fraud is universal, and must be tolerated. And on a nobleman being recently deprived of his rank for his connection with a forgery, the edict had to ground the sentence on his want of self-respect, shown by his keeping low company, for the money which he had fraudulently obtained did not amount to what the statute declares requisite as a ground of arraignment.

A new emperor has succeeded to the throne since this year began; but the notices we have of the late monarch, if not very valuable to the historian, have some interest for the general reader. The Gazette, as we have said, chronicles his actions most minutely; and in a country so astoundingly consistent and conservative as China, it sounds not a little strange to hear that the emperor 'turns his coat' every year. The fact is, even in China, even for his Celestial Highness, the seasons will not stop changing, and like a sensible man, he changes his garments with them. The first announcement in the Gazette for 1849 was, that he had put on his doublet with the right side out—which means that the fur lining was exposed, instead of being worn next the body, as when the weather is at the coldest. This 'turned coat' again he by and by changes for a cloth doublet and robe with white fur sleeves, wearing a cap of the skin of an unborn lamb; next a cloth cap and cuffs of white; then a robe of double cloth; then of single cloth; then of crape—first of a close, then of an open texture; and so on, until the cold of winter forces him to betake himself once more to furs and sheepskin. In this way he undergoes some twenty transitions between February and November. His birthday and New Year are, ceremonially speaking, his busiest times. At those periods the Board of Ceremonies advise him daily of the requirements of the Code; and from day to day he sags in a ceaseless round of banquetings, thanksgivings, and sacrifices—even his nights being sometimes spent in a temple. Verily no light weight is the weight of a crown!

As in most other despotic governments, where talent is imperatively required at the head of affairs, the succession to the throne in China is not restricted to the eldest son; and of this the late sovereign, Tao-kwang, was an example. When the Emperor Kia-king was at the point of death in 1820, he asked his imperial consort which of his sons he should choose as his successor. Her own son was then a youth of fifteen; but with much wisdom, and rare disinterestedness, she advised him to appoint Tao-kwang, his son by a former empress, who was then in the prime of life, being about thirty-seven. Moreover, in Kia-king's will, he is said to have merited this preference by preserving his father's life in 1813, when attacked in his palace by assassins of the White Lily faction, two of whom were killed on the spot by the son of his choice. Out of grateful esteem, no less than as a public example of filial obedience, Tao-kwang used to visit the empress-dowager twice or thrice every month, up to the day of her death. This event took place on the 23d of January last, in her seventy-fourth year; and a general mourning for her was ordained, to last a hundred days, although her will, quoted in the Gazette, desired that it should be limited to twenty-seven. It is not a little remarkable that the intelligence of her death reached Canton within a day of the news of the death of our own queen-dowager; and there is a no less remarkable coincidence in the request of both these royal ladies—that all superfluous posthumous honours should be dispensed with. Those two days must have been memorable ones in the annals of Canton, for the death of a third crowned head was announced at the same time. The same despatches that published the death of the empress-dowager reported that the career of Tao-kwang, or the Lustre of Reason, was also at an end, and that his fourth son had

succeeded him, entitling his period\* Chang-hing, which may be rendered *Ever Fortunate*. There are no rumours of the internal convulsions predicted by many as certain to ensue upon his decease; and the present family has an additional safeguard in the interest now taken in its existence by England and the United States, whose commerce with China would be jeopardised by anarchy within it, or by hostility from without. 'And unless his "Southron Boors," as their fellow-countrymen term the people of Canton, entail upon Great Britain the necessity of chastising them, the emperor has less ground to fear her hostility than he has reason to reckon upon her friendly mediation or interference.'

A paragraph in last year's Gazette, trivial enough in itself, is nevertheless well worthy of notice, as illustrative of the most remarkable feature in the national institutions of China. It is a capital sentence passed upon a woman for her father-in-law's suicide, which is ascribed to his shame at having received a blow from her in what every Englishman would say was a justifiable self-defence! The emperor reverses the sentence, though similar acts of mercy are recorded as extraordinary, and form no precedent for the guidance of the provincial courts: even here, although the prisoner escapes with her life, she is condemned to perpetual separation from her husband. This erroneous severity is to be ascribed to the circumstance, that in China the parental relation takes precedence of every other. The government itself is based upon this principle; the nation is regarded as one large family, and is avowedly ruled accordingly. A Chinese head of a family has an almost unlimited power over the lives and fortunes of his household; a magistrate or governor is regarded as the father of his district or province; while the emperor styles his 360,000,000 subjects his 'children.' We think it is Sir John Davis who relates that a parricidal crime of more than common heinousness having been committed during the last reign, the emperor commanded that the village where it was perpetrated should be razed to the ground, as a national example, and in order that the earth might not be polluted by the scene of so much impiety.

We learn also that the contraband opium trade, about which we and China went to loggerheads some ten years ago, if not about to be legalised, is at least looked upon with less aversion. The ministers have given up presenting memorials for its stoppage, and the emperor no longer fulminates against its iniquity; and report says that the poppy is now extensively grown in some of the provinces. The hilly, sandy district of Kan-suh in the north-west, where the poppy at present grows wild, is said to produce the mildest and best-flavoured kind; and as this province, though the largest in the empire, is of little value in its present state, it is of course a most suitable field for the growth of this valuable but deleterious plant. Such a home cultivation of the poppy would of course soon put an end to foreign importations of opium, by rendering them superfluous; and thus the Chinese ministers would escape from the present drain on their bullion, which causes them so much uneasiness, and would, moreover, acquire a new source of taxation. As Mr Wade informs us that opium has now become 'an almost national requirement,' it is probable either that the foreign importation of the drug will be legalised upon payment of a fixed duty, or that an extensive cultivation of the poppy will be permitted at home. One serious objection to the latter course, however, is, that already, it is reported, the natives are in some parts displacing their grain and rice crops to make room for this useless but more valuable plant—an evil of the most dangerous kind in a country so densely peopled as China.

Our opium war with the Celestial Empire was a most

lamentable affair for the mandarins. Want of success is regarded in China in much the same light as want of capacity; and Commissioner Lin (whose name is doubtless still familiar to our readers) was not the only 'buttoned' man who emerged with withered laurels from the strife. Poor Lin! After being accorded in 1838 the rare privilege of riding on horseback within the precincts of the imperial palace, he was, a few months afterwards, despatched as high commissioner to Canton, to put down the opium trade, and bring the foreigners to their senses. Lin forthwith, with exuberant energy, drove the English to their ships, and got their smashing broadsides for his pains. His good intentions availed him nothing with the imperial court, and he was immediately superseded and recalled to Peking, to be tried for his life; but he escaped with banishment to Ili—a district somewhere between the deserts of Cobi and those of the Caspian Sea. Soon after, however, he 'recovered his complexion,' as the Gazette phrases it, was replaced in office, and in 1842 came an announcement of his death. Forthwith an imperial decree appeared, as usual, praising the defunct to the skies, ordaining him a pall of honour, a libation to be poured out by two princes, £500 for his funeral, and a place in the imperial cemetery. This very complimentary document, however, turned out to be a forgery (though a mystery still hangs over its origin), and his death a fabrication or mistake; and Lin went on prospering in office, but declining in health, till last year, when, quite worn out, and after frequently soliciting his dismissal from office, the Gazette at length made known his majesty's pleasure that 'Lin-tsih-sü, governor-general of Yun-nan and Kwei-chau, should return home and tend himself.' He has been forty-six years in the service of his country, and enjoys the rare distinction of being free from all charge of corruption.

Lin's successor in office at Canton, Ki-shen, fared no better. He was sent in chains to Peking, deprived of his rank of earl, had his vast estates confiscated, and was banished like his predecessor to Ili. Recommencing public life in the far west as assistant resident in Yarkand, he thence obtained office in Thibet, and finally worked his way back again into China Proper as governor on its south-western frontier. In the spring of last year we find him accusing himself in a memorial to the emperor, and begging to be punished for the rather whimsical fault of sentencing a man to simple strangulation when he should have been beheaded! the latter death being reckoned the severer punishment in China. Soon afterwards the Gazette shows him exerting all his military and diplomatic abilities in arresting the inroads of the Ye Fan, or 'Wild Strangers,' who were invading his province from the south. Who this nation of Ye Fan are we cannot exactly say, but they seem to have thrice crossed the Celestial borders during the past year. On the first of these occasions they are said to have been 'soothed' by Lin; but the brunt of the business seems to have fallen on Ki-shen, who was rewarded with a button of the first class for his success. The chief of the Ye Fan at length made tender of his allegiance, which it was deemed expedient to accept; and on the recommendation of Ki-shen, he was presented with a peacock's feather, and invested with the hereditary government of his tribe. We wonder what the savage thought of the emperor's munificence, and what he made of his gift. As a suitable ending to this 'soothing' and presentation of feathers, we are informed that Ki-shen, having ascribed his success to the intervention of two spirits, to whom he had repeatedly sacrificed during his expedition, 'the emperor decreed them a tablet a-piece, with an appropriate inscription!'

The only affairs of moment to European powers last year were the destruction of two pirate fleets by our vessels of war (for which, by the by, we got little thanks from the Chinese government), and the murder of the Portuguese governor of Macao. This horrible affair made a great sensation at Canton, and spread an excitement even in Europe. Senhor Amaral, an officer of known personal courage and resolution, assumed the

\* When a Chinese emperor ascends the throne, he adopts a surname, which gives a title to his reign. Thus the name of the late emperor was at first Ming; but when he mounted the throne he styled himself Tao-kuang, or the Lustre of Reason, by which title his period is known.

governorship of Macao in 1846, since which time his energy and firmness have been a remarkable contrast to the feebleness of former governors. A mutinous disturbance among the Chinese in Macao, upon whom he had imposed a new tax, was put down with the strong hand; and he warned the petty officials at that port that they must thenceforward desist from claiming a share of the jurisdiction there, and strictly forbade any show of such authority by the sounding of gongs or the like. All this gave great offence to the Chinese; denunciatory placards were posted in Canton, and rewards are even said to have been offered for the governor's head. Amaral himself made light of his danger; but on the evening of 22d August last he was assassinated by a party of seven natives, who made their escape, carrying with them his head and one hand. Immediately upon intelligence of this horrible affair, the whole foreign ministers addressed the governor of Canton on the subject, the Portuguese council in plain terms charging him with having countenanced the murder. Governor Su was in no haste to make inquiries or reparation, and sought to give the affair the go-by. After repeated representations on the subject, however, the Chinese authorities announced that they had discovered Senhor Amaral's head and hand, but refused to surrender them until three native soldiers, then detained as witnesses at Macao, were released. One man was at length executed as principal in the murder, and others were imprisoned; but Governor Su's conduct gave rise to a host of conjectures; and the whole truth of the matter will probably continue unknown to us. 'Many who were firmly persuaded a short time since,' says Mr Wade, 'that Su had promoted the chief assassin to high official rank, are now disposed to accuse him of sacrificing his agent to hush the clamour of the European legations.'

We conclude our budget by a brief notice of the two statesmen who at present, and for some years to come, are likely to exercise a paramount influence on our relations with China. These are Su and Ki-ying. The former of these, the present governor of Canton, who figures so unfavourably in the tragedy related above, is said to be less courteous in his manners, but not inferior in dignity, to Ki-ying, who was his predecessor at Canton; 'but his countenance has not the same wily expression as the Tartar's—it rather betokens a supreme indifference for all around him, without, however, any hauteur or arrogant pretension. Report speaks him a cold voluptuary, inattentive to business, and of a somewhat sanguinary disposition. It would be hard to decide,' adds Mr Wade, 'which of the two were the more honest politician'—of course meaning *dishonest*. Although we are entitled, by treaty, to free ingress into the city of Canton, Su, backed by the influential men of the province, still manages to keep us out; and as we are not inclined to go to war for a trifle, our present quiescence under injustice will doubtless be represented by him as a glorious triumph of his diplomacy, and perhaps win for him a double-eyed peacock's feather from the emperor. Su is less vacillating and less ready to make promises than Ki-ying; but then he has never been in as great dilemmas, and has not yet been made to feel the prowess of the 'foreigners.'

Su is a Chinese, but Ki-ying is a Tartar, and he seems to be one of the ablest statesmen in the empire. As High Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, he concluded with us the treaty of Nankin; and in the spring of 1848 he resigned his governorship of Canton, and was presented with a double-eyed peacock's feather, 'as a reward for the progress his late government had made in the arts of peace.' From the incessant audiences granted him by the emperor, and duly chronicled in the Gazette, it is evident that Ki-ying holds the highest place in the imperial favour. He is now one of the four chief secretaries of state (two of whom are Tartars, and two Chinese), and the second Tartar in the ministry; and as he is not yet sixty years of age, he will probably succeed Muh-chang-ah, the present premier, who must be stricken in years. It is not likely that the

policy of China will become suddenly aggressive; but in the event of any rupture with foreign powers, Mr Wade says that 'concession, as conducive to peace, will be pretty certain to find an advocate in Ki-ying.'

Mr Wade speculates a little—for China is so large and so little known, that one can only speculate—as to the present condition of the Celestial Empire; and he comes to the conclusion that there are 'no signs of its immediate dissolution.' So we should think. An empire that has stood immovable through forty centuries is not likely to break up in a day; we should as soon expect a simoon to sweep away the Pyramids. Turkey might be a warning to all croakers about the fall of empires. For the last two hundred years it has been the fashion of writers to proclaim its approaching destruction, yet there it still stands, giving the lie to their predictions.

#### THOMAS MOORE.

'I CANNOT help thinking that it is possible to love one's country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that the Irish was the language spoken in Paradise—that our ancestors were kind enough to polish the Greek—or that Avaris, the hyperborean, was a native of Ireland.' It is to Thomas Moore, who thus frankly and truly speaks, that Ireland is indebted for at least the beginning of the association of her name with elegant literature. He has been the defender of her political and religious liberties; he has sympathised with her wrongs, and pleaded indignantly against her oppression; he has held up her claims to equitable treatment, veiled her foibles and vices, and inseparably connected her in the imagination with all that is graceful in music and song.

Thomas Moore was born on the 28th of May 1780. Genius, the French say, is especially plebeian, and the poet was no exception to the rule. His father was Garret Moore, a respectable tradesman in Dublin, gifted with plain good sense, and possessing some acquisitions. Nothing is recorded worthy of notice in regard to Moore's childhood; none of those precocious evidences of talent that have so frequently disappointed expectation. He was placed at school with a Mr Whyte in Grafton Street, Dublin, where he made such satisfactory progress, that his father thought he was justified in transplanting him at fourteen to Trinity College. There, although in the midst of much unblushing obsequiousness to authority of any and every kind, young Moore acquired and cherished that independence of feeling which ever afterwards distinguished him. He was remarkable, likewise, from his earlier years for his social temper, and distinguished for his conversational talents and ready wit, at a time when the principles he professed were regarded with an evil eye by the political party that ruled Ireland under a system destitute of all principle.

At that time, about the close of the century, there was a spirit of conviviality abroad in Dublin, which was shared by many persons of talent. In their amusements they exhibited no small fertility of invention, if all their countrymen, Sir Jonah Barrington, has written about them is to be credited. There is a small island, or rather rock, on the south side of the bay of Dublin called Dalkey Island, lying off a town of the same name on the main. A number of frolicsome spirits, and among them Curran the Irish master of the rolls, suggested an annual visit to this island, and the coronation of a monarch of the fête, to be called the King of Dalkey, together with the attendant officers of a mock court. The day was always humorously announced in the 'Dublin Morning Post.' Various regal ceremonies were performed, guns were fired, a mock-heroic speech delivered from the throne, and the new monarch anointed by pouring a beaker of whisky upon his head. Petitions and complaints accumulated during the preceding year were heard and answered, an archbishop preached a courtly sermon, a laureate ode was recited, and a dinner on the rocks concluded the business of the

day. Some of the proceedings were very humorous. There was a Lord Minikin, dignified as lieutenant of the town; and a periwinkle order of knighthood. The last coronation took place in 1797, just before the rebellion broke out, when such proceedings might have been punished as treasonable. Moore was then in his seventeenth year, and contributed the last laureate ode. The lines not being in his works, may be worthy of record here:—

'Hail, happy Dalkey! Queen of isles,  
Where justice reigns and freedom smiles!  
In Dalkey, justice holds her state  
Unaided by the prison-gate:  
No subjects of King Stephen lie  
In loathsome cells, they know not why;  
Health, peace, good-humour in music's soft strains,  
Invite and unite us on Dalkey's wide plains.

No flimsy bailiff enters here—  
No trading justice dare appear—  
No soldier asks his comrade whether  
The sheriff has yet cleaned his feather;  
Our soldiers here deserve the name,  
Nor wear a feather they don't pluck from fame!

How much unlike those wretched realms  
Where wicked statesmen guide the helms!  
Here no first-rate merchants breaking;  
Here no first-rate vessels taking;  
Here no shameful peace is making;  
Here we snap no apt occasion  
On pretences of invasion;  
Here informers get no pensions  
To repay their foul inventions;  
Here no secret, dark committee  
Spreads corruption through the city.  
No placemen nor pensioners here are haranguing,  
No soldiers are shooting, no seamen are hanging;  
No mutiny reigns in the army or fleet,  
For our orders are just, our commanders discreet.'

Thus young did the poet exhibit that spirit of political satire for which during his subsequent career he has been distinguished. Lord Clare, the zealous supporter of constructive sedition in the sister island, could not pass unnoticed the presumption of any one calling himself 'king,' even of a rock. He kept the eyes of a true minister of police upon Dalkey, and at last, full of official dread of something like treason, he sent for one of the mock court. The dialogue was excellent:—

'You, sir, are, I understand, connected with this kingdom of Dalkey?'

'I am, my lord.'

'Pray, may I ask how you are recognised?'

'I am Duke of Muglins.'

'And what post may you hold?'

'Chief commissioner of revenue.'

'What are your emoluments?'

'I am allowed to import ten thousand hogsheds duty free.'

'How?—hogsheds of what?'

'Of salt-water, my lord!' The lord chancellor made no further inquiry about Dalkey.

There is another anecdote of Lord Clare with which Thomas Moore was connected. Moore was then at Trinity College. The lord chancellor hearing that an offensive paper had been circulated among the collegians, insisted that they and their officers should take an inquisitorial oath, called 'an oath of discovery;' or, in other words, should swear before him, each and all of them, that they did not know who had written the document, and that they had not written the seditious paper themselves; and further, that they did not know of any disaffected persons or treasonable societies in the university. Such an oath, equally against law and reason, was a mild proceeding to some others taken about that time. Many of the collegians were ready to swear that they were not themselves disaffected persons; others would not swear one way or the other, insisting upon the unconstitutional nature of such a requirement. On thus objecting, fifty were marked out for expulsion. Thomas Moore was one of the first who refused to be sworn. He objected until the scene became ludicrous. He shook

his head at the book which they wanted to thrust upon him, and put his hand behind his back; they then tried to put it into his left hand, and he placed that where his right was. They still pressed the book upon him, and he retreated backward until the wall of the room forbade his retreating further. On the following day the chancellor, probably feeling he had presumed too far, modified the oath, and Moore consented to swear that he knew of no treasonable practices or societies within the walls of the university. This conduct exhibited remarkable firmness in a lad of sixteen. His acuteness, and his progress in classical acquirements at the college, are yet remembered by some of his contemporaries.

In 1799 Moore quitted Ireland for London, and entered himself of the Middle Temple, being in his nineteenth year. In place of studying the law, however, he employed himself in translating the Odes of Anacreon. He was at this time a mere boy in appearance, and his translation obtained for him the name of 'Anacreon Moore.' The 'Anacreon' is a fluent and pleasing, rather than a close translation. The Greek of 'Anacreon,' at all times too condensed for a modern tongue, has always been paraphrased rather than translated—by Cowley and Hawkes, for example—in English, none approaching the brevity of the original. Not only did Moore shine as a translator at this time, but also as a wit, a 'failing' fatal to the due consideration demanded by Coke and Littleton. His powers in this respect are on record by one who was both himself a wit, and the cause of wit in others. Sheridan highly praised his brilliant conversational powers, and declared there was 'no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Thomas Moore.'

Soon after this period Moore was destined to exchange the gay life of London for a very different scene: the congenial circle composed of the gay, and thoughtless, and frivolous, as well as of the learned and wise, for the contemplation of nature in her grandeur, and society of a very mediocre description. In 1803 he was appointed vice-registrar of the Admiralty Court at Bermuda; but what signified the fine climate and the majestic rocks, the storms and calms of such a region as the Bermudas, to one who liked much better 'the sweet shady side of Pall Mall?' Moore foolishly confided the duties of his office to another, who, acting as his deputy, became a defaulter, and he was obliged to make good the loss, suffering great pecuniary inconvenience in consequence. He went from the Bermudas to the United States; but it is not probable that the manners of the American people, in a much earlier period of their republic than the present, would be seen by one like him in a better point of view than the social life of Bermuda. He remained at New York only a few days; and visiting several of the other principal places of the Union, then very inferior in all respects to what they have become since, he returned to England in 1804. His impressions upon this visit are found in his 'Odes and Epistles,' published about two years afterwards. These were, as might be expected, not very favourable to the American character. The poet had no doubt drawn in idea a picture far too flattering of the social state of America. He had thought of ancient republics realised in the new world; of primitive simplicity of manners in a modern Arcadia; and of a species of 'golden age,' where freedom and Grecian high-mindedness were associated with modern comfort.

Soon after his return, he published his two poems entitled 'Corruption' and 'Intolerance.' The former was a political satire, in which he boasted that he leaned to neither of the two great state parties, both having been alike unjust to his country. The lines upon Intolerance were intended as part of a series of essays which he never continued beyond them. In 1808 he published poems by Thomas Little, Esq., unhappily of a very exceptional character. He subsequently expressed his regret that he had sent this volume into the world—the merit of which, as poetry, in no way redeemed the immorality.

Smoothly written, however, elegantly pointed, and artistically, not naturally passionate, it fitted so well the trifling taste of the age, that it went through eleven editions in five years. 'A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin,' and 'M.P., or the Blue Stocking,' were his next publications. This last was a comic opera in three acts, performed at the Lyceum Theatre in 1811. The poetry and music were characterised in the journals of those days as delightful, but the opera itself as being neither new nor interesting. It was said to be the production of a 'Mr Moore, an Irish gentleman, who had published some sonnets and songs,' the 'spirit of which transcends Ovid as to excitement, and even the *Basia Secundi* as to the force of descriptive expression.' Thus it would seem that the translation of *Anacreon* had been already forgotten, and that the fame of the poet depended wholly on what he had written subsequently. In the following year (1812) he surprised the world with the 'Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-bag.' These met universal applause, and speedily ran through thirteen editions. The satire was playful, pungent, polished, and while insinuating everything intended, said nothing rude or vulgar to shock the ears of fastidious fashion.

The next work of Moore was of a higher character—the 'Irish Melodies,' written at Mayfield or Mathfield in Staffordshire. These are too well appreciated by all who feel the charms of music and song, and, above all, by the poet's countrymen, to need criticism. He was perhaps the only poet among all his contemporaries who understood music, and was able to set his own songs. He had therefore peculiar advantages for undertaking such a work, although the present airs were arranged by Sir John Stevenson. Moore was not only a composer, but played and sung with great taste, and his voice was remarkably soft and pleasing. He translated at this time a portion of *Sallust* for *Murphy*, and edited the work soon after the death of that author. The 'Sceptic,' an odd theme for the erratic muse of Moore, and a performance not very edifying either in its ethics or rhyme, was next published.

'*Lalla Rookh*,' an Oriental romance, appeared in 1817. For this poem Moore received three thousand guineas. It was read universally, and translated into several European languages. Though an Eastern tale, it has none of the verisimilitude of '*Vathek*' as respects Eastern manners and objects. It is in this respect for the most part wholly poetical, and is indebted to the richness of the author's fancy for its attractions, as he has seized insulated objects belonging to Eastern climes and manners, and strung them in his own way rather than in their natural associations. The poem has no lofty Miltonic flights—no hall of *Eblis* reaching the height of the sublime—but it is calculated to suit the taste of every order of mind. Young and old, educated and uneducated, alike comprehend its luxurious imagery, sweet passages, fascinating descriptions, and gorgeous voluptuousness: hence the uncommon popularity of the poem. The gilding and carmine, the glare and riches, lavished upon a feeble structure of story, are not at first seen to be misplaced. The numbers flow harmoniously, and there is no surfeit from the perfumes that are presented to the senses. Those who have hearts for the deeper things of humanity, whose enjoyments come not from external colour, Orient hues, and Tyrian purple, will prefer the heart which is shown in many of Moore's other productions. '*Lalla Rookh*' is too merely sensuous for such as seek their pleasure in natural things.

'The Fudge Family in Paris' appeared in 1818, purporting to be letters in verse written by Thomas Brown the Younger. Mr Fudge, the author has hinted, was one of those 'gentlemen' whom the Lord Castlereagh of that day delighted to honour with pensions for certain offices which individuals with clean hands scorned to perform. The letters are full of political allusions, but interest generally of a temporary character.

'Sacred and National Songs and Ballads,' 'Tom Crib's

Memorial to Congress,' 'Trifles Reprinted in Verse,' and 'The Loves of the Angels,' next appeared. 'The Loves of the Angels' was written at the moment when Byron was about to publish his beautiful drama on the same subject; but in 'Cain' there is an intensity of feeling which in Moore's poems is looked for in vain. 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'Evenings in Greece,' 'Memoirs of Captain Rock,' in prose, 'The Epicurean,' a 'Life of Sheridan,' one of Byron, and it is said 'A Letter from a Young Man in Search of a Religion,' have all proceeded from his fertile pen. Moore's prose works, however, have not added to his literary reputation.

The poet married Miss Dyke, a lady of beauty and accomplishments, by whom he had several children, who are now dead. He resided at one period in a retired cottage at Mathfield or Mayfield, on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove, two miles from Ashbourne in Derbyshire. His habitation was truly a cottage, squarely built, having an orchard on one side, and trelliswork around the door. His small library was in a room on one side, and from thence he dated No. 6 of the 'Irish Melodies' in 1815. Here he was only a mile from Oberon Hall, and but three miles from Wootton, where Rousseau lived for some time, nor far from the noble woods of Ilam and the entrance to Dovedale, renowned for the visits of Isaac Walton. Latterly, his residence has been at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, Wilts. It is not so picturesque as his Staffordshire retreat, but more convenient. It is within a short distance of Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and not a great way from Bremhill parsonage, the residence of the late Rev. William Lisle Bowles, a brother poet. There are two doors in front of the cottage, which is very plain; both are surrounded with trelliswork, and the whole covered with flowering shrubs. As a host, Moore was hospitable, lively, and attentive to his guests: the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' ever accompanying the grosser entertainment. He was always full of animation, easy, and cordial, but in person so diminutive, that the Prince of Wales (George IV.) is said to have hinted in his own presence that a wine-cooler would make an appropriate habitation for the Bacchanalian poet.

Moore's acquaintance with Byron commenced in an odd way. The latter had turned into ridicule, in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' the bloodless duel between Moore and Jeffrey, in the lines—

'When Little's leadless pistols met his eye,  
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by.'

Moore's Milesian blood was immediately up; and he addressed a letter on the subject to the noble poet, which (Byron being abroad at the time) did not reach him for a year and a-half. When Byron at length received the missive, he wrote a candid, manly reply, assuring Moore that he would find him ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which should not compromise his honour. This led to a meeting at Rogers's, when four poets—Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Byron—sat down together to a friendly dinner.

A singular circumstance in relation to Byron occurred in the life of Moore. There were certain memoirs of the noble poet written by himself, and placed in Moore's hands as a legacy for his sole benefit. Moore, at the desire of his friend, lodged the manuscript with Mr Murray the bookseller, as a security for the sum of two thousand guineas. 'Believing,' said Moore, 'that the manuscript was still mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction—at least without previous perusal and consultation among the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with me in opinion, and it was the only point upon which there did exist any difference between us. The manuscript was accordingly torn and burned before our eyes, and I immediately paid to Mr Murray, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, two thousand

guineas, with interest, &c. being the amount of what I owed him upon the security of my bond,' &c. The family of Byron proposed an arrangement by which Moore might be reimbursed; but this he declined. Moore's conduct was applauded by many, but not by all. It was pointed out that there was a duty owing to the deceased poet, which had been neglected. The proper course to have taken was for persons of judgment, totally unconnected with the parties, to have read the papers, and if there were anything seriously objectionable, to sanction their destruction. Byron seems to have concluded that the papers would be in safe custody in a friend's hands; and farther, he had declared he was indifferent about all the world knowing what they contained. 'There were few licentious adventures of his own, or scandalous anecdotes that would affect others, in the book.' 'It is taken up from my earliest recollections, almost from childhood—very incoherent, written in a very loose and familiar style. The second part will prove a good lesson to young men; for it treats of the irregular life I led at one period, and the fatal consequences of dissipation. There are few parts that may not, and none that will not, be read by women.'

In the year 1818 a public dinner was given to Moore in Dublin. The Earl of Charlemont was in the chair, and the poet and his venerable father sat on his right and left hand. The poet was welcomed to his native land with the most flattering acclamations. He replied in a very eloquent but short speech, being much affected by the scene around him. One of the passages in his speech on 'The poet' being given as a toast, will explain his manner, and it ran as follows:—'Can I name to you Byron without recalling to your hearts recollections of all that his mighty genius has awakened there; his energy, his burning words, his intense passion, that disposition of fine fancy to wandering among the ruins of the heart, to dwell in places which the fire of feeling has desolated, and like the chestnut-tree, that grows best on volcanic soils, to luxuriate most where the conflagration of passion has left its mark? Need I mention to you Scott, that fertile and fascinating writer, the vegetation of whose mind is as rapid as that of a northern summer, and as rich as the most golden harvest of the south, whose beautiful creations succeed each other like fruits in Armida's enchanted garden—one scarce gathered ere another grows? Shall I recall to you Rogers, who has hung up his own name on the shrine of memory among the most imperishable tablets there? Southey (not the laureate) but the author of "Don Roderick," one of the noblest and most eloquent poems in any language? Campbell, the polished and spirited Campbell, whose song of "Innisfail" is the very tears of our own Irish muse, crystallised by the touch of genius—made immortal? Wordsworth, a poet even in his puerilities, whose capacious mind, like the great whirlpool of Norway, draws into its vortex not only the mighty things of the deep, but its minute weeds and refuse? Crabbe, who has shown what the more than galvanic power of talent can effect, by giving not only motion, but life and soul to subjects that seemed incapable of it? I could enumerate still more,' &c.

Moore visited Paris with his family in 1822, and residing there for some weeks, became acquainted with many of the literary characters of that capital, most of whom have been since taken away by death. A dinner was given to him by some of his countrymen on this occasion, which was very numerous attended, and which he addressed with his accustomed facility and figurativeness of expression. On numerous public occasions in the British metropolis he has also delivered speeches of more than ordinary eloquence, especially where they have been connected with literary objects.

Moore, however, is merely the poet of society: he belongs to artificial life. Incapable of a flight long sustained, his poetical talents are best displayed in poems of a few pages, or even of a few stanzas. He is evi-

dently the bard of the town circles—lively, witty, fluttering, and brilliant. Nothing can be further in idea from a Highland solitude, a dashing brook, or the aspect of a sere wood in autumn, than the poetry of Moore. His songs are not full of natural truth, like those of Burns, nor elevating, nor passionate, after nature's simple guise. He makes love in the drawing-room. His heroines are all town ladies, dressed by the court tire-women in the newest mode from Madame Deville's. They are opera-haunters, ballet-dancers, and figurantes. In satire his excellence consists in hitting—as a pugilist would say—the vanities, ignorance, and vulgarisms of high life, and the inanities of great personages. Like the vain regent's own sword, Moore's sallies flash upon the vision, and wound while they playfully wave in mere show of warfare. Contempt was never so gracefully concealed under one of Stultz's best-cut garments. George IV. was painfully alive to it; and Moore, who was at one time the visitor of the Prince of Wales, did not spare him when he became regent, and turned his back on the Whigs. It is said that when he was first introduced to the Prince of Wales, the latter asked him if he was the son of Dr Moore, the author of 'Zeluco,' when Moore replied, 'No, sir; I am the son of a grocer in Dublin!'

It is no small merit to have contributed so much as he has done to the stock of human enjoyment. A distinguished individual in society said he could not tell how to express his gratitude to Scott for the delightful forgetfulness of his ailments which 'Waverley' had caused, while perusing that work upon a sick-bed. Something similar may be said of the works of Moore, whether serious or witty; in which latter style he has not been approached since the days of Sheridan and Wolcott, although he resembles neither of those his contemporaries in early life. This gifted person has now completed his seventieth year, and the state of his health seems to announce that he has reached the last term of life. There has been much controversy as to the real merit of his poetry; but the public voice, we apprehend, will decide the question, and the 'Irish Melodies' more especially will long survive the author. In person, we have said, he is diminutive; but in middle age he arrived at a full habit of body. His forehead is good, his eyes dark, nose prominent, the reverse of aquiline; the character of mouth good-humoured, and somewhat voluptuous; and the stamp of the whole person decidedly Irish.

#### THE ANEMONE MANIA.

THE garden anemone does not appear to be the plant mentioned by the great naturalist Pliny, and named from the Greek word *anemos*—the wind; for there is reason to suppose that it was not known in Europe until about the beginning of the last century, when it was introduced into France by M. Bachelieur of Paris. This gentleman, who was an amateur botanist, had been travelling in the Levant, and there saw the flower, which derived its first bright hues from an Eastern sun. Struck with its beauty, he procured some of the seed, and on his return to Paris, immediately sowed it. The season was favourable, and ere long the garden anemone opened its petals for the first time on the soil of France. M. Bachelieur, who was passionately fond of flowers, was the owner of a magnificent garden, which was visited by persons from every corner of Paris. His possession of this rare and beautiful plant soon became known, and was much talked of. Fashion is not less arbitrary at Paris than elsewhere. M. Bachelieur's garden had more visitors than ever; they flocked to it daily in crowds; a perfect mania set in; evening parties were formed only to afford opportunities for talking of the anemone; acquaintances never met but with the flower on their lips; in fact the anemone was in every mouth, but in no garden but that of M. Bachelieur. He was very willing that people should see and admire his rare flowers, but he would not suffer any one to touch

them: he guarded them with the most jealous care; and declared positively that he would not give a single seed even to the king himself, or his own nearest or dearest friend. Not give the seed! What on earth was to be done? The Parisians were in despair: how could they exist without the seed? It is true the people of France had for ages done without anemones, and still contrived to get on comfortably enough; but then they knew not that anything so lovely was to be found in the creation; and now that they had seen the flower, to live without it was impossible. All Paris was in a commotion: an anemone mania seemed to have attacked every individual in the city; but M. Bachelieur continued inflexible.

'Oh, I see how it is,' said one; 'he wants to make a market of the seed. Well, cost what it may, I'll have it.' Letters containing the most extravagant offers now showered upon the fortunate possessor of the plant. One offered a hundred, another three hundred, a third a thousand, and another furious anemonomaniac went as high as three thousand francs.

'My fortune is made!' said M. Bachelieur to himself with a chuckle: 'however, I will not give way yet; for the longer I hold out, the higher will be the offers.' Meanwhile the flowers withered, and the seed alone remained on the stalk: the anemone fever raged fiercer than ever; but all offers were vain. M. Bachelieur persisted in refusing either to give or sell the seed. This was not to be endured; a company was formed to send out a vessel to the East, for the sole purpose of obtaining the seed of the anemone; and all Paris was about to join in the enterprise, when M. Saint-Aulaire, a minister of state, undertook to procure it in an easier, though scarcely so honourable a manner.

In his frequent visits to M. Bachelieur's garden, having observed that the seed of the anemone, like that of the burdock, adhered, when quite ripe, to any woollen texture that happened to come in contact with it, he dressed himself in his robes of office, and went once more to visit the garden and its envied owner, with whom he had made acquaintance. A lackey followed, holding up the train of his gown.

'When we are in the garden, and close to the bed of anemones,' said he to the servant, 'be sure to let the gown slip out of your hands.' M. Bachelieur received his visitor with his usual obliging politeness, and conducted him into the garden. At the moment when they reached the bed of anemones, M. Saint-Aulaire turned suddenly round, and pointing to a plant at the other side of the garden—'Ah,' exclaimed he, 'what a superb plant is that!' As he spoke, his robe fell from the hands of the servant, and swept over some beautiful anemones, which left their seed clinging to the stuff. The man hastily caught up the gown, and the theft remained concealed in its folds.

Entirely occupied with the minister's admiration of his flowers, M. Bachelieur was quite unconscious of the transaction, and smiling and bowing, conducted him to the door, little suspecting that his treacherous guest was carrying away with him his hopes of fortune, and a cure for the anemone mania in the seeds of the anemone.

The following year the anemone was to be seen in many gardens, and poor M. Bachelieur looked foolish enough when he beheld them, and awoke suddenly from his dream of wealth. But although his covetousness may lessen our commiseration for his disappointment, it does not render more excusable the fraud practised by the minister. What sentence would he have pronounced on his own action had he been called on to judge it in another?

#### CURIOSITY IN ZOOLOGY.

A very curious animal has been discovered by Captain Blyot in the Punjab. The animal is formed in the rear like a hog-deer, but in the front it is covered with quills like the porcupine. The fore-feet are cloven, but the hind feet have perfect hoofs.—*Indian News.*

#### AUGUST FANCIES—TWO SONNETS.

BY MRS NEWTON CROSLAND.

I.

It is the Crown of Summer—August tide!  
Nor reels the Earth with her tiara's weight,  
But with stately, calm, befitting gait—  
Not wholly unto gladness unalied,  
That matron-mirth which wears a mask of pride—  
Lifts her broad brow with consoling wealth elate,  
As if to ask what worthy planet-mate  
Gemmed the clear sky, and circled by her side.  
Still seems she ever lone: the moon—pale face!  
She makes but servitor—for wages this,  
To hold her anchored in the sea of space:  
And in her pride Earth takes no meaner kiss  
Than from the Orb of Day, whose warm beams chase  
The winter's sorrow with dear summer's bliss.

II.

Beneath an ancient elm-tree's broadest shade,  
In mood of idleness that rusteth not,  
Dull world-day ploddings are an hour forgot,  
And finer fancies round the soul are laid  
In tender ministrations. Earth arrayed  
In August vesture is a charmed spot—  
A small bright chequer on our sombre lot—  
And fairy voices come from mead and glade,  
Sound from the humming bee that saith by,  
In the light footfall of the bounding deer,  
And in the rivulet that trickles nigh,  
Telling in accents musically clear,  
Which float far upwards to the azure sky,  
A thousand secrets for the Poet's ear!

August 5, 1850.

#### SMALL COURTESIES OF LIFE.

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls 'the small sweet courtesies of life,' those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex, their sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum-total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas-tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighbourhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you!—*Letter from William Wirt to his Daughter.*

#### VICTORIA REGIA.

The discovery of this plant was communicated to the Botanical Society of London by Sir Robert Schomburgk, and not to the Royal Geographical Society, as was stated in No. 346 of this Journal. Such was the enthusiasm excited on the occasion, that Sir Robert was instantly and unanimously elected a foreign member of the society.

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## THE PEACE QUESTION.

SOME people assert so loudly that there always will be war upon earth, that one might almost suspect them of a dislike to peace. On the other hand, some of the friends of peace are so sanguine about the realisation of their favourite views, as almost to create a diversion in favour of war. Perhaps just views lie between. It may be quite true that mankind in general are as yet far from that moral state which would put an end to war; but we may nevertheless say, let there be as little war as possible, and we may encourage all rational plans for reducing the likelihood of its recurrence. There is surely a prudent and sober course for a lover of peace, which should give offence to none, but simply advance the cause he advocates.

When practical people scoff at the proposed courts of arbitration, they forget that there is a system nearly equivalent in operation at this moment. When a dispute arises between two states, a third, meaning well to both, usually gives her friendly services in bringing about an amicable settlement. Great Britain and some other states are at this time busy in patching up various disputes tending to war throughout the continent, not always perhaps with the greatest wisdom or the highest success, but yet acting towards the very purpose contemplated in a court of arbitration for nations. There is nothing, therefore, so very wild in this idea.

It may nevertheless be frankly admitted—we at least have no difficulty in making the admission—that cases will occur where no kind of mediation will serve, and where a court professing the power of arbitrating would only add one party more to those involved in the strife. To adjust a quarrel, there must be a strong disposition to peace on at least one side, and no resolute desire of war on the other. We know that this is not always the case. On the contrary, it often happens that one of the parties is under the influence of such a passion of one kind or another, that, in Pistol's phrase, incision there must be. Who, for example, could have charmed the Americans out of that 'earth-hunger' which impelled them into the late Mexican war? There are spirits of such a towering nature among rulers, that remonstrance is hopeless. Let it be tried, for instance, with the Emperor Nicholas, in regard to his efforts for the subjugation of Circassia! Or could any kind of intervention have availed with the English government at the close of 1792, in keeping it from rushing into hostilities against France? In that case there was no injury on either side worth speaking of to be redressed. The motive on the side of England was a terror of the threatened spread of democracy. What could any court of arbitration have done there? No, in such cases, distressing as the consideration may be, there appears no recourse but to arms.

But it may be questioned—Should this consideration be so very distressing? Grant all the evils attending on war, it is still something to which human nature has never pronounced itself quite repugnant. On the contrary, many generous natures have professed a love for it. Men in general very readily become soldiers. The excitement of a campaign makes up to most persons engaged in it for all its unavoidable inconveniences. Armies fight, without complaining of it as a hardship, or weeping over its consequences. We never find an old soldier repentant of the course of his life. After even the most disastrous wars, nations quickly regain their usual strength, often, indeed, prompted by their very losses to a degree of exertion which becomes a permanent good. It often appears as if invasive and conquering wars, though painful in their immediate effects, accomplish a great good in the long-run, by bringing a more vigorous national intellect to bear upon a weaker, and thus communicating a fresh impulse to civilisation. Though, therefore, we could not, beforehand, feel entitled to say—Let there be an aggressive war upon that peaceful apathetic people, in order to spur them forward to a better career, yet when we see such an effect arise from the uncalculating and uncontrollable passions of men, we may be permitted to acknowledge the benefit. All of these are considerations which should at least make us hesitate before setting down war as an unmixed evil, or any wholly unrelieved outrage upon humanity. Let it not be forgotten that our present English nation is a result of several warlike invasions and conquests—that we should not have been in existence but for the results of war—and that in point of fact every pure descendant of the Saxon and Norman invaders is enjoying property of which the Britons were despoiled: these Britons, as is now ascertained, having been themselves despoilers of a previous race. Our country is altogether a battle-ground. The most prized of our institutions have been won by the sword. Would 'peaceful suasion' ever have secured the revolution settlement and bill of rights? Force, it is humiliating to own, has been the basis of our civilisation; and we fear it must still remain, at least in *terrorem*, until the more general diffusion of knowledge enables mankind at large to understand their own interest. To begin the reform at the beginning, we must address ourselves to the masses, not to their governors; we must inform the popular mind, and bring instinct under the control of reason.

We think it would be well for the peace party to keep such things in view—we mean, both that war is not wholly avoidable in the present state of society, and that it is not an unqualified evil. It is of vast consequence, we conceive, for a party aiming at a great moral or social reform, to contemplate and to represent what is to be reformed in a just light. Stolid and

insensible as the great bulk of mankind often appear, there is nevertheless an instinctive common-sense throughout the mass that makes them very readily apprehend when a case is overstated, or when visionary and impracticable views are entertained. They say little, but it is because they view the matter with indifference. The subject is then left to the patronage of a few possessed of warmer hearts and less reflecting intellects than the mass; and the consequence is, that no advance is made towards the accomplishment of the object. If, on the contrary, the case of the reforming party is stated moderately, and no aim or hope expressed beyond what common-sense admits to be capable of fulfilment, a very different result may ensue.

We would have the advocates of Peace to divest their cause of everything which may appear extravagant both in the statement of the evils to be reformed, and in the expression of their hopes of improved arrangements. We would not merely have them to tame themselves and their language down into a strictly practical tone, but we would call upon them to abstain from all claims, as well as clamours, which proceed upon what must generally be felt as a false ideal of human nature. We would warn them particularly against such errors as the advocacy of the cause of the Borneo pirates. It is not merely visionary, but, what is far worse, it is an injustice to humanity to demand that wretches of that kind should be treated in a mild, remonstrative, or even reformatory way. They have always as yet been crushed like vermin wherever they were to be found, and they will be so treated while human nature lasts. It may be possible, no doubt, in time to reclaim even the Borneo pirates from their evil inclinations, and we hope this will be done; but the question is, what is to be done immediately or directly with a horde of villains whose occupation it is to plunder their harmless countrymen, killing the men, and carrying off into slavery the women and children? Will peace measures avail there? As well ask if a sermon will turn aside a bullet in its flight. There is a manful and righteous spirit which pronounces that such fiends may be dealt with summarily, and that no other measure will avail in driving them from their evil courses. So ninety-nine of every hundred of the people of England feel. What are these to think of the benevolent minority who call in rose-water surgery for such cases? Only—that they are a set of people too good for this world.

We think it is at the same time due to the gentlemen who come prominently forward for the advocacy of Peace, to view their proceedings in the most favourable light possible, and to make the handsomest acknowledgment of the goodness which is at the bottom of the movement. If it is an error to think too well of human nature, it is a generous error. If those who assume the possibility of putting down war, are sure to be looked upon as visionary, it is the more gallant in them, having such sentiments, to come forward and frankly avow them. Some allowance, too, ought always to be made for those who take up any great cause at its first outburst. At such a time, men do not usually stop to measure their propositions with exactness, or to look round for all the potential counteractions. There is always an excitement at the first embrace of a new principle, which makes its likelihoods somewhat obscure. In time, first errors are corrected, and more practical views adopted. We would claim for the Peace party the benefit of these considerations. And we would have the party itself to go on with hope of good

result within fair and rational bounds, and not to be too much discomfited should they find, as we are assured they will, that they have damaged their cause by the assumption of an extreme position.

#### THE UNLAWFUL GIFT.

THE chastened glory of a bright autumnal evening was shining upon the yellow harvest fields of Bursley Farm, in the vicinity of the New Forest, and tinting with changeable light the dense but broken masses of thick wood which skirted the southern horizon, when Ephraim Lovegrove, a care-cankered, worn-out, dying man, though hardly numbering sixty years, was, at his constantly and peevishly-iterated request, lifted from the bed on which for many weeks he had been gradually and painfully wasting away, and carried in an arm-chair to the door. From the cottage, situated as it was upon an eminence, the low-lying lands of Bursley, and its straggling homestead, which once called him master, could be distinctly seen. The fading eyes of the old man wandered slowly over the gleaming landscape, and a faint smile of painful recognition stole upon his harsh and shrivelled features. His only son, a fine handsome young fellow, stood silently, with his wife, beside him—both, it seemed, as keenly, though not perhaps as bitterly, impressed with the scene and the thoughts it suggested; and their child, a rosy youngster of about five years of age, clung tightly to his mother's gown, frightened and awed apparently by the stern expression he read upon his father's face. A light summer air lifted the old man's thin white locks, fanned his sallow cheeks, and momentarily revived his fainting spirit. 'Ay,' he muttered, 'the old pleasant home, Ned, quiet, beautiful as ever. It's only we who change and pass away.'

'The home,' rejoined the son, 'of which we have been robbed—lawfully robbed.'

'I'm not so clear on that as I was,' said Ephraim Lovegrove, slowly and with difficulty. 'It was partly our own want of foresight—mine I mean of course: we ought not to have calculated on—'

The old man's broken accents stopped suddenly. The strength which the sight of his former home and the grateful breeze which swept up from the valley awakened, had quickly faded; and the daughter-in-law, touching her husband's arm, and glancing anxiously at his father's changing countenance, motioned that he should be reconveyed to bed. This was done, and a few spoonfuls of wine revived him somewhat. Edward Lovegrove left the cottage upon some necessary business; and his wife, after putting her child to bed, re-entered the sick-room, and seated herself with mute watchfulness by the bedside of her father-in-law.

'Ye are a kind, gentle creature, Mary,' said the dying man, whose failing gaze had been for some time fixed upon her pale, patient face; 'as kind and gentle—more so, it seems to me, in this poor hovel than when we dwelt in yon homestead, from which you, with us, have been so cruelly driven.'

'Murmuring, father,' she replied in a low sweet voice, 'would not help us. It is surely better to submit cheerfully to a hard lot than to chafe and fret one's life away at what cannot be helped. But it's easy for me,' she hastily added, fearing that her words might sound reproachfully in the old man's ear—'it's easy for me, who have health, a kind husband, and my little boy left me, to be cheerful, but it is scarcely so for you, suffering in body and mind, and tormented in a thousand ways.'

'Ay, girl, it has been a sharp trial; but it will soon be over. In a few hours it will matter little whether old Ephraim Lovegrove lived and died in a pig-sty or a palace. But I would speak of you. You and Ned should emigrate. There are countries, I am told, where you would be sure to prosper. That viper Nichols, I remember, once offered to assist—I could never make out from what motive—from what—' A little wine,' he added feebly. 'The evening, for the time of year, is

very chilly: my feet and legs are cold as stones.' He swallowed the wine, and again addressed himself to speak, but his voice was scarcely audible. 'I have often thought,' he murmured, 'as I lay here, that Symons, Nichols' clerk, from a hint he dropped, knows something of—your mother and—and—' The faint accents ceased to be audible; but the grasp of the dying man closed tightly upon the frightened woman's hand, as he looked wildly in her face as he drew her towards him, as if some important statement remained untold. He struggled desperately for utterance, but the strife was vain, and brief as it was fierce: his grasp relaxed, and with a convulsive groan Ephraim Lovegrove fell back and expired.

The storm which had made shipwreck of the fortunes of Ephraim Lovegrove had levelled with the earth prouder roof-trees than his. In early life he had succeeded his father as the tenant of a farm in Wiltshire. He was industrious, careful, and ambitious; and aided by the sum of £500, which he received with his wife, and the high prices which agricultural produce obtained during the French war, he was enabled, at the expiration of his lease in Wiltshire, to become the proprietor of Bursley Farm. This purchase was effected when wheat ranged from £30 to £40 a load at a proportionately exorbitant price of £5000. His savings amounted to about one-half of this sum, and the remainder was raised by way of mortgage. Matters went on smoothly enough till the peace of 1815, and the subsequent precipitate fall in prices. Lovegrove showed gallant fight, hoping against hope that exceptional legislation would ultimately bolster up prices to something like their former level. He was deceived. Every day saw him sinking lower and lower; and in the sixth year of peace he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the long since desperate and hopeless struggle with adverse fortune. The interest on the borrowed money had fallen considerably in arrear, and Bursley Farm was sold by auction at a barely sufficient sum to cover the mortgage and accumulated interest. The stock was similarly disposed of, and stout Ephraim withdrew with his family to a small cottage in the neighbourhood of his old home, possessed, after his debts were discharged, of about thirty pounds in money and a few necessary articles of furniture. The old man's heart was broken: he took almost immediately to his bed, and after a long agony of physical pain, aggravated and embittered by mental disquietude and discontent, expired as we have seen, worn out in mind and body.

The future of the surviving family was a dark and anxious one. Edward Lovegrove, a frank, kindly-tempered young man, accustomed, in the golden days of farming, to ride occasionally after the hounds as well equipped and mounted as any in the field, was little fitted for a struggle for daily bread with the crowded competition of the world. He had several times endeavoured to obtain a situation as bailiff, but others more fortunate, perhaps better qualified, filled up every vacancy that offered, and the almost desperate man, but for the pleading helplessness of his wife and child, would have sought shelter in the ranks of the army—that grave in which so many withered prospects and broken hopes lie buried. As usual with disappointed men, his mind dwelt with daily-augmenting bitterness upon the persons at whose hands the last and decisive blows which had destroyed his home had been received. Sandars the mortgagee he looked upon as a monster of perfidy and injustice; but especially Nichols the attorney, who had superintended and directed the sale of the Bursley homestead, was regarded by him with the bitterest dislike. Other causes gave intensity to this vindictive feeling. The son of the attorney, Arthur Nichols, a wild, dissipated young man, had been a competitor for the hand of Mary Clarke, the sole child of Widow Clarke, and now Edward Lovegrove's wife. It was not at all remarkable or surprising that young Nichols should admire and seek to wed pretty and gentle Mary Clarke, but it was deemed strange by those who knew his father's

grasping, mercenary disposition, that he should have been so eager for the match, well knowing, as he did, for the payments passed through his hands, that the widow's modest annuity terminated with her life. It was also known, and wonderingly commented upon, that the attorney was himself an anxious suitor for the widow's hand up to the day of her sudden and unexpected decease, which occurred about three years after her daughter's marriage with Edward Lovegrove. Immediately after this event, as if some restraint upon his pent-up malevolence had been removed, the elder Nichols manifested the most active hostility towards the Lovegroves; and to his persevering enmity it was generally attributed that Mr Sandars had availed himself of the power of sale inserted in the mortgage deed to cast his unfortunate debtor helpless and homeless upon the world.

Sadly passed away the weary, darkening days with the young couple after the old man's death. The expenses of his long illness had swept away the little money saved from the wreck of the farm; and it required the sacrifice of Edward's watch and some silver teaspoons to defray the cost of a decent funeral. At last, spite of the thriftiest economy, all was gone, and they were penniless.

'You have nothing to purchase breakfast with to-morrow, have you, Mary?' said the husband, after partaking of a scanty tea. The mother had feigned only to eat: little Edward, whose curly head was lying in her lap as he sat asleep on a low stool beside her, had her share.

'Not a farthing,' she replied mildly, even cheerfully, and the glance of her gentle eyes was hopeful and kind as ever. 'But bear up Edward: we have still the furniture; and were that sold at once, it would enable us to reach London, where you know so many people have made fortunes who arrived there as poor as we.'

'Something must be done, that is certain,' replied the husband. 'We have not yet received an answer from Salisbury about the porter's place I have applied for.'

'No; but I would rather, for your sake, Edward, that you filled such a situation at some place further off, where you were not so well known.'

Edward Lovegrove sighed, and presently rising from his chair, walked towards a chest of drawers that stood at the further end of the room. His wife, who guessed his intention—for the matter had been already more than once hinted at—followed him with a tearful, apprehensive glance. Her husband played tolerably well—wonderfully in the wife's opinion—upon the flute, and a few weeks after their marriage, her mother had purchased and presented him with a very handsome one with silver keys. He used, in the old time, to accompany his wife in the simple ballads she sang so sweetly—and now this last memorial of the past, linked as it was with tender and pious memories, must be parted with! Edward Lovegrove had not looked at it for months: his life, of late so out of tune, would have made harsh discord of its music; and as he took it from the case, and, from the mere force of habit, moistened the joints, and placed the pieces together, a flood of bitterness swelled his heart to think that this solace of 'lang syne' must be sacrificed to their hard necessities. He blew a few tremulous and imperfect notes, which awakened the little boy, who was immediately clamorous that mammy should sing and daddy play as they used to do.

'Shall we try, Mary,' said the husband, 'to please the child?' Poor Mary bowed her head: her heart was too full to speak. The flutist played the prelude to a favourite air several times over before his wife could sufficiently command her voice to commence the song; and she had not reached the end of the second line when she stopped, choked with emotion, and burst into an agony of tears.

'It is useless trying, Mary,' said Edward Lovegrove soothingly, as he rose and put by the flute. 'I will to bed at once, for to and from Christchurch, where I

must dispose of it, is a long walk.' He kissed his wife and child, and went up stairs. The mother followed soon afterwards, put her boy to rest, and after looking wistfully for a few moments at the worn and haggard features of her husband as he lay asleep, re-descended the stairs, and busied herself with some necessary household work.

As she was thus employed, a slight tap at the little back window struck her ear, and looking sharply round, she recognised the pale, uncouth features of Symons, lawyer Nichols' deformed clerk and errand-man, who was eagerly beckoning her to open the casement. This was the person of whom Ephraim Lovegrove had spoken just previous to his death. Symons, who had never known father or mother, had passed his infancy and early boyhood in the parish workhouse, from whence he had passed into the service of Mr Nichols, who, finding him useful, and of some capacity, had retained him in his employ to the present time, but at so bare a stipend, as hardly sufficed to keep body and soul together. Poor Symons was a meek, enduring drudge, used to the mocks and buffets of the world; and except under the influence of strong excitement, hardly dared to rebel or murmur, even in spirit. His acquaintance with the Lovegrove family arose from his being placed in possession of the furniture and stock of Bursley Farm under a writ of *fi. fa.* issued by Nichols. On the day the inventory was taken, in preparation for the sale, a heavy piece of timber which he was assisting to measure fell upon his left foot, and severely crushed it. From his master he received only a malediction for his awkwardness; but young Mrs Lovegrove—not so much absorbed in her own grief as to be indifferent to the sufferings of others—had him brought carefully into the house, and herself tended his painful hurt with the gentlest care and compassion, and ultimately effected a thorough cure. This kindness to a slighted, deformed being, who before had scarcely comprehended the meaning of the word, powerfully affected Symons; and he had since frequently endeavoured, in his shy, awkward way, to testify the deep gratitude he felt towards his benefactress, of whose present extreme poverty he, in common with every other inhabitant of the scattered hamlet, had of course become fully cognisant. Charity Symons—the parish authorities had so named him, in order, doubtless, that however high he might eventually rise in the world, he should never ungratefully forget his origin—beckoned, as I have said, eagerly to the lone woman, and the instant she opened the casement, he thrust a rather heavy bag into her hand.

'For you,' he said hurriedly: 'I got it for next to nothing of Tom Stares; but mind not a word! God bless and reward you!' and before Mrs Lovegrove could answer a word, or comprehend what was meant, he had disappeared.

On opening the bag, the surprised and affrighted woman found that it contained a fine hen-pheasant and a hare! No wonder she was alarmed at finding herself in possession of such articles; for in those good old days game could not be lawfully sold or purchased; and unless it could be distinctly proved that it came by gift from a qualified killer, its simple possession was a punishable offence. This pheasant and hare had doubtless been poached by Tom Stares, a notorious offender against the game-laws; but what was to be done? Spite of all the laws that were enacted upon the subject, the peasant and farmer intellect of England could never be made to attach a moral delinquency to the unauthorised killing of game. A dangerous occupation, leading to no possible good, and eventually sure to result in evil to the transgressor, prudent men agreed it was; but as for confounding the stealing of a wooden spoon, worth a penny, with the snaring of a hare, worth perhaps five shillings—that never entered anybody's head. And thus it happened that Mrs Lovegrove, though conscious that the hare and bird had been illegally obtained, felt nothing of the instinctive horror

and shame that would have mantled her forehead had she been made the recipient of a stolen threepenny-worth of cheese or bacon. She recalled to mind the journey her husband must take in the morning—he weak, haggard for want of food—of which here was an abundant present supply: her boy, too, who had twice at tea-time, ere he fell asleep, asked vainly for more bread! As these bitter thoughts glanced through her brain, a sharp double rap at the door caused her to start like a guilty thing, and then hastily undo her apron, and throw it over the betraying present. The door was not locked, and the postman, impatient of delay, lifted the latch, and stepped into the room. Was he soon enough to observe what was on the table? Mary Lovegrove would have thought so, but for the unconcerned, indifferent aspect of the man as he presented a letter, and said, 'It's prepaid: all right;' and without further remark, went away. The anxious and nervous woman trembled so much, that she could hardly break the seal of the letter; and the words, as she strove to make out the cramped hand by the brilliant moonlight, danced confusedly before her eyes. At last she was able to read. The letter was from Salisbury, and announced that Mr Brodie 'regretted to say, as he had known and respected the late Ephraim Lovegrove, that he had engaged a person to fill the situation which had been vacant a few hours previous to his receiving Edward Lovegrove's application.' That plank, then, had sunk under them like all the rest! A hard world, she thought, and but little entitled to obedience or respect from the wretches trampled down in its iron course. Edward should not, at all events, depart foodless on his morning's errand; neither should her boy lack breakfast. On this she was now determined, and with shaking hands and flushed cheek, she hastily set about preparing the bird for the morning meal—a weak and criminal act if you will; but a mother seldom reasons when a child lacks food: she only feels.

Edward Lovegrove very easily reconciled himself to the savoury breakfast which awaited him in the morning; and he and his son were doing ample justice to it—the wife, though faint with hunger, could not touch a morsel—when the latch of the door suddenly lifted, and in hurried Thompson the miller, and chief constable of the Hundred, followed by an assistant. A faint scream escaped from Mrs Lovegrove, and a fierce oath broke from her husband's lips, as they recognised the new-comers, and too readily divined their errand.

'A charming breakfast, upon my word!' exclaimed the constable, laughing. 'Roasted pheasant—no less! Our information was quite correct, it appears.'

'What is the meaning of this, and what do you seek here?' exclaimed Edward Lovegrove.

'You and this game, of which we are informed you are unlawfully possessed. I hope,' added the constable, a feeling, good sort of man—'I hope you will be able to prove both that this half-eaten pheasant and the hare I see hanging yonder were presented to you by some person having a right to make such gifts?'

A painful and embarrassing pause ensued. It would have been useless, as far as themselves were concerned, to have named Charity Symons, even had Lovegrove or his wife been disposed to subject him to the penalties of the law and the anger of his employer.

'After all,' observed the constable, who saw how matters stood, 'it is but a money penalty.'

'A money penalty!' exclaimed Lovegrove. 'It is imprisonment—ruin—starvation for my wife and child. Look at these bare walls—these threadbare garments—and say if it can mean anything else!'

'I am sorry for it,' rejoined Thompson. 'The penalty is a considerable one: five pounds for each head of game, with costs; and I am afraid, if Sir John Devereux, agent—lawyer Nichols—presses the charge, in default of payment, six months' imprisonment! Sir John's preserves have suffered greatly of late.'

'It is that rascal, that robber Nichols' doing then!' fiercely exclaimed Lovegrove. 'I might have guessed

so; but if I don't pay him off both for old and new one of these days'—

'Tut—tut!' interrupted the constable: 'it's no use calling names, nor uttering threats we don't mean to perform. Perhaps matters may turn out better than you think. In the meantime you must appear before Squire Digby, and so must your hare, and what remains of your breakfast.'

Arrived before the magistrate, the prisoner, taken in '*flagrant delit*,' had of course no valid defence to offer. The justice remarked upon the enormity of the offence committed, and regretted exceedingly that he could not at once convict and punish the delinquent; but as the statute required that two magistrates should concur in the conviction, the case would be adjourned till that day week, when a petty sessions would be held. In the meantime he should require bail in ten pounds for the prisoner's appearance. This would have been tantamount to a sentence of immediate imprisonment, had not the constable, who had been formerly intimate with the Lovegroves, stepped forward and said, that if the prisoner would give him his word that he would not abscond, he would bail him. This was done, and the necessary formalities complete, the husband and wife took their sad way homewards.

What was now to be done? Their furniture, if sold at its highest value, would barely discharge the penalties incurred, and they would be homeless, penniless, utterly without resource! The wife wept bitterly, accusing herself as the cause of this utter ruin; her husband indulged in fierce and senseless abuse of Nichols, and in a paroxysm of fury seized a sheet of letter-paper, tore it hastily in halves, and scribbled a letter to the attorney full of threats of the direst vengeance. This crazy epistle he signed 'A Ruined Man,' and without pausing to reflect on what he was doing, despatched his little boy to the post-office with it. This mad proceeding appeared to have somewhat relieved him: he grew calmer, strove to console his wife, went out and obtained credit at the chandler's—the first time they had made such a request—for a few necessities; and after a short interval, the unfortunate couple were once more discussing their sad prospects with calmness and partially-renewed hope. More than once Edward Lovegrove wished he had not sent the letter to Nichols; but he said nothing to his wife about it, and she, it afterwards appeared, had been so pre-occupied at the time, as not to heed or inquire to whom or of what he was writing.

On the third day after Edward Lovegrove's appearance before the magistrate, he set off about noon for Christchurch, in order to dispose of his flute—a sacrifice which could no longer be delayed. It was growing late, and his wife was sitting up in impatient expectation of his return, when an alarm of 'Fire' was raised, and it was announced that a wheat-rick belonging to Nichols, who farmed in a small way, was in flames. Many of the villagers hastened to the spot; but the fire, by the time they arrived, had been effectually got under, and after hanging about the premises a short time, they turned homewards. Edward Lovegrove joined a party of them, and incidentally remarked that he had been to Christchurch, where he had met young Nichols, and had some rough words with him: on his return, the young man had passed him on horseback when about two miles distant from the elder Nichols' house, and just as he (Lovegrove) neared the attorney's premises, the rick burst into flames. This relation elicited very little remark at the time, and bidding his companions good-night, Lovegrove hastened home.

'The constables are looking for you,' said a young woman, abruptly entering the chandler's shop, whither Edward Lovegrove had proceeded the following morning to discharge the trifling debt he had incurred.

'For me?' exclaimed the startled young man.

'Yes, for you; and,' added the girl with a meaning look and whisper, 'if you were near the fire last night, I would advise you to make yourself scarce for a time.'

Her words conveyed no definite meaning to Edward Lovegrove's mind. The fire! Constables after him! He left the shop, and took, with hasty steps, his way to the cottage, distant over the fields about a quarter of a mile.

'Lawyer Nichols' fire,' he muttered as he hurried along. 'Surely they do not mean to accuse me of that!'

The sudden recollection of the threatening letter he had sent glanced across and smote, as with the stroke of a dagger, upon his brain. 'Good God! to what have I exposed myself?'

His agitation was excessive; and at the instant the constables, who had been to his home in search of him, turned the corner of a path, a few paces ahead, and came full upon him. In his confusion and terror he turned to flee, but so weakly and irresolutely, that he was almost immediately overtaken and secured.

'I would not have believed this of you, Edward Lovegrove,' exclaimed the constable.

'Believed what?' ejaculated the bewildered man.

'That you would have tried to revenge yourself on Lawyer Nichols by such a base, dastardly trick. But it's not my business to reproach you, and the less you say the better. Come along.'

As they passed on towards the magistrate's house, an eager and curious crowd gradually collected and accompanied them; and just as they reached Digby Hall, a distant convulsive scream, and his name frantically pronounced by a voice which the prisoner but too well recognised, told him that his wife had heard of his capture, and was hurrying to join him. He drew back, but his captors urged him impatiently on; the hall-door was slammed in the faces of the crowd, and he found himself in the presence of the magistrate and the elder Nichols.

The attorney, who appeared to be strongly agitated, deposed in substance that the prisoner had been seen by his son near his premises a few minutes before the fire burst out; that he had abused and assaulted young Mr Nichols but a few hours previously in the market at Christchurch; and that he had himself received a threatening letter, which he now produced, only two days before, and which he believed to be in the prisoner's handwriting.

The prisoner, bewildered by terror, eagerly denied that he wrote the letter.

This unfortunate denial was easily disposed of, by the production, by the constable, of a half sheet of letter-paper found in the cottage, the ragged edge of which precisely fitted that of the letter. Edward Lovegrove would have been fully committed at once, but that the magistrate thought it desirable that the deposition of Arthur Nichols should be first formally taken. This course was reluctantly acquiesced in by the prosecutor, and the prisoner was remanded to the next day.

The dismay of Charity Symons, when he found that his well-intentioned present had only brought additional suffering upon the Lovegroves, was intense and bitter; but how to help them he knew not. He had half made up his mind to obtain—no matter by what means—a sight of certain papers which he had long dimly suspected would make strange revelations upon matters affecting Mary Lovegrove, when the arrest of her husband on a charge of incendiarism thoroughly determined him to risk the expedient he had long hesitatingly contemplated. The charge, he was quite satisfied in his own mind, was an atrocious fabrication, strongly as circumstances seemed to colour and confirm it.

The clerk, as he sat that afternoon in the office, silently pursuing his ill-paid drudgery, noticed that his employer was strangely ill at ease. He was restless, and savagely impatient of the slightest delay on the most necessary question. Evening fell early—it was now near the end of October, and Symons, with a respectful bow, left the office. A few minutes afterwards, the attorney, having carefully locked his desk, iron chest, &c. and placed the keys in his pocket, followed.

Two hours had elapsed, when Symons re-entered the house by the back way, walked through the kitchen, softly ascended the stairs, and groped his way to the inner, private office. There was no moon, and he dared not light a candle; but the faint starlight fortunately enabled him to move about without stumbling or noise. He mounted the office steps, and inserted the edge of a sharp broad chisel between the lock and the lid of a heavy iron-bound box marked 'C.' The ease and suddenness with which the lid yielded to the powerful effort he applied to it, overthrew his balance, and he with difficulty saved himself from falling on the floor. The box was not locked, and on putting his hand into it, he discovered that it was entirely empty! The tell-tale papers had been removed, probably destroyed! At the moment Symons made this exasperating discovery, the sound of approaching footsteps struck upon his startled senses, and shaking with fright, he had barely time to descend the steps, and creep himself up in a narrow cupboard under one of the desks, when the Nichols, father and son, entered the office—the former with a candle in his hand.

'We are private here,' said the father in a low, guarded voice; 'and I tell you you *must* listen to reason.'

'I don't like it a bit,' rejoined the young man. 'It's a cowardly, treacherous business; and as for swearing I saw him near the fire when it so strangely burst out, I won't do it at any price.'

'Listen to me, you foolish, headstrong boy,' retorted the elder Nichols, 'before you decide on beggary for yourself, and ruin—the gallows, perhaps, for me.'

'Wh-e-e-w! Why, what do you mean?'

'I will tell you. You already know that Mary Woodhouse married Robert Clarke against his uncle's consent; you also know that Robert Clarke died about five years after the marriage, and that the seventy pounds a year which the uncle allowed his nephew to keep him from starvation was continued to be paid through me to his widow.'

'Yes, I have heard all this before.'

'But you do *not* know,' continued the attorney in an increasingly-agitated voice, 'that about six years after Robert Clarke's death, the uncle so far relented towards the widow and daughter—though he would never see either of them—as to increase the annuity to two hundred pounds, and that at his death, four years since, he bequeathed Mrs Clarke five hundred pounds per annum, with succession to her daughter: all of which sums, I, partly on account of your riot and extravagance, have appropriated.'

'Good heaven—what a horrible affair! What would you have me do?'

'I have told you. The dread of discovery has destroyed my health, and poisoned my existence. Were he once out of the country, his wife would doubtless follow him; detection would be difficult; conviction, as I will manage it, impossible.'

There was more said to the same effect; and the son, at the close of a long and troubled colloquy, departed, after promising to 'consider of it.'

He had been gone but a few minutes; the elder Nichols was silently meditating the perilous position in which he had placed himself, when a noiseless step approached him from behind, and a heavy hand was suddenly placed upon his shoulder. He started wildly to his feet, and confronted the stern and triumphant glance of the once humble and submissive Charity Symons. The suddenness of the shock overcame him, and he fainted.

Mary Lovegrove, whose child had sobbed itself to sleep, was sitting in solitude and darkness in the lower room of the cottage, her head bowed in mute and tearless agony upon the table, when, as on a previous evening, a tap at the back window challenged her attention. It was once more Charity Symons. 'What do you want?' exclaimed the wretched wife with some suspicion; 'but you no doubt intended well; but you have nevertheless ruined, destroyed me.'

'Not so,' rejoined the deformed clerk, his pale, uncouth, but expressive features gleaming with wild exultation in the clear starlight. 'God has at last enabled me to requite your kindness to a condemned outcast. Fear not for to-morrow. Your husband is safe, and you are rich.' With these words he vanished.

On the next morning a letter was placed in the magistrate's hands from Mr Nichols, stating that circumstances had come to the writer's knowledge which convinced him that Edward Lovegrove was entirely innocent of the offence imputed to him; that the letter, which he had destroyed, bore quite another meaning from that which he had first attributed to it; and that he consequently abandoned the prosecution. On further inquiry, it was found that the attorney had left his house late the preceding night, accompanied by his son, had walked to Christchurch, and from thence set off post for London. His property and the winding up of his affairs had been legally confided to his late clerk. Under these circumstances the prisoner was of course immediately discharged; and after a private interview with Symons, returned in joy and gladness to his now temporary home. He was accompanied by the noisy felicitations of his neighbours, to whom his liberation and sudden accession to a considerable fortune had become at the same moment known. As he held his passionately-weeping wife in his arms, and gazed with grateful emotion in her tearful but rejoicing eyes, he whispered, 'That kind act of yours towards the despised hunchback has saved me, and enriched our child. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!"'

#### SELF-IMPOSED TAXATION.

THE ratio of taxation as respects different classes has been a topic frequently discussed, and it seems to be a generally-confirmed impression that the humbler or manual labouring population pay a largely-disproportionate share of all the taxes that are levied. This is true in one sense, but not in another. There are two kinds of taxation—involuntary and voluntary: of the involuntary, the classes referred to can scarcely be said to contribute anything. Let us take the case of a Scottish rural labourer, with whose mode of life we are best acquainted. His house, which has at most three or four windows, is subject to no tax: his small garden or patch of ground is equally exempt: the clothes of himself and family, made from native wool, and from cotton or flax, are also untaxed: the family food, consisting of oatmeal porridge, milk, eggs, bread, cheese, potatoes, with usually a little ham and butcher meat, is likewise untaxed: his Bible is printed on untaxed paper,\* and bound with untaxed leather: the furniture of his cottage, made from plain materials, is liable to no fiscal exaction: he pays not a farthing for his seat in the parish church: for his baptism, marriage, and funeral, no fee is sought or taken by the parish minister; in short, all the ordinances of religion are to him free: the pressure of poor-rates, road-rates, and county-rates, he never feels, for the rate collector never enters his door any more than the tax collector. From his cradle to his grave, the manual labourer is not called on to contribute a single hour to public business. Tradesmen, farmers, and other members of the middle-class, are ordinarily called on to serve from two to three whole days—sometimes six days—per annum, as jurors. From this odious and costly sacrifice of time to public duty, the manual labouring-class is altogether exempt. We are glad to add

\* The paper on which Bibles are printed is exempt from Excise duty.

On a late occasion, at the sheriff's criminal court in Edinburgh, a working-man complained bitterly of being summoned to attend as a juror, on the ground that his time was taken without payment. The audience were amused with the attempts of the returning officer to prove to the satisfaction of the complainant that 'his respectable appearance entitled him to the honour of sitting in the jury box.' Of course these efforts were unavailing: the man could only see that he lost a day, equivalent to three shillings in money.

that now, at least, no man, whether high or low, is exposed to the risk of being balloted for the militia. With his earnings his own, his time his own, his conscience his own, and without the slightest obstruction to his freedom in moving from place to place, the manual labourer, so far as will is concerned, may be said to be altogether untaxed; and yet while contributing neither money nor time to the state, he unquestionably can invoke the whole powers of our social organization in maintaining his rights. If he can show that he is oppressed, he will get law for nothing; his life and property are guarded by police of whose support he is unconscious. Dwelling in his obscure cottage, remote from cities, he and the least among his family are as much objects of regard to the greatest of our judges as are the mightiest in the land; and were he a wandering beggar, the degree of protection accorded to him would be the same.

In what respect, then, is the labouring-man taxed? Exempted from all sorts of direct taxes and rates, he is taxed in an indirect and unseen manner; yet only in relation to one absolute necessity of existence is this taxation involuntary. We allude to the article soap, which, to the discredit of the nation, is still the subject of an Excise duty; and therefore, as no family, with any regard to cleanliness and health, can avoid the use of this article, the labouring-man in Great Britain is not quite untaxed against his will.\* Supposing that the consumption of soap by the family of a man in this class is half a pound a week, the tax paid by him on this account, at the rate of three-halfpence per pound, will amount to 3s. 3d. in the course of a year—a very small sum, it will be allowed, to represent the social advantages to which we have called attention. Supposing, however, that the labouring-man indulges in literary productions, he comes in for an additional exaction; because even the cheapest books and periodicals—the works specially prepared for his intellectual and moral improvement—are subject to an Excise duty also of three-halfpence per pound. Making a reasonable allowance on this score, we may arrive at the conclusion that the working-man cannot possibly escape without contributing somewhere about four shillings a year for the public good. In this estimate, no account is taken of the enhancement in value of every manufactured article which is consumed, in consequence of the heavy taxes to which the higher class of producers are exposed; the very gown that the artisan buys for his wife being possibly a shade higher in price than it would be under a lighter pressure of fiscal burthens. It would, however, baffle the ablest computer to say how much or how little the labouring-classes suffer in this oblique manner. Generally speaking, the increase of price must be trifling.

All this may be statistically true, and yet the melancholy fact remains, that the manual labouring-classes pay a large proportion of the taxes. They pay, however, voluntarily. If it be their pleasure, and they can remain satisfied with plain and temperate fare, they need not pay more than the three or four shillings per annum exigible from them as a portion of the price of soap, books, and newspapers; and were the Excise duty on these articles removed, as we trust it will soon be, the labouring-man would not be called on to contribute one fraction to the state. With a full perception of this great truth, let us see in what way the labouring-classes are such liberal taxpayers. They pay, we have said, voluntarily. They tax themselves, because they resort to the use of liquors and other articles which are subject to heavy Excise and custom-house duties. On this subject it is our desire to be quite candid. Tea and coffee are pleasant beverages, and may be said to have become necessities of life with a large number of people; but it is an equally indisputable fact, that numbers among the rural population never taste tea or coffee, or at all events they use them

only on special and rare occasions; and nevertheless these individuals enjoy robust health. Do not, however, let it be imagined that we argue for the disuse of these articles; our feeling is the reverse. The consumption of tea and coffee is commendable, as indicative of improved habits and tastes; and the only room for regret is the costliness of the articles, in consequence of the duties with which they are chargeable. Allowing that the family of a working-man consumes about eight pounds of tea in the course of a year, the amount of his contribution to the state, including the items above noted, will be not more than twenty shillings. If coffee be used instead of tea, the contribution will be very much less. It is not, indeed, in the consumption of either tea or coffee, or in the use of sugar—a confection, by the way, quite unnecessary, if not positively injurious—that the manual labouring-classes show any extravagance. Self-imposed taxation, to any extent worth mentioning, lies in another direction—the abusive use of stimulants. We refer to spirits, ale, beer, porter, tobacco, and snuff; these being in reality the articles through whose agency the labouring-classes contribute so largely to the national exchequer. On this point we happily do not need to present our own imperfect calculations. The subject was treated with masterly precision by Mr G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade, in a paper which he read at the late meeting of the British Association. We invite attention to the following abstract of this valuable paper:—

‘The quantity of spirits of home production consumed in 1849 within the kingdom was—

In England, - - -	9,053,676 imperial gallons
Scotland, - - -	6,915,003
Ireland, - - -	6,973,341

Together, - - - 22,962,012 do. do.

—the duty upon which quantity amounted to £5,793,381. The wholesale cost, including the duty, would probably amount to about £8,000,000, a sum which would, however, be very far short of that paid by the consumers. According to the best calculations, the retail price to the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively, in 1849, was £17,381,643, thus divided—

England, - - -	£ 8,838,768
Scotland, - - -	5,369,868
Ireland, - - -	3,173,007

£17,381,643

To this must be added the sum spent for rum, nearly the whole of which is used by the same classes as consume the gin and whisky, of which the cost is here estimated. The consumption of rum in 1849 amounted to 3,041,758 imperial gallons, the duty paid on which was £1,142,855. The class of consumers being the same, and the means of distribution nearly if not wholly identical, it may fairly be assumed that the cost to the consumer bears an equal relation to the duty with that assigned to British spirits, in which case the expenditure for this kind of spirit will reach £3,428,565, making the whole outlay of the people for these two descriptions of ardent spirits £20,810,208, thus locally divided—

England, - - -	£ 8,838,768
Scotland, - - -	5,369,868
Ireland, - - -	3,173,007

£20,810,208

If, for the purpose of the calculation, we assume that the population of the three divisions of the United Kingdom was the same in 1849 as it was found to be at the enumeration of 1841, the consumption per head in the year was—

In England, - - -	8-666 gallons
Scotland, - - -	8-647
Ireland, - - -	8-683

These proportions are such as would fall to the share of each man, woman, and child throughout the land; but it must be evident that many, and especially the women and children, can count for very little in the calculation, if indeed they should not be wholly discarded from it. Adopting this latter view, and dividing

\* In Ireland, no Excise duty is charged on soap.

the quantity consumed among the adult males in all ranks of life, as they were ascertained in 1841, the following portions would fall to the share of each—

In England, 2,330 gallons, or about 3½ gallons	
Scotland, 11,168	11½
Ireland, 3,469	3½

‘On brandy there is expended the sum of L.3,281,250 per annum; but this liquor is consumed chiefly by the middle and higher classes. [Of wines of various kinds no account is taken; for they are not used by the classes to whom we are referring.]

‘While whisky is the chief excisable liquor used in Scotland and Ireland, beer in its various forms is consumed principally in England. By the most careful calculations, it would appear that the sum spent annually on beer, ale, and porter, amounts to L.25,383,165.

‘Next, as regards tobacco, in its various forms. The quantity of manufactured tobacco upon which duty was paid in 1849 was 27,480,621 lbs., and of manufactured tobacco and snuff 205,066 lbs., yielding a revenue of L.4,408,017, 14s. 11d. The retail price ranges from 4s. to 14s. per lb., 17-20ths, or 85 per cent., of the whole being of the lowest price here named, and only about 2 per cent. being of the highest quality—proportions which were stated by several respectable manufacturers who gave evidence before a committee of the House of Commons in 1845. On the same authority we are told that an addition is made of other ingredients in the processes of manufacture, amounting to 15 per cent. upon the 85 per cent., which consists of cut or shag, and roll tobacco, while the snuff, which comprises 13 out of 15 parts of the remainder, admits of an increased weight to the extent of from 50 to 60 per cent. The average price of six qualities of tobacco is at present 5s. 2d. per lb., and that of the five qualities of snuff is 7s. 6d. per lb. The great bulk of the consumption falls upon the lowest-priced quality of tobacco, which is 3d. per oz., or 4s. per lb. It cannot, therefore, give an exaggerated view of the sum expended for this article, if we assume that lowest price as being paid for the whole. In regard to snuff, a larger proportion of the whole than in the case of tobacco is used by the middling and easy classes, to whom the difference of a penny in the price of an ounce of snuff cannot be any object, and who rarely, if ever, will buy the most inferior quality. The prices, it will be seen, run from 5s. 4d. to 8s. per lb.; if we take the mean of these two prices as the average of the whole—that is, 6s. 8d. per lb.—we shall probably be within the mark. At these rates, the cost to the consumers generally will be as follows:—

26,862,308 lbs. of tobacco, at 4s. per lb.,	L.5,372,461
5,537,344 lbs. snuff, at 6s. 8d.,	1,845,781
549,612 lbs. English-made segars at 9s.,	247,325

Total for British-manufactured,	L.7,465,567
205,066 foreign-manufactured at 12s.,	123,040

Total value as paid by consumers, L.7,588,607

which amount would yield 50 per cent. above the cost of the tobacco as imported, and the duty paid thereon—a moderate increase to defray all the expenses of manufacture, and the charges attendant upon the retailing of an article nearly the whole of which is paid for in copper coins.

‘If it be conceded that the sums here brought forward are justified by the facts and calculations on which they are based, it would appear that the people, and chiefly the working-classes of England, Scotland, and Ireland, voluntarily tax themselves for the enjoyment of only three articles, neither of which is of any absolute necessity, to the following amount:—

British and Colonial spirits,	L.20,810,208
Brandy,	3,281,250

Total of spirits,	L.24,091,458
Wines of all kinds, exclusive of that brewed in	

private families,	L.25,383,165
Public houses and snuff,	7,588,607

L.57,063,230

‘The amount of self-imposed taxation may be judged from these figures, and we may easily imagine the increased degree of comfort and prosperity among the humbler classes generally by the disuse of spirits and other ministrants of intemperance. There is one consideration arising out of this view of the subject which is of a painful character, and which, if it were hopeless of cure, would be most disheartening to all who desire that the moral progress of the people should advance at least at an equal pace with their physical progress. It is, that among the working-classes so very large a portion of the earnings of the male head of the family is devoted by him to his personal and sensual gratifications. It has been computed that, among those whose earnings are from 10s. to 15s. weekly, at least one-half is spent by the man upon objects in which the other members of the family have no share. Among artisans earning from 20s. to 30s. weekly, it is said that at least one-third of the amount is in many cases thus selfishly devoted. That this state of things need not be, and that, if the people generally were better instructed as regards their social duties, it would not be, may safely be inferred from the fact, that it is rarely, if ever, found to exist in the numerous cases where earnings not greater than those of the artisan class are all that are gained by the head of the family when employed upon matters where education is necessary. Take even the case of a clerk with a salary of L.80 a year, a small fraction beyond 30s. a week, and it would be considered quite exceptional if it were found that anything approaching to a fourth part of the earnings were spent upon objects in which the wife and children should have no share. The peer, the merchant, the clerk, the artisan, and the labourer, are all of the same nature, born with the same propensities, and subject to the like influences. It is true they are placed in very different circumstances—the chief difference being that of their early training—one, happily, which is quite possible in some degree to remedy, and that by means which would in many ways add to the sum of the nation's prosperity and respectability.’

Little remains to be added. It must be apparent that through the use of intoxicating agents the manual labouring-classes, who are the principal consumers, contribute a very large sum annually to the exchequer—probably ten millions in the aggregate. This is not the place to debate the much-vexed question, whether taxation should be direct or indirect. The fact is at least conclusive, that by the present system, taxation is in a great measure the penalty of improvidence, and comparative exemption from fiscal burthens the reward of the prudently temperate and economical.

## A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

DWARKANATH TAGORE—A NATIVE FETE—PARSER MERCHANTS—DUM-DUM—CATCHING COLD—THE RACES—A FORENOON AT THE MINT.

January 9th.—Dwarkanauth Tagore, a very wealthy native Baboo, of high character and great influence, gave the party I mentioned yesterday in his garden house. He is not so popular among his own countrymen as he is with the Europeans, although he entertains them in a most princely manner, and gives away a great deal of money to the poor. They consider him as a sort of renegade from their religion, because he laughs at absurd customs, disregards objectionable superstitions, and eats with us. His manners are really very like ours, although he has not adopted our dress, nor become a Christian. He is by birth a Brahmin of the highest caste of Hindoos; he owns a great deal of land round about Calcutta, and also in remoter parts of the country; and as his talents are unquestionable, he commands a certain degree of outward respect even from the most bigoted of his ignorant compatriots. Many of the more enlightened must be aware of the follies taught by their priesthood, though they want the courage openly to imi-

tate or admire him who has bravely thrown off these prejudices. Their true sentiments we can never know. We cannot penetrate into their domestic sanctuaries; to hear their honest opinions, if they have such, in their familiar conversations with their friends. If we could, we might discover what we now only guess at, and so think better of a race who appear to us only as a money-making, money-loving, reserved, and little-enlightened class, almost the slaves of gold; for they are all engaged in trade, even the landed proprietors, and they let out their ground in small patches to the lower ranks, exacting from the poor day-labourer a rent exorbitant for his means. Most of these Baboos speak English pretty well. They adopt as much of our habits as they dare, and they live as much with us as their rules of caste admit of. They are very efficient partners in our mercantile houses, and they therefore must, in the course of time, follow in the bolder wake of Dwarkanauth, whose intelligent fearlessness has led him to overstep the boundary line half a century before the rest of his countrymen.

His party this night was in honour of one of our great ladies who is going home—a farewell—and he had spared no pains to make the fête agreeable. Expense, I fancy, he never thinks of. The garden-house is about three miles from Calcutta, on the road to Dum-Dum, and the invitation being to a ball and supper, Edward, Caroline, and I dined quietly with Mr Black and Helen, and had a good romp with the children, magic music, and all sorts of things, before dressing. Mr Black is one of the partners in Dwarkanauth's house, so that we felt as if connected with our entertainer. As we drove up the long sweep from the entrance-gate of the garden, I was taken quite by surprise, for every tree was illuminated—the gate itself was a blaze of light; and a small temple near the house was so brilliant, it reminded us all, in little, of the palace built by Aladdin's lamp. We drove up amid all this glory, and alighted at the foot of a handsome flight of steps, where a brother of our host, in a flowing native garb, was waiting to receive us. By him we were ushered into the fine suite of rooms on the upper storey, all thrown open to the company, and as light as noon-day in this land of the sun, crowded with all the respectable community of Calcutta—every European we had almost ever seen before, and a good sprinkling of natives, whose graceful dress had the best effect when so well disposed as we observed it to be on this occasion. The white muslin turban was in general particularly well put on, and the handsome shawl round the waist greatly improved the tunic. Some few hung the end of their Cachemire over one shoulder, like the belted plaid of the Highlander; but I did not admire this fashion; neither can I reconcile myself to the high stiff cap of the Parsee, made of a dark lilac silk. Dwarkanauth was not in white; he wore a dress of kincab—a rich silk ground with gold flowers, made up to the collar-bone, leaving the throat bare, and with open hanging sleeves. The white shirt was underneath this, and longer, coming down over the trousers like a short scanty petticoat, which did not look well. On his head he had a green velvet cap with a gold band and tassel—not nearly so becoming to Hindoo features as the turban—and a shawl, worth more than you or I would give for it, round his waist. He received his company with ease and dignity, making us all feel at home in the house of this merchant prince. Very soon after our arrival the fireworks began. I have seen very few in my life, none very good, so perhaps I thought more of these than they merited; but I really cannot fancy any show more magical. Besides rockets, and spires of flame, and stars of fire, increasing into streams as they descended, a play of fountains appearing in a semicircle, pouring down showers of sparks one against the other, amazed me with its extraordinary beauty: it was the realisation of the golden fountain of the Arabian tale. There was a fortress, too, attacked, and stormed; and blown-up ships—altogether an astonishing effect created by simple means. Some one said these were inferior to the

display of the same sort given some time before by Dwarkanauth; if so, we have a very faint idea at home of the perfection of the pyrotechnic art in India. This beautiful exhibition lasted about an hour, the guests watching it from the veranda, while the crowd of natives outside surrounded the tank, which was the safe theatre of these experiments, their dusky forms well suiting the fiery region of which for the moment they seemed to be the fit inhabitants. The ball immediately followed; and a costly supper, served exactly in our own style, concluded this very handsome entertainment.

10th.—This must surely be the dinner-giving season: every evening there is a party somewhere. Edward and Caroline are hardly ever now at home, and their friends are so hospitable, we are generally included in the invitations; we have the wisdom, however, to accept very few. We could not, in our position, continue such a course of gaiety, and we therefore think it more prudent not to entangle ourselves in so idly-busy a life. To some of the burra khans we go without any feeling of this sort, because people in high places consider these dinners a part of their duties, and expect no return. At one of these we assisted to-night: nearly forty people, and a great round of beef and other big joints of a like nature; but a dish in the second course was what most drew my attention. It was a corner dish—a pyramid—most ingeniously erected, of snipes, as they pile cannon-balls or turnips. I hope I am not growing affected: I did not use to be so; but I took a horror at this dish, which I daresay was considered a wonder of beautiful invention by the cooks and the khansomaun. The great quantity of large pieces of beef and mutton is far from pleasant late at night in this hot climate; but those horrid snipes, with all the hard part of the heads turned out, seemed like a mount of skulls: nothing would have induced me to eat one of them. Indeed these very crowded eating-parties are not agreeable. Do you remember what our witty friend called the dinners of sixteen and eighteen which with us at home are reckoned full-sized?—'A meeting of creditors!'

12th.—Another sort of dinner to which we feel privileged to go is among the family connexions; and we had particular pleasure in dining this evening with Mr Black and Helen, because two Parsee merchants, father and son, were to be of the party. It did look a little strange to see them in their white dresses and curious high caps seated so much at their ease among us. Their manners, however, quite fit them for our society, which they seem to enjoy—the lady-part of it particularly. They speak English with sufficient fluency to carry on a conversation very comfortably, for they are very intelligent men. They ate neither beef nor pork, but had no objection to any other of our dishes (I wonder if they know how we make our sauces); nor do they mind who may have touched the pots and pans, as the Hindoos do. They get their prejudices against pork from the Mussulmans; and beef they promised their Hindoo protectors never to touch, when they were first received poor fugitives, on being expelled as Guebres (fire-worshippers) from Persia. There is something peculiar both in the size and the expression of the long Parsee eye. They are hardly a handsome race, although their features are regular, their complexion not dark (a kind of tawny), and their figures good. They never carry arms;—another part of their compact—so they have to addict themselves entirely to commerce.

13th.—Cary and I drove out to Dum-Dum this morning—the artillery station, about seven miles from Calcutta, where she had a visit to pay to a particular friend, the wife of one of the officers. It being the first long excursion I had made, I had employment enough for my eyes during the hour we were travelling. The suburbs of this city of palaces are very miserable. The cement with which the walls of the better description of houses had once been covered seems all to have been washed away, showing shabby brickwork full of cracks, all so dirty and desolate, I could not tell whether it

were possible such dwellings could be inhabited, for the roof was in most cases covered with vegetation. These ruinous edifices are interspersed with the huts of the low-caste natives: some of them are made of mud; some are mere frames of bamboo, with coarse matting for the walls, neatly woven, and more durable than one would suppose, except in the season of the hurricanes, when they all fall about like the houses children make of cards which we blow down in our plays with them. These mats are made from the fibres of the cocoa-nut, and are all fastened to frames attached to the bamboo poles supporting the roof; thus forming the slender sides of the cabin. One of these frames is left unfastened, and is raised or lifted up at the lower end upon two sticks made to perform the part of door-posts to this rude porch, about which climbing-plants are frequently clustered, giving a picturesque appearance to what is only a very miserable shed. The substantial part of this frail shelter is the roof, and that, indeed, is all that the inhabitants feel it necessary to construct strongly, as their comfort mainly depends on this protection from the sun and the rain. I believe there is little furniture within beyond a mat or two for sleeping on, a brass pot which they use for bathing, cooking, and drinking, and which it is a religious duty to keep scrupulously clean, and the everlasting smoking pipe and cup never out of a native's hand and mouth, unless he is sleeping or eating. The merest urchins are to be seen puffing away before the doors. Other strange and disgusting sights are to be seen, making one wish to shut the eyes, and look no more. There is a better sort of dwelling built of brick and mud, and roofed with a little beetle-looking red tile, made very round; yet this house is hardly good enough for human beings to live in—more like what we should expect were cattle-sheds. Indeed the contrast between the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor is very painful—humiliating to the right-thinking everywhere, but positively offensive here—owing to the sudden transition from the garden villas of Chowringhee, and the noble squares of the European part of Calcutta, to the squalid quarters of the natives. Where their middle ranks reside we do not see; in fact there really are none left in the country hereabouts. All are Calcutta merchants. They live there in hot as like ours, forming at the same time their dwellings, their offices, and their warehouses; and these residences are as large as palaces; for it is the custom for the head of the house to support all the rest of the family: brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, their wives, husbands, and children, all crowd under one roof, and live upon the resources of one man. The young people are married as early as possible, and the men are generally brought up to assist in the business. These great merchants mostly possess country-houses, which they call their garden-houses, within two or three miles of the city. They sometimes let these to Europeans; sometimes themselves pay short visits to them on Saturdays and Sundays, when our cessation from labour gives all connected with us a holiday likewise. Here they give their entertainments.

I am told that in travelling over the more interesting portions of Hindoostan, the same comfortless appearance prevails as I remarked to-day. No man ever thinks of repairing a house that another man has built. Even when the son succeeds the father, the first thing he does is to build a new house for himself, to make a name, they say. Decorum prevents his pulling the other one down; so it remains in melancholy desertion, till the climate completes the destruction neglected has begun—a work effected in a surprisingly short space of time. This may account for the quantity of ruins everywhere to be met with throughout India. Very near the unrightly suburbs is the English burying-ground, so filled with immense monuments, not in the best taste, as to present a strange jumbled appearance. It is situated far too close to the living, a matter formerly considered of no moment. Next we passed two fine public buildings, the colleges for the education of the Mohammedans

and the Hindoos. They are kept in high order, and have each a fine tank, neatly railed round, in the middle of their respective compounds. The road was crowded, literally crowded in the fresh early morning, with the country people going into town to their daily labour, or carrying in their market wares. Some had baskets of fruit, not very tempting looking, on their heads; others jars of water, gracefully slung over their shoulders: a long, yielding bamboo lies upon the neck, from each end of which a jar is suspended by coconut thongs. Under this light burthen these little people trot easily on, for the pots are small; indeed all they do puts me in mind of child's play; yet the work, as far as it goes, is well done; and labour is so cheap, that it answers better to employ a hundred of these water-carriers to fetch their two gallons, and then run back for two more, than to keep one man and one horse and one cart, as is done in like emergencies in England. In Calcutta there is a peculiar kind of water-carrier called a bheestie, one or two, or more, of whom are attached to each household. The vessel he uses is a very primitive one—a goat-skin sewed up into a sack or bag, but retaining its original shape: this is hung at his back, and clings well round his waist by the help of the four legs; the aperture is near one of the feet, and the bearer, walking into the tank or river nearest his beat, fills his skin leisurely. It must then be heavy enough, for his gait under the full bag is much more leisurely than when he is strutting off with it empty. In this way all the water for the baths, the stables, and every purpose except for drinking, is conveyed to all the houses, at a cost of only four or five rupees a month. The water for the table use is all caught during the rains, pure as it falls from the clouds; and it is kept sweet during the eight dry months by a process the old men well understand, in large jars made of a light, red-coloured earthenware, in common use here. These jars are all of one shape—whatever their size may be—the natural shape of an India-rubber bottle. Those that contain the store of water, look large enough for each to have held one of the Forty Thieves, could he by any ingenuity have been squeezed in at the neck. One of these large reservoirs supplies our consumption for a month. The upper classes, therefore, are well enough accommodated with this first necessary of life; the poor are but badly off in this respect; few of them have the means to treasure up the rain; and what water they get from the river is poison, dead bodies and every sort of filth being thrown in there. Many of the diseases so prevalent among the lower orders are traced to their use of it; and the tanks are all as bad. No one seems to know of filtering. Gentlemen's servants and others make a good deal of money by selling the prepared water, but at such a price, that few of the class most requiring it can afford to buy it. What a noble charity it would be to provide the means of bringing wholesome water within the reach of this numerous population!

Jan. 17th.—I have been laid up these few days with a cold. People do catch cold in India; nor is it any wonder, considering the draughts we live in—every door and window open all over the house. The thermometer on the landing now stands at 60 degrees. During this forced retirement of mine from the gay doings of the house, I have been writing letters home, and clerking for Arthur, who is employed in another case, all the friends of the firm standing by him. Having made the beginning, it will be his own fault should he stop. The poor man who went to the Sandheads for change of air is ordered home. Shocking! that my first thought was of the place he vacates—the step up for us. We grow very—not selfish, I hope—but self-anxious in this battle of life, particularly when the struggle is in these climates. I took quite a tidy fit yesterday, and with ayah's assistance made grand reforms in our apartment. These occasional sweeps are perfectly necessary; otherwise the heat, the damp, and the insects would do mischief incalculable.

20th.—Went with Helen, and Mr Black, and their

dear Little Johnny, to Pittar's and to Hamilton's, the two best jewellers here, to see the different cups to be run for at the approaching races, all manufactured in Calcutta, and creditable to the workmen. These shops are full of pretty things, quite in the style of silversmiths' shops at home; so that they are tempting lounging-places for the young men at this season; dangerous ones, I should fancy. We tried another drive this evening for a change. We took a turn on the circular road, but found it so dusty, we decided not to visit it again till the rains, six months hence; and content ourselves, as usual, with the Course, which is always kept well watered. Several balls are going forward, to none of which we quiet couple have been tempted. We talk them all over—extract the spirit from them—at the Course in the cool of the evening air; carriages often drawing up together for the purpose of conversation, when equestrians are sure to gather round so promising a centre.

24th.—The races. Set out so early that we had to dress by candlelight; for we use candles in our own room, with glass shades to them, on account of the draughts, the heavy smell of that cocoa-nut-oil is to me so very disagreeable. The horses must run while the air is cool, so we had no time to lose in order to be sure of good places. It is a pretty little Course, and from the stand we could see all round it. An inclosed space near the stand belonged, we were told, to certain privileged persons; but Cary and her chobdar drove boldly up to the barrier, when it was opened at once—the first time I have ever known that silver stick of any real use. We were soon surrounded by acquaintance; and as we had the horses taken out of the carriage, we mounted up to the box, from whence we had a perfect view of all that was going forward. There was a full attendance of spectators, and what all the lovers of the sport called a most interesting race—a match, and gentlemen riders; bets high; the natives just as busy as ourselves—as much excited. Indeed the gambling part was quite in their own way, quite according to their genius; and high and low participated in the pleasure of the uncertainty; for a dense mob of dark skins was gathered round the Course, all intent on the proceedings, yet most orderly and well behaved. I don't know whether Broad Street, Ludgate Hill, &c. would quite approve of this extension of the transactions of mercantile firms. The principal performers on the race-ground to-day were all members of this responsible profession. The owners of the crack horses, the two riders of the match, were all merchants. Of those of them that were married, the young English wives were fully as much absorbed in the event as their husbands. I could not help looking with sorrow at Helen when Mr Black came in winner. The excuse for all this is, that the languor induced by the climate can only be overcome by some excitement sufficiently powerful to stimulate the mind to re-nerve the body. Surely they forget the unfailing reaction.

26th.—A forenoon very pleasantly spent. The Mint-master, an old school friend of Arthur's, called at breakfast-time to carry us to see the Mint, a handsome building, situated near the river, in the fine European part of the town of Calcutta. It took us two good hours to follow the whole process of melting, coining, stamping, in all the different stages. The machinery is worked by a most beautiful steam-engine, the natives employed doing their duty well, no hard work being required of them, and their genius particularly adapting them for routine labour. It was at first difficult to get them to move quickly enough to keep pace with the rapidity of the mechanism. A little steadiness, the dismissal of idlers, the good pay, and one or two accidents from the want of the necessary activity, have overcome this constitutional indolence. It was quite a cheerful sight to see so many slow Hindoos so wakened up. They have been known formerly to fall actually asleep with all these wheels revolving round them. The breaking of a roller, put out of order by this neglect, awakened one

culprit, who was not permitted to run the risk of a doze in such a situation again; and now all are in too good order for a like accident to occur. I can quite believe that half of these dead-alive people would sleep at their posts, unless kept constantly stirred up. Edward is building a pigeon-house in his compound; and the lazy way in which three or four slender-armed little carpenters, seated upon the ground, have for several days been at work upon it, puts me in mind of children playing at trades. One good English workman, with a boy to hand him the nails, would have knocked up such a box in a day. At this visit to the Mint, one of the chobdars had insisted on attending us; and as a way of developing some of his intelligence, we obtained permission for him to accompany us over the works. He appeared to be properly impressed with all the wonders, and, as I fancied, interested in no common degree in the magical machinery. But on inquiring afterwards from ayah, to whom he had given a truly marvellous account of what he had witnessed, I found it was the actual sight of so much money that had excited him. He had noticed nothing else. He remembered only those showers of shining coin produced by the fire and the Mint-master.

### 'THE ROMAN.'

AMONG the events that are noticeable, and befitting to be noted, we are inclined to reckon the advent of a poet. That peculiarity of intellect which reveals to us new and unexpected manifestations of the beautiful, has always been a quality of attractive interest among men; and notwithstanding the somewhat too exclusively mechanical tendencies of the present generation, we think it a mistake to suppose, as some do, that poetry is ever likely to fail in obtaining a just and becoming appreciation. There are always refined and cultivated minds capable of estimating and enjoying its delights, and there are therefore no sufficient grounds for concluding that any poetical work of merit will fall into neglect for want of proper readers. *Superiority* of any kind is, sooner or later, pretty sure of acknowledgment. In the meantime, it does not appear to us that the age has been particularly guilty of overlooking anything under the name of poetry which was really and absolutely worthy of its regard. A clever mediocrity, perhaps, may have often achieved a more extensive popularity than has been acquired by minds of the highest order; but it must be understood that this will always be the case, inasmuch as mediocrity, by the nature of it, appeals to a larger range of comparative intelligence than is accessible to intellects of greater compass and profundity; whose speculations, to be adequately interpreted, require an insight and cultivation more closely approximate to their own. The 'fit audience' which Milton desired will necessarily be 'few' whenever the argument is high; but that any genuine poet will ever fail to obtain a cordial recognition, at whatsoever time or period he may appear, we believe there is no sufficient cause for apprehending.

It is with this impression that we have undertaken to draw the attention of our readers to 'The Roman,' a new dramatic poem by a youthful author, who publishes under the assumed name of 'Sydney Yendya.' His work is one of quite unquestionable merit; full of lusty and exalted thoughts, strongly and often beautifully expressed; decorated with graceful imagery of a vigorous originality; animated with strains and strokes of passion of high interest and emphasis; and all wrought in and to some extent held harmoniously together by a marked and unifying purpose or design—the chosen argument or action of the drama. It is, however, necessary to be stated, that the poem likewise displays a continual tendency to diffuseness, an undue proneness to the rhetorical and declamatory, a general disposition

\* \* 'The Roman,' a Dramatic Poem. By Sydney Yendya. Bentley.

to excess, which, in a youthful effort, may be readily excused, but which nevertheless signally impair the beauty of the performance. The light and fire of genius are both present, but there is also something of the smoke. Or perhaps we might not unfitly compare the poem to a forest, wherein there are many graceful and noble trees (but by no means all of equal majesty), and along with them others that are irregular and unshapely, and the whole together blended and intermixed with a considerable complement of brushwood—not always inappropriate, perhaps, or unseemly where it grows, but yet not entitled to be regarded in the light of forest timber.

The story of 'The Roman' may be briefly told. The leading personage of the work is *Vittoria Santo*, a sort of political John the Baptist, who, as a 'missionary of freedom,' goes forth in the disguise of a monk 'to preach the Unity of Italy, the Overthrow of Austrian Domination, and the Restoration of a great Roman Republic.' The elements of the conception are traceable in history: the influence of single individuals upon the fate of Italy being sufficiently well known to all who have heard of Rienzi, Savonarola, or Arnold of Brescia—the last being apparently the prototype of the poet's 'Santo.' The assumed mission of the hero is to arouse the latent nationality of his countrymen, to quicken them into a spirit of rebellion against their oppressors, and an heroic and determined effort to regain the liberty of which they have been deprived. He goes forth among the people prophesying of Rome, as of a kingdom that is to be re-established by the prowess and awakened virtues of her sons. He seeks to kindle in their hearts a faith in her possible regeneration, to strike their imaginations with her olden glories, and to excite in them the hope and the desire of building up her magnificence afresh upon the ruins of her now desolate and fallen empire. On the highways, and in the market-places, at the gates of peasants' homesteads, in green and rural places where the people congregate for recreation, the monk appears, and publishes his mission—brings with him the thought of Rome, and sows it broadcast all about him, in words of earnest eloquence, which, like vital seeds, take root, and grow to strong resolves in the breasts of the listeners. Of the manner in which he takes occasion to conduct his patriotic agitation, there is a fine description in the poem, a part of which we cannot do better than transcribe:—

By summer elms and vines, the village forge  
From cheerful anvil all the long day rings  
The chimes of labour. \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* Thereby the priest  
Pausing, the sturdy smith suspends his stroke  
Before the reverend stranger; who accepts  
The homage with such liquidating grace,  
That the stunned peasant, unabsolved of duty,  
Renews obedience. Then the pale intruder  
Striding some stool, with hand upon the bellows,  
Moves the slack fire, and bids the work go on:  
Cursing the slave who stoops for prince or priest  
The dignity of toil. To the rough music  
Setting wrong words, he sounds with easy skill  
Wrongs, hopes, and duties trooping through the soul  
Of the stout smith, and there on his own anvil  
Blows the rough iron of his heart red-hot.  
Seizing the magic time, with sudden hand  
He stamps him to the quick—'Patriot! the hour  
Is come to beat our ploughshares into swords,  
Our reaping-hooks to spears!' The brand driven home,  
The apostle vanishes, lest weaker words  
Efface the sign.

It will probably be a question among critics whether our author's genius be properly *dramatic*; or perhaps there will scarcely be a doubt that the real excellences of the poem do not belong to this species of composition. The drama consists of nine rather loosely connected scenes, in which there is neither unity of time, place, nor action, though there is an undoubted unity of idea in the scope and purpose of the work. We incline to consider the genius best fitted for epic or reflective poetry, or perhaps some possible combination of the two; for indeed it is in the utterance of thought, and in portray-

ing passion, by *realis*, rather than in displaying its growth and development in action, that he seems to be most successful. The few characters of any prominence in the piece, though tolerably well defined and individualised, are of an extremely limited range of being, and with one exception are delineated in mere outline. The monk is the sole figure of eminence in the drama, and his significance is manifested more by what he says than by what he is called on to perform. There seems, in truth, to have been no artistic necessity for casting the monk's story into a dramatic shape; and we conceive it might have been exhibited more congruously, and fully as impressively, in the form of poetic narrative. The finest passages of the poem are passages of reflection or description, and though they are mostly introduced in illustration of the grand theme, they are rather examples of vigorous thought, fancy, and imagination, than instances of dramatic power in the portrayal of character, the revelation of inward motives, or the working out of an important action.

In a 'dramatic poem,' however, great latitude is held to be admissible, so that it would scarcely be wise to insist strongly on mere particulars of form. It may very well suffice for us that the work contains a large variety of poetical beauties, and it is to these chiefly that we are desirous of drawing the attention of the reader. One of the characteristics of the poem is the number of felicitous single lines and sentences, which display a deep poetic insight, and a vigorous originality of expression. The passage marked in italics in the preceding extract is an instance, and there are many more besides the few which we here present for notice:

'Give eyes to this blind trouble in my soul.'

'Trembling lips  
Tuned to such grief that they say bright words sadly.'

'There is no Lazarus  
So poor as Dives fallen.'

'Truth is a Nemesis  
Which leadeth her beloved by the hand  
Through all things; giving him no task to break  
A bruised reed, but bidding him stand firm,  
Though she crush worlds.'

'There must be fire from heaven or hell to burn  
Offerings that burnt were incense, but neglected,  
Pollute the winds.'

'For before every man the world of beauty,  
Like a great artist, standeth day and night,  
With patient hand retouching in the heart  
God's defaced image.'

'That fierce king did well  
Who slew the priests of Baal, hewed down his groves,  
And spoiled his altars. But that king did better  
Who crowned Moriah. 'Tis a zealot's faith  
That blasts the shrines of the false god, but builds  
No temple to the true.'

'That which you call rebellion  
Is but the changed obedience which we pay  
To changing dispensations. The true rebel  
Is he who worships for the powers that are  
Powers that are not.'

'Age is the shadow of death,  
Cast where he standeth in the radiant path  
Of each man's immortality.'

'Stern duties need not speak  
Sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder  
Worshipped the still small voice.'

'Not a bare  
Untempled spot, unblessed, unconsecrate  
On earth, but is sufficient sanctuary  
For the best hour of the best life; no cloud  
In any heaven so dark that a good prayer  
Cannot ascend.'

There is something of a Roman majesty in many of these verses—a stateliness undimmed, and consonant with Roman dignity. Nothing has struck us more forcibly than the solemn strength, the quiet and manly vigour, of our poet's style. Crudities, redundancies, are not uncommon with him, but rarely is there anything like feebleness. His faults are for the most part evi-

dences of the greatness of his powers—powers too considerable to be wielded easily; and therefore now and then making a false stroke; though this defect is obviously curable by a wise and patient discipline. The passages we have selected are of various merit, but we think they all indicate the possession of a vigorous capacity of thought. Of the lighter and more fanciful portions of the poem we will next present one or two examples. The first is part of the soliloquy of a woman, 'sitting on a bank beneath trees,' on a moonlight evening:—

I will but live in twilight,  
I will seek out some lone Egean grove,  
Where sacred and o'er-greeting branches shed  
Perpetual eve, and all the cheated hours  
Sing vespers. And beside a sullen stream,  
Ice-cold at noon, my shadowy self shall sit,  
Crowned with gall wreaths of middle-tinted flowers;  
With sympathetic roses, wail with weeping  
For April sorrows; frightened harebells, pale  
With thunder; last, half-scented honeysuckle,  
That, like an ill-starred child, hides its brown head,  
Through the long summer banquet, but steals late  
To wander through the fragments of the feast,  
And glad us with remembered words that fell  
From guests of beauty; sun-burnt lilies, gray  
Wind-whispering flex, and whatever leaves  
And changeling blossoms Flora, half-asleep,  
Makes paler than the sun and warmer than the moon!"

Take also the following picturesque apostrophe to a child:—

'Thou little child,  
Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope—thou bright  
Pure dwelling where two fond hearts keep their gladness—  
Thou little potentate of love, who comest  
With solemn sweet dominion to the old,  
Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged  
With the grave embassage of that dear past,  
When they were young like thee—thou vindication  
Of God—thou living witness against all men  
Who have been babes—thou everlasting promise  
Which no man keeps—thou portrait of our nature,  
Which in despair and pride we scorn and worship—  
Thou household god, whom no iconoclast  
Hath broken.'

These passages have not the bold simplicity of the former class of extracts, but we submit they have a true poetic beauty. The next quotation is in a different strain to either; and though perhaps not quite intelligible to every one, will be recognised by many as a just and beautiful reflection of an interesting phase of mental history:—

'It must be  
That noble man who deems his nature born  
As vast as truth, must sweat, and toil, and suffer,  
And overcome—enduring. When the heart  
Adds a new planet to its heaven, great portents  
Gleam the celestial influence; strange signs  
Of coming dread, mysterious agencies,  
And omens inconceivable convulse  
The expectant system, while the stranger sails  
Still out of sight in space. Dim echoes  
Not of the truth, but witnessing the truth—  
Like the resounding thunder of the rock  
Which the sea passes—rushing thoughts like heralds,  
Voices which seem to clear the way for greatness,  
Cry advent in the soul, like the far shoutings  
That say a monarch comes. These must go by,  
And then the man who can outwatch this vigil  
Sees the apocalypses.'

Our concluding specimen will be what we consider an exquisite description of Roman ruins:—

'All through the torn  
Vacuity winds came and went, but stirred  
Only the flowers of yesterday. Upstood  
The hour unconscious walls, blazon and bare,  
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom  
The years of old stand by the sun, and murmur  
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets  
Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each  
More than Olympus—far gods dwell in them—  
Below from senatorial seats and seats  
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates  
Wore out the stone, strange harp birds croaked forth  
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height  
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds

Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,  
With calm prerogative the eternal pile  
Impassive shone with the unearthly light  
Of immortality. When conquering suns  
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark  
With thoughts of ages; like some mighty captive  
Upon his deathbed in a Christian land,  
And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,  
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,  
And on his lips strange gods.

Rank weeds and grasses  
Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,  
Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest  
Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,  
With conscious mien of place rose tall and still,  
And bent with duty. Like some village children  
Who found a dead king on a battle field,  
And with decorous care and reverent pity  
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down  
Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,  
And everywhere he was begirt with years,  
And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past  
Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honour  
Of what he slow, cast his own mantle on him,  
That none should mock the dead.'

We have nowise exhausted the riches of this poem, but we think our quotations are sufficient to prove the author's title to the honoured name of poet. Those who are willing to study poetry, will find an ample satisfaction in this volume. There is in it a display of thought and a magnificence of imagination quite beyond the compass and attainments of the ordinary poetical writers of the day. The lyrical portions of the poem perhaps are not equal to the rest: there is a tone in them that sounds like imitation, which will probably be obvious to the readers of Macaulay's 'Lays' and the ballads of Alfred Tennyson. The author's achievements of this kind seem to us to be far below the merit of his models. Still we do not doubt that with larger practice in this description of poetry, he may attain a very eminent success. We have no advice to give the author. With the gifts which he possesses, there can be little doubt that he will learn ultimately whatsoever may be needful for their appropriate development. Listening intently to the admonitions of the inner mind, to the still and secret voices which speak through him in his hours of inspiration, it may be his lofty privilege to draw up a deeper and still deeper wisdom with every successive visit to the wells of beauty.

#### MY FIRST GOVERNESS.

WHEN my two sisters had reached the ages of twelve and thirteen, and my brother was counting the days till he arrived at seven years of age, and I was neither expected nor wished for, it pleased Providence that I should be born. While a very little child, I fared like all other very little children among not ill-disposed people; but the older I became, the less did my popularity increase. I was plain and shy, and gave great trouble to my sisters, who were appointed to teach me reading, writing, sewing, and music; and as they neither of them were endowed with the faculty of imparting easily or pleasantly the little knowledge they possessed themselves, the lesson hours were detested both by the teachers and the taught, and little progress was made. The blame of this was, they said, all mine—'Cecilia was so stupid, and so idle;' and they thought it very witty to contract my name to Cilly (Silly). My mother was engaged with her house and her company—for we kept a good deal—and my father with his field-sports or his farming; and after I outgrew the nursery-maid's care, mamma's personal attendant thought she did quite enough for me when she made up gingham frocks after the same pattern as those her mistress had worn at the same age, or made down some white dress which my sisters had laid aside, for me to appear in on company days—always disagreeable days to me, who, running wild amongst the servants and labourers, was infinitely happier in their society than in that of 'the company' in the drawing-room, where I had to sit as still as a statue, to hear people remark, after looking at me, 'How dif-

ferent Cecilia is from all the rest! she is not even like Charlie: she does not appear to belong to the family.' I am sure I did not feel to belong to the family, except, indeed, as to the right the whole of them apparently had to say unpleasant things: 'Don't stoop; do turn out your feet; pray look less solemn; let this alone; don't touch that; &c. or some such agreeable and polite observation. I was certainly very plain: I had a fat face, which looked unnecessarily large from my uncurled hair being cut short on my forehead, and a white pasty complexion, from indulging in green fruits and all the trash I could get from servants at irregular hours. Except my eyes, none of my features were particularly good; my teeth were uneven; and I held myself awkwardly. My ill-made clothes made my figure, which had nothing elegant to recommend it, look worse than it might otherwise have done, whilst my shy manner communicated to my *tout-ensemble* an air of constraint which was truly deplorable.

From hearing every day that I was idle, stupid, obstinate, untidy, plain, and awkward, I learned to believe that I was so naturally and inevitably, and need therefore give myself no trouble to become what I could never attain. I was to consider nothing my own that any one else could use: old clothes, old toys, old books, were given to me, as they would do quite as well for Silly as new ones. No facilities for tidiness were offered to me; but yet I was expected to be tidy. I was never praised, and often blamed; so I very naturally supposed that I never deserved the first, and frequently merited the second. I took no pride or pleasure in anything; and all I aimed at was to scuffle through hated lessons I was forced to learn, and then run to play with the gardener's children, or wander to a thick wood near the house, and far from the 'human face divine,' where, surrounded by birds and insects whose voices soothed instead of irritating me, and flowers, that though beautiful and elegant themselves, never reproached me for my want of these qualities, I could for the time forget my troubles, singing over the songs I had caught up in the hayfield, and building castles in the air for my future life: wherein I chose to fancy my sisters married and absent, and my parents become old and blind. These were to be my days of happiness and peace; in which the former being gone from the house, the latter unable to see how ugly, and awkward I was, might perhaps forget all about it, and love me as they did Fanny and Madge.

When the weather was bad, I was put into a large dull apartment next the dining-room, to be out of the way, where a carpet that was never swept or lifted, an ink-stained table, two guns and a hunting-whip, and all the broken chairs in the house, composed the furniture. The window was a very large one, but I could not see out of it, for two high green blinds, that reached halfway up, were always shut, and were too stiff for me to open. Often when turned back with my weary lessons, I was desired to go and study it in 'the parlour:' when naughty, here I was sent as a punishment; and as the very sight of the room gave me a cold shudder, I never visited it of my own free will.

'Now remember, Cecilia,' said my mother to me one day, 'your godmother is coming; pray answer her smilingly when she speaks to you, and try to be very good, and have your catechism perfect, for she will be sure to make you say it.'

My godmother, Mrs St Stevens, was a well-looking, well-dressed, well-mannered, handsome woman. She looked a little surprised when I was presented to her, but spoke kindly, and asked me several questions, which were obligingly answered for me.

'What are you reading, my dear?'

'Poor Silly,' laughed Frances, 'has not made much progress in reading or writing: she has no capacity for learning I fear.'

'Do you like work, Cecilia—sewing?'

'Oh no,' answered Margaret in her turn; 'she hates and detests work of all kinds, and sews abominably.'

'Have you begun music?'

'Yes; to my sorrow she has,' replied Frances; 'for I have to teach her. But 'tis no use going on, I think, for she never will play—has no ear!'

Next day Mrs St Stevens asked me by the name of Celia to take a walk in the garden with her alone, where she recommenced the questions she had asked the evening before.

'Do you like music?'

'Yes, very much when other people play; but I don't like learning it, it is so difficult.'

'But don't you like reading pretty stories?'

'I like to hear them when Jane or Warden tell them; but I can't read them for myself—I wish I could.'

'Then why don't you try to learn, my love?'

'Because I am so stupid: I can learn nothing.'

'Is it not rather that you are idle, Celia?'

'I like to be called Celia, but my sisters always call me Silly, and papa and mamma Cissy.'

'My name is the same as yours, and I was always called Celia.'

'Then I like to be Celia too; for I like you, though you are a lady.'

My godmother looked pleased, and soon after I saw her talking very earnestly to my father and mother, and I overheard mamma say, 'Well, I am sure I have no objection; but I fear, poor child, there is nothing to be made of her.'

About a month after this I was, as usual, crying about my lessons. 'Ah,' said Fanny, 'if you cry with us, what will you do when the governess comes? She won't let you off so soon as we do, or so easily either;' and from that day, whatever I did wrong, the coming governess and her terrors were used as a threat, till I trembled and grew sick at the thoughts of what awaited me.

Just before this terrible governess was expected, I—most providentially as I thought it—caught a violent cold, and had the comfort of being confined to bed when she arrived. I complained as much and as long as I could, in order to be kept back longer; but at last these pretexts could serve me no longer, and one morning I was desired to go into the dining-room, where they were at breakfast, to be introduced to my future instructress. Paler and uglier than ever from my recent illness, more awkward from my present terror, I advanced, looking down, towards a lady whose hand was held out to me, and who said something I was much too agitated to hear. While one hoped I would no longer 'be idle,' another kind relative hoped I would be made 'more tidy;' a third, that I would not be 'troublesome.' But on papa's saying, 'Give me a kiss, Ciss; I'm sure you'll try and be good,' I looked up; and Miss Hereford rising, said kindly, but resolutely, 'Come to me in the school-room in half an hour, Celia, with all your books.'

When she was gone, my sisters brought my blotted copy-book, my dogs'-eared spelling-book, my torn, crumpled music-book, and a towel I had been so long in hemming, it was quite black.

'There,' exclaimed Margaret with a sneer, 'I wonder what Miss Hereford will say when she sees these specimens of your progress!'

I no doubt would have felt very much ashamed had my terror of the governess and my coming literary miseries not extinguished every other sensation, and mechanically taking what was mockingly handed to me, I proceeded towards the hated parlour, now more detestable than ever, for it was turned into a school-room. Long I stood at the door without courage to open it, when my spelling-book falling and making a noise, Miss Hereford called out, 'Come in!' One moment more, and I stood in the school-room. Oh how unlike the old parlour! A bright fire burnt in the grate, a gay paper covered the walls, a new carpet the floor; the green blinds were gone, and I looked over a plot of spring-flowers into the garden. Miss Hereford sat before a table covered with books and packages, looking quite good-humoured.

'Welcome, Celia, to a room I hope you and I may

spend many a happy day in. Come here, my dear, and see the pretty presents your kind godmother has sent, and your papa has given you.' There was a small new pianoforte; two bookcases, before the smallest of which stood a table with a drawer, on which was a workbox. 'These are yours.' I was speechless; so Miss Hereford went on. 'I trust you will keep everything in order: all your books must be put in that bookcase; your scissors, thimble, and needles, in that workbox; in this basket your work; in the drawer of the table your copy-book and pen: your work must never again look black like *this*. Read to me while I finish hemming it, that we may get rid of the sight of anything so dirty.'

I began to stammer through a story, stopping to spell every third word, while Miss Hereford sewed on, without making a remark, and then turning over the leaves of my copy-book, deliberately put it in the fire.

'I have no doubt that we shall find some poor child who will be very thankful for your old books; and as we are to be very tidy,' added she smiling, 'we shall use this new one instead.' Most unpleasant were the reflections connected with my former books, and I gladly looked my approbation.

'Now, my dear,' said my governess, handing me the towel, 'here is a very little bit to do: I have laid it down for you: do it as nicely as you can, while I read aloud a pretty tale out of one of your own new books.'

Spoken to with mildness and civility, and interested in the story, which was told in language suited to my comprehension, and read distinctly, I worked on without disliking it, and before the tale was quite finished, had completed my task. Miss Hereford observed that it was more neatly sewed than any I had before done, and then asked me to let her hear me play, in a tone which, although mild and kind, made me feel I must do so at once without excuse. My performance was even worse than usual: it was an easy air I had been hammering over for six weeks, and could not play yet without innumerable mistakes. Miss Hereford sat down, and went through it several times distinctly, and with the proper expression; and then bade me try it once more. I did so, and to my own astonishment played it nearly quite correctly.

'That will do, Celia; I see you have a good ear, and will, if you take pains, play very well; but until you are thoroughly grounded, you shall attempt no more airs; and the exercises I shall give you are so easy, and the difficulties come on so gradually, that when you are far enough advanced for pieces of music, you will learn them without disgust, having before mastered the mechanical parts. Now come and look at these books; to-morrow I shall teach you how to paper them; and we shall begin this new copy-book after we have taken a walk.'

I was enchanted to be told that there was a possibility of my playing well; that, after all, I *had* an ear; that the time would come that learning would be easy; and seemed in a dream when I reflected that I had things—new things! good things!—belonging to me—my own! and places to keep them in. All this was strange, and as delightful as strange. I already loved Miss Hereford, although, three hours before, I had trembled at her name. I was now dismissed, to put on my walking things, which I tried to do as tidily as I could, and for the first time in my life felt ashamed of the knotted ribbons in my shoes, and the tumbled bows of my bonnet; but Randall was out of the way, and I could only go down in them as they were. Miss Hereford said nothing, but quietly took the ribbons off my bonnet, and arranged them properly, pinning in underneath a little net-frilled cap of her own. She put new strings in my shoes, a clean collar round my neck, and then presenting a hand-glass, asked me if I thought I looked neater. I was pleased at the change, thanked her heartily, and ten minutes afterwards was walking by her side, chattering cheerfully, and feeling as well as looking a dif-

ferent being. Oh how I now loved the parlour!—how I longed for my happy school hours! I did not 'come on,' as it is called, very fast at first; for I had not the *habit* of learning, nor indeed could I give my undivided attention to anything, except the happy and unlooked-for change in my present life. Miss Hereford began at the very beginning again, making me spell words of three letters, and write single strokes. She read to me, while I worked, such pretty instructive stories, that I longed for the sewing hour to commence. She always, and until I read without hesitation, read to me the lessons and psalms for the day, requiring only that I should tell her something I had gathered from what I had listened to; so that nothing I was taught was distasteful to me, and I began at last, when lessons were over, to read tales for myself, and very soon was able to do so easily. I shall never forget the delight with which I sat one rainy day reading Miss Edgeworth's 'Rosamond,' and the pride with which I reflected that I could do so for myself. I felt quiet, calm, and really happy.

'Oh la! la!' cried the mocking voice of Frances, 'Silly reading by herself! Well, Miss Hereford *must* be a witch to have got you to do that! How often does she whip you?'

'My name is Celia, not Silly. Miss Hereford never whips or scolds; but she knows *how* to teach, and you do not, that's all.'

'You little impertinent monkey, I have a great mind to box your ears. I can teach any one but such a stupid thing as you well enough,' replied Frances, opening my workbox, and taking out a reel of cotton.

'That's my cotton; I shan't let you have any.'

'Yours, indeed! What business has such a chit as you to have anything to call yours? little untidy thing as you are!'

'I am not untidy, now that I have things of my own; and I won't lend them to you—you are so unkind. So put that down, and go away.'

Her answer was a slap, mine a loud cry, and in came Miss Hereford from her own room with 'what is the matter?'

'Miss Silly is obstinate and impertinent, as usual—nothing more,' cried Frances angrily.

'Frances takes my things without asking me, and slaps me; and I hate her,' sobbed I.

'Gently, Celia. Remember that Frances is your elder sister; and you must control your passion, and not speak rudely.'

But I was too angry to hear reason, and without attending to Miss Hereford, I continued violently, 'She *shan't* have my cotton.'

'Go into my room, Celia, and remain there until I call you.'

What passed in the schoolroom I know not; but when Miss Hereford came, and desired me to beg pardon of my sister, I flatly refused, saying, 'It was all her fault. I was reading quite happily, and she mocked me, and slapped me, and took my thread, and I won't ask her pardon: she should rather ask mine!'

'Admitting that your sister was wrong, *that* does not make you right. I have no authority over her; but you are my pupil; you have behaved ill; and I must have you to obey me. Go and beg your sister's pardon for your share of the offence, and afterwards I shall talk the matter over with you.'

I went sullenly, was received as sullenly, and so the matter ended. But the day passed drearily, Miss Hereford was displeased, talked a great deal to me; but still I felt sore against Frances, and felt truly rejoiced to think that she and all the others were going away the week following for three months, during which time the house (except our rooms) was all to be painted and papered, and my little bed and chest of drawers brought to Miss Hereford's bedroom, which I was to occupy during that period. As long as I live, these happy three months will be the green spot in my 'memory's waste.' The peace, the calm, the gradual development

of my reasoning faculties, the rapture of new ideas breaking into my hitherto vacant mind—the birth of hope in my heart, from the certainty that I *could* learn, *could* understand, *could* expect to be like other people one day—was what no pen can convey. I began not only to feel, but to look a different being.

Miss Hereford, to whom my father gave *carte-blanche*, and my godmother the *de quoi*, set about remodelling my dress: my twelve frocks were made into eight; an additional breadth put in each skirt, which was lengthened, and the bodies and sleeves altered to the fashion; my old battered bonnet was turned, and trimmed with blue; and a new one, bought for great occasions, ornamented with white ribbons; my old stays and shabby shoes were put aside, and new well-fitting ones replaced them. My hair was allowed to grow, and then properly divided, cut, and curled round my face, which, so shaded, no longer looked so large. A lesson of dancing was added to my other occupations, my meals were taken *regularly*, and I was never suffered to eat anything, wholesome or unwholesome, between them: this improved my health, and quite cleared my complexion. Miss Hereford was my sole companion; for although desired to speak to the servants with kindness, I was never permitted to converse with them or the gardener's children, who forgave me easily when my old books, clothes, and playthings were carried to them as gifts from me; and, in short, I seemed to bear a new existence. Feeling more confident of my capacity, I lost much of the sheepishness and awkwardness of manner and look which made me so peculiarly ungraceful; and when my parents returned, they were perfectly amazed at my amended looks and carriage, and the improvement in my temper. My father was delighted when I played a duet of Mozart's with Miss Hereford—which I had studied to please him—without a blunder, and with the proper expression; and declared that, after all, he shouldn't wonder if Silly turned out the cleverest of the family—'ay, and the handsomest too,' at which mamma laughed, as if pleased; and Fanny and Margaret laughed, as if very much the contrary; but they said nothing to wound me, and we went on rather smoother afterwards.

Miss Hereford remained three years, when she left me to fulfil a matrimonial engagement of long standing, which she had put off a year longer on my account. A French lady succeeded her; and two years afterwards I went to school, from whence I have just returned, and have been received by Frances and Margaret as a *companion*—both being now as anxious to forget the difference of our ages as they formerly were to make me remember how *very much younger* I was than themselves.

#### VENTILATION—THE CHOLERA.

FROM the recently published Report of the General Board of Health on the subject of cholera, it appears that that disease originates and maintains its virulence chiefly from *want of ventilation*. This is a very important fact. Other circumstances, such as intemperance, cold, deficient diet, and so on, materially contribute to predispose persons to be affected; but it seems that the substantial cause of cholera in the first instance is the breathing of impure air. In an article in the *Times*, referring to the terrible evils which spring from defective ventilation, the following observations occur:—'It is known, for example, when the atmosphere is in a choleraic condition, that the overcrowding of human beings under the same roof, and in the same apartment, is almost invariably followed by an outbreak of the disease. A very remarkable instance of this kind occurred at Taunton in the beginning of June 1849. The terrible rapidity with which the disease developed itself in the workhouse of that town at the period named must still be fresh in the recollection of the public. The girls' schoolroom was a slated shed, 50 feet long, 9 feet 10 inches broad, and 7 feet 9 inches in height to the top of the walls; the roof was sloping. Into this shed were thrust sixty-seven children. The epidemic influence was abroad. Here was a hotbed prepared for its development. The workhouse was attacked, and in a week sixty

of the inmates were no more. It was in the girls' school that the mortality prevailed—why should not the boys' school have equally felt the scourge? Simply because the boys could not be kept from breaking the windows. To this circumstance, and to the better ventilation which was its result, the chaplain to the workhouse attributed their immunity from the disease. Take another instance—it is an Indian one. In India the conditions favourable to the development of the cholera are met with under circumstances of exaggerated intensity. In the town of Kurmallee, where the houses are so built as to be inaccessible to currents of air, out of 15,000 inhabitants, 1500, or 1 in 10, died of cholera. In the bazaar of the same town, which is inhabited by the same class of persons, but which is laid out in large compounds, divided by wide streets, the mortality was only 1 in 30. The Report of the Board of Health abounds with such facts as these. The obvious inference is, that when the cholera is abroad, the overcrowding of human beings under the same roof is one of the most persuasive invitations which can be offered to the disease. We find the exact figures furnished us in the Report of the quantity of air necessary for the support of life. To live and to sleep in a space of less than from 400 to 500 cubic feet for each individual, is not, during the prevalence of an epidemic, compatible with safety to life, unless precautions be taken for the renewal of air by ventilation. An adult person should in twenty-four hours breathe thirty-six hogsheds of wholesome air. The blood circulates round the body once in a minute. There pass through the lungs daily twenty-four hogsheds of blood to be brought into contact with the quantity of air we have named.' It is almost needless to say that the discovery now made respecting the general origin of cholera, suggests to all householders the urgent necessity for securing the due and continuous admission of pure air into their dwellings, more particularly their sleeping apartments. The means for ventilation are fortunately of easy accomplishment.

#### FEEDING THE HUNGRY.

I have just seen a laughable sight. A huge wooden bowl, some two feet in diameter, and full of boiled rice, was placed in the middle of the street; a crowd of Arabs immediately squatted round, all plunging in their hands at once, and licking their fingers with monstrous delight. The mess vanished rapidly; every one who passed was invited to partake; and some good-natured fellows seized an old blind man, and threw him, grinning with delight, over the heads of those who surrounded the basin, in order that he might get a handful. Women were stopped, and as they could not eat at once, on account of their veils, had their hands filled. One soon contrived to swallow her portion; and I saw her go away wiping her finger against the wall. Children, while on the shoulders of others, came for their portion. All this was the work of about three minutes, when the crowd began to disperse. One man, however, probably a late comer, snatched up the bowl, under pretence of washing it from a water-skin on a camel's back hard by, and began to scrape it round and round, and lick his fingers with delight. Presently a couple of women joined him, and they squatted down round it, poured more water in, swilled the sides, and washed down the remaining grains of rice, which they scooped up and devoured. When these had done, yet another hungry one appeared, and seizing the bowl, rubbed it as if he wanted to melt the sides, poured in a little water, rubbed again, and succeeded in producing a pale fluid. Then he took up the enormous vessel in his two hands, and seemed to enjoy the draught extremely. I afterwards learned that this was a gift to the poor on the occasion either of a marriage, a circumcision, or a death.—*St John's Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family.*

#### TAME FISH IN AMERICA.

In a pond on the old Boyden place (now Quenten's, N. J.) a school of pet fish is cultivated for the amusement of the family. They consist of the common catfish and a small brook species of about three inches in length, and they take food from the hand as readily as a dog, seeming to have little or no fear.

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## THE EVERY-DAY MARRIED LADY.

It might be supposed that the every-day married lady was formerly the every-day young lady, and has now merely changed her condition. But this is not the case, for nothing is more common than to see the most holiday spinsters settle down into the most working-day matrons. The married lady, in fact, of the species we would describe has no descent in particular. If you can imagine a pupa coming into the world of itself without any connection with the larva, or an imago unconscious of the pupa, that is the every-day married lady. She is born at the altar, conjured into life by the ceremonial, and having utterly lost her individual existence, becomes from that moment a noun of multitude. People may say, 'Oh, this is our old acquaintance Miss Smith!' but that is only calling names, for the identity is gone. If she is anything at all but what appertains to the present, she is the late Miss Smith, who has survived herself, and changed into a family.

We would insist upon this peculiarity of the every-day married lady—that her existence is collective. Her very language is in the plural number—such as we, ours, and us. She respects the rights of paternity so much, as never to permit herself to talk of her children as peculiarly her own. Her individuality being merged in her husband and their actual or possible offspring, she has no private thoughts, no wishes, no hopes, no fears but for the concern. And this is all the better for her tranquillity: for although a part of her husband, she does not quite fancy that he is a part of her. She leaves at least the business to his management, and if she does advise and suggest on occasions, she thinks that somehow things will come out very well. She feels that she is only a passenger; and although, as such, she may recommend the skipper to shorten sail when weathering a critical point, or, for the sake of safety, to come to anchor in the middle of the sea, she has still a certain faith in his skill or luck, and sleeps quietly in the storm. For this reason the every-day married lady is comfortable in the figure, and has usually good round features of her own. The Miss Smith she has survived had a slender waist and small delicate hands; but this lady is a very tolerable armful, and the wedding-ring makes such a hollow on her finger, that one might think it would be difficult to get off.

The every-day married lady is commonly reported to be selfish; but this is a mistake. At least her selfishness embraces the whole family circle: it has no personality. When the wife of a poor man, who will sit up half the night sewing and darning, but not a stitch for herself: that can be done at any time; but the boys must go comfortably to school, and the girls look genteel on the street, and the husband—to think of Mr Brown wanting a button on his shirt! She looks selfish, be-

cause her eye is always on her own, and because she talks of what she is always thinking about; but how can one be selfish who is perpetually postponing herself, who dresses the plainest, eats the coarsest, and sleeps the least of the family? She never puts herself forward in company unless her young ladies want backing; but yet she never feels herself overlooked, for every word, every glance bestowed upon them, is communicated electrically to her. She is, indeed, in such perfect rapport with the concern, that it is no uncommon thing for her to go home chuckling with amusement, overpowered with delight, from a party at which she had not once opened her lips. This is the party which she pronounces to have 'gone off' well. Half-observant people fancy that the calculation is made on the score of the jellies and ices, and singing and dancing, and so on, and influenced by a secret comparison with her own achievements; but she has more depth than they imagine, and finer sympathies—they don't understand her.

Not that the every-day married lady is unsocial—not at all: all comfortable people are social; but she is partial to her own class, and does not care to carry her confidences out of it. She has several intimate friends whom she is fond of meeting; but besides that, she is a sort of freemason in her way, and finds out every-day people by the word and sign. Rank has very little to do with this society, as you would find if you observed her sitting at a cottage door, where, in purchasing a draught of milk, she has recognised a sister. If these two every-day married women had been rocked in the same cradle, they could not talk more intimately; and indeed they have heavy matters to talk about, for of all the babies that ever came into this breathing world, theirs were the most extraordinary babies. The miracle is, that any of them are extant after such outrageous measles, and scarlet fevers, and chicken-poxes—propheesied of, so to speak, even before their birth, by memorabilia that might have alarmed Dr Simson. The interlocutors part very well pleased with each other: the cottager proud to find that she has so much in common with a real lady, and the lady pronouncing the reflection of herself she had met with to be a most sensible individual.

Although careless in this instance of the circumstance of rank, the every-day married lady has but little sympathy with the class of domestic servants. She looks upon her servants, in fact, as in some sort her natural enemies, and her life may therefore be said to be passed at the best in a state of armed neutrality. She commonly proceeds on the allowance system; and this is the best way, as it prevents so many sickening apprehensions touching that leg of mutton. Indeed the appetite of servants is a constant puzzle to her: she cannot make it out. She has a sharp eye, too, upon the

policeman, and wonders what on earth he always looks down her area for. As for followers, that is quite out of the question. Servants stay long enough upon their errands to talk to all the men and women in the parish; and the idea of having an acquaintance now and then besides—more especially of the male sex—tramping into the kitchen to see them, is wildly unnatural. She tells of a sailor whom she once detected sitting in the coolest possible manner by the fireside. When she appeared, the man rose up and bowed—and then sat down again. Think of that! The artful girl said he was her brother!—and here all the every-day married ladies in the company laugh bitterly. Since that time she has been haunted by a sailor, and smells tar in all sorts of places.

If she ever has a passable servant, whom she is able to keep for a reasonable number of years, she gets gradually attached to her, and pets and coddles her. Betty is a standing testimony to her nice discrimination, and a perpetual premium on her successful rearing of servants. But alas! the end of it all is, that the respectable slut gets married to the green-grocer, and leaves her indulgent mistress: a striking proof of the heartlessness and ingratitude of the whole tribe! If it is not marriage, however, that calls her away, but bad health; if she goes home unwell, or is carried to the infirmary—what then? Why, then, we are sorry to say, she passes utterly away from the observation and memory of the every-day married lady. This may be reckoned a bad trait in her character; and yet it is in some degree allied to the great virtue of her life. Servants are the evil principle in her household, which it is her business to combat and hold in obedience. A very large proportion of her time is spent in this virtuous warfare; and success on her part ought to be considered deserving of the gratitude of the vanquished, without imposing burthens upon the victor.

The every-day married lady is the inventor of a thing which few foreign nations have as yet adopted either in their houses or languages. This thing is Comfort. The word cannot well be defined, the items that enter into its composition being so numerous, that a description would read like a catalogue. We all understand, however, what it means, although few of us are sensible of the source of the enjoyment. A widower has very little comfort, and a bachelor none at all; while a married man—provided his wife be an every-day married lady—enjoys it in perfection. But he enjoys it unconsciously, and therefore ungratefully: it is a thing of course—a necessary, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention, when his features and his heart soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face, and says, 'This is comfort!' it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from. His every-day wife is sitting quietly in the corner: it was not she who lighted the fire, or dressed the dinner, or drew the curtains, and it never occurs to him to think that all these, and a hundred other circumstances of the moment, owe their virtue to her spiriting, and that the comfort which enriches the atmosphere, which sparkles in the embers, which broods in the shadowy parts of the room, which glows in his own full heart, emanates from her, and encircles her like an aureola. We have suggested, on a former occasion, that our conventional notions of the sex, in its gentle, modest, and retiring characteristics, are derived from the every-day young lady; and in like manner we venture to opine

that the every-day married lady is the English wife of foreigners and moralists. Thus she is a national character, and a personage of history; and yet there she sits all the while in that corner, knitting something or other, and thinking to herself that she had surely smelt a puff of tar as she was passing the pantry.

The curious thing is, that the dispenser of comfort can do with a very small share of it herself. When her husband does not dine at home, it is surprising what odds and ends are sufficient to make up the dinner. Perhaps the best part of it is a large slice of bread and butter; for it is wasting the servants' time to make them cook when there is *nobody* to be at the table. But she makes up for this at tea: that is a comfortable meal for the every-day married lady. The husband, a matter-of-fact, impassive fellow, swallows down his two or three cups in utter unconsciousness of the poetry of the occasion; while the wife pauses on every sip, drinks in the aroma as well as the infusion, fills slowly and lingeringly out, and creams and sugars as if her hands dallied over a labour of love. With her daughters, in the meantime, grown up, or even half-grown up, she exchanges words and looks of motherly and masonic intelligence: she is moulding them to comfort, initiating them in every-dayism; and as their heads bend companionably towards each other, you see at a glance that the girls will do honour to their breeding. The husband calls this 'dawdling,' and already begins to fret. Let him: he knows nothing about it.

It is surprising the affection of the daughters for their every-day mother. Not that the sentiment is steady or uniform in its expression, for sometimes one might suppose mamma to be forgotten, or at least considered only as a daily necessary not requiring any special notice. But wait till a grief comes, and mark to what bosom the panting girl flies for refuge and comfort; see with what *abandon* she flings her arms round that maternal neck, and with what a passionate burst the hitherto repressed tears gush forth. This is something more than habit, something more than filial trust. There are more senses than five in human nature—or seven either: there is a fine and subtle link between these two beings—a common atmosphere of thought and feeling, impalpable and imperceptible, yet necessary to the souls of both. If you doubt it—if you doubt that there is a moral attraction in the every-day married lady, irrespective of blood-affinity, carry your view forward to another generation, and interrogate those witnesses who are never mistaken in character, and who never give false testimony—little children. They dote on their every-day grandmamma. Their natures, not yet seared and hardened by the world, understand hers; and with something of the fresh perfume of Eden about them still, they recognise instinctively those blessed souls to whom God has given to love little children.

This is farther shown when the every-day married lady dies. What is there in the character we have drawn to account for the shock the whole family receives? The husband feels as if a thunder-cloud had fallen, and gathered, and blackened upon his heart, through which he could never again see the sun. The grown-up children, especially the females, are distracted; 'their purposes are broken off'; they desire to have nothing more to do with the world; they lament as those who will not be comforted. Even common acquaintances look round them, when they enter the house, with uneasiness and anxiety—

'We miss her when the morning calls,  
As one that mingled in our mirth;  
We miss her when the evening falls—  
A trifle wanted on the earth!

Some fancy small, or subtle thought,  
Is checked ere to its blossom grown;  
Some chain is broken that we wrought,  
Now—she hath flown!

And so she passes away—this every-day married lady—leaving memorials of her commonplace existence

everywhere throughout the circle in which she lived, moved, and had her being, and after having stamped herself permanently upon the constitution, both moral and physical, of her descendants.

L. R.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

### LEGAL METAMORPHOSES.

THE respectable agent of a rather eminent French house arrived one morning in great apparent distress at Scotland Yard, and informed the superintendent that he had just sustained a great, almost ruinous, loss in notes of the Bank of England and commercial bills of exchange, besides a considerable sum in gold. He had, it appeared, been absent in Paris about ten days, and on his return but a few hours previously, discovered that his iron chest had been completely rifled during his absence. False keys must have been used, as the empty chest was found locked, and no sign of violence could be observed. He handed in full written details of the property carried off, the numbers of the notes, and every other essential particular. The first step taken was to ascertain if any of the notes had been tendered at the bank. Not one had been presented; payment was of course stopped, and advertisements descriptive of the bills of exchange, as well as of the notes, were inserted in the evening and following morning papers. A day or two afterwards, a considerable reward was offered for such information as might lead to the apprehension of the offenders. No result followed; and spite of the active exertions of the officers employed, not the slightest clue could be obtained to the perpetrators of the robbery. The junior partner in the firm, M. Bellebon, in the meantime arrived in England, to assist in the investigation, and was naturally extremely urgent in his inquiries; but the mystery which enveloped the affair remained impenetrable. At last a letter, bearing the St Martin le Grand postmark, was received by the agent, M. Alexandre le Breton, which contained an offer to surrender the whole of the plunder, with the exception of the gold, for the sum of one thousand pounds. The property which had been abstracted was more than ten times that sum, and had been destined by the French house to meet some heavy liabilities falling due in London very shortly. Le Breton had been ordered to pay the whole amount into Hoare's to the account of the firm, and had indeed been severely blamed for not having done so as he received the different notes and bills; and it was on going to the chest immediately on his return from Paris, for the purpose of fulfilling the peremptory instructions he had received, that M. le Breton discovered the robbery.

The letter went on to state that should the offer be acceded to, a mystically-worded advertisement—of which a copy was enclosed—was to be inserted in the 'Times,' and then a mode would be suggested for safely—in the interest of the thieves of course—carrying the agreement into effect. M. Bellebon was half-inclined to close with this proposal, in order to save the credit of the house, which would be destroyed unless its acceptances, now due in about fourteen days, could be met; and without the stolen moneys and bills of exchange, this was, he feared, impossible. The superintendent, to whom M. Bellebon showed the letter, would not hear of compliance with such a demand, and threatened a prosecution for composition of felony if M. Bellebon persisted in doing so. The advertisement was, however, inserted, and an immediate reply directed

that Le Breton, the agent, should present himself at the Old Manor-House, Green Lanes, Newington, unattended, at four o'clock on the following afternoon, bringing with him of course the stipulated sum in gold. It was added, that to prevent any possible treason (*trahison*, the letter was written in French), Le Breton would find a note for him at the tavern, informing him of the spot—a solitary one, and far away from any place where an ambush could be concealed—where the business would be concluded, and to which he must proceed unaccompanied, and on foot! This proposal was certainly quite as ingenious as it was cool, and the chance of outwitting such cunning rascals seemed exceedingly doubtful. A very tolerable scheme was, however, hit upon, and M. le Breton proceeded at the appointed hour to the Old Manor-House. No letter or message had been left for him, and nobody obnoxious to the slightest suspicion could be seen near or about the tavern. On the following day another missive arrived, which stated that the writer was quite aware of the trick which the police had intended playing him, and he assured M. Bellebon that such a line of conduct was as unwise as it would be fruitless, inasmuch as if 'good faith' was not observed, the securities and notes would be inexorably destroyed or otherwise disposed of, and the house of Bellebon and Company be consequently exposed to the shame and ruin of bankruptcy.

Just at this crisis of the affair I arrived in town from my unsuccessful hunt after the fugitives who had slipped through my fingers at Plymouth. The superintendent laughed heartily, not so much at the trick by which I had been duped, as at the angry mortification I did not affect to conceal. He presently added, 'I have been wishing for your return, in order to intrust you with a tangled affair, in which success will amply compensate for such a disappointment. You know French too, which is fortunate; for the gentleman who has been plundered understands little or no English.' He then related the foregoing particulars, with other apparently slight circumstances; and after a long conversation with him, I retired to think the matter over, and decide upon the likeliest mode of action. After much cogitation, I determined to see M. Bellebon *alone*; and for this purpose I despatched the waiter of a tavern adjacent to his lodgings, with a note expressive of my wish to see him instantly on pressing business. He was at home, and immediately acceded to my request. I easily introduced myself; and after about a quarter of an hour's conference, said carelessly—for I saw he was too heedless of speech, too quick and frank, to be intrusted with the dim suspicions which certain trifling indices had suggested to me—'Is Monsieur le Breton at the office where the robbery was committed?'

'No: he is gone to Greenwich on business, and will not return till late in the evening. But if you wish to re-examine the place, I can of course enable you to do so.'

'It will, I think, be advisable; and you will, if you please,' I added, as we emerged into the street, 'permit me to take you by the arm, in order that the official character of my visit may not be suspected by any one there.'

He laughingly complied, and we arrived at the house arm in arm. We were admitted by an elderly woman; and there was a young man—a moustached clerk—seated at a desk in an inner room writing. He eyed me for a moment, somewhat askance I thought, but I gave him no opportunity for a distinct view of my features; and I presently handed M. Bellebon a card, on which I had contrived to write, unobserved, 'send away the clerk.' This was more naturally done than I anticipated; and in answer to M. Bellebon's glance of inquiry, I merely said, 'that as I did not wish to be known there as a police-officer, it was essential that

the minute search I was about to make should be without witnesses.' He agreed; and the woman was also sent away upon a distant errand. Every conceivable place did I ransack; every scrap of paper that had writing on it I eagerly perused. At length the search was over, apparently without result.

'You are quite sure, Monsieur Bellebon, as you informed the superintendent, that Monsieur le Breton has no female relations or acquaintances in this country?'

'Positive,' he replied. 'I have made the most explicit inquiries on the subject both of the clerk Dubarle and of the woman-servant.'

Just then the clerk returned, out of breath with haste I noticed, and I took my leave without even now affording the young gentleman so clear a view of my face as he was evidently anxious to obtain.

'No female acquaintance!' thought I, as I re-entered the private room of the tavern I had left an hour before. 'From whom came, then, these scraps of perfumed note-paper I have found in his desk I wonder?' I sat down and endeavoured to piece them out, but after considerable trouble, satisfied myself that they were parts of different notes, and so small, unfortunately, as to contain nothing which separately afforded any information except that they were all written by one hand, and that a female one.

About two hours after this I was sauntering along in the direction of Stoke-Newington, where I was desirous of making some inquiries as to another matter, and had passed the Kingslaw Gate a few hundred yards, when a small discoloured printed handbill, lying in a haberdasher's shop window, arrested my attention. It ran thus:—'Two guineas reward.—Lost, an Italian greyhound. The tip of its tail has been chopped off, and it answers to the name of Fiddle.' Underneath, the reader was told in writing to 'inquire within.'

'Fiddle!' I mentally exclaimed. 'Any relation to M. le Breton's fair correspondent's Fiddle, I wonder?' In a twinkling my pocket-book was out, and I reperused by the gas-light on one of the perfumed scraps of paper the following portion of a sentence, '*ma pauvre Fiddle est per*.' The bill, I observed, was dated nearly three weeks previously. I forthwith entered the shop, and pointing to the bill, said I knew a person who had found such a dog as was there advertised for. The woman at the counter said she was glad to hear it, as the lady, formerly a customer of theirs, was much grieved at the animal's loss.

'What is the lady's name?' I asked.

'I can't rightly pronounce the name,' was the reply. 'It is French, I believe; but here it is, with the address, in the day-book, written by herself.'

I eagerly read—'Madame Levasseur, Oak Cottage; about one mile on the road from Edmonton to Southgate.' The handwriting greatly resembled that on the scraps I had taken from M. le Breton's desk; and the writer was French too! Here were indications of a trail which might lead to unhopèd-for success, and I determined to follow it up vigorously. After one or two other questions, I left the shop, promising to send the dog to the lady the next day. My business at Stoke-Newington was soon accomplished. I then hastened westward to the establishment of a well-known dog-fancier, and procured the loan, at a reasonable price, of an ugly Italian hound: the requisite loss of the tip of its tail was very speedily accomplished, and so quickly healed, that the newness of the excision could not be suspected. I arrived at the lady's residence about twelve o'clock on the following day, so thoroughly disguised as a vagabond Cockney dog-stealer, that my own wife, when I entered the breakfast parlour just previous to starting, screamed with alarm and surprise. The mistress of Oak Cottage was at home, but indisposed, and the servant said she would take the dog to her, though, if I would take it out of the basket, she herself could tell me if it was Fiddle or not. I replied that I would only show the dog to the lady, and would not trust it out of my hands. This message was carried up

stairs, and after waiting some time outside—for the woman, with natural precaution, considering my appearance, for the safety of the portable articles lying about, had closed the street-door in my face—I was readmitted, desired to wipe my shoes carefully, and walk up. Madame Levasseur, a showy-looking woman, though not over-refined in speech or manners, was seated on a sofa, in vehement expectation of embracing her dear Fiddle; but my vagabond appearance so startled her, that she screamed loudly for her husband, M. Levasseur. This gentleman, a fine, tall, whiskered, moustached person, hastened into the apartment half-shaved, and with his razor in his hand.

'Qu'est ce qu'il y a donc?' he demanded.

'Mais voyez cette horreur là,' replied the lady, meaning me, not the dog, which I was slowly emancipating from the basket-kennel. The gentleman laughed; and reassured by the presence of her husband, Madame Levasseur's anxieties concentrated themselves upon the expected Fiddle.

'Mais, mon Dieu!' she exclaimed again as I displayed the aged beauty I had brought for her inspection, 'why, that is not Fiddle!'

'Not, marm?' I answered, with quite innocent surprise. 'Vy, ere is her very tail;' and I held up the mutilated extremity for her closer inspection. The lady was not, however, to be convinced even by that evidence; and as the gentleman soon became impatient of my persistence, and hinted very intelligibly that he had a mind to hasten my passage down stairs with the toe of his boot, I, having made the best possible use of my eyes during the short interview, scrambled up the dog and basket, and departed.

'No female relative or acquaintance hasn't he?' was my exulting thought as I gained the road. 'And yet if that is not M. le Breton's picture between those of the husband and wife, I am a booby, and a blind one.' I no longer in the least doubted that I had struck a brilliant trail; and I could have shouted with exultation, so eager was I not only to retrieve my, as I fancied, somewhat tarnished reputation for activity and skill, but to extricate the plundered firm from their terrible difficulties; the more especially as young M. Bellebon, with the frankness of his age and nation, had hinted to me—and the suddenly-tremulous light of his fine expressive eyes testified to the acuteness of his apprehensions—that his marriage with a long-loved and amiable girl depended upon his success in saving the credit of his house.

That same evening, about nine o'clock, M. Levasseur, expensively, but withal snobbishly attired, left Oak Cottage, walked to Edmonton, hailed a cab, and drove off rapidly towards town, followed by an English swell as stylishly and snobbishly dressed, wigged, whiskered, and moustached as himself: this English swell being no other than myself, as prettily metamorphosed and made up for the part I intended playing as heart could wish.

M. Levasseur descended at the end of the Quadrant, Regent Street, and took his way to Vine Street, leading out of that celebrated thoroughfare. I followed; and observing him enter a public-house, unhesitatingly did the same. It was a house of call and general rendezvous for foreign servants out of place, Valets, couriers, cooks, of many varieties of shade, nation, and respectability, were assembled there, smoking, drinking, and playing at an insufferably noisy game, unknown, I believe, to Englishmen, and which must, I think, have been invented in sheer despair of cards, dice, or other implements of gambling. The sole instruments of play were the gamesters' fingers, of which the two persons playing suddenly and simultaneously uplifted as many, or as few, as they pleased, each player alternately calling a number; and if he named precisely how many fingers were held up by himself and opponent, he marked a point. The hubbub of cries—'cinq,' 'neuf,' 'dix,' &c.—was deafening. The players—almost everybody in the large room—were too much occupied to

notice our entrance; and M. Levasseur and myself seated ourselves, and called for something to drink, without, I was glad to see, exciting the slightest observation. M. Levasseur, I soon perceived, was an intimate acquaintance of many there; and somewhat to my surprise, for he spoke French very well, I found that he was a Swiss. His name was, I therefore concluded, assumed. Nothing positive rewarded my watchfulness that evening; but I felt quite sure Levasseur had come there with the expectation of meeting some one, as he did not play, and went away about half-past eleven o'clock with an obviously discontented air. The following night it was the same; but the next, who should peer into the room about half-past ten, and look cautiously round, but M. Alexandre le Breton! The instant the eyes of the friends met, Levasseur rose and went out. I hesitated to follow, lest such a movement might excite suspicion; and it was well I did not, as they both presently returned, and seated themselves close by my side. The anxious, haggard countenance of Le Breton—who had, I should have before stated, been privately pointed out to me by one of the force early on the morning I visited Oak Cottage—struck me forcibly, especially in contrast with that of Levasseur, which wore only an expression of malignant and ferocious triumph, slightly dashed by temporary disappointment. Le Breton stayed but a short time; and the only whispered words I caught were—‘He has, I fear, some suspicion.’

The anxiety and impatience of M. Bellebon whilst this was going on became extreme, and he sent me note after note—the only mode of communication I would permit—expressive of his consternation at the near approach of the time when the engagements of his house would arrive at maturity, without anything having in the meantime been accomplished. I pitied him greatly, and after some thought and hesitation, resolved upon a new and bolder game. By affecting to drink a great deal, occasionally playing, and in other ways exhibiting a reckless, devil-may-care demeanour, I had striven to insinuate myself into the confidence and companionship of Levasseur, but hitherto without much effect; and although once I could see, startled by a casual hint I dropped to another person—one of ours—just sufficiently loud for him to hear—that I knew a sure and safe market for stopped Bank-of-England notes, the cautious scoundrel quickly subsided into his usual guarded reserve. He evidently doubted me, and it was imperatively necessary to remove those doubts. This was at last effectually, and, I am vain enough to think, cleverly done. One evening a rakish-looking man, who ostentatiously and repeatedly declared himself to be Mr Trelawney of Conduit Street, and who was evidently three parts intoxicated, seated himself directly in front of us, and with much braggart impudence boasted of his money, at the same time displaying a pocket-book, which seemed pretty full of Bank-of-England notes. There were only a few persons present in the room besides us, and they were at the other end of the room. Levasseur, I saw, noticed with considerable interest the look of greed and covetousness which I fixed on that same pocket-book. At length the stranger rose to depart. I also hurried up and slipped after him, and was quietly and slyly followed by Levasseur. After proceeding about a dozen paces I looked furtively about, but not behind; robbed Mr Trelawney of his pocket-book, which he had placed in one of the tails of his coat; crossed over the street, and walked hurriedly away, still, I could hear, followed by Levasseur. I entered another public-house, strode into an empty back-room, and was just in the act of examining my prize, when in stepped Levasseur. He looked triumphant as Lucifer, as he clapped me on the shoulder, and said in a low exulting voice, ‘I saw that pretty trick, Williams, and can, if I like, transport you!’

My consternation was naturally extreme, and Levasseur laughed immensely at the terror he excited. ‘Soyez tranquille,’ he said at last, at the same time ringing the bell: ‘I shall not hurt you.’ He ordered

some wine, and after the waiter had fulfilled the order and left the room, said, ‘Those notes of Mr Trelawney’s will of course be stopped in the morning, but I think I once heard you say you knew of a market for such articles?’

I hesitated, coyly unwilling to further commit myself. ‘Come, come,’ resumed Levasseur in a still low but menacing tone, ‘no nonsense. I have you now; you are, in fact, entirely in my power: but be candid, and you are safe. Who is your friend?’

‘He is not in town now,’ I stammered.

‘Stuff—humbug! I have myself some notes to change. There, now we understand each other. What does he give, and how does he dispose of them?’

‘He gives about a third generally, and gets rid of them abroad. They reach the Bank through *bona-fide* and innocent holders, and in that case the Bank is of course bound to pay.’

‘Is that the law also with respect to bills of exchange?’

‘Yes, to be sure it is.’

‘And is amount of any consequence to your friend?’

‘None, I believe, whatever.’

‘Well, then, you must introduce me to him.’

‘No, that I can’t,’ I hurriedly answered. ‘He won’t deal with strangers.’

‘You must, I tell you, or I will call an officer.’ Terrified by this threat, I muttered that his name was Levi Samuel.

‘And where does Levi Samuel live?’

‘That,’ I replied, ‘I cannot tell; but I know how to communicate with him.’

Finally, it was settled by Levasseur that I should dine at Oak Cottage the next day but one, and that I should arrange with Samuel to meet us there immediately afterwards. The notes and bills he had to dispose of, I was to inform Samuel, amounted to nearly twelve thousand pounds, and I was promised £500 for effecting the bargain.

‘Five hundred pounds, remember, Williams,’ said Levasseur as we parted; ‘or, if you deceive me, transportation! You can prove nothing regarding me, whereas I could settle you offhand.’

The superintendent and I had a long and rather anxious conference the next day. We agreed that, situate as Oak Cottage was, in an open space away from any other building, it would not be advisable that any officer except myself and the pretended Samuel should approach the place. We also agreed as to the probability of such clever rogues having so placed the notes and bills that they could be consumed or otherwise destroyed on the slightest alarm, and that the open arrest of Levasseur, and a search of Oak Cottage, would in all likelihood prove fruitless. ‘There will be only two of them,’ I said in reply to a remark of the superintendent as to the somewhat dangerous game I was risking with powerful and desperate men, ‘even should Le Breton be there; and surely Jackson and I, aided by the surprise and our pistols, will be too many for them.’ Little more was said, the superintendent wished us luck, and I sought out and instructed Jackson.

I will confess that, on setting out the next day to keep my appointment, I felt considerable anxiety. Levasseur might have discovered my vocation, and set this trap for my destruction. Yet that was hardly possible. At all events, whatever the danger, it was necessary to face it; and having cleaned and loaded my pistols with unusual care, and bade my wife a more than usually earnest farewell, which, by the way, rather startled her, I set off, determined, as we used to say in Yorkshire, ‘to win the horse or lose the saddle.’

I arrived in good time at Oak Cottage, and found my host in the highest possible spirits. Dinner was ready, he said, but it would be necessary to wait a few minutes for the two friends he expected.

‘Two friends!’ I exclaimed, really startled. ‘You

told me last evening there was to be only one, a Monsieur le Breton.'

'True,' rejoined Levasseur carelessly; 'but I had forgotten that another party as much interested as ourselves would like to be present, and invite himself, if I did not. But there will be enough for us all, never fear,' he added with a coarse laugh, 'especially as Madame Levasseur does not dine with us.'

At this moment a loud knock was heard. 'Here they are!' exclaimed Levasseur, and hastened out to meet them. I peeped through the blind, and to my great alarm saw that Le Breton was accompanied by the clerk Dubarle! My first impulse was to seize my pistols and rush out of the house; but calmer thoughts soon succeeded, and the improbability that a plan had been laid to entrap me recurred forcibly. Still, should the clerk recognise me? The situation was undoubtedly a critical one; but I was in for it, and must therefore brave the matter out in the best way I could.

Presently a conversation, carried on in a loud, menacing tone in the next room between Levasseur and the new-comers, arrested my attention, and I softly approached the door to listen. Le Breton, I soon found, was but half a villain, and was extremely anxious that the property should not be disposed of till at least another effort had been made at negotiation. The others, now that a market for the notes and securities had been obtained, were determined to avail themselves of it, and immediately leave the country. The almost agonising intreaties of Le Breton that they would not utterly ruin the house he had betrayed, were treated with scornful contempt, and he was at length silenced by their brutal menaces. Le Breton, I further learned, was a cousin of Madame Levasseur, whose husband had first pillaged him at play, and then suggested the crime which had been committed as the sole means of concealing the defalcations of which he, Levasseur, had been the occasion and promoter.

After a brief delay, all three entered the dining-room, and a slight but significant start which the clerk Dubarle gave, as Levasseur, with mock ceremony, introduced me, made my heart, as folk say, leap into my mouth. His half-formed suspicions seemed, however, to be dissipated for the moment by the humorous account Levasseur gave him of the robbery of Mr Tre-lawney, and we sat down to a very handsome dinner.

A more uncomfortable one, albeit, I never assisted at. The furtive looks of Dubarle, who had been only partially reassured, grew more and more inquisitive and earnest. Fortunately Levasseur was in rollicking spirits and humour, and did not heed the unquiet glances of the young man; and as for Le Breton, he took little notice of anybody. At last this terrible dinner was over, and the wine was pushed briskly round. I drank much more freely than usual, partly with a view to calm my nerves, and partly to avoid remark. It was nearly the time for the Jew's appearance, when Dubarle, after a scrutinising and somewhat imperious look at my face, said abruptly, 'I think, Monsieur Williams, I have seen you somewhere before?'

'Very likely,' I replied with as much indifference as I could assume. 'Many persons have seen me before—some of them once or twice too often.'

'True!' exclaimed Levasseur with a shout. 'Tre-lawney, for instance!'

'I should like to see monsieur with his wig off!' said the clerk with increasing insolence.

'Nonsense, Dubarle; you are a fool,' exclaimed Levasseur; 'and I will not have my good friend Williams insulted.'

Dubarle did not persist, but it was plain enough that some dim remembrance of my features continued to haunt and perplex him.

At length, and the relief was unspeakable, a knock at the outer door announced Jackson—Levi Samuel I mean. We all jumped up, and ran to the window. It was the Jew sure enough, and admirably he had dressed and now looked the part. Levasseur went out, and in

a minute or two returned introducing him. Jackson could not suppress a start as he caught sight of the tall, moustached addition to the expected company; and although he turned it off very well, it drove the Jewish dialect in which he had been practising completely out of his thoughts and speech, as he said, 'You have more company than my friend Williams led me to expect?'

'A friend—one friend extra, Mr Samuel,' said Levasseur; 'that is all. Come, sit down, and let me help you to a glass of wine. You are an English Jew I perceive?'

'Yes.'

A silence of a minute or two succeeded, and then Levasseur said, 'You are of course prepared for business?'

'Yes—that is, if you are reasonable.'

'Reasonable! the most reasonable men in the world,' rejoined Levasseur with a loud laugh. 'But pray where is the gold you mean to pay us with?'

'If we agree, I will fetch it in half an hour. I do not carry bags of sovereigns about with me into all companies,' replied Jackson with much readiness.

'Well, that's right enough: and now how much discount do you charge?'

'I will tell you when I see the securities.'

Levasseur rose without another word, and left the apartment. He was gone about ten minutes, and on his return, deliberately counted out the stolen Bank-of-England notes and bills of exchange. Jackson got up from his chair, peered close to them, and began noting down the amounts in his pocket-book. I also rose, and pretended to be looking at a picture by the fireplace. The moment was a nervous one, as the signal had been agreed upon, and could not now be changed or deferred. The clerk Dubarle also hastily rose, and eyed Jackson with flaming but indecisive looks. The examination of the securities was at length terminated, and Jackson began counting the Bank-of-England notes aloud—'One—two—three—four—FIVE!' As the signal word passed his lips, he threw himself upon Le Breton, who sat next to him; and at the same moment I passed one of my feet between Dubarle's, and with a dexterous twist hurled him violently on the floor; another instant and my grasp was on the throat of Levasseur, and my pistol at his ear. 'Hurra!' we both shouted with eager excitement; and before either of the villains could recover from his surprise, or indeed perfectly comprehend what had happened, Levasseur and Le Breton were handcuffed, and resistance was out of the question. Young Dubarle was next easily secured.

Levasseur, the instant he recovered the use of his faculties, which the completeness and suddenness of the surprise and attack had paralysed, yelled like a madman with rage and anger, and but for us, would, I verily believe, have dashed his brains out against the walls of the room. The other two were calmer, and having at last thoroughly pinioned and secured them, and carefully gathered up the recovered plunder, we left Oak Cottage in triumph, letting ourselves out, for the woman-servant had gone off, doubtless to acquaint her mistress with the disastrous turn affairs had taken. No inquiry was made after either of them.

An hour afterwards the prisoners were securely locked up, and I hurried to acquaint M. Bellebon with the fortunate issue of our enterprise. His exultation, it will be readily believed, was unbounded; and I left him busy with letters to the firm, and doubtless one to 'cette chère et aimable Louise,' announcing the joyful news.

The prisoners, after a brief trial, which many readers of this narrative may perhaps remember, were convicted of felonious conspiracy, and were all sentenced to ten years' transportation. Le Breton's sentence, the judge told him, would have been for life, but for the contrition he had exhibited shortly before his apprehension.

As Levasseur passed me on leaving the dock, he exclaimed in French, and in a desperately savage tone, 'I will repay you for this when I return, and that infernal

Trelawney too.' I am too much accustomed to threats of this kind to be in anyway moved by them, and I therefore contented myself by smiling, and a civil 'Au revoir—allons!'

## VEGETABLE CURIOSITIES.

### RAPIDITY OF VEGETABLE GROWTH.

THE rapidity of the growth of tropical vegetation is in many cases truly astonishing, and far surpasses the greatest wonders of the kind observable in the less luxuriant native plants of our temperate clime. The advanced state of horticulture, however, has been instrumental in bringing into our own country living illustrations of many wonderful facts formerly only known to us by the almost incredible accounts of travellers. We have before us a paper by Mr Robert Scott, published in a late number of the 'Annals and Magazine of Natural History,' containing statistics of the growth of a bamboo cane in the large conservatory at Chatsworth, surpassing any similar facts we have ever seen in an authentic form. 'In the tropics,' says Mr Scott, 'the bamboo not only grows with astonishing rapidity, but attains a very great height—in some instances as much as 100 feet; this, together with its feathery elegance, places it in bold contrast to surrounding vegetation, and entitles it to rank second to the noble palm. But under artificial culture it is indeed seldom seen in anything like its native majesty—the extent of our horticultural structures not admitting of its full development. In some degree at least this defect is obviated at Chatsworth—the *Bambusa* being planted out in a border of rich loam [in the conservatory], with plenty of room for its roots, and the canes likewise, in most cases, having ample accommodation: so situated, the bamboo seems at home.'

Mr Scott states that on the 19th August 1846 he observed the crown of a cane just showing itself above the surface of the ground, and being led to infer from its appearance that it would ultimately attain to a large size, he resolved to watch its progress. By the 1st September—thirteen days after its first appearance above ground—the cane had reached to the height of 8 feet, being an average growth of nearly  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches per day. By the 7th of the same month its stature was increased to 19 feet, showing an average daily growth of 1 foot 10 inches, or very nearly *an inch per hour!*—no bad progress for a stout woody stem like the bamboo. On the 30th September the cane had attained to the height of 42 feet, having continued since the 7th to grow at the diminished rate of 1 foot per day. Being now in immediate contact with the roof of the house, it was necessary to arrest its progress at this stage, otherwise it would in all probability have extended 8 or 10 feet more.\* Mr Scott states that the cane was cut down in December 1847, when the following observations of its dimensions were made:—Number of internodes, 32; circumference of the base of cane, 8 inches; circumference of the top,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch: the greatest circumference (9 inches) occurred 8 feet 3 inches from the base, and extended over 4 internodes; the two longest internodes measured each 1 foot 6 inches: they occurred at 19 feet 8 inches from the base, and were each 8 inches in circumference; the shortest internode was 11 inches, and was the lowermost on the cane. From the observations above detailed, it will be noticed that the cane varied in its rate of growth in the different stages of its development; but even if we take the average rate of growth of the entire period of its existence, we scarcely find less cause for wonder. It appears that, during its life of forty-two days, it grew to

a height of 42 feet from the ground, making an average growth of half an inch per hour, day and night, throughout the entire period—an extraordinary rapidity of development even for a luxurious tropical production. Mr W. McNab, the late superintendent of the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, measured, during a long summer-day, a growth of the young stem of a bamboo, to the extent of 7 or 8 inches.

Some of the *jungi*, or mushrooms, have been observed to grow with great rapidity. Professor Balfour ('Manual of Botany,' p. 554) mentions that *Bovista gigantea* in a single night has increased from the size of a pea to that of a melon. The force also (says the professor) with which they expand has been shown by their raising pavements under which they had been developed. Mr Ward, in his work 'On the Growth of Plants in Closely-glazed Cases,' gives another remarkable instance of the rapidity of fungoid development. 'I had been struck,' he says, pp. 68, 69, 'with the published accounts of the extraordinary growth of *Phallus fatidus*, which was said to attain a height of four or five inches in as many hours. I procured three or four specimens in an undeveloped state, and placed them in a small glazed case. All but one grew during my temporary absence from home. I was determined not to lose sight of the last specimen; and observing one evening that there was a small rent in the volve, indicating the approaching development of the plant, I watched it all night, and at eight in the morning the summit of the pileus began to push through the jelly-like matter with which it was surrounded. In the course of twenty-five minutes it shot up three inches, and attained its full elevation of four inches in one hour and a-half. The entire life of the *Phallus* was four days. Extraordinary as this may appear, I believe this rapidity of development to be surpassed by other fungi, as I was informed by Lady Arden—who has paid great attention to the species of this family, of which she has made numerous exquisite drawings—that the lives of some were so brief as scarcely to allow of sufficient time to finish her representations. Marvellous are the accounts of the rapid growth of cells in the fungi; but in the above instance it cannot for a moment be imagined that there was any increase in the number of cells, but merely an elongation of the erectile tissue of the plant.'

### GIGANTIC TREES.

Of all organic beings, trees are gifted in an especial manner with extraordinary longevity. Not to speak of the baobab of Senegal, *said* to be more than 5000 years old, nor of the cedars near the village of Eden in Lebanon, believed by the Maronites to be the remains of the forest which furnished Solomon with timber for the famous Temple 3000 years ago; passing over these *too-extraordinary* instances, we find in our own country specimens sufficiently aged to call forth our most unqualified wonder and admiration. Oaks planted before the Conquest have weathered the blasts of more than eight centuries. The celebrated Fountains Abbey yew (a branch of which is now before us) waved its boughs in the breeze 1200 years ago, and the age of the yew at Fortingall, Perthshire, is stated to be from 2500 to 2600 years; the one at Brabourne churchyard, Kent, 3000 years. These living monuments of antiquity have in numerous instances attained to dimensions as extraordinary. A yew at Hedsor, Bucks, has a trunk stated to be 27 feet in diameter; and a banyan, on an island in the river Nerbudda, is believed to be the one mentioned by Nearclius in the time of Alexander the Great, as being capable of overshadowing 10,000 men. Speaking of this tree, Professor Balfour says—'Parts of it have been carried away by floods, but it can shade 7000 men; and its circumference, measuring its principal trunk only, is 2000 feet. The chief trunks of this tree greatly exceed our English oaks and elms in thickness, and are above 350 in number. The smaller stems are more than 3000 in number.' We have just stumbled upon a letter from the Rev. Thomas Ewing of Hobart Town, published

\* It is a curious fact, well known to cultivators of such plants as the bamboo, palms, &c. that when they reach the roof of the structure in which they are growing, they immediately push their way through the glass, and often, if the weather is mild, grow upwards to a considerable height above the roof.

in the 'Botanical Gazette' by Mr Gould, wherein some similar living wonders are described. 'Last week,' says Mr Ewing, 'I went to see two of the largest trees in the world, if not the very largest that have ever been measured. I had heard of them in 1841, and I think mentioned them to you [Mr Gould] when in England. The person who found them then had forgotten their whereabouts; but I had a man out for three days in the forest in the direction intimated, and on the third he came in to say that he had rediscovered them; and I started with a party of five to measure them. They were both on a tributary rill to the North-west Bay River, at the back of Mount Wellington, and are what are here called swamp gums; but I do not know the specific name. I see that Dr Hooker, in his description of new species of *Eucalyptus*, in the "London Journal of Botany," names the stringy bark *Eucalyptus gigantea*; this would have been a more appropriate name for the swamp gum, which is a much larger tree. One was growing, the other prostrate; the latter measured to the first branch 220 feet; from thence to where the top was broken off and decayed, 64 feet—or 284 feet in all; so that with the top it must have been considerably beyond 300 feet. It is 30 feet in diameter at the base, and 12 at 220 or the first branch; and to that distance only would, from the stem alone, turn out more timber than any three of the largest oaks mentioned in Loudon with their branches. We estimated it to weigh with the branches 440 tons! The standing giant is still growing vigorously without the slightest symptom of decay, and looks like a large church tower among the puny sassafras-trees. It measures, at 3 feet from the ground, 102 feet in circumference, and at the ground 130 feet! We had no means of ascertaining its height (which, however, must be enormous) from the density of the forest. I measured another not 40 yards from it, and at 3 feet it was 60 feet round; and at 130 feet, where the first branch began, we judged it to be 40 feet: this was a noble column indeed, and sound as a nut. I am sure that within a mile there are at least a hundred growing trees 40 feet in circumference.'

#### OBSTRUCTIONS IN DRAINS BY THE ROOTS OF PLANTS.

The attention of agriculturists has recently been directed to the obstructions of land-drains and other conduits of water, which have occurred throughout various parts of the country, and are occasioned by the roots of trees and other plants. The roots, after entering the drains, seem, by some structural changes, to be enabled to derive an extraordinary amount of nourishment from the running water, as is shown by the very remarkable manner in which they are developed. In some cases these obstructions have taken place to a considerable extent, and threaten to be highly prejudicial to judicious improvement, since upon efficient draining much of the success of other agricultural operations depends. Among trees, the ash, the elm, the poplar, and the willow, have been found in different localities to insinuate their roots into tile-drains, often doing much mischief; and in the more humble tribe of field-weeds, the amphibious polygonum, the equisetum, tussilago, and ragwort, have been severally observed to be formidable intruders. Of the last-named plant, Dr Neill stated, at a late meeting of the Botanical Society, Edinburgh, that he had received a specimen more than twenty years ago whose root had entered a drain by a very small orifice, but afterwards extended itself, completely filling the drain for a space of 20 feet. This fact should have some influence in diminishing the numerous assemblages of this showy field-flower, which so frequently give a golden glow to our pasture-lands in autumn. Indeed it is a well-known fact, that the eradication of weeds is little attended to, even by many farmers whose cultivation in every other respect is unexceptionable; but attention, it is hoped, will now be drawn to the importance of the operation. In most cases of drain obstruction, however, it has been found to be caused

by the roots of trees, field-weeds being comparatively little troublesome. It thus becomes a matter of interesting and important inquiry, in what manner those pleasant hedgerows and strips of green woodland, which tend so much to beautify and shelter cultivated districts, can be allowed to exist without affecting the drainage of adjoining fields? We should be loath to see such enlivening ornaments swept away; but if rural industry requires their abolition, why, then, we must submit. In the words of a recent writer in the 'Scottish Agricultural Journal,' we can admire the beauty of a bramble brake; but we rank not amongst those pseudo-philanthropic philosophers who would regret to see it cleared away to give place to a cottage garden, or a field of golden cereal.

#### NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

##### ROTTERDAM.

At nine in the morning of the 1st of July, after a pleasant voyage of twenty-three hours from London, in the steamer *Batavier*, I walked on shore at the Boompjes in Rotterdam, and my long-felt wish to visit Holland began its realisation. If the physical aspect of the country presented but few attractions, there was much in the character and habits of the people, in the results of their long-continued plodding industry, and sturdy assertion of their right to freedom, that would more than make up for the want of picturesque scenery. I was prepared to travel as best suited my inclination, and carried no other baggage than a knapsack, a light overcoat, and slim umbrella, which, in a glazed case, did duty as walking-staff. I purposed journeying along ways as well as high-ways, hoping thereby to gain as true an idea of the country as was possible in a visit of a few weeks.

Before I got off the pier, I was stopped by two officials in uniform, with swords at their side, who demanded my passport; the document being given up to them, is afterwards to be reclaimed at the bureau de police in the Stad Huys, where the particulars are noted in a book, together with the name of the place to which you may be bound. Next a customhouse officer cried halt; but on seeing my modest equipment, bade me pass on without examination. A few paces further, at the verge of the quay, I was again arrested by a group of men, who insisted on my going to the customhouse. In vain I represented that my baggage had been 'passed': whether or no, they would bar my passage. I made a feint of yielding, and doubling round a *vigilante*, as the cabs are named, made off towards the Berlijner Hof, the hotel to which I had been commended. The party had perhaps watched my movements, for they rushed after me, and were about to renew their clamour, when a tall man came up and dispersed them, after inquiring in English if the officer had passed me. I afterwards found that the stoppage was a 'dodge' on the part of the cab-drivers, their object being to compel their victims to escape from the difficulty by a ride.

It has been said that if you desire to be thoroughly taken out of your own country, you should not travel to Constantinople, but to Rotterdam, and to a great extent this is true; for in the latter city you see all in one what can only be met with piecemeal elsewhere. There is a street at Lincoln with a canal along the centre, which on a market-day presents a busy scene of vessels and vehicles, and with a row of clipped lime-trees on each side of the water-course, would offer no inapt likeness to a Rotterdam haven or Amsterdam gracht. A residence in New York had familiarised me with the aspect of streets looking cool and pleasant as leafy avenues; and any one who has visited Edinburgh, will have seen the broad-bordered caps worn without bonnets by the lower class of Dutchwomen; with this difference, that the Hollanders wear the borders nicely stiffened and fluted, while the Scotch leave them to flap and dangle in a manner approaching to slovenly. In general appearance the people are precisely what one has been accustomed to at home, a few peculiarities excepted. Great numbers of the

working-classes wear sabots and coarse blue shirts, such as the English peasantry wore some sixty years ago when the saying was rife, 'blue shirts pays for all.' Caps, too, are the almost universal head-covering—a practice greatly to be commended, when one considers that the alternative is a hat—that phenomenon with which civilised people afflict their heads, to please others, not themselves. Then you see a constant lifting of hats or touching of caps in passing salutations; so much so, in fact, that the observances in this respect become rather oppressive.

Hood's description of Rotterdam is perfect; those who have read the poem will have a clearer idea of the city than could be conveyed by a volume of prose. He writes—

'Tall houses with quaint gables,  
Where frequent windows shine;  
And quays that lead to bridges,  
And trees in formal line,  
And masts of spicy vessels  
From western Surinam—  
All tell me you're in England,  
But I'm in Rotterdam.'

The poet further calls it a 'vulgar Venice,' and to a stranger the queen of the Adriatic can hardly present a more striking appearance. Land and water are so strangely and picturesquely intermingled, the busy life that pervades both is so thoroughly in keeping with the scene, that to walk about and look on with curious eye is occupation enough. Turn your eye which way you will, you see a bridge, its strong pillars rising aloft, bearing the heavy cross-beams by which each portion is counterpoised. The whole is painted white; and the wooden floor slopes gently upwards from each side to the centre. Presently a tall-masted vessel floats up; the two men always in attendance at the little lodge erected close by run out, they withdraw the iron wedges from the staples, and then with a slight pull at the chain hanging from the cross-beams, each half of the bridge begins slowly to rise: before they are at the perpendicular the *schuit* has passed; a push at the cross-beams sends them up again, the men spring to the centre to accelerate the descent, impatient boys scramble after them, the wedges are replaced, and the stream of traffic which had been momentarily interrupted resumes its course with no more delay than is caused by the issuing of a dray from one of the side-streets in the Strand.

My walks up and down in Rotterdam gave me the key to several matters that had puzzled me when living in New York. The American farmer drives to market with two horses at a fast trot, harnessed to a light narrow wagon, with side rails rising high behind at a sharp curve: the Dutch farmer does the same. The New York milkman goes his round in a similar wagon, supplying his customers from two bright cans placed in front of his seat: the Dutchman does the same. New York builders frequently erect whole rows of houses, side, back, and middle, leaving the entire front to be built up last: I saw the same process in Rotterdam, where many new houses were 'going up.' Here, too, was the original of the clumsy truck or dray which the 'carmen' of New York drive about the streets by hundreds. Here, too, the reason why shopkeepers' names are so perseveringly painted on each door-post in Broadway and other business thoroughfares. Here, too, the frequent occurrence of the announcements *BAKKERIJ*, *BLEEKERIJ*, and *KOEKIJ*, sufficiently explained why in the overseas city a baker's shop was called a bakery, a bleaching-ground a bleachery, and a cake-shop a cookie store; and the exposing of groceries in open barrels ranged in rows in the shops also accounted for the similar practice still existing in New York. Who would have thought that the early settlers at the mouth of the Hudson, whose town-council 'met one day and smoked their pipes,' would have left such enduring traces behind them!

The literalness of announcements on sign-boards amuses a stranger: provision-dealers tell you in painted capitals over their windows that they have 'Boter te koop, Kaas te koop'—'Butter to sell, cheese to sell,' and this not

in back lanes only, but in the Hoog Straat. In this street a printed label on a basement door stated, 'Hier is een kelder te huur'—'Here is a cellar to let'—a conveyancer could not wish for greater detail or exactitude. Our 'Mangling done here' is advertised by 'Hier mangelt men'; the mangle, however, instead of being turned with a winch and a rope, is pushed to and fro by a man who stands at one end of the machine. In Rotterdam too, as in all Dutch towns, the houses are not numbered according to the streets, but in districts. Thus Wyk 4. 349, means No. 349 in the fourth Wyk, or ward of the city; an inconvenient arrangement in some respects, as it is far easier to follow the numbers in a street than over a whole quarter, where you cannot tell the direction of their beginning or ending. Mistakes of delivery or address frequently occur in consequence even among the natives.

In going about the streets, the leaning over of the house-fronts never fails to excite attention; and nearly all travellers tell us that this effect is produced by subsidence of the foundations. This may be true in a few cases; but a very little examination shows that whole streets were originally built in the sloping position: the backs of the houses present no such deviation from the perpendicular, neither is the roof-line altered. I heard two reasons assigned for this departure from ordinary styles of architecture: one, that the inclination was given the better to preserve the front walls from injury by weather; the other, that it was a modification of the old style of building, in which the upper storeys projected over the lower, and was adopted to gain more room. Modern builders avoid this overtopping, which, however picturesque, looks dangerous; and new houses in Rotterdam, as well as elsewhere, are erected with more regard to a right line.

I was especially struck with the appearance of the vessels—coasters and inland traders, which crowd the havens. So clean, so bright, so polished: no scratches, no bruises, no marks of rough usage: you fancy they must have been kept under a glass-case; and you no longer accuse Dutch painters of flattery in putting such a high finish to the vessels in their pictures. The fenders suspended from the bulwarks are curved to fit the protuberant side, and strengthened at either end by polished brass ferules: the heel of the bowsprit, the bitts and windlass, the rudder head, are similarly decorated and painted in gay colours. The little cabins are a perfect wonder of formal neatness, and the *wrouw* and her family not less clean than the most precise residents on shore. Some of them were washing clothes, and the tubs were so contrived as to hang over the vessel's side by means of a bracket, whereby the splashing fell into the canal, and slopping of the deck was avoided. Many of these craft are floating shops for the sale of matting, crockery, brooms, brushes, firewood, &c. and on fine days the stock in trade is displayed partly on the quay and on the deck. When business grows slack, the owners cast off their moorings, and take up a new position in another street.

Mechanical employments are generally worth a little observation. I stopped more than once to watch carpenters at their work, and soon saw that in respect of tools they are a hundred years behind British artificers. Their planes are very long and narrow; taking off wide shavings with them is out of the question; the chisels are heavy and clumsy, resembling those of shipwrights; and the brace or stock used with a bit for boring holes is of a real primitive form, precisely similar to those represented in old woodcuts of the fifteenth century. I looked in vain for a grindstone: there was nothing but the flat short rubstone, with a tray of water by its side, such as English carpenters wearied themselves over a generation or two ago. In one place there was an expedient to save labour which I had not seen before: a man was sawing firewood into short lengths with a saw suspended in a frame, and counterpoised by a weight at the end of a lever. He had therefore only to push the saw forwards, which movement threw up the weight, and as the latter fell, the saw came back to the man's hand without any effort on his part. The men working in a *loodgieterij* (plumber's shop) were not better provided with tools than the *timmermans* (car-

penters); and with this fact it is not easy to reconcile another fact—that of their work being sound and good, though not light or tasteful. This result is only obtained by slowness: one day's labour with such instruments is not worth more than half a one with perfect tools. At every smithy you see a rack constructed of strong posts and joists, within which horses are placed while being shod. A stout rail at one end, and a chain stretched across the other, effectually prevent his advancing or receding. The foot to be operated on is secured within the noose of a strong rope, and a turn being taken round one of the posts, is held by the hammerman while the smith nails on the shoe. This also differs from those which we see here: the calkins are much longer than on shoes made by an English smith, and the horse clinks over the clean-swept streets as though walking on pattens. These singularities are not peculiar to Rotterdam; I noticed them wherever I went in the Netherlands.

For a commercial town and port, Rotterdam is remarkably clean. Carts go from house to house to collect the refuse brought from within; but the cleaning of the streets devolves upon the inhabitants, each householder being required to sweep in front of his own residence; and the servants may be seen every morning sweeping from each side to the middle of the causeway, from which they afterwards remove the litter, and clean out the gutters. The plan of paving is objectionable; the portion of the street which corresponds with the *troutoir* of English towns is generally throughout Holland occupied by short posts or stone pillars, with an ornamental chain stretched from one to the other. Immediately outside of this is the gutter—a square drain, nearly a foot in depth, covered by a hinged wooden flap, which, in a series of lengths of ten or twelve feet, stretches from one end of a street to the other. These flaps can of course be turned back when the channel beneath needs cleansing; but they have a make-shift and slovenly appearance, and by hiding the gutter, lead to neglect. In several places where the plank was broken, I observed the drain half-filled with stagnant sludge. This flap forms part of the footway, and the latter being on the same level as the roadway, is all alike dirty in wet weather. I could not fail to remark this defect some time afterwards when I walked into Amsterdam from Haarlem; frequent showers had fallen in the morning, and the principal thoroughfares were as sloppy as Fleet Street after a shower, with the disadvantage of being without raised side-walks, while vehicles are driven along at the side or the middle at the pleasure of the conductors. For these reasons a Dutch town cannot be properly judged of unless seen in foul as well as in fair weather. During heavy rains, the sill placed round the entrance to cellars is an insufficient protection; the water rises over it, and floods the apartment below. Rotterdam is subject to the additional evil of inundations: that part of the city beyond the dam on which the Hoog Straat is built, is flooded by high tides ten or twelve times every year. A physician at whose house I called informed me that he frequently visits his patients when his carriage is up to the axles in water. A plan to remedy this serious casualty has been drawn up by Mr Beijerinck, one of the government engineers, combining with this improvement the erection of a suspension-bridge across the Maas, and the building of a suburb on the opposite side of the river. The latter is an important desideratum; for at present Rotterdam is, as the natives say, spreading itself too much over the turf—that is, farther from the river; and no true Dutchman likes to live without water at his very door. The new quarter would afford ample accommodation in this respect. It is, in truth, somewhat remarkable to stand on the Boompjes, and see nothing but quiet meadows and rows of trees beyond the stream. The contrast is striking; on one side the busy stir of commerce, on the other solitude—not even a summer-house breaks the level of the low green bank. The throwing over of a bridge would further afford opportunity for establishing public gardens—a means of recreation much wanted in Rotterdam.

Dr van der P—, the physician above alluded to, very kindly invited me to pass an evening at his house

He conducted me over the rooms of the Bataafsch Genootschap, a scientific society, first established in 1669 by a clockmaker, who furnished gratuitously the large collection of old philosophical instruments which yet remains. Besides these, which are chiefly for statics and dynamics, there is a good supply of electrical and magnetic apparatus of modern construction. Courses of lectures are delivered every winter, but are not very well attended: the taste for scientific and philosophical pursuits is not yet sufficiently cultivated in Rotterdam. A number of volumes in the library attracted my attention as being analogous to those of our ordnance survey: they contained large engraved plans of the chief rivers of Holland, with all the levels carefully laid down. It is not easy to conceive how such a work could be dispensed with in a country where the streams have to be conxed and coerced into good behaviour. It was published at the expense of government. After this inspection we went to a Koffy huis outside the town-gate, overlooking the flat meadows towards Schiedam. Here a number of chairs and tables were ranged under the rows of thickly-planted trees, at one of which we seated ourselves. The doctor lit a cigar, and called for a bottle of wine, which we drank *al fresco*, while male and female musicians twanged guitars and sang sentimental songs for a guerdon of small coins; and from every group went up wreathing columns of smoke into the foliage above, and the waiter was incessantly moving about with a pan of lighted turf in his hand, to answer the iterated calls of 'Jan, flammature.' Among other subjects we talked of physicians' fees: 'Ah!' said the doctor, 'a medical man does not get rewarded here as in London: he is satisfied with a fee of from one to two guilders; and an income of a thousand guineas a year would place a man in that respect at the head of the profession in Rotterdam.'

It needs but a little calculation to show how much labour must be incurred to realise such an amount at the rate of two florins a visit. Next we fell upon taxation, and on this point Dutchmen can speak feelingly: a tax must be paid for every window in a house, even if there be but one. If your house have but one chimney, you are charged three florins a year for it; for two, five florins; for three, seven florins; and so on. For each maid-servant you pay nine florins yearly; and the law with regard to them is rather curiously applied. The doctor keeps three female servants, at the charge of twenty-seven florins; but he has also a hired coachman, and for four servants the rate is increased to twelve florins each; thus the tax becomes forty-eight florins. This, however, is not the finish: a man-servant is charged ten florins extra, which is nearly the same as reckoning five servants; and last there comes an additional charge of 38 per cent. on the whole assessments. Fifty florins annually are paid for the two carriage horses; and 100 florins for the patentee or license to practise. An impost is also placed on household furniture, varied according to style and class: 'And yet,' continued my worthy entertainer, 'we are always ready to pay; and we love our king and our country better than any other in the world. If the French had come in 1830, we were well prepared to receive them.' With this remark, so eminently characteristic of a Hollander, we brought our sitting to a close.

Other topics not less interesting came on for discussion when we were afterwards seated in the doctor's drawing-room; but, leaving these for the present, I was pleased with an opportunity to see something of a Dutch interior. The furniture was good, but plain, and the apartment was evidently one of those which undergo a frequent cleaning, but are seldom used. Here I first observed a peculiarity which I subsequently found prevalent in other towns—that of making all the doors of the room but one appear as part of the wall. You see a smooth papered surface; suddenly a portion of it gives way, moves outwards, and gives you a view of another room, or a passage, or staircase; and presently, by a little closer inspection, you discover three or four other doors contrived in a similar way.

On another evening I went to St Laurent's church, towards the close of the service, to hear the organ, which exceeds that of Haarlem in size, and rivals it in power. I got upon a raised seat in the deep recess of one of the corner windows, and was perfectly astonished at the view of the vast assemblage. Here, in a busy commercial town, on a working day, fully a thousand men and women had met to listen to a sermon, and not on any extraordinary occasion, but the usual evening for worship. I was endeavouring to reconcile this fact with what I had heard concerning the small attendance at philosophical lectures, when the sermon closed, and the *voorzanger* gave out a hymn. The qualities of the organ came out effectively in the preliminary air, and never shall I forget the burst of sound when the singing began! Not one of that numerous congregation appeared to be silent: all sang with a spirit and heartiness that I have never heard equalled. I was far enough removed to escape any harshness of tone, and as I listened to the pealing and sonorous harmony, I felt that it alone was well worth a voyage across the German Ocean.

Such singing—that is, as regards simultaneity and earnestness—belongs to the history of the past in England; its existence in Holland, I afterwards found reason to believe, is mainly due to the system of instruction pursued in the schools—a subject to be noticed hereafter. On the following day, favoured with letters of introduction from the hospitable doctor, I left Rotterdam by railway for Delft.

#### MANUFACTURE OF PORT WINE.

IN a series of recent pamphlets on the wine-trade of Portugal,\* the whole art and mystery of wine-making and wine-compounding in that country is thoroughly exposed; and for the first time we learn that even the farmers of the Alto Douro are all but uniformly in the practice of mixing their wines with the elder-berry, sugar, and brandy—the first to impart to it a flavour somewhat but distantly resembling port of the best quality, the second to give it sweetness, and the last to add body and strength. In consequence of the prevalence of this system, there is probably more than double the quantity of port wine exported that is actually produced in the wine district. Hence it is that the genuine juice of the grape of the Alto Douro, so much esteemed by our aristocratic ancestors, has now sunk into the character of a kitchen wine, and is little more thought of by the fashionable world than the 'heavy wet' of the London hackney-coachmen. The pamphlets above referred to reprobate the present system, and call upon the wine-farmers to abandon it as injurious to their own interests as well as those of their country. These pamphlets seem throughout to be characterised by an honesty and independence of sentiment which are but little akin to the mere mercantile or money-making spirit.

It has been alleged by the favourers of the above system, that the English taste with respect to port wine has changed; and that instead of wine possessing a fine delicate aroma, derived from the superior climate of certain exposures in the district of the Alto Douro, the English wine-drinkers now demand port that is black, strong, and sweet; and the wine-farmer being bound to conform to the tastes of his customers, has no alternative but to mix his wine with elder-berry, brandy, and sugar, in order to produce the article required. Although the substances here said to be used are far from poisonous in their nature, yet they are all of a coarse and indigestible description, and when largely partaken of, are calculated to impair the functions of the stomach, and to induce a heaviness and lethargy the reverse of genial or agreeable, and the system followed has at last resulted in the wines of the Alto Douro being in a great measure excluded from the dining-tables of the aristocracy of England. The quantity of elder-

berry used may be estimated by the fact, that it is more extensively grown in the district of the Douro than the grape itself, and is admittedly used in an equal quantity in the wine manufacture.

The wine district of Portugal, where the port wine of commerce is produced, extends along the banks of the river Douro from the town of Mazatirio to a short way beyond the town of I. Jaao da Pesqueira, being an extent of little more than eight leagues. The district varies in breadth, but it may be stated as averaging about three leagues. The grape grown in the district varies in richness according to the quality of the soil, its proximity to the river, and its exposure to the genial breezes of the south and west. The richest soils are those which border on the river, especially on its northern bank; for, having a southern exposure, they uniformly produce grapes of the best quality. As you rise into the more elevated situations, where the air is chiller, and the exposure to the storms of winter is greater, a grape is produced whose juice is thinner and more watery, and altogether different from the produce of the richer soils near the river. The port-wine district is thus of a circumscribed extent, and the portion of it where wines of the best quality are produced is still more limited, and would thus be capable only of supplying a limited demand. There is grown, however, a sufficient quantity of grapes to produce 20,000 pipes of port of the first quality annually—the total annual production amounting to about 100,000 pipes.

The pamphlets to which we have referred show that the genuine unmixed wine of the most elevated point of the Douro district is of itself sufficiently rich and nutritious (with the addition of about from 7½ to 10 per cent. of brandy, which is necessary for its preservation) to form a healthful and exhilarating beverage; and but for the extraneous substances with which it is drugged, even it would create a demand which would much enhance its price in the market, and restore its character among the upper classes of England. If the same attention, indeed, were bestowed on the cultivation of the vine that is devoted to the mixing and adulterating of the wine, a greater quantity of port wine would be produced and exported than at present, and a much higher price obtained for it; thus illustrating the old adage in a larger sense than usual—that 'honesty is the best policy,' and that we cannot do injury to our fellow-men, and hope to thrive by it. The productions of a country, indeed, form a good barometer, indicating strikingly the moral and intellectual attributes of its population; for where the articles produced are of the best quality, and free from adulteration, it evinces a deep sense of truthfulness on the part of the producers, which is uniformly accompanied with all other blessings.

#### WHEN THE SUMMER COMES.

I ONCE knew a little boy, a little child, of three years old; one of those bright creatures whose fair loveliness seems more of heaven than of earth—even at a passing glimpse stirring our hearts, and filling them with purer and holier thought. But this, the little Francie, was more of a cherub than an angel—as we picture them—with his gladsome hazel eyes, his dazzling fairness, his clustering golden hair, and his almost winged step. Such he was, at least until sickness laid its heavy hand on him; then indeed, when, after days of burning, wasting fever—hours of weary restlessness—the little hand at last lay motionless outside the scarcely whiter coverlet of his tiny bed, the fair, still head pressed down upon the pillow, and the pale face gazing with the silent wonder of returning consciousness on the anxious ones around it; then indeed a bright yet plying look would flit across it, or dwell in the earnest eyes—a look such as we assign to angels in our dreams, when some fond fancy seems to bring them near us, weeping for mortal griefs beyond their remedy.

It was a strange sickness for one so young—the

\* By Mr Joseph James Forrester, of the firm of Offey, Webber, and Forrester, wine-merchants, Oporto.

struggle of typhus fever with a baby frame; but life and youth obtained the victory; and quicker even than hope could venture to expect, the pulses rallied, the cheeks grew round and rosy, and the little wasted limbs filled up again. Health was restored—health, but not strength: we thought this for a while. We did not wonder that the weakened limbs refused their office, and still we waited on in hope, until days, and even weeks, passed by: then it was found that the complaint had left its bitter sting, and little Francie could not walk a step, or even stand.

Many and tedious and painful were the remedies resorted to; yet the brave little heart bore stoutly up, with that wonderful fortitude, almost heroism, which all who have watched by suffering childhood, when the tractable spirit bends to its early discipline, must at some time or other have remarked. Francie's fortitude might have afforded an example to many; but a dearer lesson was given in the hopeful spirit with which the little fellow himself noted the effect of each distressing remedy, marking each stage of progress, and showing off with eager gladness every step attained, from the first creeping on the hands and knees, to the tiptoe journey round the room, holding on by chairs and tables; then to the clinging to some loving hand; and then at last the graceful balancing of his light body, until he stood quite erect alone, and so moved slowly on.

It was in autumn this illness seized on the little one, just when the leaves were turning, and the orchard fruits becoming ripe. His nurse attributed it all to his sitting on a grassy bank at play on one of those uncertain autumn days; but he, in his childish way, always maintained 'It was Francie himself—eating red berries in the holly bower.' However this may have been, the season and the time seemed indelibly impressed upon his mind. In all his long confinement to the house, his thoughts continually turned to outward objects, to the external face of nature and the season's change, and evermore his little word of hope was this, 'When the summer comes!'

He kept it up throughout the long winter and the bleak cold spring. A tiny little carriage had been provided for him, in which, well wrapped up from the cold, and resting on soft cushions, he was lightly drawn along by a servant, to his own great delight, and the admiration of every young beholder. But when any one—attempting to reconcile him the better to his position—expatiated on the beauty or comfort of his new acquisition, his eager look and word would show how far he went beyond it, as, quickly interrupting, he would exclaim, 'Wait till the summer comes—then Francie will walk again!'

During the winter there was a fearful storm: it shook the windows, moaned in the old trees, and howled down the chimneys with a most menacing voice. Older hearts than Francie's quailed that night, and he, unable to sleep, lay listening to it all—quiet, but asking many a question, as his excited fancy formed similitudes to the sounds. One time it was poor little children cruelly turned out, and wailing; then something trilling, with its last hoarse cry; then wolves and bears, from far-off other lands. But all the while Francie knew he was snug and safe himself: no fears disturbed him, whatever the noise may have done. Throughout the whole of it he carried his one steadfast hope, and in the morning, telling of it all, with all his marvellous thoughts, he finished his relation with the never-failing word of comfort, 'Ah! there shall be no loud wind, no waking nights, when once the summer comes!'

The summer came with its glad birds and flowers, its balmy air; and who can paint the exquisite delight of the suffering child that had waited for it so long? Living almost continually in the open air, he seemed to expect fresh health and strength from each reviving breath he drew, and every day would deem himself capable of some greater effort, as if to prove that his expectation had not been in vain.

One lovely day he and his little playfellows were in

a group amusing themselves in part of the garden when some friends passed through. Francie, longing to show how much he could do, intreated hard to be taken with them 'along the walk just to the holly bower.' His request was granted, and on he did walk; quick at first, then slowly slower: but still upheld by his strong faith in the summer's genial influence, he would not rest in any of the offered arms, though the fitful colour went and came, and the pauses grew more and more frequent. No; with a heavy sigh he admitted, 'Tis a very, very long walk now; but Francie must not be tired: sure the summer is come.' And so, determined not to admit fatigue in the face of the season's bright proofs around him, he succeeded in accomplishing his little task at last.

Thus the summer passed away, and again came the changing autumn, acting on poor little Francie to a degree he had never reckoned on, and with its chill, damp airs nearly throwing him back again. With a greater effort even than before, he had again tried the walk to the holly bower, the scene of his self-accusing misdemeanour as the cause of all his sufferings. He sat down to rest; above his head, as the autumnal breeze swept through them, 'the polished leaves and berries red did rustling play;' and as little Francie looked upwards towards them, a memory of the former year, and of all the time that had passed since then, seemed for the first time mournfully to steal over his heart. He nestled in closer to his mother's side; and still looking up, but with more thoughtful eyes, he said, 'Mamma, is the summer quite gone?'

'Yes, my darling. Don't you see the scarlet berries, the food of winter for the little birds?'

'Quite gone, mamma, and Francie not quite well?'

His mother looked away; she could not bear her child to see the tell-tale tears his mournful little words called up, or know the sad echo returned by her own desponding thoughts. There was a moment's silence, only broken by the blackbird's song; and then she felt a soft, a little kiss, upon her hand, and looking down, she saw her darling's face—yes, surely now it was as an angel's—gazing upward to her, brightly beaming, brighter than ever; and his rosy lips just parted with their own sweet smile again as he exclaimed in joyous tones, 'Mamma, the summer will come again!'

Precious was that heaven-born word of childish faith to the careworn mother, to cheer her then, and, with its memory of hope, still to sustain her through many an after-experiment and anxious watch, until at last she reaped her rich reward in the complete realisation of her bright one's hope. Precious to more than her such words may be, if bravely stemming our present trouble, whatsoever it be—bravely enduring, persevering, encouraging others and ourselves, 'even as that little child'—we hold the thought, that as the revolving year brings round its different seasons, as day succeeds to night—and even as surely as we look for this, and know it—so to the trusting heart there comes a time—it may be soon or late, it may be now, or it may be then—when this grief or grievance will have passed away; and so 'twill all seem nothing—when the summer comes!

## AUTOGRAPHS.

### NO. 2.—THE LETTRE DE CACHET.

THERE was a period of some duration when the word *lettre de cachet*, whispered in the saloons of Paris, spread among its gay and thoughtless *habitués* affright and alarm. Even the courtiers in the gilded halls of Versailles, as they fluttered in their gallant trim around the dazzling pageant that represented grandeur and monarchy, turned pale as they heard a sound that presented to their bewildered imaginations visions of gloomy dungeons, of mysterious agents, and of machines of torture in every shape and form. The dusky walls

of the Bastille rose up in formidable array before their eyes; they heard the rolling of the carriage-wheels across the drawbridge that cut off every thought of communication with the busy world, and condemned them to silence, to sorrow, and perhaps to the grave. They knew that the presentation of the *lettre de cachet* to the governor of the Bastille was a signal that consigned them to oblivion; for their dearest friends, when once they heard that this act of power had been gone through, would trouble themselves no further as to their fate, lest they themselves should become participators in the folly, the guilt, or the punishment of the hapless prisoners.

The missives that originally emanated from the sovereign were of three kinds—letters patent, letters under the great seal, and letters under the privy seal. The first was open to all: it usually commenced with, 'To all men greeting,' or 'To all those whom it may concern,' or 'Know all men by these presents'—forms which, borrowed from the French law, were introduced by the Norman conquerors into England. These were signed by the king, countersigned by the secretary of state, and sealed with the seal of state. They were generally issued from the council of state, and were such edicts, ordinances, and charters as the sovereign in his council chose to promulgate; and to these were attached the words *par le roi en son conseil*. The second kind of missives were such grants of title, of property, of naturalisation, and of favour, as the king was pleased in the exercise of his prerogative to bestow: they were signed by him, and by the secretary of state, and were sent to the office of the keeper of the great seal to receive the authoritative impression; or to the keeper of the privy seal, when edicts of minor importance were required. But the *lettres de cachet* were not written upon parchment, nor upon ministerial paper; they were admitted to be legal even upon the commonest sheet of paper; they were signed by the king, and countersigned by the secretary of state; they were then enveloped in another sheet of paper, and could only be opened by the individual to whom they were addressed; the guilt of high treason, and the consequent forfeiture of life, being the penalty attached to the breaking of the seal, or even to a clandestine knowledge of the contents. These letters were sent to individuals forming the different councils of state, when they were called upon to assemble for the purpose of deliberation, and were addressed only to one person, the commencement usually being—'I write this letter to inform you,' and the termination, 'I pray God to keep you in his holy care.'

The earliest use made of these letters for punishment, before they became so formidable an instrument of tyranny, was when peers, or men of power and rank, refused to appear before the monarch or his tribunals to answer for offences committed against the state: there were then forwarded *lettres de cachet* announcing the banishment from the country, or the exile from the court, of the accused. Many such letters were issued by Louis XI.: they are still extant, and show the refined artifices and crooked policy pursued by the crafty and cruel monarch; but it remained for the still more wily and experienced Richelieu to convert these letters into instruments of unrestrained despotism. It was affirmed by his contemporaries, and has been generally believed, that the suggestions of Father Joseph du Tremblay were usually followed by this powerful minister; and that every idea the priest furnished him with was for the restraint of the liberty of the subject, and for the increase of punishment; and that therefore whatever unpopularity the cardinal was compelled to bear, arose out of his lending a willing ear to his advice.

Father Joseph, a name execrated by the majority of

historians, had originally been a military man, but had become a capuchin monk. Banished to Avignon, he had been recalled by Richelieu, to give him his silent aid in state affairs; for which his cunning, his pliancy, and his subservency, were admirably adapted. Promises were perpetually held out to him at every dark step he took, and on every occasion when he was entangled in a maze, that upon his extrication from his difficulties he should be raised to a bishopric. But he was always disappointed: the mitre was always placed before his eyes, but he was never allowed to encircle his brow with it. Imprisonment in the fortress of the Bastille was pointed out by him to the cardinal as the best means of getting rid of a troublesome enemy; but as occasionally the *éclat* which would attend upon such a measure might create a clamour, or awake some disturbance, it was thought right that everything connected with the seclusion of the individual should be conducted with the utmost silence and secrecy. The arrest was to be made with as little publicity as possible: the guard necessary to take possession of the accused was to be formed of persons in whom the utmost confidence could be placed, and who, from being immediately about the king, were attached to the royal person. The prisoner was to be taken at a stated hour to his place of confinement, to be received by the governor of the tower himself, who from that moment became responsible for his person, his actions, and his communication with the external world, and who alone knew the contents of the *lettre de cachet*.

This letter usually gave definite instructions to the governor as to the nature of the seclusion, whether the deep dungeon, the solitary cell, or a higher class of accommodation, was granted. It pointed out the treatment to which the prisoner was to be submitted, but generally in a conventional language, understood only by him to whom it was addressed. The letter in the days of Louis XIV. usually commenced, 'M. de Bernard, it being necessary that Mons. — should enter my castle of the Bastille, I write this letter to tell you my intention:' then follows such commands as it was considered necessary should be given. Several of those documents exist; and amongst others, in a collection of autographs, is seen one headed as above, with directions to allow the witnesses of the procureur-general to have access at a certain hour, for such purposes as they may require, to M. Beaujeu, confined within the castle of the Bastille. This order, signed by Louis, and countersigned by Colbert, is in the form which is generally understood to have conveyed the information that the procureur-general was about to send those miserable tools of power whose office it was to wring confession by torture, and then appear as witnesses of the acknowledgment of guilt. On the back is endorsed, in the handwriting of Colbert, signed with his name, 'Order to allow six persons, musqueteers, to M. Beaujeu, 8th of March, 1674.' The purpose for which these instruments of the ministers were admitted cannot be doubted; and, as if to confirm the suspicion such a document always carried with it, there are still stains of blood on the paper, evidently the grasp of the finger and the thumb of the executioner when delivering up the authority by which he had entered the Bastille, and upon which he had acted. Further research has led to the knowledge of the fact, that M. Beaujeu, suspected of a traitorous correspondence with the enemies of Spain, had been tried, and found guilty, on his own acknowledgment, of the facts laid to his charge.

There is evident proof of the lavish use which Cardinal Richelieu made of the *lettres de cachet*: there exist many historic documents besides those which are furnished by the writers of the period; and a glance at some of the portfolios which slumber upon the shelves of the National Library, would convince the literary man that there are sources from which romances might be created of far deeper interest than any mere work of imagination.

Mild, gentle, and winning were the manners of Cardinal Fleury: all who approached him were charmed with his prepossessing appearance: his soft and gentle tones sunk upon the ear of the listener, and every one left his presence with the conviction that he was governing France with a tender and paternal care; yet at the moment were the dungeons of the Bastille echoing with the groans of his captives, who called for pity, for mercy, or for vengeance! He who had been the dispenser of the charities of Louis XIV., who had been the friend of the poor and the needy, who was considered the kind-hearted and the tolerant teacher, became, as a minister, the most implacable of men, and the most fiery of zealots. His name is said to have been attached to between twenty and thirty thousand lettres de cachet! Any one pointed out to him as suspected of Jansenism, might be immediately arrested, and consigned to a prison.

Before him Louvois had used the same instrument in the name of religion: he is said to have sent eighty thousand persons to prison, with the vain hope of preventing the extension of Protestantism. He is generally accused of the utmost disregard of the liberty of the subject, and is reported to have given blank lettres de cachet to all persons of rank and station indiscriminately, the names of the victim to be inserted at their pleasure. The nobility made fearful use of this license: domestic servants, contumacious tradesmen who wanted their bills paid, parents who would not permit their daughters to be insulted, husbands whose attachment to their wives interfered with aristocratic licentiousness, all were shut up under various pretences. The hatred borne to the name of a lettre de cachet, and the mysterious stories told of the Bastille, urged the populace on, upon the first breaking out of the great Revolution, to demolish this gloomy fortress, this image of the despotism under which Paris had so long groaned. Upon the destruction of the edifice, seven state-prisoners only were found within the walls—an evidence that of late the lettres de cachet had been sparingly used.

Among the articles which were preserved are two manuscript volumes of singular utility in historical research. They were the day-books kept in the Bastille by the Governor De Launay, from the moment he was intrusted with the command, to the day on which he fell, together with his major, Losme Solbray, under the blows of a ferocious mob, that took him from the escort of the guard to whom he had surrendered. In them is the autograph of every prisoner on his leaving his dungeon, containing a promise that he would not divulge anything that had come to his knowledge within the Bastille. Among them are several names of individuals who have been distinguished in the world, and a series of interesting manuscripts are bound up together. The papers preserved were few in number: but they included several of those lettres de cachet which serve to illuminate the page of history. With the Bastille has disappeared, it is hoped, for ever such arbitrary means of governing a nation. With that fortress, and with the lettres de cachet, fell the despotism of the monarchs of the race of Bourbon. It is a fact well known, that, notwithstanding the short distance between Versailles and Paris, the news of what was passing in the city, while the inhabitants of the Faubourg St Antoine were destroying the Bastille, did not reach the court, busy with its usual round of festivities and frivolities. The evening passed off without Louis XVI. having the slightest suspicion that his crown was passing away. Larocbefoucauld Liancourt, when his majesty had retired to rest, entered his bedroom, and told him that the Bastille was in the hands of the mob.

'What say you, duke?' throwing himself into a chair. 'Then there is a revolt?'

'Sire,' replied the nobleman with solemnity, 'there is a revolution!' It was so, and the wounds it has inflicted upon humanity are almost incurable; but still it must not be forgotten that the ministers to whom was committed the charge of watching over a mighty

nation, neglected the solemn duties imposed upon them. They did not seek to repress crime; but they fostered, and then punished it. Their instruments were as abominable as their policy. But generations, thank God, have now learned to rely upon better maxims.

### THE FIRST PUPIL OF THE CLAREMONT DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

THE village of Glasnevin is pleasantly situated on the river Tolka, and though not more than two miles from Dublin, from its rural and retired appearance, it might be supposed far from any city. It is interesting from being associated with the names of some celebrated Irishmen. It was the favourite resort of Tickell, Addison, Swift, Delany, Steele, Sheridan, and Parnell; and some of the relics of former days are still to be found there. Delville, situated on a gentle eminence in the midst of lawns and plantations, was formerly the seat of Dean Delany, and was often the scene where these distinguished literary men assembled to enjoy social intercourse. It was there that Swift and his Stella delighted to be received as guests. A little temple stands on a sloping lawn decorated with Mrs Delany's paintings, and a medallion bust of Stella; and under the building a printing-press was found, which Swift used in printing some of his satires. We have often sat in the shady bower, which still goes by the name of Stella's Bower, where it is said that accomplished lady loved to sit and read or work. The Botanic Garden occupies the ground which was once Tickell's demesne. When we last visited it, some years since, it covered thirty acres: it has probably been added to since then. It is laid out on scientific principles, and with infinite skill in the combination of great beauty with all that is interesting and instructive to the botanist. Besides the taste displayed in the disposition of the splendid collection of plants, the garden has natural advantages, which add considerably to its charms: a river which flows through it, fine old timber, and undulations of ground, give a variety seldom to be met with in places systematically laid out. Claremont, the institution for the deaf and dumb, is in the immediate neighbourhood. The house is beautifully situated in the midst of meadows and garden, which extend over nineteen acres. Seventy pupils are lodged there; and it would afford accommodation for 120 if the funds were sufficient for their support. A most successful system of education for the poor children is carried on. Like many other of our national institutions, the establishment of this is owing to the humanity and zeal of a single individual, who has since emigrated to Africa, to the loss of his native country. But long before he left its shores, he had the gratification of seeing the institution which his zealous exertions called into existence firmly established, and it remains a noble memorial of worth and energy.

Dr Charles Orpen having finished his medical and surgical studies in Edinburgh and London, made a tour through the south and west of England (having previously visited the north) to examine the principal hospitals, prisons, manufactories, &c. Among a number of letters of introduction, he had one to Dr Lys of Birmingham, who handed him the first report of an institution for the deaf and dumb just established there. So little interest did Dr Orpen feel at that time in the subject, that he laid the document aside, and did not visit the school; but he afterwards happened to look into the report, and as he read, he became interested; and at length the wish to found an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb, the first ever attempted in Ireland, took complete possession of his mind. He selected from the Bedford Asylum, as the subject of preliminary experiment, Thomas Collins, a deaf and dumb child, because he appeared to him the most neglected. He succeeded in teaching him to pronounce any letter, syllable, word, or sentence

in any language written in English characters, and to know a pretty large number of nouns and adjectives, and a few verbs, and some of the common particles. He could also reckon to any amount, write a pretty good hand, perform the first three simple rules of arithmetic, construct some sentences, and answer a few simple questions. The great patience exercised to forward Dr Orpen's object cannot be overrated. 'As soon as the institution was established,' says the doctor, 'I of course relinquished to it my little pupil.' Not only did the mind of the poor child expand, and his intellect brighten under this judicious training, but his affections, which had been totally without object, were now powerfully excited and tenderly cherished, and never yet were love and gratitude more strongly exemplified than in this poor boy. For a considerable time Dr Orpen taught in the school; but finding it interfered too much with his professional duties, a competent person was placed at the head of the establishment; but he still continued to give great part of his valuable time and attention to it. He traversed distant lands, that he might visit the foreign schools for the deaf and dumb, and corresponded largely with those engaged in educating them. His lectures, embodied in some of the annual reports of the Claremont Institution, contain a fund of interesting information, and a variety of anecdotes connected with the subject. A week never passed without Collins spending at least one day with Dr Orpen, whose care he repaid with unbounded love and almost religious devotion. The money that was given to him by visitors this poor child usually laid out in charity; but having at length accumulated a sum, he gave the whole to the institution, so that his name actually appeared in its reports as a contributor. Indeed among the many good feelings which it would have been impossible not to have observed in this deaf and dumb orphan, his peculiar tenderness for those who laboured under a similar misfortune to his own, and his anxious desire that they should participate in the advantages of education, were very touching. But it was not by his gift alone that he was of use to the establishment; from his superior intelligence, and the progress which he made, he soon became a monitor, and assisted in giving instruction. His letters, which appeared from time to time in the annual reports, were very interesting, as showing the quickness of observation which took account of all that was presented to him. His descriptions of the various exhibitions to which he was brought are remarkable for accuracy, and are given with amusing naïveté: the phraseology is like that of a foreigner. Among his letters, that to George IV. was printed. When the king visited Ireland, he felt a strong desire to write to him, and mentioned it to a friend, who conceived it was but a vague notion which would soon pass away. Collins, however, composed a letter; and having procured some gilt-edged paper, he made a fair copy; and having directed it to his majesty, consigned it to the post-office. It ran thus:—

'MY DEAR GEORGE—I hope I will see you when you come here to see the deaf and dumb pupils. I am very sorry that you never did come here to see them. I never saw you. You ought to see the deaf and dumb boys and girls. I will be very glad to see you, if you will come here often to see me. Did you ever see the deaf and dumb in London? In what country did you see the deaf and dumb? The boys and girls are much improving, and very comfortable here. Are you interested in seeing the deaf and dumb? All the soldiers in the armies belong to you. The king of England gives a great deal of money to them. You must write a letter to me soon. I am very much pleased with writing a letter to you. I want to get a letter from you. I am much polite, and very fond of you. How many brothers and sisters have you? Would you like to see me at Claremont? I could not go to London, because there is too much money to pay to the captain of a ship for me. I am an orphan, and a very poor boy. God will bless you. I love God very much, because he is the

Creator of all things, and sent his Son to save us from sin. He supports us, and gives us everything, and makes us alive in the world. Do you know grammar, geography, Bible, arithmetic, astronomy, and dictionary? I know them very little. Claremont is a very beautiful place; it has a great deal of meadows, ponds, lakes, trees, flowers, gardens, a horse, and an ass. I am thinking of everything, and to be polite to every one. Some of the deaf and dumb boys are always working in our garden. I have been at school for four years and a-half. I am sixteen years of my age. I am very delighted that I am improving very much. Perhaps I will be an assistant of the Deaf and Dumb School. There are forty-one pupils at Claremont. Where were you born? I was born in Dublin. I am quite deaf and dumb, and can speak very well. Would you like to correspond with me? I would be very fond of you. You ought to write a long letter to me soon. What profession are you of? I never saw you. I am very anxious to see you indeed, and would like to see the king of England very much. We want a new school-room, and we want to have more deaf and dumb boys and girls at Claremont, but we have not money enough to buy clothes and food for them. Will you send us some deaf and dumb children, and give us money to pay for educating them? I am your affectionate friend,

THOMAS COLLINS.

*Claremont, Glasnevin, near Dublin.*

The king, although unused to being addressed by strangers through the medium of the post-office, and to the familiar style in which this letter was written, was sensibly touched by its unaffected simplicity; but no more was heard of it till a short time before his departure from Ireland, when one day the inmates of Claremont were greatly astonished to see one of the royal carriages drive up the avenue, and stop at the door. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and the gentleman who accompanied him, inquired for Thomas Collins, as they had been commanded by his majesty, in consequence, they said, of a letter which had interested the king deeply. The gentlemen stood at the far end of the drawing-room, to observe the boy's countenance as he read the letter which they brought. The boy read the address to himself, and turning the letter to open it, instantly perceived that the seal resembled those which he had seen on official letters from the castle, and guessed it was an answer to his letter to the king: he begged for scissors, that he might not break the seal; but none being at hand, he opened it most carefully. On reading the letter, which contained a draft in his favour on the king's banker for £10, he was in an ecstasy, which he testified so naturally by his words, countenance, and gestures, that the strangers were delighted. The sum was put into the savings' bank, and afterwards laid out in apprenticing him to a printer; and thus did it happen that he found his constant occupation in the diffusion of language. His quick and warm feelings, his intelligence and docility, and, above all, his ardent attachment to Dr Orpen, endeared him to that excellent man's family, and interested the friends and acquaintances who often met him at Dr Orpen's table. Nor did he there seem out of his place, his deportment was so gentlemanly. It is rare to find a vulgar person among the deaf and dumb on whom any pains have been bestowed: their visual perception is so acute and rapid, that what is uncouth or unmannered quickly strikes them. Poor Collins was made very happy by the present of a watch, bestowed on him by Dr Orpen's brother: it was on every account a most precious gift; and seldom has a watch been so often looked at and consulted. It would have been lost to him but for his quickness in detecting a pickpocket who had snatched it away: he pursued her, and with the assistance of a watchman, she was captured, and the watch found in her possession: she was prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. Collins subsequently fell into good hands, for a gentleman of large property, and engaged in the most bene-

violent pursuits, took him to his home to superintend a printing press; and here we lose farther trace of the first pupil of the first Irish institution for the education of the deaf and dumb.

#### ATMOSPHERIC WAVES.

On this subject a correspondent, who dates from Ambleside, writes as follows:—In an article on the Chemistry of Creation, in Part 79 of your Journal, you speak of the atmospheric waves, a phenomenon which is at present one of the subjects of scientific examination, and which has been observed for some time past to manifest itself more remarkably about the middle of November. Another remarkable and hitherto unexplained phenomenon, called the Indian Summer in North America, and l'Été de St Martin in Switzerland, occurs regularly in the same month, and lasts about the same time; from which concurrence and coincidence you conjecture, and very reasonably, I think, that the two phenomena are related to each other. I have now to propose to your consideration another, which seems to me to be related to both, and may perhaps furnish a clue for the explanation of the whole mystery, or at least indicate the line on which the examination should be pursued. It is this—that on the other side of the equator, in America, at the very same time, the heat of the weather is suddenly invaded by a cool *aura*, when the Spanish inhabitants of the country call the '*Yelos de San Andrés*'—the Chills of St Andrew—because they occur not long before the celebration of the festival of that saint and apostle. Now the synchronism of the phenomena in the two hemispheres, as it would seem to refer them to one and the same general cause, so the reversedness of their effects as to sensation, for I can speak to nothing else, would indicate that general cause to be magnetism. For supposing the atmospheric wave to be magnetic and polar, we ought to expect that the effects of it on either side the equator would be respectively reversed—that what was warm in the one hemisphere would be cold in the other.\* Since, then, the phenomena answer exactly to this condition of polarity, I venture to submit that the atmospheric waves are somehow related to magnetism; and considering the warmth and coolness which attend them in the opposite hemispheres respectively, I would further suggest that the magnetism is *odylic*. I have lived many years in North and South America, and can answer for the regular recurrence of the Indian Summer and the *Yelos de San Andrés*, with more or less intensity, during all the time.

#### PAY YOUR DEBTS.

1. If you wish to secure the reputation of being an honest man, pay your debts.—2. If you would avoid bringing disgrace upon the religious party you belong to, pay your debts.—3. If you are anxious to get a good article, and be charged the lowest possible price for your goods, never delay to pay your debts.—4. If you wish to obtain such credit as your business may require, be sure to pay your debts.—5. If you would remain on terms of friendship with those you trade with, pay your debts.—6. If you would avoid embarrassing others who are depending upon the settlement of your account, pay your debts.—7. If you wish to prevent mistakes and litigation, keep your accounts well adjusted, and pay your debts.—8. If you wish to aid in the circulation of money, never let cash remain by you, but pay your debts.—9. If you would do to others as you wish them to do to you, you ought to pay your debts.—10.—If you wish to stand clear of the charge of lying, and making false excuses, pay your debts.—11. If you desire to pursue your business with peace of mind, pay your debts.—12. If, in the expectation of death, you would like to leave your affairs in a satisfactory condition, pay your debts.—13. If you wish to do what is right in the sight of God and man, you must pay your debts.—14. Should your debts be ever so old, or should you have 'taken the benefit of the Act,' if you have the means, you are not a just man unless you pay your debts. To enable you to pay, adopt the following advice:—Let your food, living, and equipage be plain, and not costly; avoid expensive clothing; abstain from wine and all intoxicating liquor, and never keep it in the house; do not sink your capital by purchasing plate or splendid furniture; have as few parties as possible; be

careful as to speculations, and never extend your trade beyond your means; never aspire to be shareholders in banks, railways, &c.; have as few men about you as is convenient, and none of a suspicious character; be determined to refuse all offers of partnerships; be careful as to lending money or being bound with others; avoid all lawsuits; keep your books posted, and look well to the accounts of your customers; bring up your family to economy and industry: if you observe these things, you will always be able, with God's blessing, to pay your debts.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

#### THE FLYING CLOUD.

CLOUD! following sunwards o'er the evening sky,  
Take thou my soul upon thy folds, and fly,  
Swifter than light, invisible as air,  
Fly—where, ah, where?

—Stay—where my soul would stay; then melt and fall,  
Like tears at night-time shed, unseen by all;  
As some sad spirit had been wandering round  
The garden's bound—

Wandering, yet never finding rest nor calm;  
Wounded and faint, yet asking not for balm;  
Sick with dull fear lest joy's long-closed gate  
May open—too late!

Cloud! sailing westward tinged with purple dye,  
Mocking me, as all helplessly I lie;  
Ah, cloud!—my longing err'd; for me were best  
Another rest.

Then lift me with thee to those fields of air  
Where earth grows dim, and upward, upward bear,  
Till angels meet us with their wings of fire  
That never tire.

Then, standing meekly at Heaven's golden door,  
Filled, where I thirsted—rich, where once so poor,  
I shall forget—ah! only, only pain;  
Love will remain!

And sometimes, sweeping down on wings unfurled,  
To work Heaven's unseen work throughout the world,  
A happy spirit shall come wandering round  
The garden's bound;

Dropping—not tears, but blessings; heavenly-willed,  
Fulfilling what in life was ne'er fulfilled;  
Since with the last great change the veil was torn,  
And Love was born.

#### DECLINE OF ROYAL AND NOBLE FAMILIES.

It has often occurred to us that a very interesting paper might be written on the rise and fall of English families. Truly does Dr Borlase remark, that 'the most lasting houses have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength: they have their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death.' Take, for example, the Plantagenets, the Staffords, and the Nevilles, the three most illustrious names on the roll of English nobility. What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, in personal achievement, our Henrys and our Edwards? and yet we find the great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a cobbler at the little town of Newport, in Shropshire, in the year 1637. Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be discovered that 'the aspiring blood of Lancaster' had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flows at the present time through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., king of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur Mr Joseph Stuart, of Halesowen, butcher, and Mr George Wilnot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St George's, Hanover Square.—*Burke's Anecdotes of the Peers.*

\* Baron von Reichenbach has well conjectured that the effects produced on sensitive persons by magnets, crystals, &c. would be reversed in the southern hemisphere.

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## THE PIONEERS AND THE LAGGERS.

WE read the other day of the laying down of the electric communication between France and England, while wandering amongst the wilds at the opposite end of the island. It was a curious contrast, that between the nature and bearing of this piece of intelligence, and the condition of the portion of the nation amongst whom we were sojourning. The electric telegraph, and more particularly this application of it, may be assumed as a type of the extraordinary physical improvements for which our age is remarkable. It were saying little to say that the laying down of this magic wire in the English Channel is a fact more entitled to commence an epoch, or stand at the head of a section of European history, than many of the grand eras to be found in Tytler. Such things are occurring every now and then. One day it is a Waghorn bringing India three months nearer to England. Another, it is a Stephenson and a Fairbairn throwing a gigantic tube across the sea. Again, it may be some marvel of mechanical contrivance from a Whitworth or a Nasmyth—a vast social benefit from a Rowland Hill—a startling new discovery in science from a Faraday—or the advancement and triumph of some commercial principle affecting the material welfare of millions by a Cobden. These are the stars in the front of our time, the heroes, the pioneers. These are the things which are to constitute the glory of our age, when its history is to be written. They are such things as the like of has been seen at no former period. Yet behold at the same time what things are contemporaneous with them!

I am seated in a Highland valley, with hills behind on which the eagle still hovers, and in front a stripe of low slope by a lake's side, the habitation of several hundreds of people hardly one step advanced from the purest barbarism. Each family has a hovel of stone and turf, without any window, and only a hole in the roof through which the smoke escapes. The ostensible means of subsistence of most of them consists in a stripe of tilled ground, sufficient to raise two or three pounds' worth of meal or potatoes. A little more is realised in many cases by occasional work for hire, obtained not at the scene of residence, but in distant parts of the country during only the summer months. Two-thirds of the time of these people is spent in pure idleness. The fate of the undiligent accordingly befalls them—they have neither the aliment, nor the clothing, nor the lodging required to make existence tolerable except to those whom misery has stupefied. The case is, in fact, simply this—an application of the powers of a human being to something utterly unworthy of them—a total misapplication of these powers in short. It is a tradition from an ancient rude state of things—a survival of the thirteenth in the nineteenth century.

If the people want the first elements of human necessity, much more must they want the secondary and all others. The intelligence and refinement, the public rights and privileges, of the more fortunately-placed citizens of the commonwealth, exist for them in vain. To them the laying down of the wire in the English Channel is a fact totally irrespective. They might as well live in Kamtschatka—or in the thirteenth century veritably—as here and now.

In Scotland, there are scores of thousands of people living in this manner. In Ireland, there are millions. England must also have its own portion of population similarly misapplied and wretched. When, then, we hear of the twenty-eight millions of home population in the British empire, we should consider how much of it is in what may be called an organic condition—that is, diversified and mutually related in the manner of true society—and how much of it is a mere lump of inert barbarism, lagging behind, and dragging back the rest. It surely is a most singular and startling fact, that at the very time when Britain appears as continually rising higher in the scale of nations, and her best sons are reaping such triumphs by their noble intelligence and ingenuity, so much of her is corpse-like and deadly, and apparently but little in the way of making any change for the better—that while there is a Lancashire and a Lanarkshire, there is also a Ross-shire and a Kerry—that, in short, her texture should be so heterogeneous, and therefore, it may be presumed, so incoherent—that there should be such laggards coexisting with such pioneers!

But the contrasts are not merely geographical. Even in one of the cities of a Lancashire or a Lanarkshire the incongruousness holds good of various minor pieces of space and various grades of society. Thus in Glasgow there is at once the Blythwood district, covered with houses furnished forth with every convenience of refined life, and filled with people whose habits present the best examples anywhere to be met with in the middle ranks of society; and the quadrangular space near the river, which forms a hotbed of vice, filth, and disease, horrible to look upon or even to think of. It is found that a Kerry or a Ross-shire may exist in a 'wynd' or in a 'common stair,' but few yards from active commerce, luxurious wealth, and dignified refinement. In the one case we see a people thrown out of the system on which the nation at large thrives by the remoteness of their geographical situation; in the other, equally large hordes placed *hors de combat* by their vices and ignorance, notwithstanding their being under no local disadvantage. The pioneers and the laggards jostle each other in the street, yet with a social gulf between them more formidable than the distance of Dingle Bay or Loch Broom.

The great task set before the public of our day is—

to vitalise these parts of our community, and bring all into a harmonious moral and intellectual organization. A hundred years ago, the government found the Highlands of Scotland a source of danger from its primitive social system and habits, leading it to espouse the cause of a proscribed dynasty. The state consequently set itself busily to a reform of that part of the kingdom, penetrating it with roads, breaking down feudal practices, and taking measures for assimilating the people as far as possible to those of other districts. The immediate danger was thus overcome. The government has now a greater but similar duty placed before it. Recent circumstances have shown vast portions of the people living in a manner which makes them a source of loss rather than of gain to their fellow-citizens, while their whole condition is a reproach to the community. It is requisite that a mission should be undertaken, and vigorously carried out, for bringing these people into the fold of respectable social life.

It may be said means are already in force for these purposes. There are churches, chapels, and schools, even in the wildest extremities of the empire: individuals are everywhere doing much to convert the barbarian from his evil ways, whether he take the form of a crofter, a cottier, a drunken artisan, or a member of the outcast classes of cities. Yes, the sad truth is, that means have for years been in operation. By the slenderness of the results, it only proves that something else is necessary.

If we look dispassionately at the condition of the Laggard Classes of whatever description, or wherever placed, we certainly cannot say that, among the moral agencies at work in their borders, there is any one which makes anything like a direct effort to bring them up abreast with the rest of society. There is not, for instance, in the countries of low cot life, any organ of higher intelligence which tells the people that, by trying to live on mere patches of the soil, they are degrading themselves far below the rank which human beings ought to hold. They are never told that the wages of idleness are poverty, and that in poverty so regulated as theirs man becomes little better than a beast of the wilderness. It is totally unknown to them, and they are not in the way of ever learning, that there are laws of divine providence affecting their secular welfare, and that unless these be studied and obeyed, they must go on suffering. No maxim of a superior economy, no stimulus to a more rational and more dignified life, ever reaches these people. They are led to blame anything rather than their own sloth for the miseries they undergo, and nothing ever hints to them that a reform of their state must commence with some changes in their own daily habits. There is surely a great want here. It is the want of a true Liberal Intelligence, which shall break in upon the night of ignorance, and create aspirations for a rational and respectable life under the ribs of that apathy which is death. Those anxious to implant worthy religious feelings in such people, are interested in seeing such a reform wrought, for otherwise they have a soil on which their seeds will only rise in the form of superstition. A certain enlightenment of the mind appears to be necessary before Christianity can be apprehended as anything better than the primitive delusions of the unassisted intellect, which are paganism. A secular existence raised somewhat above even the complete gratification of the first necessities—much more above a starveling life—appears a pre-requisite of such a form of Christian practice as can be viewed with any satisfaction. In short, both for this world and the next we require knowledge, and without it we die alike to both.

If we have faithfully sketched what is required for the vitalisation of the dead parts of the community, it must readily be seen how far short of realising it are the educational means in operation. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that merely multiplying schools would accomplish the purpose. So far from this being the case, it could soon be shown that in some

districts there are too many schools; for in Scotland at least, in consequence of religious divisions, some of these are all but utterly starved, while others set up in rivalry go on with but poor efficiency. An indefinite extension of the means of learning to read and write would serve little good purpose, unless followed up by instruction which would positively tend to make the pupils enlightened and rational citizens, apprehensive of the duties set before them in this world, and sensible that on the right performance of these duties depends their secular welfare. If we only consider how little any of the instructions at present anywhere imparted bear on such practical matters, or advert to them at all, we may rather wonder that so many youth become tolerably well-conducted citizens, than that so many fall into pitfalls by the wayside, and that such portentous hordes of the entire people exemplify the serfdom of the heptarchy, instead of the liberal forms of life which mark the present century.

In the present happily tranquil state of the empire, even the men of a reflecting turn of mind are less apt to be sensible of the dangers connected with the Laggard Classes than is desirable. The present writer is not usually disposed to alarmist views; but when he remembers that the last ten years have seen nearly every state in Europe in social and political troubles, he certainly cannot consider himself entitled to hope that Britain is to go on for ever on one plan, the Pioneers gloriously advancing, and the unenlightened masses torpid and at rest—the Few enjoying the fruits of their well-directed industry and well-husbanded means, and the Many content with what a very imperfect industrial system and their own ill-regulated appetites provide for or leave them. An upturn may take place, and, while authority remained out of gearing, who can tell what a blow might be inflicted on all that is noble, and refined, and enlightened in this great empire, by the rude hands of the Great Barbarism which we now sustain in the midst of our state? May so terrible a calamity be avoided! but certainly we are little entitled to expect to avoid any obvious evil if we fail to take the means of anticipating and neutralising it which are pointed out by experience and common sense.

#### A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE JUDGE—HORTICULTURAL SHOW—EXTRAORDINARY VISITOR—THE FORCED BRIDE—A GRAND WEDDING, &c.

Jan. 27th.—The judge with whom we dined yesterday is considered to live in the best style of anybody here, which by no means is to be understood as the most expensive; quite the contrary. He has a good house, and it is well furnished, and his servants are the best to be had, and highly paid; but they are few, his dinners are small, and his French cook—an importation from the Isle of France—prepares his little exquisite dishes for less than the cost of two of those big joints. The walls of the dining-room were coloured in panels; and besides the wallshades, the table was lighted by handsome candelabras, and the side-tables by branches. Only fourteen guests, therefore no crowd of servants. A quiet ease pervaded the family. We were welcomed kindly without any fuss; and the evening glided agreeably away by the help of conversation—much above an ordinary average—and a little very good music. Our host had upon one or two occasions been very obligingly encouraging to Arthur; he this evening talked a good deal to him, and finding out my maiden name, grew very cordial, and desired us, with his love, to scold you for not giving us letters of introduction to him. Arthur thinks we have done better by waiting thus to introduce ourselves.

29th.—Our new friend the judge had engaged me to go to-day with the ladies of his family to the horticultural show in the beautiful town-hall. A committee was sitting up stairs upon the poor's fund, which most of the gentlemen had to attend while we ladies walked about among the *manies* (gardeners), who were

all standing or squatting in various attitudes beside their baskets. It was an interesting scene, from the childish exhibition of excitement among the competitors. The show was very creditable: cauliflowers magnificent; onions very good; carrots improving; peas excellent; asparagus and celery very poor. It may not be easy in this soil and climate to raise the celery, but surely asparagus, a native of the Brazils, grown there on the sea-shore, upon the sands within the high water-mark, might be better cultivated at Calcutta? Fruits are all, I hear, improving, and may in time have their flavour heightened to suit our palates. At present, juicy coolness is their only merit. The judges consisted of a deputation from the Botanic Society, and the prizes were given by the hands of a lady of some consequence in our little world. The best out of every basket was selected, to be set on a long table at the upper end of the room. The best from each specimen was again chosen out, and arranged on a smaller table for the final decision. Money and medals were distributed very fairly, and the medals pleased most. The first prize got a medal and ten rupees; the second, a medal and five rupees; and so on; and when the medals were done, rupees, half rupees, quarter rupees, were thankfully received, not one competitor going away unrewarded. Many attempted to present themselves anew, as strangers, for a second donation, and were only prevented by the door at one end being kept shut and guarded, that none might return after being watched out at the other. Some of the prize-fruit and vegetables is retained to furnish forth the dinner-table of the society in the evening; the rest is returned to the owners, and is soon disposed of outside, where the visitors and many gentlemen's servants are anxiously waiting to buy it.

31st.—The races have been going on all this time, but I never cared to attend them again; and very glad I was that I refused accompanying Helen to the Course this day, for a dreadful accident has happened—a poor lad was killed who came out in the ship with us, and was a favourite with every one. How the fine boy had been inveigled into such a snare as to turn jockey I know not; but there he was, riding the favourite, which bolted, threw him on his head, in sight of all the ladies in the stand, and he never spoke afterwards. It has put an end to this diversion for this year among our sex at least. Another season the feelings will have forgotten the shock. It is surprising how completely for the time being these races occupy all minds. Young and old, grave and gay, men and women, seem but to live from day to day on the incidents of the race-course. I am intreated not to judge of the effect of the whole scene by the proceedings of this year, as they are considered very tame by comparison; the governor-general, who very much patronises this amusement, generally giving a cup, or a whip, or a purse, to be run for, and a commemorative ball besides; but he is up the country on a progress. His absence is said otherwise to interfere with the gaiety of Calcutta.

Feb. 1st.—I was told this morning that a native of rank had called to do himself the honour of waiting on me—a civility which not a little surprised me, for I felt quite unconscious in anyway of deserving it. However, it struck me that it might be Dwarkanauth, or one of the Parsees we had lately dined in company with; so I bid ayah concoct the proper complimentary message, and prepared myself to receive him. My visitor was a perfect stranger. He was a graceful but effeminate-looking person, his small features rather handsome, although his eyes expressed more cunning than was pleasing; his manner was very gentle. He did not speak a word of English; I had therefore to summon Caroline's Portuguese ayah. While she was coming, I had leisure to observe his dress. It was really magnificent. He wore a red shawl turban; trousers of cloth of gold, very tight on his lanky limbs; a white tunic; a rich shawl round the waist; another over his shoulder; and one string of emeralds, and a second string of pearls, hanging round his neck. The emeralds were

shaped like pears, with holes drilled through them to receive the string; and the pearls were of all shapes, sizes, and colour. He wore many sparkling rings on his fingers. All this certainly denoted a man of consequence; and this he really was—the minister and favourite of some native prince, a tributary of ours, at whose court we have a resident. The resident and this Baboo don't agree: the resident wants to be quit of the minister, and the rajah supports his favourite. The favourite has therefore come to Calcutta to appeal to the Council against the resident; and, taking the opportunity to manage a little law-business of his own, he called on me to say that he had retained my husband as one of his advocates, and understanding that I was related to the *jousty* on whose arm I had been leaning at the horticultural show, he hoped to interest me in his favour, and through me to incline the judge to give a proper judgment in this cause—that is, a judgment in favour of this managing gentleman! To secure my assistance, he assured me that he was of a most grateful nature—that he should never forget a kindness shown him—and that, upon his word, he did not consider his life safe from the machinations of the resident—that he was, in fine, the most injured, the most innocent, the most worthy of men! What the ayah represented to him as my opinions I know not: he did not look dissatisfied at the close of her oration, although I had desired her to explain that I never interfered in matters of business. I had to content myself with hoping this was properly explained to him; and as to the rest, I was almost more amused than angry after the first surprise. Their own affairs are all conducted in this way: we can't expect them to comprehend our different manners.

8th.—Another visit from my Baboo—a most extraordinary one. He came in great state, in a *pulkee*, with ever so many attendants, and his fine clothes, pearls, and emeralds, and all. He came to return thanks for my successful interference in his behalf! and to beg my acceptance of a small token of gratitude—a roll of bank-notes for I don't know how many thousand rupees; more, I believe, than Arthur is like to earn honestly for many a session to come, and which he dexterously contrived to slip into my hand before I understood his meaning. The day was very hot, for the heat is increasing now regularly; and my surprise first, and agitation afterwards, added to my sufferings from it. I cannot speak the language beyond the few words necessary to give common orders to the servants; and altogether, I could hit upon no wiser step in my difficulty than to call loudly for Caroline, holding out steadily the bribe to the tempter, who kept his hands resolutely withdrawn, stuck close down by his sides. In this way we moved up the long room, he retreating backwards, bowing, speaking constantly, and most persuasively, in a low voice, shaking his head, and smiling; I following hurriedly, all consternation, and bent on restoring the roll of notes. He was, however, too many for me. He bowed himself to the doorway, and then turning suddenly round, he disappeared down the staircase. The wretch—the odious wretch—and his horrid money, left with me so cunningly! I should have been frightened to death even to look at Arthur, and so I sat down and fairly cried with vexation, to the great amusement of Caroline, who fell into fits of laughter when she heard the tale. She told me that to get these people to comprehend high feelings or honourable motives, or, in fact, any of the principles by which we guide our conduct, was out of the question. By bribery they manage all their own affairs, and of course it is impossible for them to understand that any persons exist inaccessible to corruption. She considered it a stretch of delicacy on the part of this Hindoo prime-minister that he had not offered these rupees before the cause came on; and she hinted that there were some of our immaculate countrywomen not just so sturdily honest as to decline a present after the cause was won. However, she said it would be much less difficult to get our generous friend

to take the money back than to make him comprehend why it could not be accepted, and that we must speak to Mr Black about it, who, having dealings with that rajah, would settle the affair for me. So we drove to his house this evening, when he undertook the business, and received the roll of notes, but laughed so immoderately at my extreme anxiety to be rid of them, that he somewhat displeased me.

It is getting too hot now for walking to be comfortable in the evenings. Even the drive is sometimes airless.

12th.—There is a grand ball somewhere to-night—a farewell to a great favourite. We were some of us too busy, and others too idle, to go to it, and none of us inclined for a gay party either; so we had a little family dinner instead—Mr Black, and Helen, and their *babas*, two very dear little boys. By the by, I must tell you that Arthur and I have been twice honoured by invitations to the little Sunday dinners of our friendly judge. He has a small family party regularly on that day, never exceeding eight or ten guests, and always turning out most agreeable. These little sociable gatherings are so admired by those admitted to them, that all Calcutta would gladly offer to join them, but they are kept strictly to the family, and now and then a member of the bar; and perhaps they are all the more thought of on account of this exclusiveness. What a pity that a dinner should ever be anything more than a small, and therefore happy re-union of friends, familiarly meeting to enjoy an hour or two of unrestrained conversation, the flow of which is so assisted by good cheer! With the general crowd of acquaintance it would be much better to have them all together, fill our rooms in an evening with them, so that they could amuse one another by music, or cards, or conversation, or dancing, without the formality of that long loaded table to sit round.

14th.—A grand wedding. The 'Bouncing Beauty,' as Edward persists in calling the more striking of the two pretty girls who came out in the ship with us, has made what is called here an excellent marriage—a very good sort of man in the civil service, old enough at least to be her father, with a fine income, and well reported of. All the wedding-party met at five o'clock in the afternoon at the cathedral, where three clergymen assisted in performing the ceremony. The punkahs were swinging busily, which certainly has a strange effect in a sacred edifice. They are, however, so silently pulled, and the freshened air is so reviving, that we soon get accustomed to a peculiarity so pleasant to the feelings when the thermometer is up to 80 degrees. The ladies were in very full dress: they dress very much here on all occasions, and very handsomely, and very becomingly; the style suited to this warm climate being in itself of a description that looks dress-like whether we will or no—thin textures very full in the skirt, and long, never more than half-high in the body, with sleeves unlined, and generally white, or of very light colours. The gentlemen were brightened by a good number of uniforms among them. There were twelve bridesmaids, which really may be considered as a stigma on the Calcutta bachelors, who have none of them the British excuse of not being able to afford to marry. A man in India seldom begins to save till he does marry; and, generally speaking, when he reaches thirty, and often some years before, his income is quite good enough to allow of his arranging to be happy. Formerly two bridesmaids would have been at times hard to meet with. Whether abundance proves an evil, I can't say; I only know that, as far as appearance went, six of those pretty girls at any rate would have graced any station. The hopes of one of them, our 'fragile fair,' are fixed, poor little soul, more humbly than suits her worldly-wise relations. The young officer who won her heart on shipboard was summarily dismissed soon after her arrival. Whether there remain any understanding between them the world knows not: she certainly neither looks ill nor unhappy, though she is not as lively as heretofore; but that may be the climate. Her friends talk of her many

admirers, and she always seems to have her choice of partners for dancing; but as yet there has been no lover. I am watching this romance with some interest, for I am not afraid of the result. Gentle as our young friend is, she has too much character to allow her heart to be broken.

The nights are getting very hot—too hot for sound sleep.

17th.—Caroline is making me keep her books for her, that I may learn by and by how to manage my own. She checks her bazaar accounts every morning, giving all her orders the day before. Once a week the clerk comes to audit the books, when he settles with the consomaun—I find I may spell this or any other native word any way I like—and gives him a bag of rupees in hand for the current expenses. Once a month every servant is paid, and every large bill for wine, Europe provisions, furniture, &c. All European goods are dear, but wonderfully well preserved, considering the long voyage they come. The produce of the country is extremely cheap, and, generally speaking, excellent. There is a small kind of mutton, very well flavoured, but not easily to be had, although it is in plenty in the market; for a large and coarser kind yields so much more dripping, that it is greatly more in favour with the consomaun. The beef is delicate, but a little dry; veal bad; lamb not good; kid very good—fat and juicy like our own house lamb. All the poultry is fine—the geese and ducks not nearly so strong in flavour as at home, and they are all a great deal smaller than ours. You would be ashamed of such little ducks and chickens as are the common size here; and as for eggs, three of them would not make one of Peggy Dickens's Dorking hen's. You must condole with Old Peggy on this melancholy picture of Indian poultry; maybe if she were here she might much improve things. Want of proper care may be as much in fault as the climate. We can afford, however, plenty of these diminutive delicacies to make up for their small size. All these native supplies are to be had for a tenth of the price we have been accustomed to pay for them. Would it not, then, be true wisdom, for such of us as come out here with the intention of getting away again at the 'earliest convenience,' to content ourselves with what can be had so good and so reasonable, and to avoid running up those ruinous accounts at the European shops for articles little required, and many of them unsuited to this sultry climate?

Another wise remark I have made. You know how at home we run upon china, real china, old china—fine or coarse, it is valuable in our eyes, set out in our drawing-rooms, services of it kept for great occasions, money often foolishly squandered to secure an old plate or bowl, or jar, or, above everything, a teapot of undoubted china: well, an Anglo-Indian will not use a bit of it. Very good dinner-sets, and very pretty breakfast china, can be bought in the bazaar for a few rupees: not very fine, certainly, but real good Nankin, blue and white, and it would not be admissible. A handsome service of coloured porcelain, gilt if required, could be ordered from its own country for a trifle, but it would not be looked at. Spode and Wedgwood, and now the Worcesterware, which last are indeed beautiful, carry all before them here, very expensive as they are. Little fortunes are spent on securing these manufactures; and though the servants break, and the masters have to replace at a cost that accumulates into a serious sum, this must be submitted to, rather than incur the notoriety of being content with wares to be had at our doors 80 per cent. cheaper than those which, after all, are but their copies. Surely good sense should overcome fashion in this case. Steam is bringing a good deal of that strangely-rare commodity here. Those who remember India when it was cut off from home by a long year of sea, tell me the change in all ways is wonderful since it has been brought within six weeks of inter-communication.

18th.—Arthur has had to begin to ride; driving was

not sufficient for him; and walking, since the weather became hotter, we have had to give up. We always sit in the open veranda in the early morning, and we generally take half an hour on the flat house-top at night. On moonlight nights this is delightful, but it is not enough for a man accustomed all his life to so much exercise. He has not bought a horse yet; he rides one of the poor captain's, which are all three left to be sold; and I think he will buy a handsome gray he much likes, if no higher price be offered for it than the price he can afford to give. His frequent companion along the Course, morning and evening, is the advocate-general, that agreeable old man to whom I very early lost my heart. His conversation is really very delightful; so sunshiny—a great charm. There are many clever men in this society. Talents are not rare among our Indian countrymen; and there are accomplished women too, quite as great a number as there would be in the same-sized population at home; and there are much fewer decidedly trifling or decidedly underbred than we should find in any even of our large provincial towns. It is a large society too. There is the governor-general with a great suite, secretaries, aides-de-camp, &c. and the ladies belonging thereto; commander-in-chief, almost as numerously attended; naval commander; secretaries to government; three judges of the Supreme Court; officers of that court; the judges of the Sudder; the bar, and all belonging to it; three members of Council! Think of my forgetting these very great burra sahibs, and popping them down beneath the poor baristers!—out of all order! What would their wives say? Many other officials, big and little, civil and military, merchants, captains of Indianmen and of frigates, strangers, professors, surgeons—precedence all wrong again, but no matter—and a whole crowd of rich traders hovering on the skirts of our great world, civilly spoken to, but not admitted among us. At this present time, too, there is a law Commission acting here; the head from home, and the assistants from the other presidencies—all men of character and standing. You have no idea what a pleasant mixture it all makes, nor how gay and how cheerful life is, in the cool weather, in Calcutta, even though this year we have no Government-house entertainments. They gave a courtly air, people say, to the intercourse of politeness, and are much missed by those who frequented them.

23d.—We had such a thunderstorm last night! It lasted two hours. Thunder such as I never heard before; lightning vivid in proportion; and rain like the perpetual pour of a waterspout. It will cool the air a little, and otherwise do much good. We had sat late in the veranda, on account of the closeness of the night, and we fancied a storm might be coming, for the frogs in the neighbouring tank made such an intolerable croaking. I don't know what kind of frog this may be, but the noise made by them is quite beyond anything we have a notion of: it is hard to believe that so small an animal can produce it. In addition to this pleasant music, we had crickets chirping, and jackals screaming, and dogs barking; mosquitoes of course in plenty, buzzing and stinging; and a crowd of men abroad; lights in all the houses, for these moonlight nights the people seem hardly to go to bed: they probably sleep in the heat of the day at this season, which seems to agree with them and to suit them.

28th.—By way of amusing ourselves, went all over Government House. It stands near the river at the end of Esplanade Row, as I think I told you, with the fine plain of the Moydaun before it, between it and the fort. The public rooms are truly magnificent as to size and number, but no better finished or furnished than an ordinary Calcutta house. The plan of the building is admirably adapted to the climate, every room having a thorough draught of air through it; and it is placed so as to catch every breeze that blows. This reconciles one to the very ungraceful elevation—a great lumpish dome, and four semicircular wings. Still, it is an imposing edifice from its size, and from a peculiarity

in its construction, which some people abuse, but which I admire. There are three storeys to the principal or centre part of Government House. The whole of the top storey is one immense ball-room, always cool from its elevation, capable of containing two thousand people. On the second storey, just underneath this fine apartment, are the two marble halls, so called from the costly material really used in their finishing, which are the supper-rooms, and state dining-rooms, and the chambers of audience. From the middle windows of these marble halls there descends on the outside down to the ground a very wide flight of steps, up which all state processions are ushered. The new governor-general is always received by the members of the government on the balconied landing at the top; so are native princes paying visits of ceremony, the details being much the same in all cases. The great man to be received ascends leisurely, surrounded by a retinue, immense when it is native; and the great man thus complimented stands above, alone—his staff behind him, servants bearing hand punkahs, and servants carrying scarlet-dyed horse-hair-tail switches! Beside them the members of Council, and the heads of all departments, filling up the group; while a military band, thundering out 'God save the Queen,' completes this scenic representation. I should have much liked a ball in those regal apartments; and I would have taken any trouble, no matter where the thermometer pointed, to see the reception of a real nabob. But the governor-general, unmindful of either you or me, has left Calcutta for a twelvemonth.

#### BIRD THE ACADEMICIAN.

ADERBROMBIE, in his work on the Intellectual Powers, says that 'intense mental activity, steadily directed to some leading pursuit, call it by what name you will, is the source of all distinction.' By whatever name, however, we choose to designate this quality, we shall find it constantly possessed by those whom the world calls men of genius, and that they are indebted to it for being what they are. The concentration of the faculties into one focus, and the steady direction of their energies to one point, gives them such a power in grappling with difficulty, and in overcoming obstacles which would be insuperable to ordinary minds, that nothing appears too large for their grasp, or too lofty for their ambition. And perhaps genius has nowhere exhibited this power more decidedly or more instructively than in its triumphs over the obstacles which have lain between it and its progress in the walk which it has chosen. Sometimes there have been formidable physical obstructions to its success; sometimes its place in society has seemed hopelessly below the one it aspired to; sometimes those around it have been incapable of appreciating its early efforts, or have had counter views of their own which have led them to cast impediments in its path; sometimes the amount of labour has been vast, or that of endurance trying; sometimes the regular means of progress have been absolutely unattainable, and that progress has had to be made with such substitutes as ingenuity could devise; sometimes it has had to contend with ignorance, sometimes with prejudice, sometimes with envy, sometimes with malevolence: its motives have been misinterpreted, its conduct maligned, its enthusiasm derided, its efforts condemned, its pretensions sneered at; and not unfrequently the hand of power has been called in to brand the exertions which were to be the glory of the future, with the censure, if not the punishment, of the present: but whatever the bands which have sought to fetter its progress, it has burst them, Samson-like, and gone forth in the might of its strength, bearing the impediments along with it as monuments of its triumph.

Few men, on an ordinary scale, have more vigorously exercised this high prerogative of genius—have more incontestably, by their own unassisted efforts, made themselves what they were, and that not merely with-

out the help of circumstances, but often in spite of them—than the subject of our present memoir. He was born on the 12th April 1772, in the town of Wolverhampton. Allan Cunningham, in his notice of him in his 'Memoirs of Distinguished Painters,' states his father to have been a clothier; but this is an error. He was in reality a working carpenter on a very humble scale, and occupied a small house at the bottom of the Horse Fair in that town. Young Bird is said to have given such early indications of his pictorial propensities, that it was dangerous to leave a piece of chalk within reach of his little fingers; and these peccadilloes of genius—the more frequent, as the use of the article in his father's trade made it a plentiful commodity about the premises—procured him more scoldings than praises among the household. One of his sisters, however, rather encouraged than checked these early studies in chalk; and after a time contrived to spare a trifle from her scanty stock of money to buy him a small box of colours. There is no reason to suppose that in this there was any eye to the future; the motive, in all probability, was merely to gratify a pet child, whose affectionate disposition had already begun to endear him to all around him. But whatever the intention of the present, it not only made the boy supremely happy for the time, but served so effectually to rivet the love of painting to his soul; that he used frequently to say in after-life that it was his sister Sarah who had made him an artist. The impulse thus produced on his crude and immature yearnings must certainly have been great, and his labour and assiduity must have been great also, for he had no kind hand to encourage and direct him, and Wolverhampton afforded no paintings—none at least within reach of the poor carpenter's lad—which might teach him how to embody his ideas of beauty in a palpable form; and yet, thus wholly unchecked and unassisted, he produced a regular painting before he was fourteen; and the sketch, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, is said to have exhibited considerable promise. Its appearance perhaps led his father to imagine that the boy might succeed in tea-tray painting, and the latter no doubt hailed the thought with delight, as a fortunate escape from the old man's bench and planes, and at least a step in the way of his favourite occupation, for of any more serious approach to it neither the one nor the other could at that time have dreamed. In due course, therefore, young Edward was apprenticed to Messrs Jones and Taylor, japanners, where he acquired a practical knowledge of the more mechanical parts of the art; while the degree of taste, and sometimes delicacy of colouring, which the ornamental portions admit, kept his invention and judgment in exercise, and no doubt formed the field on which many of his earlier conceptions were worked out, and many of his notions in design and colour tested and matured. His performances in this way were much esteemed, and some of them are still in existence. Allan Cunningham mentions one which Bird himself recognised at Boulogne; and the late Mr John Morton of Bristol was in possession of another, which the writer remembers to have seen.

Bird's life at this period must have been of a deeply-interesting character. Without money, without education, without friends, alone in the midst of a multitude; with a vague consciousness of inward power, and perhaps some indistinct dreams of a time when that power should procure him a name among his fellow-men; but with a wide and seemingly impassable gulf between him and the realisation of such a vision, and nothing to sustain him in the gap but his own mental energy—that a poor, friendless boy should have nerve enough to enter on such a conflict, and, still more, perseverance enough to carry it on through a series of years in the face of difficulty and privation of no ordinary character, and to bring it at last to a successful termination, is an instance of the power of the will to triumph over opposition which it is both refreshing and instructive to look upon. And this Bird did quietly, and with little appa-

rent effort. He steadily devoted his intervals of leisure to the task of educating himself. Without models, without instructors, without one friend to remove a stone from his rugged path, or bid him God-speed upon the way, he formed his own ideas of excellence, corrected them where experience proved them erroneous, reconstructed them or more enlightened principles, and in this manner slowly, and by the most painful road, toiled his way up the steep of knowledge. During all this time his morals were irreproachable; his heart was always ready to sympathise with distress, and his hand to relieve it. Generous, affectionate, and warm-hearted, ever ready to perform the thousand little acts of kindness which even the poor can render to the poor, and never having a thought for himself while there was any other to think of, it is not surprising that he became a universal favourite with his fellow-workmen and associates, nor that a general regret was felt among them when they found they were about to lose him. In fact his indentures having now expired, he felt that the time had arrived to make the effort for which he had so long been silently preparing; and refusing some advantageous offers to continue in his original profession at Wolverhampton, he bade farewell to his early friends and connections, and at the early age of two-and-twenty departed to push his fortunes in Bristol.

His first efforts in that city were marked by a prudence and discretion which it were well if all in similar circumstances had imitated. Feeling that he had yet much to learn, and that some regular means of support were absolutely necessary till he had established himself in his profession, he procured employment with the firm of Gray, Thomas, & Co., japanners, and kept a drawing academy in the evenings, to the free benefits of which his shopmates were always welcome. As a painter, his natural taste inclined him to subjects of familiar life, and he was very happy at hitting off any little dash of sentiment or humour which might form part of them. His efforts in his art were for a considerable time limited to small compositions on such subjects, which were sold at low prices to persons of moderate means, and helped to supply his immediate wants while he continued his labour of self-improvement. As an instance of his unassuming character, it is said that a Mr Murphy, a brother artist with whom he had become acquainted, having persuaded him to send a pair of these early productions to an exhibition at Bath, he modestly valued them at ten guineas each; his friend, however, who knew the world somewhat better, took leave to triple the price, at which figure they readily sold. He also painted signs for several of the principal inns; and as his merits began to be known, received commissions from various gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and was employed to paint the altar-piece for the new church of St Paul.

The first work which drew the attention of the public in general to his pencil was the picture called 'Good News,' which many have ranked among his happiest efforts in that line. Several of the principal figures are drawn from the life—a very frequent practice with him, and one which has materially contributed to the spirit and variety so discernible in his pictures. The appearance of this piece very greatly enhanced his reputation; but its fame was soon to be eclipsed by that of another and much superior production, which was destined to reward his years of anxious and unremitting toil, and place him on the pinnacle which he had so long struggled to attain.

This was the celebrated picture of 'Chevy-Chase,' which has long since taken its stand as one of the leading historical paintings of the country, and which a writer in one of the magazines says was accidentally proposed at a meeting of a few friends, when Bird agreed to paint the picture if they would purchase it, and to have it ready in time for the exhibition at the British Institution: the chance of the premium to belong to them. It was prepared accordingly; but not being delivered till after the proper time, was shut out from the competi-

tion, but allowed a place in the collection. Bird's worst enemies could never accuse him of anything mean or sordid: he was no sooner aware of the failure of this portion of his hopes, than he offered to return the purchase-money. But this handsome proposal was met in a kindred spirit; his friends declaring that they had merely bought the picture to relieve his mind from anxiety respecting its fate; and that, if it had obtained the premium, they should have presented it to him. Anxiety respecting it, however, proved quite unnecessary. Its success was great and decided: it was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford for 300 guineas, and not only placed the artist at once in the front rank of his profession, but was eventually the means of advancing him to the dignity of a royal academician.

There is in most hearts a corner which is accessible to the voice of praise. Bird was no exception to the rule; and its accents naturally fell not the less sweetly on his ear in that he had been toiling for years in unmerited neglect and comparative obscurity. He felt new life in his veins—fervid, imaginative, artistic life; and determined to follow out the glorious path which had now opened before him by preparing another painting for the ensuing exhibition. This picture, which was the 'Death of Eli,' merits notice as affording an instance of the remarkable facility with which Bird exercised the pencil. He had resolved on the composition; he had commenced the work; but the stimulus died off: that which had been a labour of love became a task; and, like a task, was prosecuted slowly and reluctantly, till he at last satisfied himself that there was not time to complete it, and flung it aside altogether. All at once he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to finish his picture. Like most men of genius, he was quite the creature of impulse; and though it wanted but three days to the opening of the exhibition, and all the principal parts of the painting were still unfinished, what had appeared impossible the day before seemed now quite easy; he bent his energies to the task, and in two days the 'Death of Eli' stood finished on the easel. Even with this extraordinary effort, which has not many parallels in the history of painting, the object of the artist was very nearly defeated; and the fact affords a useful lesson of the danger of procrastination. Literally, according to the statement of a friend, wet from the pencil, it was hurried into its case, and despatched to the Bush Coach-Office for transit to London; but an unusual quantity of luggage had preceded it, and these were not the days of railways, where a ton or two more or less is a trifle: the book-keeper peremptorily refused to receive so large a package; the next day would have been too late, and have subjected 'Eli' to the same fate as 'Chevy-Chase.' Matters were beginning to look desperate, when the accidental arrival of Mr Weeks, the master of the establishment, suddenly changed their complexion. Hearing that it was a picture of Bird's going up to the exhibition, he declared that he would have the whole coach unpacked rather than it should be stopped; and as this decision, like that of the House of Peers, was final, the picture proceeded on its way without further impediment; gained the 300 guinea prize, and was purchased for 500 by the noble proprietor of 'Chevy-Chase,' to add to his magnificent gallery.

Bird's foot was now fairly in the stirrup; his name began to be mentioned among the leading painters of the day; his society was courted by the rich and eminent; he had the honour of a presentation to the late Princess Charlotte, who professed herself much pleased with his appearance and manners, and appointed him her painter; he was permitted to present to her his well-known picture of the 'Surrender of Calais,' which, in many points, is second to none of the productions of his pencil. The Earl of Bridgewater, and several others of the nobility, became his patrons; the Prince Regent purchased one of his pictures (the 'Psalm-Singers'), and ordered another; the Royal Academy elected him a member in a manner highly gratifying to his feelings;

Benjamin West, the president, took him quite under his wing; and the son of the poor carpenter of Wolverhampton, the humble and unfriended joiner, had the proud gratification of seeing his years of lonely toil and patient struggling rewarded by that fame and honour which is the noblest recompense of genius; for which it will cheerfully spend its best energies, and for which it often sacrifices its ease, its health, its life—and sacrifices them in vain. The last, at least, was not among the hardships of Bird's lot. His progress in public opinion was rapid; his connection enlarged, and became of a higher order; his amiable and docile disposition, his modest and unassuming manners, and the simplicity and frank freeheartedness of his character, deepened the impression originally made by his talents; and those who came prepared merely to admire the artist, rarely went away without loving the man. He had by this time, too, added the comforts of the domestic circle to the honours of the professional one; having married Miss Martha Doddrell, the daughter of an engraver, and become the father of several children; of his devoted attachment to whom all who knew him bear ample testimony. He had had a high and difficult mountain to climb; but its top was at length reached, and the prospect was fair beyond.

But though the great object for which he had toiled was thus triumphantly achieved, and a brilliant future seemed to beckon him on, he was soon destined to find from actual experience that 'all that glitters is not gold.' Disappointment and vexation in various ways attended his plans and marred his prospects; and disappointment and vexation agreed but ill with his sanguine temperament and impulsive character. As an instance, we may mention that in executing the picture of the 'Embarkation of Louis XVIII.' for the Earl of Bridgewater, while he received not only polite affability, but marked kindness from the French monarch and his family, he was subjected to many mortifications from some of the British nobility, whose portraits were necessary for the piece, and who exhibited something too much of 'the proud man's contumely' in condescending to grant them. One, in particular, at that time occupying a high position in the state, made so many appointments for sittings, and broke them so often on frivolous pretexts, after the artist had sacrificed time and money in a long and fruitless journey, that the latter, wearied and disgusted, threatened at last to place him in the background of the picture, with his face concealed by his handkerchief. Bird, indeed, though, as we have said, anything but an assuming character, had sufficient consciousness of genius to feel that while a certain amount of respect is always due to exalted station, 'a man's a man for a' that; and the pride of birth, or the arrogance of wealth, often reminded him of his want of these adjuncts in a manner that was deeply painful to his feelings. Some of his most captivating qualities, too, were better adapted to endear him to his friends and associates than to minister to his own permanent happiness. The gentleness and pliability of his nature made him easy of persuasion; and as it was not to be expected that all his advisers should give him wise and prudent counsel, his judgment was sometimes warped by the false views of others, and he was led to adopt opinions and entertain sentiments which his own feelings would never have prompted. His generosity, however attractive in itself, and however praiseworthy in its impulses, sometimes made him forgetful of the fact, that he was a husband and a father; that he had charged himself with the maintenance of his own parent for the rest of his days; and that the admission of any claim which infringed upon theirs, however amiable in feeling, was a failure in principle. He was tried deeply, too, with domestic affliction: the loss of a son and a daughter, who were both buried on the same day, pressed heavily on a heart that was full of affection and tenderness; and some severe attacks of illness tinged his temper with an occasional querulousness and irritability which had been unknown to it in former days. These

attacks increased so much, both in frequency and violence, that the last five or six years of his life were little else than a perpetual wrestle with disease. At last both mind and body were bowed down beneath the weight of a strong hypochondriacal affection, which baffled the utmost skill of the physicians, and reduced him to a state of debility and suffering which it was painful to witness. In this state he painted his last picture, the 'Burning of the Bishops,' and though the conception, and some parts of the composition, are not unworthy of his genius, it bears evident marks that a mightier finger than that of Time was writing Ichabod on his professional prospects. A gentleman who knew him well, himself an artist of no mean attainments, though belonging to a still loftier profession, has given a touching picture of the distressing state of the poor artist while occupied at the easel. 'I have seen him working at that picture, and paint in and out the same head; then put down his palette and cry. But the man and his genius were not here: the latter had departed; the former was departing.' In this melancholy way he struggled on for a time, exerting what little remnant of energy was yet left him in the vain endeavour to check the inroads of disease. But the march of the universal conqueror was not to be stayed: the efforts of the dying man grew feeble and fainter, till at last he dropped his pencil in despair, and never used it again.

From this period disease advanced with a slow but steady step. All that medical aid could now effect was to alleviate the acuteness of suffering; and this was done with much skill and kindness by a gentleman who has long been as a friend in the family, and of whose many good offices Bird had shown his sense in his own delicate way, by introducing him as employed on a mission of benevolence in his fine picture of the 'Poacher's Reprieve.' Nature at length sunk under the conflict, and he expired on the 2d November 1819. A public funeral, which was attended by 300 gentlemen, testified the estimation in which, as a man and an artist, he was held by his fellow-citizens. He was interred in the cloisters of the Bristol Cathedral, the customary fees being remitted in his favour, and the stone which covers the vault now bears the following inscription:—'Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Edward Bird, Esq., R.A., who departed this life Nov. 2, 1819, aged 45 years; and of Martha, his widow, who died May 25, 1846, aged 66. Their children caused this stone to be placed, as a tribute of affection to the memory of their beloved parents.'

A critical examination of Bird's merits in his profession would be out of place in a short notice like this: it belongs rather to works more immediately devoted to the art. As only a few years intervened between the production of 'Chevy-Chase,' his first picture of note, and the time of his death, and during the greater portion of that period his body was borne down and his energies crushed by sickness and affliction, his progress in so short a time, and under such circumstances, seems to warrant the conclusion that had he not been thus prematurely cut off in the prime of his days and the spring-time of his fame, his reputation would have been still greater than it now is. He was a man of close observation himself, and always ready to benefit by the criticisms of others: such a disposition contains within itself the germ of continuous improvement, and it would be difficult to prescribe a limit to its growth.

Of the rapidity with which he could use his pencil we have already given an instance, and it was far from being a solitary one. His friend George Cumberland, who associated with him on terms of the greatest familiarity, has seen him painting by candlelight in oil while his tea was pouring out, and beginning and finishing a study before the meal was completed. He once painted his own portrait over his breakfast in fifteen minutes; and it was no uncommon thing to see him begin a large picture, without any previous drawing, in two or three parts at once, the scale in his eye being so just, that all harmonised at the termination.

As a man, his gentle and amiable, rather than strong character, the utter unselfishness of his nature, his many social and companionable qualities, and—till affliction had poisoned the springs of enjoyment—the cordial flow of spirits which he usually brought with him into society, formed just the sort of being that we love. Too noble-minded for envy, he was always ready to assist the labours and facilitate the rise of his brother artists. His comic pictures are remarkable for the scrupulous avoidance of everything capable of wounding individual feeling; and in the series of paintings called the 'Poacher' he has adopted the idea—since extensively acted on by Ripplingill and Cruikshank—of rendering pictorial effect subservient to the purposes of virtue, and making the moral as impressive as the scene.

## SHOPS, SHOPKEEPERS, SHOPMEN, AND SHOP MORALITY.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

THE life of a shopkeeper in the wearisome attempt to establish a remunerative business is one of incessant anxiety and warfare. It would appear, upon a glance at the tactics of tradesmen, that every one of them held it as a rule that his own success were dependent upon the ruin of his rival, inasmuch as all seem quite as intent upon decrying the goods of their opponents as on puffing their own. The rivalry that goes on with regard to the retailing of certain commodities, shows that 'war to the knife' is the maxim among opposing traders. Profits upon some descriptions of stock, whose value is well known to the purchasers, have long been cut down to the lowest paying point; and large quantities of such goods are daily handed over the counter at a gain to the retailer of less than one per cent. This cheapness, however, is never referrible to the whole of the trader's goods, but only to one or two articles, used, according to their own expressive term, as 'draw-boys' to lure the public to the shop. Thus silver-plate is seen ticketed up at 7s. 2d. an ounce, the cost of the material being 5s. all but a fraction, and the government duty 1s. 6d.—leaving something over 8d. to pay journeyman's wages and profit to the retailer. But in the same window with the cheap spoons are displayed gold watches, chains, bracelets, and all kinds of jewellery, bearing a profit of from 50 to 100 per cent., or more. The known cheapness of one article leads customers naturally to suppose that the others are equally cheap. Among grocers, the draw-boy is sugar, which is universally ticketed at a price barely enabling the trader to recover his outlay; but with sugar go tea, coffee, and other indispensables, from which an amply-compensating profit is derived. In the book-trade, 'Bohn's Standard Library' has been the draw-boy for the last few years, the volumes being often labelled at prices lower than they were bought for at the publisher's warehouse. The same practice prevails in almost every retail trade; and it would not be difficult to name the specific article which acts the part of the magnet in half the retail trades of London.

If this practice be open to objections, there is another which prevails to a villanous extent, far more worthy of reprobation. We allude to the display of a stock of goods to which lying labels are attached, for the purpose of fraud. The drapers are particularly open to the charge of this species of dishonesty. We could point to goods in a score of well-known establishments broadly ticketed at prices 15 or 20 per cent. below their recent cost to the owner, and at which, consequently, they cannot be, and are not intended to be sold. As in such establishments the shopkeeper has chiefly to deal with ladies, he usually finds it not very difficult to have his own will—which is to cheat the buyer. It is managed thus:—Duplicates of the articles in the window are stored up on the shelves

within, but these are of much inferior manufacture and material, although of the same pattern: these are tendered to the customer as 'precisely the same as those in the window.' If, by the dubious light of the interior, the fraud is not detected, a sale is effected, and there is an end of the transaction; if, however, the lady-buyer is obstinate, and will have the article in the window or none, she is just as effectually cheated—for behold, the polite shopman, all acquiescence, leaps into the window-front, and reaching the article designated, adroitly draws from beneath it the false wares planted in readiness for such an emergency, while the genuine article drops into a convenient cavity prepared for its reception. The whole window-exhibition is in fact got up double: the visible wares are of far greater value than the sums at which they are marked, while those which are really allotted to the purchaser are intrinsically good for nothing but to sell. We have known parties thus defrauded at one of these magnificent saloon-looking establishments to take a male friend with them, and appeal to the proprietor for redress; but never heard of their obtaining anything more than a polite kind of abuse, or a cavalier suggestion that if the lady thinks herself ill-used, she is at liberty to absent herself for the future. There is another manoeuvre, called the 'counter dodge,' which is not unfrequently practised: A piece of goods—Irish linen for instance—lies upon the counter: it is labelled at 20d. a yard, being fairly worth 3s. or 3s. 6d. A customer who has just concluded a purchase takes it up for examination, and is of course recommended by the shopman to buy it as a decided bargain; if she consents to have it, the shopman, taking it from her to pack up with the previous purchase, passes another shopman, and drops it *accidentally* upon the floor. Bestowing a 'How stupid!' upon his fellow, he stoops and picks up a different article of precisely the same form, but not worth more than 10d. a yard. The purchaser pays her bill, and does not find out the cheat until it is too late for redress.

There is a singular method resorted to by drapers to get rid of their old stock, which method is technically termed 'tingering.' A trader who has too much winter stock upon his hands at the approach of spring, tinges his winter goods, after which they rapidly decrease in amount. The tinge is a cabalistic sign appended to the private mark, by which all the shopmen know that a premium is attached to the sale of the article bearing it, which will be paid to the seller in addition to his agreed salary or per-centage. By this means goods are sometimes industriously forced, by dint of lying and exaggeration, upon customers who had no intention of purchasing them. Some salesmen possess a wonderful talent in thus forcing wares upon persons who have no need of them; and these worthies, it is hardly necessary to say, command the highest salaries.

Among the novelties in shopkeeping which have lately sprung up in London, the most extraordinary perhaps of any are the sweepstakes and betting-shops. These establishments—if places liable to a sudden and total transformation can be so called—are so many contrivances for eluding the laws against lotteries. During the whole summer season they are open in all quarters of the town, and are the media of gambling and betting speculations in connection with the various horse-races that take place throughout the kingdom. At such places the public are invited to sport their money upon any particular horse or horses—the 'favourite' or the 'field,' or in anyway that 'suits their fancy.' Odds to any extent are both taken and given according to the estimated chances, it being the business of the shopkeeper of course to make up a book which shall be profitable to him, be the event what it may. He takes care, however, to stand on much safer ground than the man who bets with another on the race-course, inasmuch as he makes no entry in his books without having the cash paid down in advance. Experience has shown that his customers are not always so well protected, it having come to pass in

not a few instances that settling-day has found the shop shut up, and the polite and agreeable holder of the stakes reduced to nothing more tangible than a subject of very anxious inquiry. These lotteries are by no means confined to horse-racing: any doubtful event which may be made the subject of a wager answers the purpose of their proprietors just as well as a horse-race: a foot-race, a pigeon match, a prize fight, the event of a trial and verdict of a jury, or even the birth of a prince or princess—all may be, and are made, the subjects of gambling speculation. One of these worthies actually opened a new shop not many months ago in one of the most expensive localities in town, to which he invited the public to resort and risk any sum they chose, from a shilling upwards, upon the lives of the bishops of the Church of England. 'Choose your mitre, gentlemen, and make your game!' You had only to pay your shilling, and name your bishop; and if the right reverend father could be persuaded to die (of mortification or anything else) within a specified time, you had a *claim* upon the bank for £500. We suspect that this speculative genius had authoritative notice to discontinue his ecclesiastical lottery, as one fine morning the shutters of the shop were not taken down, and a storm of thundering knocks at the door brought no one to open it. The friend of the bishops had translated himself, and we did not hear that he had left any notice to his customers regarding their deposits.

No better than such proceedings as the above, in a moral point of view, are the exploits of a set of diligent and unwearied advertisers, whose lying professions and fraudulent testimonials are always before the eyes of newspaper readers. These gentry are continually testing the gullibility of credulous John Bull with some new and marvellous discovery. They have all a well-grounded faith in the stupidity of the public, and in the efficacy of advertising. 'It does not signify a fig,' said one of them to the writer, 'what you advertise; if you push it well, 'twill be sure to go down. I never advertised anything yet that did not bring in twenty per cent. after paying all expenses.' Whether the principle be true or false we cannot say; we only know that when a man once begins advertising in good earnest, he never leaves off.

The advertising of quack medicines is carried to most extraordinary lengths. No article that can be manufactured is so sure of success as a pill, provided a sufficient number of lies are told respecting it in the form of advertisements. We could name a party, once an obscure individual in a country town, who is believed to have made fifty thousand pounds by a pill. Of course the manufacturer of this wonderful pill is a knowing dog. He is well aware that his countrymen are continually complaining of their stomach—from the effects of over-eating—and that they greedily take any medicine that is strongly recommended to them. Reader, if all other trades have failed you, go and invent a bolus, and spend several thousands in advertising it. The world will not fail to reward you as the greatest of benefactors. There are a multitude of articles besides quack medicines, the projectors and proprietors of which, by availing themselves of 'a good advertising medium,' have reaped a plentiful harvest from the fears and fancies of the nervous, credulous, and weak. A still lower morality, if it be possible, is displayed in the preparation of cheap goods. No rule is without exceptions; and we believe that there are some honourable men who, by capital and fair enterprise, are able to undersell their neighbours. But on the whole, the practices of cheap dealers are far from being commendable. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the insane rage of the public for bargains is at the root of this growing evil. Vast numbers of people will buy nothing unless it is low in price, as if apparently unconscious that quality must be regulated by cost. Whether, however, originating with the foolish part of the public, or with tradesmen for their own selfish ends, it is evident that the cheapening prac-

time is greatly deteriorating our manufactures. Who, in these days, ever gets a piece of cloth that keeps the colour, or wears well? The thing is made up for the market, has a fine gloss, and takes the eye of the customer; but wear it only a short time, or expose it to a shower of rain, and see what a wretched appearance it assumes! And so with a hundred other classes of goods. Locks of doors, window fastenings, hinges, earthenware, crystal, paper, and so forth, are all deteriorated, much to our national discredit and loss. In the fine woollen cloth trade, Belgium, by being more honest, is cutting us out of the American market. Thus a whole country suffers from the knavery of a few manufacturers.

One of the processes resorted to for lowering the price of goods consists in employing inferior hands. Instead of paying reasonable wages to journeymen, small sums are paid to boys, girls, women, and other varieties of workers. In vain have the regularly-instructed hands had recourse to strikes, proclamations, and public meetings; they could not resist the inevitable law of supply and demand—the demand being for cheap goods, and the supply being abundant from the exertions of an army of cheap labourers, increasing every hour, over whom they could not possibly exercise the least control. In the hope of exciting sympathy for their position, they addressed appeals to the public, urging them to patronise only those masters and traders who employed regular journeymen, and paid full wages—as if impressed with the chimerical notion, that the whole world preferred the practice of philanthropy to pecuniary saving. Of course they made nothing by this proceeding, and they are virtually left at the present moment to fight their own battle under difficulties which increase in proportion to increasing numbers, and which are inevitable by the law of supply and demand. To effect 'cheapness,' many tradesmen have abolished their workshops altogether, thus getting rid of one great element of expense; and by giving the work out to be done at the homes of the operatives, they subject every species of labour to the competition of the labourers themselves, who, anxious for individual employment, underbid one another in order to obtain it. This miserable system, which may well be termed the sweating system, though it originated in the ready-made clothing trade, has extended to a great number of others, and is still spreading daily. Not only tailors and shoemakers, but cabinet-makers, bookbinders, pianoforte-makers, cutlers, and a number of other trades, are now carried on at the homes of the artisans, with materials supplied by the trader. There is but little doubt that the journeymen have to thank the garret-masters for much of the deterioration in their condition. This wretched class (who differ from the home-working journeyman only in one particular—namely, that they find their own materials) first taught the tradesman the minimum price at which destitution and dependence could be goaded to labour. The willing victims of intemperance and improvidence, they may be encountered late every Saturday night dragging about the articles manufactured in the week—sometimes a huge 'tall-boy' chest of drawers or an unwieldy loo table, but more frequently objects of a more portable description, for which they are compelled, at that advanced hour, to accept whatever price the retail broker chooses to give.

Miserable as are these practices, they are not confined to English tradesmen. We find by a recently-published small work on America,\* that the shopkeepers of New York are as 'clever' as their brethren in London. 'A shameful cheat on Irish girl emigrants,' says the writer of this production, 'is the system of delusive advertisements which is kept up in the daily papers of New York, headed, "Twenty girls wanted to make caps; apply at 280 — Street." "Girls wanted to sew on pantaloons: good wages given." "Twenty girls wanted

to sew straw." These persons take the simple-hearted girls on trial, without wages or board, for two or three weeks or so; and having got so much stitching out of them, dismiss them without paying them a single copper, with the heartless remark, "You don't suit!" A fresh lot of victims are continually coming to these wretches, and by this means they get certain slop-work for the country executed for nothing, or next to nothing.' The same writer alludes to another piece of trickery, which, we believe, is not unknown in our large towns. It consists of advertising for clerks or apprentices, only as an indirect means of drawing attention to a shop. A not very dissimilar scheme to 'keep a name before the public' is that practised by certain stockbrokers, who advertise shares for sale which they well know they have not to dispose of. How much is it to be regretted that any class of traders, through a spirit of competition, should render themselves accountable for such petty breaches of morality.

#### THE SLATER'S DAUGHTER.

It was a bright sunny morning in June; the little town of Subery seemed to have poured forth its whole population into the streets, and the square which surrounded the church was crowded to excess. This was evidently a festive day.

The town, nestled amidst lofty hills, is chiefly inhabited by miners, who pass their days in laborious toil buried within the bowels of the earth. A holiday was therefore to them a doubly-welcome event. The occasion of their present festival was the completion of some extensive repairs which their old church had lately undergone.

According to a long-established custom of the country, the master-slater was to receive, in addition to his wages, a complete new suit of clothes, in honour of the occasion, and he had given notice that he was on this day to ascend the steeple for the last time, and to perform on its very summit a *tour-de-force* which would astonish the spectators.

Master Madel, the titular master-slater of the place, would never have lent himself to such foolery as this—for he was a prudent man, and the father of a family—but he had lately been very ill, and had been compelled to visit the adjoining baths of Carlsbad in search of that health which was so essential to the very subsistence of his family. The task of completing the repairs had therefore devolved upon his brother-in-law, who was still in the heyday of youth, and to whom a perilous exploit was only a pleasing pastime.

Holding in his hand a small packet containing the new suit of clothes, he hastened through the assembled crowd, and, with the agility of a cat, climbed the scaffolding which surrounded the steeple; by the help of a rope he then raised himself to the top of the gilt ball which crowned its summit, and clinging to the cross which surmounted it, he opened his packet, and began coolly to array himself in the holiday attire which it contained, at the same time bowing courteously to the crowd of gazers who stood in the square below!

Having accomplished this perilous feat, he began to think of making his way down; but, alas, the rope was no longer to be found!—the wind had detached the loop from the point of the cross on which he had suspended it—and in an agony of terror he stretched out his hands imploringly towards the spectators, who quickly perceived the cause of his alarm. But how was help to be conveyed to the unhappy man? In vain did the municipal authorities offer a large reward to any miner who should possess sufficient courage or generosity to go to his relief: not a soul stirred; and his weeping sister, the wife of Madel, who stood amongst the crowd, exclaimed that the only hope left was to send an express to Carlsbad, and to fetch her husband, who alone would dare to climb the dizzy height.

The express was accordingly just about to start, when the young Veronica, the slater's only daughter, seizing

\* *How to Cheat in America.* By Thomas Mooney. McGlashan, Dublin.

hold of her mother's hand, exclaimed, 'Mamma, is it only a cord my uncle wants? If so, I will bring it to him in a minute, just as I used to bring papa his dinner when he was working up there.'

Dame Madel trembled at the thought of exposing her child, who was but little more than five years of age, to a peril which the boldest miner had not dared to face. But the life of her only brother was at stake, and the little one, young as she was, had a fearless heart as well as a sure foot; so, after a moment of anxious thought, she pressed Veronica to her bosom, and said, 'Go then, my child, and may God be with thee!'

A coil of rope was quickly provided; Veronica placed it in a basket on her arm, and before many moments had elapsed, the anxious crowd saw her on the scaffolding, exerting all her feeble strength to throw the cord within reach of her uncle. At last she succeeded, and a loud cheer burst from the assembled multitude, who until this moment had been silent as the grave. We need not describe the joyous welcome which awaited both the little heroine and her uncle when they emerged hand in hand from the church, through which they had passed on descending from the steeple. For three days nothing was talked of in all the country round but the heroism of the slater's daughter, and even the columns of the newspapers blazoned forth her noble deed.

And yet at the end of two years Veronica was forgotten!

Two years after the restoration of the steeple, the cross by which it was surmounted was struck with lightning, and the melted pitch falling on the roof, threatened to set the whole structure in a blaze. The pealing of the bell soon mingled with the rolling of the thunder, and the good people of Subery, hastening to the spot, did all that lay in their power to extinguish the flame. Madel, the master-slater, stood upon the roof, where the danger was most imminent, and with a trembling hand directed the fire-engine towards the spots where the flame raged with the fiercest vehemence. The great heat, the sparks which flew around him on every side, and the glowing flame which dazzled his eyes, caused him intense suffering; but he and his brave companions persevered, and the fire was extinguished. From that night, however, he became liable to continual inflammation of the eyes, and in six months Master Madel had entirely lost the use of his sight.

I will not attempt to describe the anguish which filled the poor man's heart when he found, that so far from being able to maintain his family by the labour of his hands, he must henceforth be dependent upon them for his support. He found, however, a faithful and tender guide in the little Veronica; and Dame Madel, instead of giving way to vain repinings, cheerfully did her best to supply his place, by labouring more diligently than ever. Veronica assisted her mother to the best of her ability, and shared her toils whenever her father did not stand in need of her arm to guide his steps. A year thus glided on, and its close left the little group patient and resigned under their trials; but soon the good mother, worn out by exertions beyond her strength, breathed her last in the arms of her little daughter, exhorting her with her latest breath to be—what she had ever been—a dutiful and tender child to the blind father, who had now no one left to tend and care for him save her.

It was Christmas-eve. The mountaineers sought to forget the inclemency of the season in the cheerful recreations which made their hearths resound with merriment. It was their custom on this evening to illuminate their houses; and the streets were early filled with idlers, attracted by the brilliancy of the scene. Veronica had continued to work hard at her lace-pillow until darkness had closed in, nor would she then have ceased her labours had not her crucible of oil failed her and her lamp expired in its socket.

Then only, and much against her will, did she begin to keep the holiday which was so gaily celebrated around her. She fed the stove with fresh fuel, placed her blind

father in his easy-chair, and then dressing her little brother as warmly as she could, said to the child, 'Come, Georgey, we will go out and see whether the good Jesus\* has not something to give us too, that we may keep the feast to-morrow, like everybody else.'

The two children accordingly set forth hand in hand. Sights and sounds of rejoicing met them at every step. Miners in holiday attire wandered through the streets in merry groups, and paused beneath the windows of the richer citizens to sing their Christmas carols. The door of the house thus serenaded never failed to open when the singers paused, and the leader of the party always received from the generous host a few pieces of glittering coin in exchange for his song and his good wishes.

The children, following the example of their elders, joined themselves in little bands, and went singing from door to door, whilst many a Christmas-box was ungrudgingly bestowed on the young musicians.

As Veronica gazed on the merry scene, a sudden thought flashed across her mind—Why should not she, too, sing, and perhaps obtain a little money to buy a few Christmas comforts for her father? He sat at home so desolate, and a dry crust was their only provision for the morrow!

Brought up in retirement, and having seldom time to mingle in the pastimes of the children of the place, Veronica at first shrank from the thought of doing anything to attract attention; but the recollection of her blind father nerved her to the task, and drawing her veil yet closer round her, she hastened towards the quarter of the town where she was least known. Holding her little brother by the hand, she paused beneath the windows of a small, neat-looking house, and with a beating heart, but a pure, fresh voice, began the following couplet:—

'Cheer up, cheer up, ye miners brave!  
And though your lot be one of toil,  
Still let your hearts with joy bear up!  
Beneath the might your right hand wields  
The earth her choicest treasure yields.  
Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!'

The words were simple and unartistic, and poor Veronica's voice at first trembled so much that she could hardly articulate them; but her courage rose as she proceeded, and she sang the chorus with an energy and expression beyond her years.

She paused: a deep silence ensued, and two long minutes elapsed—minutes which seemed to her an age. Confused and humiliated at the thought of her unsuccessful attempt, she was about to retire, when the door opened, and a woman placed in her trembling hand a piece of cake and three kreutzers.

Veronica's heart overflowed with joy. 'Oh look, Georgey!' she exclaimed. 'Has not my first attempt been a successful one? You shall have the kreutzers for your share, but the cake I will keep for poor papa, that he too may know it is Christmas. Who knows but the good God may send us another piece?'

Cheered by this encouragement, the little songstress went on her way, and many a heart was opened to her, and many a kreutzer and Christmas-cake found their way into the pockets of her little brother. But there is no rose here below without a thorn. From one window a harsh voice cried out, 'Go on, and do not disturb us, you impertinent little wretch!'

Veronica, with a glowing cheek and tearful eye, went her way, and thought she would sing no more. But as she passed before the house of the superintendent of the mines, the wealthiest man in Subery, she said, 'I will try my chance yet this once.' This time she did her very best; her voice rose clear and sweet in the still, frosty air of evening—it might almost have been deemed an angel's song.

\* It is well known that there exists a superstition amongst the German children, that on Christmas-eve the infant Jesus goes round to their respective dwellings, and leaves a gift for each who has been a good child during the past year.

Soon a window on the first storey opened; she held out her hand for the expected boon: a kreutzer was dropped into it, but as it touched her, she uttered a piercing cry, and let it fall upon the ground. The kreutzer had been heated *red-hot*, and the author of this gratuitous piece of cruelty only met her cry of anguish by an insulting laugh.

Veronica, weeping bitterly, turned to rejoin her brother, who lingered a little way behind her, whilst eating one of his Christmas cakes. He asked her why she cried, but she would not sow the seeds of bitterness in his infant heart by telling him that man—man created in the image of God—had dared to inflict so grievous a wrong on one of the 'little ones' whom the Saviour came on this night to bless and to save.

With a heavy heart she returned home; and heavily will the tears which Veronica wept that night weigh one day upon the conscience of him who caused her to shed them.

The next day Veronica spent some of the money she had received the preceding night in the purchase of oil to heal her wounded hand, in the hope of being able soon to work as usual! but alas! day after day passed on without its getting any better.

The performance of her household duties was one continued torture to her; and often when she tried to ply her bobbins, and earn a scanty meal for her father and little brother, the pain became so great, that she would lay her head upon the cushion, and wish it were pillowed by her mother's side in the silent grave.

Sometimes her father, to whom she had never told her sufferings, would ask for his favourite song; and the gentle child, suppressing her own grief, would sing the fatal couplet which had cost her so much; whilst the blind father, listening in delighted admiration, would say he had never heard any voice like hers, and bless his 'dear, good child.' These were some of her happiest moments; but oh that was a sad, sad winter for poor Veronica.

In these mountainous districts it is a common thing for a single school to contain from 100 to 150 children, taught by a single master. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if he should frequently prove unacquainted with the peculiar capabilities of each of his pupils, unless some chance circumstance should lead to the discovery.

'Is it possible that your hand is not yet healed?' asked M. Rossel, the schoolmaster of the parish and leader of the village choir, as he gently laid his hand upon the arm of his pupil, Veronica Madel. 'It is now three weeks since you have been able to write. Let me see—what have you applied to the burn?'

'Some leaves of the vest-harrow,' she replied, unfastening the bandage which confined it. The kind-hearted schoolmaster was shocked when he saw the inflamed state of the wound, and being skilled in the science of healing herbs, undertook himself to conduct its cure.

By degrees he elicited from his young pupil an account of the way in which it had been inflicted on her, and exclaimed indignantly, 'What a monster! thus to insult a poor child singing her Christmas carol. But come, my child, let me hear this song, for I am very fond of music, and that is the reason I was so anxious for the office of chanter.'

Veronica was half afraid of singing before so great a personage; but he was so kind she could not refuse. At first her voice trembled, but it gained strength and sweetness as she proceeded; and when she paused, the good master could not refrain from embracing her in a rapture of delight, and exclaiming, 'Who taught you, my child, to sing thus?'

'Nobody,' replied the child. 'I only sing to amuse my poor blind father: it is his greatest pleasure, and it costs nothing.'

'But the melody—the melody! and this method—how did you learn that?'

Veronica looked perplexed; at last, thinking she had

caught the master's meaning, she exclaimed, 'Oh, I often heard some of our miners singing this little air.'

'My child,' replied the chanter after a few moments of meditation, 'this red-hot kreutzer, which has prevented you from making your lace, and has caused you so much misery, has been the means of discovering a precious gift with which you are endowed, and which will, I trust, enable you to provide amply for your father's wants during the remainder of his days. I will myself teach you to use this gift, and shall feel well repaid if I am permitted hereafter to see you make a noble use of it.'

From that day forward the good Rossel gave Veronica constant lessons in singing, and instructed her in all the rules of the art; he also interested several benevolent persons in the case of the blind sister, so that his wants and those of his family were well provided for.

Twelve years had passed away since that Christmas eve which had been so full of sadness to the little Veronica. It was a fine autumn evening, and all the citizens of Subery were to be seen hastening *en grande toilette* to the Hôtel de Ville, where an enjoyment awaited them of which the inhabitants of this secluded spot had not often been permitted to partake. The first cantatrice of the capital, who enjoyed a European reputation, was on this day to give a concert in the town, assisted by her brother. Listeners came from ten leagues round, and the ticket office was thronged with yet the more joyful alacrity when it became known that the generous cantatrice destined the profits of the concert for the poor of Subery.

At the entrance of the concert-room stood the old chanter and schoolmaster, Rossel, who filled the office of cash-keeper. He smiled with delight as the money flowed into his box; and each time that the purchaser of the ticket chanced to be an old acquaintance, the good man drew from his pocket a golden snuff-box, and offering him a pinch of the best Virginia, whispered *confidentially*, but so that all the world could hear, 'It is the gift of a grateful pupil: see! that is engraven on the lid; and when I received it, it was filled with gold!'

Then whilst the visitor was expressing his admiration of the gift, the old man would hastily draw a handsome gold repeater from his fob, and exclaim, 'She gave me this too! Now, if you want to know the exact hour'—And with the innocent delight of a child who has just received a new toy, he would make the repeater strike.

'Is it not true, good Master Chanter,' said a new arrival, 'that this is a very triumphant day for you?'

'Yes, indeed it is; and for the town of Subery too. She is my pupil, and she was born within its walls. May the Almighty spare me to the close of this day, and then I am ready to "depart in peace!"'

The concert-room resounded with applause when, after a few moments of silent expectation, the door opened, and Veronica Madel, radiant with beauty and with goodness, appeared upon the scene with her blind father leaning upon her arm, and her brother standing by her side. The mountain musicians, proud of accompanying their admired countrywoman, played their best, and Veronica sung as she had never done before, even in the imperial hall. Every heart was touched, and every voice was raised in exclamations.

Her brother George also, and his performance upon the violin, met with a due meed of praise.

All the pieces announced in the programme had been gone through, and the audience was about to retire, when suddenly the musicians commenced an air which was well known to all present. The young Madel took up the theme, and displayed his talent in a series of brilliant variations, whilst at the close his sister burst forth in a voice whose sweetness and power bore it above the full tones of the orchestra.—

Choir up, cheer up, ye miners brave!  
And though your lot be one of toil,  
Still let your hearts with joy be up!

Beneath the might your right hand yields  
The earth her choicest treasure yields.  
Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!

At this moment the whole assembly rose like one man, the musicians laid down their instruments, and every voice joined in the chorus—

Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!

The concert-room resounded with the joyous song, and even the cantatrice herself was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment, when suddenly the old schoolmaster was seen forcing his way through the crowd; and in another moment, forgetful of the imposing audience and the dignity of the prima donna of the Imperial Opera, he had clasped to his heart the grateful pupil, who had so far transcended his brightest hopes; and Veronica, turning to the wondering audience, told them with tears of grateful affection that to this good old man she owed, under God, all the success she had attained, and all the happiness she now enjoyed. Then gracefully bowing to the assembly, she withdrew, followed by universal plaudits.

The inhabitants of Subery had clubbed together in order to give a splendid banquet to their talented and generous countrywoman at the close of the concert. Whilst the preparations for the festival were in course of completion, the chanter drew his pupil aside, and said to her, in the familiar tone of former days, 'My good Veronica, can you spare half an hour to accompany me home? This money weighs me down: I should like to dispose of some of it to-night, and to leave the rest in a safe place.'

In order to afford additional pleasure to the benevolent heart of the old schoolmaster, Veronica had intrusted him with the distribution of the receipts of this evening's concert, and she now gladly acceded to his request.

Confiding her father to George's care, she followed the chanter through many a winding street, which the darkness of the night and her long absence from Subery prevented her from recognising. At last Rossel stopped before the door of a gloomy-looking house, and turning to the cantatrice, said, 'I wish you, my dear Veronica, to see with your own eyes the manner in which I employ the money intrusted to my care. We shall find on the ground-floor of this house a most necessitous and miserable family, and a man whose present state offers a melancholy confirmation of the truth of God's word. This unhappy man was the only son of wealthy parents, who died leaving him possessed of an abundance of this world's goods. Idleness, gambling, and drinking ruined his health and dissipated his property. He is now dying of an internal affection of the throat, leaving his wife and children penniless. He is, moreover, a prey to the bitterest pangs of remorse; and none can approach his dying bed without feeling in his inmost soul the truth of the divine words, that "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap."'

The old man ceased to speak; and groping his way through a dark passage, at length placed his finger on the latch of a door which opened into it. Followed by Veronica, he entered a large room, which presented a striking contrast to the brilliant halls they had just quitted. A single lamp cast its feeble glimmer upon the walls, and barely served to make the miserable scene which this abode of sorrow offered visible to the eyes of the strangers. A pale, careworn woman was pacing the apartment, and seeking to still the cries of the infant who hung at her breast; two other children, about three or four years of age, slept in a corner upon a heap of rags, but even in sleep their sickly faces spoke not of the healthful repose of happy childhood. In a bed, which was placed near the stove, lay the sick man, supported by straw pillows, on which he vainly sought to find repose for his wearied head.

The poor woman received the two strangers with the mournful indifference of despair.

'Is your husband asleep?' asked the kind-hearted old man in a gentle tone.

'No,' replied the woman, 'he is not; and Heaven only knows what is to become of me!'

Rossel approached the sick man's bed. 'How do you feel to-night, Kunkel?'

'Just as I always do,' he replied in a desponding tone; 'and I shall never be better so long as I feel that piece of burning money, which I never can get rid of, sticking just there in my throat!'

'So you will persist in your idea about this burning money,' interrupted the chanter. 'Have not the doctor and I told you a hundred times that the pain you feel is only the natural result of your sore throat? What is the use of making yourself worse by allowing such follies to take possession of your mind?'

'I ought to know best,' replied the sick man in a trembling voice. 'I feel it there burning me continually. I long for cold water; but when I have swallowed it, the heat becomes more intense than before.'

'Kunkel,' resumed the chanter, 'believe me this is a mere chimera. How could a piece of burning money have made its way into your throat, and retained its heat all this time?'

'I know how it was—I know how it was!' answered Kunkel with a look of the deepest anguish. 'It was last Christmas-eve, at five o'clock, that I first felt this burning kreutzer in my throat.'

'Because just then your disease had advanced till it reached that spot.'

'No, no!' exclaimed the dying man; 'there was another reason than that. Twelve years ago, at that very same time'—He paused, and sighed deeply.

'Go on with your history,' said Rossel in a soothing tone. 'This young lady feels an interest in your history, and may perhaps be able to alleviate your sufferings.'

'Oh no, no! none can alleviate them!' cried Kunkel. 'The agony I now suffer is a just recompense of my wickedness. Oh that burning kreutzer!' He stopped, and seemed as if listening to some sound. 'Did you not hear a cry outside the window?' he asked in a tone of anguish. 'Oh that was just the way the poor child cried out when I threw the burning money into her hand twelve years ago!'

He had no sooner uttered these words than a cry escaped Veronica's lips, and she turned deadly pale. She felt as if she were suddenly transported into the presence of the all-righteous Judge, and saw the commencement of the great day of retribution.

'Is it possible?' she exclaimed, turning with an anxious look towards her old master.

He gazed upon her in return with a look of mingled sympathy and affection; and after a moment's silence, said, 'Will you forgive me for having brought you here, Veronica? Will you not crown the work you have done this day by saying to this repentant sinner, "My brother, be of good cheer; I forgive thee, even as I hope myself to be one day forgiven?"'

With tears in her eyes, Veronica placed one hand within that of her good old friend, whilst she laid the other compassionately upon the arm of the dying man.

'Kunkel,' said the chanter in a solemn tone, 'here is the hand in which you once placed the burning kreutzer; it now bestows upon you a free pardon. See, the wound is healed!'

Kunkel raised his head, and looked anxiously at Veronica. 'No!' he exclaimed with a groan; 'it is impossible that that fine lady can be the little girl to whom I was so cruel. You are only mocking my misery.'

'Believe me,' said Rossel, 'it is indeed she. Through God's mercy your burning kreutzer became to her a golden mine. Here is some of its produce.' And so saying, he laid a handful of money on the table, and adding, 'This is for you, and I have more yet in store for you.'

Kunkel, with a bewildered air, gazed alternately at the money upon the table, at his wife, Veronica, and the chanter. At length he exclaimed, 'Oh how gladly

would I believe you! but it cannot—it cannot be! Unless I were to hear the lady repeat the very song that poor child sung I could not be convinced.

Veronica, in a half-suppressed, softened voice, began the miners' song. The mother stood by in silence, listening to the celestial sounds; the infant's wailing was hushed; the dying man folded his hands upon his breast, and raised his dim, expiring eyes towards heaven. This time Rosel could not join in the chorus; the sick man did so in his place, and sung with an earnest though a faltering voice, 'Cheer up!' It seemed to him in that hour as though he heard the angels singing their song of joy over a repentant sinner, and he was comforted. He no longer felt the burning pain in his throat. He stretched out his wearied limbs, and fell asleep—it was the sleep of death!

The good chanter laid his hand in silent blessing upon the marble brow, and said, 'No longer, my son, do we need to say unto thee "Cheer up!"'

After saying a few words of comfort to the poor widow, Veronica and the old schoolmaster left together this house of sorrow, for they knew that their fellow-townsmen were awaiting their presence at the banquet. A higher joy than any which this earth can give, although it was a joy tinged with sadness, filled their hearts. The scene they had just witnessed had seemed to open another world to their gaze. And as glasses touched around the table, and kindly wishes circulated, they extended their wishes beyond this earth, even to a meeting in a brighter and better world. And thus as the miner, when he issues forth from the gloomy depths of earth, welcomes the bright light of day with the joyous chorus, 'Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!' so did the old chanter and his young pupil, as they thought of that brighter day which no night shall ever interrupt, sing with thankful hearts 'Cheer up!'

Happy they who can do the same! Happy they who, like Veronica Madel, have learned to 'overcome evil with good!'

#### THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

September 1850.

I HAVE lately heard a good many remarks made on the growing practice of giving fees to porters and others at railway stations. There are certain people who appear to imagine that every little civility they receive must be paid for; such a notion, when carried out, becomes a great injustice to the majority of travellers, whose circumstances do not admit of their being equally indiscreet; for of course those who do not give have the less chance of civil service. Nor is this the only evil: sometimes a guard gets a bribe from a passenger who, in defiance of the rules, likes to smoke in the carriage; thus salutary rules are broken down through the demoralisation of the men. It is alleged that the porters have adopted an ingenious mode of 'impetecosting the gratuity' without getting on the critical side of the law—they suggest to the donor that they are forbidden to receive gratuities, but that if the money be left 'on the ledge,' or 'in the corner,' they will know where to look for it. I have ascertained that the talk on this matter is well-founded, by making myself an accomplice on two occasions in the pernicious practice—a practice which cannot be too strongly reprehended. Most of us remember the hateful exactions perpetrated on passengers in the old stage-coaching days, and even yet where rails have not penetrated; and who would wish to see the revival of such a system? Let us hope that railway directors will look to it.

The Society of Arts announces that, in consideration of the approaching Exhibition, it will not give prizes for the usual objects, but for philosophical treatises on the various departments of that Exhibition, setting forth 'the peculiar advantages to be derived from each to the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the country.' It will also give a prize for the best general treatise on the Exhibition. While the originators of this project are calmly pursuing their liberal and benevolent ends, certain French writers are endeavouring to make it appear that the Exhibition is nothing more than a perfidious attempt to lead foreigners to believe themselves equal to the English in manufac-

turing skill, and thus enable Britain to beat down or circumvent the policy of protection in all countries; for if all are alike clever, what is the use of restrictions? They who write such stuff are almost as much to be pitied as they who read it. Where is the schoolmaster?

The Society of Arts is not the only one in the field with pecuniary allurements: the Committee for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women offer one hundred guineas for an essay on the best means of effecting their objects. It is a question whether the end would not be better answered by expending the money in the building of a schoolroom rather than in making a book, which will do no good. Prize essays never do. But to begin at the beginning is too slow and self-denying a process for these reforming days.

Here, as societies are on the *tapis*, I may as well tell you that two new ones have recently put forth claims to support and favour. One calls itself the 'Epidemiological Society,' and proposes to direct its attention to the causes of epidemics, whether climatic or otherwise—an aim which, if steadily pursued, may 'eventuate,' as the Americans say, in important sanitary results. The other flourishes under the title of 'The British Meteorological Society,' formed, as the prospectus states, because 'Meteorology has remained up to the present time without that assistance which is given to many other branches of physical inquiry by associated bodies.' This society will constitute itself the grand centre of reference and direction for the amateur meteorologists—clerks of the weather, as they may be called—who are now numerous throughout the country; and will 'avail itself of every opportunity of establishing observatories in those parts of the world where none are at present in existence.' Observations are to be collected—tables published and distributed—instruments examined and corrected—phenomena to be simultaneously noted—in short, meteorology is to become, if it will, a positive science. According to the statement of the promoters, although 'the laws of climate may be less obvious than those which regulate and harmonise the motions of the heavenly bodies, yet the more minute investigation of them which is now systematically proposed, will tend to show that in this, as in every other branch of natural knowledge, immediate and important benefits will result from the inquiry; and nothing has a greater tendency to enlarge our views of the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, than a more accurate knowledge of the laws by which the universe is harmonised and regulated.' This society may very beneficially co-operate with the Epidemiological in some parts of its labours.

There is again a rumour from over sea of gas produced from water by a Mr Paine of Worcester, Massachusetts, with some rather magniloquent descriptions of the simplicity and effects of the process. The peace-maker, Elihu Burritt, says of it, 'Two jets such as were burning in his (the inventor's) house would be sufficient to light a moderate-sized hall every night, at an expense of the interest on the cost of the machine (about six dollars per annum), with only the little trouble of occasionally filling the water-cistern.' Such news is, I fear, too good to be true. If really so, it settles the question about cheap gas; and would not Londoners rejoice in the prospect of having their roadways undisturbed by pipes and mains? As it is, there seems to be a hope of gas becoming more available for domestic purposes than at present. Applied to the purposes of heating and cooking, it promises to become the cheapest, cleanest, and safest means that can be used. A bath has just been contrived in which forty-five gallons of water can be heated to the required temperature in six minutes; then there is a stove which boils and bakes, roasts, steams, and broils, all at once, with a consumption of twelve feet of gas in an hour; and besides these, the newly-invented Atmoppyre, for cooking and warming at the same time. What a combination of desiderata! If they can be produced cheaply enough, and exhibited in the great show next year, thousands of people will then be able to judge of their merits. I shall wind up these gaseous items with one that comes from Paris, where, as is said, by means of a galvanic battery and soft-iron magnets, 'every lamp in a large town may be lighted simultaneously, or extinguished in the same way by a different action on the galvanised iron.' We shall see.

The approach towards completion of the buildings which comprise the British Museum has led Professor Hoeking to publish a plan which he has long contemplated, whereby much additional room will be gained, and the general appearance of the edifice improved. Without damaging

the light admitted by the present windows, he proposes 'to build in the middle of the quadrangular court enclosed by the present main buildings of the museum a modified copy of the Pantheon at Rome—that is to say, of the cupola-covered rotunda known by that name—as nearly the full size as possible, consistently with the size of the area and with the height of the present buildings, and so to form a grand central hall for the exhibition of the finer and more important works of sculpture, and of such other objects proper to the purposes of the museum as most require that steady and equable light which is so well obtained from the eye of a cupola.' As yet, this scheme has attracted little attention except among professional men, many of whom are of opinion that, if carried out, it would spoil what already exists. By and by it will be more talked of, when space is wanted for the antediluvian remains which are some day to be dug up in Mesopotamia; besides all that we are to get from Mr Layard, who is manfully and successfully pushing his researches on the borders of the Tigris. Meantime the new structure has an appearance commensurate with the dignity of a national institution; and the wall and porter's lodge, the outworks of old Montagu House, are fast disappearing.

One or two facts indicative of social and moral progress have lately been discussed in certain quarters. According to the last poor-law returns, the number of paupers in unions and workhouses in England last July was less by 56,000 than in July of 1849; and of these 26,000 were able-bodied. If they are all at work, and not skulking in towns, living how they can, and increasing the ranks of the squalid, the result expressed by the figures may be taken as so much to the credit of prosperity. In July 1849 the number receiving in-door relief in Ireland was 205,104; and out-door relief, 723,530. In the same month of 1850 the former was 235,793; the latter, 101,486; the balance, as in the other case, being in favour of amelioration. To come from a kingdom to a parish: 127,304 persons bathed and washed at the St Martin's Baths and Washhouses during the first half of 1850, being an increase of 20,546 on the last half of 1849. The number, it is said, would have been greater, but that the establishment was at times short of water. This is a valuable fact in the statistics of cleanliness, and will become more valuable as the close connection between physical and moral purity becomes better recognised. It is not the most flashy or noisy enterprise that most assists in true civilisation; and to those who take a desponding view of our social state, no better answer could be adduced than the existence of these silent rectifiers. The Society for Improving Working-Class Dwellings are endeavouring in an easy way to encourage provident habits. Their tenants in Metropolitan Buildings, and at the Artisans' Home, Spitalfields, are invited to insure their lives, or secure premiums for their children, as apprentices, by a payment of a small amount every week in addition to their rent. Sums as low as fourpence are received; and it is gratifying to know that several of the society's occupants have availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered of providing for the future. With such facilities for getting on in the world, who would remain a laggard? The workmen of the South-Western Railway Company have proved that something can be done by self-help: they have established near the station at Nine Elms a library, reading-room, friendly society, and evening school. Such efforts are most praiseworthy. Something is to be done, too, for poor needlewomen in the shape of a model dwelling, to be erected near Gray's Inn Road, with accommodation, including washhouses and cellars, for 20 families and 128 single women. Now that the act for establishing museums of art and science has become a law, there is no reason why every town in the kingdom of 10,000 inhabitants should not join in the progressive movement, of which all the undertakings here mentioned form a part: a rate of one halfpenny in the pound would be sufficient for the support of these humanising institutions.

A few stray items may be unceremoniously clustered together. The submarine telegraph, which a French writer terms the true pipe of peace, is now actually linking England with the continent in thought as well as deed. The first three ships have arrived out at the Auckland Islands, and begun their work on the whaling-grounds, while the new colonists are prospering in their agricultural and fishing operations. The Hudson's Bay Company are about to colonise Vancouver's Island with paid labourers and artisans. A project is talked of for a railway from New York to Cape Cance in Nova Scotia, by which a

dangerous part of the sea voyage of the transatlantic steamers may be avoided, and three days saved in time. The distance is 800 miles, 400 of which are already complete, as far as Portland, Maine; the remainder would pass through New Brunswick. By this line, when finished, passengers would be able to arrive at the point of embarkation with advantage to all concerned; and perhaps, as railways can be made in Canada for £6000 a mile, we may see it accomplished. With a telegraph from the western coast of Ireland, intelligence might then reach London from New York in six days. A lecture has been delivered before the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, demonstrating the possibility of moving machinery by electromagnetic agency. Let the demonstration be made on this side the water also, and we shall know what to say about it. M. de Paravey, in a memoir to the French Académie, shows that gunpowder and firearms were known in China long before the Christian era; and that mention is made of a cannon having been fired in 618 under the Tang dynasty, which bore the inscription—'I threaten traitors with death, and rebels with destruction.' M. Sedillot, in another memoir, describes his new operation for staphylophary: it consists in cutting the muscles which hold a divided palate asunder; then, by producing a raw surface, the bifid parts are made to unite, and the power of speech and deglutition is restored.

#### INDUSTRY OF THE INSANE.

THE change that has taken place of late years in the treatment of insane patients presents one of the finest features in the civilisation of the age; but the boon of wholesome labour is perhaps the greatest benefit that has yet been conferred upon this class of sufferers. The fact is strikingly illustrated in the annual Report for last year of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum. The number of patients treated was 738, and at the close of the year there remained as inmates 476. Of this latter number, upwards of 380 were employed daily, and sometimes as many as 100 working in the open air in the extensive grounds of the asylum. 'Among these,' says Dr Skae, 'may be daily seen many of the most violent and destructive of the inmates busily engaged in wheeling earth, manure, or stones, who for years have done little else than destroy their clothing, or spend their days and nights in restless agitation or incoherent raving. The strong necessity which appears to exist, in many cases, for continual movement, or incessant noise, seems to find vent as naturally in active manual labour, if it can with any propriety be substituted and regulated.' And a curious illustration of this is given in the case of 'one of the most violent, restless, and unmanageable inmates of the asylum during the past year,' whose calling was that of a miner. He was 'tall and muscular, and occupied himself, if permitted to mix with others, in pursuing his fellow-patients and fighting with them; if left alone in the airing courts, in running round and knocking his elbows violently on the stone walls; and if secluded, in continual vociferations and incessant knocking on the wall. I directed him to be sent to the grounds, and employed with the wheelbarrow—a special attendant being intrusted with him on his *début*. Hard work seemed to be all he required. He spent his superfluous energies in wheeling stones; he soon proved himself to be one of the most useful and able-bodied of the awkward squad, and ere long was restored to his natural condition—that of a weak-minded but industrious coal-miner.'

Oakum-picking proves a useful occupation not only for imbeciles capable of no higher industry, but for malingers and idlers, who are soon anxious to escape from it into the shoemaker's, tailor's, blacksmith's, or carpenter's shops. 'In the same manner the females have been gradually broken into habits of industry to a degree hitherto unprecedented. Those who have done nothing for many years but mutter to themselves, or crouch in corners, now sew or knit from morning to night. Knitting, sewing, straw-bonnet making, and other occupations, are carried on throughout the house to such an extent that, I fear, in a very short time, unless some outlet is obtained for exportations, we shall be at a loss to know what to do.' In addition to the usual handicraft employments which are all practised in the establishment, it is interesting to observe that some patients occupy themselves in engraving, drawing, and land-surveying. A considerable portion of one of the houses has been elegantly painted, and in part refurbished, by the patients.

The various sources of recreation and healthy amusement of former years have continued in full operation during the past. The monthly periodical, written by the patients, has been entirely printed by them, with the exception of one or two numbers, there having been no hired printer in the establishment during the greater part of the year. The circulation of our little journal has been extended; and the profits continue to afford a liberal supply of newspapers and periodicals. The weekly balls and concerts preserve their popularity in the house, and have been varied from time to time by such changes as were calculated to increase the interest and amusement afforded. During the summer season, walks and drives in the country were frequent; and an occasional pic-nic party afforded, as heretofore, its healthful influences to body and mind.

The Report throughout does great credit to Dr Skae; but we have selected this portion for notice as being more than commonly interesting and suggestive. The useful occupation of the faculties with which God has endowed us is a remedial agent of powerful efficacy in more cases of mental malady than are received into an insane asylum!

#### TAXES IN GERMANY.

Besides the exaction of three years to serve in the landwehr or militia, and forty days' drill every year afterwards, each man in Germany is subject to a personal tax. Mr Laing, in his late work on the 'Social State of Europe,' describes this system of taxation as follows:—'The *Kopfsteuer*, head-tax, or poll-tax, on each individual of the working-class, is a very oppressive direct tax. The working-people are divided, for taxation, into five or six classes; each individual paying a poll-tax, higher or lower according to the class in which the tax-gatherer or assessor thinks proper to place him. In Hanover, for instance, the tax on the day-labourer of the lowest class is one dollar (equal to 4s. 7½d.) per annum, payable by instalments monthly; and in this class fifteen days' wages, or about 6 per cent. of his average income, is fixed as the maximum of tax on any individual. The tax on the highest class of working-people is five dollars (25s. 1½d.), while in the lowest it is one dollar. This is the system, with some variation in the classes and rates of tax in each class, on which the poll-tax or *Kopfsteuer* is levied in most parts of Germany. A trade-tax, or *gewerbesteuer*, being a kind of income-tax on the supposed profits of the tradesman in every handicraft or branch of industry, and also a license-tax to exercise the trade; a journeyman-tax, levied on the class of journeymen according to their earnings; a shop-tax, or license to open a shop—are direct taxes on the continental working-man unknown to the working-man in our social state. In civil as well as in military arrangements Prussia has been the model of almost all the other states of Germany. Her institution of the landwehr shows the pressure of this semi-military state of society on civilisation and wellbeing, and her financial arrangements show the pressure upon the common man of her other direct taxes on the people. In Prussia, by a cabinet order of the 7th August 1820, the taxes payable to the state were arranged and established under the following heads:—1st, Duties and consumption-taxes on foreign goods; 2d, The salt-tax; 3d, The stamp-tax; 4th, The tax on trades; 5th, The land-tax; 6th, The taxes on home-made spirits, malt, home-made wines, tobacco-leaves of home-growth; 7th, The tax on meal and meat (*mahl* and *schlachtsteuer*—literally, grinding and slaughtering tax); and 8th, A class-tax, where the *mahl* and *schlacht* taxes are not levied. The land-tax was fixed by this edict at one-fifth of the clear annual produce of the land; but the domain lands of the crown, and those of the privileged nobles, are to pay one-sixth only. The taxable population, and the rates to be levied, are divided into four classes:—1st, Certain large cities, 9 in number; 2d, Certain small towns, 132 in number; 3d, All towns with more than 1500 inhabitants, and not included in the other two lists; 4th, All other small towns, and the country. The class-tax is not levied in those places subject to the meal and meat tax; which exemption includes the 9 cities and 132 towns named in the first and second lists. The class-tax is levied by a division of the people into six classes. The 1st class pays monthly, for a whole household, four thalers (about 11s. 9d. sterling); or, for a single person, two thalers (about 5s. 10½d. sterling). The intermediate classes, between the highest and the lowest, pay proportionally less. The 5th class pays four groschen (about 5½d. sterling) for a whole household per

month; or two groschen (about 2½d. sterling) for a single person; and the 6th class, the lowest, pays one groschen (about 1½d. sterling) per month for each person; but in this lowest class only three individuals in the same family can be charged with the tax. These personal taxes have to be paid within the first eight days of each month; and execution on the property ensues on non-payment of the tax after three days' notice of arrear, and imprisonment also for the debt. The meal and meat tax includes all corn or kinds of grain, beans, peas, &c. The 100 lb. of wheat pays six groschen (about 8½d. sterling), and of all other grain four groschen (about 5½d. sterling); and no quantity under 100 lb. can be ground. The meat-tax is one thaler (about 2s. 11½d. sterling) for 100 lb. of meat. The trade-tax (*gewerbesteuer*) extends over all business, the making of any kind of goods for sale, all handicrafts carried on with journeymen, the trades of millers, carriers, skippers, inn-keepers, provision dealers, lodging-house keepers, cutting-house keepers, furnished-room keepers, ale or spirit dealers. Bakers, brewers, and butchers, are rated particularly high, as the tax they pay falls almost as a direct tax on the public.'

#### CALICO SOIREEES.

Calico soirées are fashionable in some of the manufacturing towns of Massachusetts. They are got up for the benefit and improvement of the operatives at the mills, and are attended by all classes. They receive the name from the ladies appearing in calico dresses.—*Colonization Herald*.

#### IMAGES OF GOD.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Nor, from the noble quarry,  
Nor from the wealthy mine,  
Shalt thou bring images of God  
To dock His house or shrine:  
Carrara's marble mountains  
Before His face are dim;  
The purest gold that Sibir yields  
Recoils abashed at Him.

Canova's art and chisel  
Could faultless beauty give;  
His glowing thought and magic touch  
Could make dead marble live;  
For him lost Nymphs and Heroes  
Would from the rough block spring;  
But weak were all Canova's skill  
To frame the seraphs' King.

In stone of snowy whiteness,  
And precious ores of earth,  
Triumphant genius carves or moulds  
All shapes of human birth;  
He calls up forms and features  
Which never yet have been,  
But vainly will he toil or think  
To show—THE GREAT UNSEEN.

If thou wouldst find His likeness,  
Search where the lowly dwell,  
The faithful few that keep His laws  
Not boastfully, but well;  
Mark those who walk rejoicing  
The way which Jesus trod;  
Thus only shalt thou see below  
FIT IMAGES OF GOD.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## THE CORN-TRADER OF THE DESERT.

WHEN we speak of the Desert, an idea is naturally awakened of a vast expanse, over which no track leads, and with no visible boundary—a region of sand and light, of heat and thirst, made only for the especial habitation of the sunbeams and the simoom. This, indeed, is the aspect under which the Desert appears in the works of the poets; and it is true that in some few portions of Africa and Asia their wildest conceptions are realised. Caravans have been swallowed up, and even armies, we are told, overwhelmed, in endeavouring to cross these frightful tracts—just as ships are wrecked in the ocean; and the ingenuity of thinkers has been baffled in seeking for what may be called the physical excuse for their existence. But the Desert, in its larger signification, is simply a region of comparative barrenness, where scattered tribes of men find, it is true, a scanty subsistence, yet still a subsistence sufficient to enable them not only to form nations, but to be the parents of nations.

The most celebrated inhabitants of the Desert are without doubt the Arabs, commonly called Bedawins. Their manners form an interesting object of study; and although much has been said about them, much more remains to say. I have had opportunities of seeing them under some of their aspects, and was especially led to notice the way in which they provided for the support of life.

When I first started from Egypt into the wilds of Libya, and left behind me the last outpost of what perhaps may with some courage be called 'civilisation,' represented by a cluster of mud huts, sheltered by a huge old ruined wall, I could not suppress a slight feeling of awe. My mind seemed to lose its firm footing on reality, and to move with faltering steps towards the vague and the infinite. But familiarity, if it did not breed contempt, soon consolidated, as it were, my ideas, allowed them to assume a definite form, and fear and mystery vanished together. There is nothing really dreadful but the uncertain and the unknown. I soon found that the Desert, so far from being a disagreeable place, has many fascinating characteristics. The pureness of the air is unrivalled; the sky is nowhere else so glorious, the sun so magnificent, twilight so lovely though so fading, night so tranquil, or the moon so full of light. The forms of the earth's surface are by no means unvaried: vast level tracts do sometimes present themselves, with their trembling horizon of mirage; but there are likewise lofty rocky ranges, defiles of Alpine ruggedness, steep passes, gloomy caverns; and now and then, at the bottom of valleys, or on the sides of hills, or in almost imperceptible depressions in the plains, one meets with little splashes of green, sparkling

thickets of brushwood, tufts of wild sage, or some other plant agreeable to the eye.

Nor is it uncommon for the caravan, in pursuing its undeviating course over hill and valley, to fall in, in the autumn, with fields—unhedged, it is true—where the sturdy stubble, left some six inches in height, speaks of crops of maize or of barley planted and reaped by some wandering tribe, who have left no other traces of their sojourn, but have passed away like the wind. Many of these spots of comparative fertility we found to be far removed from any well, and as little or no rain falls either in spring or summer in the Desert, must have depended for moisture almost entirely on the dews of night, which are exceedingly copious—so copious, indeed, that I have been frequently drenched to the skin after having passed a night in my cloak on the ground.

I knew already that the Bedawins depend in a great measure for support upon the produce of their flocks, and that their hardy sheep and goats, as well as their camels, find sufficient nourishment in the extremities of the ligneous plants which everywhere abound, even in the tracts most desolate to the eye; for this peculiar vegetation blends with the ground in hue: but I soon began to speculate on the possibility of their being able to raise grain enough for their own consumption, and to remember that of old their forefathers used to go down for corn into the land of Egypt. My uncertainty was not of long duration. The very first rencontre we made was that of a kafla of unladen camels, escorted by a certain number of young Bedawins, on the way to Alexandria to procure a supply for the next season; and the same circumstance afterwards recurred repeatedly. We soon became well acquainted with the habits and manners of these extempore traders. They are generally the sons of the chief men of the tribes, who send to Egypt on their own account so many camels, according to their wealth and their wants, and do not consider it prudent to trust hired drivers with so important a care. The camels are the most valuable portions of their property, and none are likely to defend them with so much vigour as those who are to inherit them. Generally speaking, a certain proportion of the purchases are made in Egypt with dollars—whence procured, it is difficult to say—the remainder with the price of a few blankets, woven beneath the tents, or of a camel-colt, reluctantly sold. The Bedawins are not good bargainers when pitted against those who drink of the waters of the Nile, and they are often cheated, and laughed at over and above. They console themselves, however, by staring with barbarian curiosity at the wonders of the city, walled in formerly against them, and by reflecting, no doubt, that a whole hazaarful of supercilious Iskenderanels would fly like a flock of geese at sight of one of their white burnouses in the Desert. When

they have filled their sacks, and seen enough of civilisation, they hasten to escape from a place where they are exposed to derision and insult; and casting aside, as they issue from the gates, their somewhat astonished and downish look, resume at once all their pride and arrogance. New tarbooshes and slippers generally adorn them on these occasions; and most probably they compensate themselves for all the humiliations they have endured, by parading about in their gaudy purchases before their untravelled brethren, and telling marvellous tales of the wonders they have seen.

An immense number of these corn-seeking *kafilas* reach Alexandria in the season; and all the markets in Egypt, on both sides of the river, are visited in the same manner by emissaries of tribes situated in various latitudes. At first sight, accordingly, it would appear that a very large proportion of Egyptian produce is drained off in this way. But when we reflect that a moderate vessel will carry as much as a thousand camels, and that sixty or seventy English ships alone have been in the harbours of Alexandria at one time, it is evident that this exportation is comparatively unimportant. However, the two Desert-coasts, if we may use the expression, are so extensive, that some hundreds of thousands of *arabes* must be taken off by the Bedawins every season.

The Desert-tribes are not, moreover, wholly dependent for their supply on what they fetch for themselves in this wasteful and expensive manner. A few traders of *fellah* origin, but who have acquired by experience all the energy and adventurous character of Bedawins, annually make a tour through a vast space of country, calling at the principal wells, and following the traces of the movable encampments. By their ministry those who have been unable to send to Egypt are supplied, and some of the productions of the Desert distributed. They seem to be protected—nay, respected—as if they were fulfilling a sacred task. I never heard of a corn-kafilah being robbed.

One evening we were crossing an immense level track. As usual in such cases, the horizon appeared now to expand infinitely, now to contract into nothing. We were only made aware of a few undulations, resembling the long swell of the ocean, by sometimes seeing, sometimes losing sight of a distant cluster of hills, often mistaken, from their shape, for giant tents. Frequently, it is true, we beheld hazy lakes, dotted with tree-fringed islands, ahead; but as we advanced, the lakes dried into sand, the islands dwindled into tufts of hungry-looking grass. The sun, which had blazed so fiercely all day, seemed to sink into the earth close at hand to our right. There was not a cloud to reflect its glories; but one vast saffron vapour, slightly tinged with purple, like a hectic flush on the cheek of fever, filled the west. There was but one visible line in the landscape—where the Desert ended and the sky began. Below all soon became dim and shadowy, although a thousand Rembrandt hues played over the surface; but it was some time before the canopy of light and gold above sobered into gray.

We had been watching with accustomed admiration this wonderful scene so intently, that old Saleh, one of our guides, called out twice ere we noticed him, that there were some suspicious objects ahead. True enough, when we did look in the direction pointed out, we saw a number of fantastic, ill-defined shapes, that at first slowly approached, but suddenly coming to a full stop, and huddling together, assumed very much the aspect, in that uncertain light, of a huge monster, crouching down to await our coming. The word rapidly passed round to get the firearms in order; for Saleh, who was usually commonplace and positive in his notions, solemnly declared that we were very probably about to have an interview with a band of robbers. It is needless to say that the idea was more startling than agreeable; but it had often been suggested before, sometimes with, sometimes without, reason; so, not attaching much importance to it, and yet not neglecting the necessary precautions, we continued jogging on until the

word to halt was given by the sheikh who had chief command in our *kafilah*.

We were now sufficiently near to distinguish, strongly relished against the southern sky, still divided from the Desert by a sharp rim of light, the forms of a number of camels and men awaiting our approach. Though not a novelty to us, the scene was sufficiently exciting, and might have been made much of by a good romance writer. With the setting of the sun a strong breeze, every blast of which was chiller and chiller, had begun to blow, rustling with a low continuous hum along the Desert, and shaking our capotes with a melancholy flapping sound. A few clouds had come out like night-birds, and flew rapidly overhead. The moon had not yet risen, but the stars seemed to drop quivering into their places one by one before the due time of their empire had arrived. Our camels, checked in their persevering march, formed with their huge burthens a magnificent group as they mingled their long necks or looked lazily round, as if indolently inquisitive about this sudden halt. We remained upon our donkeys, presenting anything but a martial appearance, as, in a half sceptical manner, we fingered the locks of our double barrels. Two Egyptian lads who accompanied us pressed close together in dismay, and debated in whispers the possibility of escaping by a headlong flight while we were at work with the banditti. The Bedawins, silent and thoughtful, examined the priming of their weapons, and looked anxiously through the gloom for some sign by which to ascertain the character of the strangers.

After a few moments' pause, a tall slight figure was observed advancing towards us. The sheikh immediately cocked his gun, and crept forward like a wild cat. It was the old manœuvre, but this time, as in most others, superfluous. A well-known signal announced to Saleh that he might drive on the camels, and presently we met the sheikh coming back with an unarmed youth. We learned now that we had encountered a corn-kafilah, the drivers of which were a little more timid than usual, on account of the border war then raging between the Harabi and the Waled Ali. Our road lay exactly through the principal scene of their conflicts; and although, as I have said, a corn-trader is generally allowed to pass unharmed, there is no knowing what the exigencies of warfare might not bring about.

There were ten camels, some laden, others not, and only three men, or rather one man and two striplings, his sons. When we had spread our mat, and made everything ready for a halt until the moon rose, we invited Ali Mustafa, the merchant, to smoke a pipe with us. By the glow of the fire, lighted in order to prepare some tea, he seemed a respectable-looking man, with a swarthy countenance and a beard of a pepper-and-salt hue. His large green turban and long blue shirt betokened him a true *fellah*; but he had likewise a brown burnoose, and a capital gun, which he told us with some pride he knew well how to use. At first he appeared a little shy in answering our inquiries, not knowing whether we might not be rivals endeavouring to surprise his commercial secrets; but all hesitation vanished before a handful of tobacco and a cup of tea, into which, at the recommendation of old Saleh, he requested us to pour a little of what he called 'medicine,' and we 'brandy.' The Bedawins, and those who consort with them, although sticklers for the title of good Moslems, are not remarkable for strict compliance with the Koran. They pray when it is convenient, perform their ablutions with sand or water indifferently, drink forbidden liquors when they can get them, and do not seem to believe it at all necessary to hate, abuse, or ill-treat infidels unless at the prompting of some special motive.

It was a simple though curious story that Ali Mustafa told us, or rather began to tell us in his Oriental and circumstantial way as we sat there by the starlight, while the camels, who could never get sufficient

nourishment if they failed in devoting every moment to eating that is not given to sleep, browsed away in an ever-widening circle. He told us that he came from the Said, or Upper Egypt, and belonged to a family which from time immemorial had carried on a trade in corn with the Desert, taking dollars by preference, but, in default of these, blankets, or wool, or camels, or dates, from the oases in exchange. Some of his allusions were obscure—perhaps he romanced a little; but from what we could gather, aided afterwards by the recollections of our old gossip Saleh, it seems that in very ancient times one of Mustafa's ancestors, named Hagg Omar, fell in love with a Bedawin girl, whose tribe had accidentally wandered once to the borders of the land of Egypt. Hagg Omar somewhat inappropriately offered a cow, his whole wealth, in exchange for his beloved, but was repulsed with contempt, and as he continued to hang about the encampment, came in for a good beating. But love gives courage even to a humble fellah; and when the tribe departed, Hagg Omar sold his cow, bought a camel, and began to trade in corn, first with places near at hand, and then with more distant ones. His object was to reach the accustomed station of the tribe to which his Zalzal—that, I believe, was the name—belonged; and I am glad to say that he seems to have succeeded to the extent of his wishes, the only condition attached to the compliance at length vouchsafed being, that he and all his descendants should continue to supply the Desert with grain to the utmost of their power. Good faith combined with interest to insure the keeping of the bargain, as Ali Mustafa himself was there to testify. A great many wonderful things seem to have happened to all the descendants of the almost mythological Hagg Omar, some of whom were represented to have risen to the rank of merchant princes; but we could not ascertain how the family so declined as to leave its chief, after all, nothing but a poor corn-dealer trading with ten camels and two sons in that small peddling way. Our boys listened with devout belief, and always explained the matter by saying that Zalzal was only given on the condition that her husband and her descendants should trade *personally*; and with much animation declared that they too would purchase such a bride on the same conditions. We did not hear from Ali Mustafa any description of this rather apocryphal beauty, but Derwish, from what source of information I know not, several times painted her in such rapturous terms, deriving his metaphors and similes from the moon, the stars, gazelles, and pomegranates, that we all caught something of his enthusiasm, and peeped impertinently into every Bedawin tent we could approach in quest of some other Zalzal.

Time was far spent when our new friend came to his own adventures; and the kind of lunar dawn, sometimes so beautifully marked in the Desert, threatened us with speedy interruption before we had passed the period when his father Mohammed took him by the hand one day and told him that his man's life was about to begin. The worthy trader waxed quite eloquent in describing his first journey in the Gehel, which, according to him, had once been more fertile than the valley of the Nile, until it was burned up by the fiery breath of an Efrîf fleeing from Divine vengeance. He alluded to marvellous stories, of which he made himself hero; such as finding the skeletons of a whole caravan—according to his computation, some leagues long—camels, and horses, and men all standing up, formerly buried by the simoom, then uncovered by the same agency. I confess that although we began the conversation in search of useful knowledge, we were too much fascinated by this wild kind of talk to put in a single query, and were quite disappointed when, roused by the increasing light, we looked over our shoulders and saw a large pale crescent floating some distance above the horizon. Ali Mustafa was at this moment enlivening his narrative by a dangerously-satirical picture of the poverty and misery of the Bedawins, his presumed ancestors;

Derwish and Saad, our Egyptians, were stifling a very unruly giggle; Saleh was beginning to stroke his long thin beard rather impatiently; and the sheikh's one eye, which had until then been shut, glowed a good deal more brightly than usual as the ghastly rays of the moon fell upon it. Some one, however, gave the signal to march; everything was at once in a bustle; the camels were collected and separated; the mat was rolled up; a somewhat hasty farewell of subdued cordiality took place; and the two kafilas slowly receded from one another in opposite directions. The breeze once or twice brought to us the sound of distant voices crying 'zahi! zahi!' to the lagging or straggling camels; but this sign that we were not alone in the Desert soon failed, and, nodding in sleepy silence, we continued our journey towards the Milky Mountains.

#### INSURANCE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

A few months ago I happened to be detained at a roadside station on an English railway rather notorious for its disregard of 'Greenwich' and all other kinds of time. The number of passengers was very few, and their conversation little else than a series of complaints about their detention, varied by a running fire of no kind compliments to the unfortunate clerk, on whose head the sins of others were visited. Having contributed my fair share of angry words, I turned to study the rural literature of the place, consisting of time-tables, notices of by-laws, penalties for smoking, &c. With all these I had become very familiar, and had little disposition to inspect a time-table which did not speak true, but my attention was called to an announcement of the 'Railway Passengers' Assurance Company,' which professed to insure passengers against loss of life by railway accidents, and to allow proportionate compensation in cases of personal injury. The scale of premiums was marvellously low: by paying a penny, a third-class traveller could insure his life for £200 during a single journey, irrespective of distance; a second-class passenger, for double the sum, could insure for £500; and a first-class, for treble, could insure for £1000.

Here was something not only new, but most important to think and talk about. Could the company afford to pay such large sums with such low premiums? The answer was plain—they had a capital of one million, and the directors were eminent London bankers and other capitalists, not only able to pay, but who would take good care not to invest their money in any concern that was not likely to bring them a fair and reasonable dividend. But then, if a thousand holders of single-journey first-class tickets were to be killed, the entire capital of the company would be required, and the premiums paid would only amount to £12, 10s. Of course any combination of circumstances may be possible, but such a combination is in the greatest degree improbable. The number of fatal accidents on railways is now happily very much reduced, and is diminishing every year. Only five persons were killed on all the railways in the United Kingdom during 1849 by circumstances which they could not avoid, though others were killed through their own negligence, and some by their own intention. So far, therefore, as fatal accidents are concerned, it does not seem probable that the company will have to pay much. But numerous accidents not fatal occur: passengers have occasionally teeth knocked out, limbs broken, or receive bruises and contusions of various kinds. Compensation for these must form the principal drain on the company's funds, and how is that compensation to be determined? Is medical attendance only to be provided, or are sums to be paid according to a graduated scale—so much for a broken leg, or so much for the loss of good teeth; and so on? In these respects the directors will

doubtless be guided by the circumstances of each case, and will award just and reasonable sums, otherwise travellers will not insure, and the company of course become a losing concern.

But other considerations of more importance arose as I speculated on the company's placard. Let us suppose that a working-man, with a wife and several children entirely dependent on him for support, requires to travel, say a hundred miles on a railway. He wishes to be economical, and travels by the parliamentary or a third-class train. His railway fare is a penny per mile; but he is a provident man, and determines to run no risks by which those dependent on him may suffer without using all the precautions within his reach, and he accordingly pays as if his journey were for a hundred and one miles, thus insuring his life for £200, to be paid to his family; and he takes his seat in the carriage with the comfortable reflection that, let any accident whatever happen, his payment of one penny has insured him to a great extent against any pecuniary loss resulting therefrom. Should he arrive at his journey's end safe and sound, he will not consider that his penny has been ill spent, even though his consideration should be based on no higher ground than that the comfortable reflection arising from having insured has enabled him to journey more pleasantly than if he had bought and drunk a glass of ale at every station. Again, how many thousands of people there are who spend a large portion of every year on railways: engine-drivers, stokers, guards, and other officials of the companies, commercial travellers, &c. These may take periodical tickets, and for 5s. insure themselves to the extent of £200 for a whole year, or £1000 for the same length of time on payment of £1.1. All these men have relatives more or less dependent on them; or they are so situated that, in the event of accident, pecuniary assistance such as this company gives would be of great service to their friends and themselves. Indeed there is perhaps no human being whose death or injury affects himself alone. Now and then we see in the papers notices of the deaths of persons 'deeply regretted,' as if there were any men, women, or children whose death would not be regretted by some relatives or friends. There are thousands of people who are induced to take many precautions against accident, sickness, and other dangers, less out of consideration for themselves, than for those dependent on them, and who will gladly avail themselves of all safeguards in railway travelling.

Speculating on these things, I gave the clerk two-pence, told him my name, and was supplied with an insurance-ticket for that journey to the amount of £500. The long-delayed train at last came up, and I got into a carriage; and the pleasing ideas of security that the possession of the little insurance-ticket gave me, soon lulled me into a quiet and refreshing sleep. No accident certainly occurred; and the only shade of regret that passed o'er my mind as I tore up the now useless ticket, was, that some public-spirited company did not undertake, for a reasonable consideration, to compensate railway passengers for loss of time as well as of life or limbs. However, I made up my mind that I would never travel on a railway again unless with an insurance-ticket; and though my journeys are not so numerous as to make it necessary to insure for a year, and though my life was long ago insured in an old-established company, yet I never grudge the two or three coppers required for each journey.

But other passengers equally provident have not been equally fortunate with regard to accidents. The aggregate number of passengers carried on the railways of the United Kingdom during the year 1849 was 63,842,537, and of these only about a hundred thousand insured their lives specially against railway accidents. The number of periodical tickets issued by the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company during the year ending 30th June 1850 was 2808, and the number of single-journey tickets was—first-class, 24,788; second, 41,515;

and third, 43,771. It is well known that there is less danger in travelling by first than by second or third class—a fact illustrated in the scale of premiums adopted by the company, where a first-class passenger, to insure five times as much as a third, pays only three times more; but nevertheless the insurances effected by first-class passengers are much greater in proportion to the whole than the second or third. Thus only one third-class passenger out of about 750, one second-class out of 570, and one first out of 300, effects an insurance. The difference surely does not arise from the difference of means, but rather from those habits of thoughtlessness and improvidence which better education would remove. Many passengers have had to rejoice over their purchases of insurance-tickets. For example, on a beautiful day during the present summer a cheap train brought a large number of passengers, 'on pleasure bent,' to Liverpool from Staffordshire. In descending the tunnel at the terminus of the line, the usual control by means of breaks over the train was lost, and it ran violently into the station. Happily no lives were lost, but few passengers escaped without injury more or less serious. Eleven of these had fortunately taken insurance-tickets, and they were all compensated for the injuries they sustained. A man and his wife, the latter of whom was much injured, received £15; a person who was so bruised and shaken that he could not attend to business for some days, was paid £1.6; a young woman in a third-class carriage received £2 for hurts about the face; and similar sums, amounting to £13.5s., were paid to the others. But the great majority of passengers in the train were uninsured, and thus did not receive that compensation which the most trifling payment would have guaranteed to them. On the previous day the melancholy accident happened to the steamship *Orion*, and one cannot refrain from wishing that such a scheme of railway assurance should be extended to passengers by steamboats. Had such been the case, many a widow and orphan might have had much of the bitterness of their sad losses removed. Again, an accident happened in August this year at the Cowairs station of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, by which five lives were lost, and many persons injured. Unfortunately only a few had insured, and they received compensation similar in amount to that paid at Liverpool; but not one of those who died had taken such a simple and inexpensive precaution. (Other cases even more forcible might be mentioned:—A person at Preston fell from the platform, and was injured; he was paid £1.7.6s.: a mail-guard received injuries at Stirling which prevented him from attending to his duty for five weeks; he was paid £20: a commercial traveller, whose hand was so severely injured by a porter shutting the door of the carriage too hastily, that he had to stay a week in Newcastle, and on returning home, could not resume his usual occupation for eleven days, was paid thirty guineas: and a clerk in the travelling post-office, whose eyes were fearfully injured by a collision on the Caledonian Railway at Abington, has received two hundred guineas. These and other cases have been paid by the directors out of a revenue for the year of £3508; and even after such payments, it is said there is sufficient surplus to pay a dividend on the small amount of capital called up of about 8 per cent. These payments also are mostly exclusive of medical expenses defrayed by the company.)

Such insurance-tickets can be obtained at all the stations, or nearly all the lines of railway, in the kingdom; and companies are now being formed to extend the plan over the continent of Europe. Several railway companies, it is said, object to give facilities for the sale of tickets, on the ground that, by reminding people of railway dangers, they will be less disposed to travel. This absurd objection will of course soon give way. On the same principle, the boats and life-buoys on board a steamer ought to be kept out of sight, because they remind people of shipwreck. I really hope not only that such tickets may soon be had at every railway

station, but that they may be extensively made use of. At the same time, it is to be hoped that such a system will in no degree lessen the responsibility of the different railway companies.

### THE BOG-OAK SHAMROCKS.

CHARLES and Ellen Murphy were the children of a small farmer in the west of Ireland. Their father and mother died of fever within a few days of each other, when the boy was fourteen, and his sister twelve years old. Their only near relative was a cousin, who lived in a neighbouring village, and who, on the Murphys' death, came over to arrange their affairs. He found that when the stock, crops, and furniture were sold, and the rent and other debts paid, five pounds and a tolerable supply of clothes were all that remained for the orphans. Tom Handley was a good-natured man, but his own circumstances were far from flourishing, and he had a wife and family to maintain. He therefore felt rather embarrassed as to what could be done with his young cousins; and calling Charles to him on the morning that the farm was surrendered, he said, 'Well, Charley, boy, what do you think would be best for you and Nelly to do?'

The boy sighed deeply. 'I don't know, Tom,' he said; 'I'd like to work, and try to support her if I knew how—if you'd put me in the way of doing it.'

'This little you'd earn for a good while yet, I'm thinking,' replied Tom. 'You're a slight young fellow, not over-strong; and I believe you were brought up more to the book-learning than to anything else.'

'Yes; my poor father was giving me a good education, thinking I'd be fit for a clerk in a counting-house, in case the bad times would oblige him to give up farming; or "at anyrate," he would say, "learning is no burthen to any one." But now that's all over, and I know I have nothing to look to but my own work to support myself and Nelly.'

'Well,' said Tom, after a pause, 'you and your little sister can come home with me. I know *herself* (his wife) will be willing to give ye both the run of the house. I'll put your five pounds into the savings' bank, and we'll find you something to do in the fields, and Ellen might make herself useful minding the young infant.'

Charles thanked his cousin; and then with hearts full of grief for the kind parents they had lost, he and his sister accompanied Tom Handley to his home, about six miles distant.

It was a long, low, thatched cabin, with a potato field at the back, a cabbage garden at one side, a pigsty at the other, and in front the filthy, green, stagnant pool which impedes the entrance to many an Irish tenement. In it and about it were disporting themselves a motley crew of quadrupeds and bipeds; the former consisting of pigs and dogs, the latter including ducks, geese, and children. At the door stood Mrs Handley, holding a wooden *piggin* filled with bruised potatoes and bran, and busily engaged in feeding a goodly company of cocks, hens, and chickens. Her eldest son, a fine rosy, dirty boy of eight, stood armed with a furze fagot, lustily repelling the unlawful incursions of the before-named denizens of the pool, who, with the exception of the children, seemed to think that their favoured rivals of the roost were getting far more than their share of the good things of this life; and that it was really worth risking something for a portion in the mess of hot potatoes delicately mingled with bran.

'Here we are, Kitty,' said Tom, 'come home to you, thank goodness, safe and sound! I hope the praties are nearly boiled, for I'm sure Nelly and Charley must be starving hungry.'

'They'll be ready in less than no time, Tom; and I have a fine bowl of buttermilk and a fresh egg for you into the bargain. You're welcome, children,' she con-

tinued, 'kindly welcome; only I wish I had a better place for you.' And, wiping her hands on her checked apron, she gave them both a hearty salutation, and led them into the cabin. Although their house had been humble, and their clothing coarse, Charles and Ellen had always been accustomed to strict cleanliness in both; they therefore felt shocked at the first view of their future dwelling. The mud floor was damp, dirty, and worn into ruts; the wooden furniture, although sufficiently abundant and substantial, looked as if it were rarely scoured; and whenever the half-door happened to be left open, the living creatures before enumerated were sure to rush in, bearing with them no small portion of the lacustrine deposits at the door. Charles perceived the painful expression on his sister's face, and drawing her hand within his, he whispered, 'We ought to be thankful to be here, Nelly, and not in the workhouse.'

After supper, they were taken into a very small room, a sort of den partitioned off the kitchen, containing two good soft-looking beds. In one of these Ellen was to sleep with two of her little cousins—the other was occupied by Mr and Mrs Handley and their youngest child. An old stuff curtain was drawn between the two beds—steads—a piece of delicate refinement very uncommon in an Irish cabin. For Charles and the eldest boy's straw-bed was made in a *settle* in the kitchen. Despite the novelty of their situation, both brother and sister slept soundly, and awoke next morning with hearts though sad, yet grateful to God for giving them even *this* shelter.

After breakfast, Tom Handley said, 'Now, Charley, come out to the field, and drive the cows into the lower inch. You can stop there and watch them; and mind, don't let them get into the meadow.'

'Here, Ellen,' said Mrs Handley, 'take this child from me, and good-luck to you: he won't let me do a ha'porth but dandling him all day: 'twill be a fine thing for me if you can mind him.'

Both brother and sister expressed their readiness to do whatever they could to assist their cousins, for they had been well instructed, and knew that they ought not to eat the bread of idleness. Yet they could not help feeling their situation irksome, for beside the physical discomforts of their abode, Ellen was kept all day in close attendance on a cross child, which was also so fat and heavy, that the slender growing girl became bowed beneath its weight. Charles, too, was shut out from that mental cultivation of which he had begun to taste the sweets, with the painful consciousness that the few pence he earned by herding cows for a neighbouring farmer were quite insufficient to pay for his own and Ellen's support. After some time, the Handleys, always poor, became exceedingly distressed. A violent distemper broke out among cattle, and carried off their only cow. No more milk for the children—no firkin of butter towards paying the rent. Then the season was wet, and the potatoes partly failed; and to crown all, poor Tom himself was seized with fever, and lay for many days between life and death.

One morning, when he was beginning to recover, his wife called Charles, and giving him her solitary Sunday gown, a much-prized garment of blue and yellow ehintz, said, 'Here, *ma bouyhal*, carry this to T——; take it to the pawnbroker's, and borrow as much on it as he'll give you, and then buy two ounces of tea and a quarter of sugar for poor Tom, and a stone of meal for ourselves.'

'No, ma'am, begging your pardon, I won't do that; but do you think you could get me the savings' bank-book that Tom has?'

'What for, child?—that's an empty book. Sure we had no money in the bank this many a day.'

'Oh, ma'am, I mean *my* book: there's five pounds in it, and I'll draw it out for you to-day.'

'No, boy, no,' said Kitty, applying the corner of her apron to her eyes; 'I wouldn't rob the orphans that way: what luck could I expect for my own if I did?'

Keep your little penny, *aleah*: I am as much obliged to you as if I took it.'

'Ma'am,' said Charles earnestly, 'if you please you *must* take it. Aren't you and poor Tom like parents to Nelly and me?—don't you share every bit and sup with us, though you want it so badly yourselves?—how, then, could I have the heart to see you and the children want while I have it?'

'Well, Charley, you're a good boy, and I will take it from you as a loan. Please God, when *himself* is well, we'll soon be able to put it back; and indeed I think he'd a'most murder me for touching it at all.'

The book was produced, Charles took it to the town, drew out his money, and having purchased some necessaries for the family, returned cheerfully home. He gave the money to Mrs Handley; but she, although a kind-hearted, honest creature, was, truth to tell, a bad manager, so that the sum did not last as long as it should have done. One day, when Handley was just able to go out, his eldest little girl, a fine intelligent child of seven years old, her father's special favourite, fell off a wall over which she was climbing, and injured her knee severely. The hurt was at first neglected, and then carelessly looked at by an ignorant village apothecary, who pronounced that it required nothing but rest; and the consequence was, that the joint stiffened, and the poor child seemed condemned to a life-long lameness. Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come alone. At this last stroke, Tom Handley, as he said, 'fairly lost all heart.' He surrendered his little farm, removed into a small cabin, and engaged as day-labourer with a neighbouring farmer. Workmen at this time were very plenty, and money very scarce, so that the united earnings of Tom and Charles scarcely sufficed, in Irish phrase, 'to keep soul and body together.'

The children and Ellen grew pale and thin, and poor Mrs Handley almost heartbroken. 'Ah, Nelly,' she would say, as she gave her the youngest child to hold, 'the darling isn't heavy *now* to carry: God help my little Tommy, he's wasting away like a snow-drift on the hill. May our heavenly Father look down on us all!'

From long confinement, poor little Mary became very fretful; and as Ellen was completely occupied in nursing the youngest child, which was cutting its teeth, and Mrs Handley had, as she often declared, 'fifty things to do at once,' there was seldom any one at leisure to attend to her. But when Charles came in after his day's work, her pale face used to brighten, for the boy took pleasure in amusing his little sick cousin, and had many playful devices for that purpose. Tom Handley used to sigh when he saw his poor child unable to eat the coarse porridge, which, in very scanty measure, was all he could procure for his family; and once Charles heard him murmur, 'Ah, then, *aleah*, if I could get you the white bread, and the new milk, and the drop of broth, you'd soon be well, and strong, and jumping on my lap as you used long ago!'

One day, as Charles was driving the cows through a turf bog, he saw a fine solid piece of the black oak which in Ireland abounds beneath the peat-moss, and is used by the peasantry for firewood. He carelessly picked it up, thinking it would serve to make the fire blaze that evening; and afterwards, when he sat down beside a rock, watching his charge, he took out an old penknife, and began idly to chip the edges of the wood. Suddenly he remembered a toy which he had seen and greatly admired years before: it was a cup and ball; and it occurred to him that if he could carve one ever so rudely, it would afford great amusement to little Mary. He accordingly commenced; and although the wood was hard, the knife blunt, and his hand unpractised, yet he had made some progress before evening. After supper, he sat next Mary, and while telling her some little long-remembered tale, he continued carving and rubbing his slip of bog-oak. In two days the cup and spike were finished; then came the ball, and this, without a lathe, was no easy matter to accomplish.

However, perseverance is a wonderful thing: with it a new world was discovered; without it the most trifling enterprise will rarely succeed. So Charles worked hard at his ball, and after many failures, made one so round and smooth, that his delighted little cousin, after some practice, seldom failed to catch it on the cup, and even now and then, with the utmost triumph, displayed it sticking on the spike.

It happened about this time that the farmer whose cows Charles herded had occasion for a messenger to the county town, to bring home some groceries which could not be procured in the village. He told Charles he would send him, and giving him sixpence to procure his breakfast in the town, desired him to start before dawn, as he would have a distance of fourteen miles to walk, but could return with his purchases in a neighbour's cart.

In due time Charles reached the town, executed his commissions, and saw them safely stowed away under the care of the man with whom he was to return, before he thought of refreshing himself. He then took out his silver sixpence, saying to himself as he looked at it, 'I can't go home without eating something: I'll get a penny bun, and half a pint of milk; then I'll have fourpence-halfpenny left. Ellen wants a thimble: I saw her poor finger quite red and sore from trying to work without one—that will cost another penny. I'll take a nice white twopenny loaf to little Mary, and the three-halfpence over I'll put by towards mending Ellen's shoes.'

The boy had finished his scanty breakfast, and was thinking that but for the dear ones at home he would very much like to buy another piece of bread, when his foot struck against something that arrested his attention. The street was very muddy, and when he stooped, he saw a small paper parcel almost covered by the gutter. He picked it up, opened it, and found wrapped up in three papers an old battered-looking gold coin. He turned it round, and on examining the envelop in which it was folded, perceived written on it the name of Mr Martin, a jeweller in the town.

To his shop Charles hastened, anxious to restore the coin; for the idea of retaining it never once occurred to his honest mind. When he entered, he found Mr Martin engaged in conversation with a lady, who held some dark ornaments in her hand; so, drawing back, he waited until the jeweller should be disengaged.

'Can you tell me,' said the lady, 'where I could get some shamrocks carved to match these?' And she showed a bracelet very tastefully formed of shamrocks carved in black oak, and fastened on an elastic string.

'I really do not know, madam,' replied Mr Martin. 'I have sometimes seen ornaments similar to these made by amateurs; but I am not aware that any regular workman could be found to do it.'

The young lady looked disappointed.

'This bracelet,' she said, 'was made for me by my brother, who is now in India; and for his sake I prize it most highly. By accident, two of the shamrocks were broken yesterday, and I am most anxious to have them replaced. I would gladly pay highly for having it done.'

With heightened colour and sparkling eyes Charles stepped forward. 'If you please, ma'am'—he began, and then hesitated.

'Well, my boy,' said the lady kindly, 'what do you wish to say?'

'I think, ma'am, I could carve shamrocks. I have a nice piece of bog-oak at home, and I'd be proud to try and do my best.'

'Did you ever learn to carve oak?'

'No, ma'am; I only tried by myself to make a cup and ball to please our little Mary.'

'Is it to sell anything you are waiting here?'

'No, ma'am,' replied Charles; 'and handing the gold coin to the jeweller, he continued, 'I wanted, sir, to ask you if you know who owns this, as your name is on the paper? I found it just now in the street.'

Mr Martin examined the coin, and exclaimed, 'Miss Elwyn, this is the very antique piece I sold your uncle yesterday! Did he lose it?'

'Ah, yes. I heard him say last night that he missed a curious coin he had just purchased, and feared he must have dropped it.'

'My honest little fellow,' said the jeweller to Charles, 'I am sure Mr Elwyn will be much obliged to you, and will give you some reward for your trouble.'

'I have had no trouble, sir,' said Charles a little proudly; 'and I don't want to be rewarded for doing what is only right.'

'But,' said the soft voice of Miss Elwyn, 'I want to know more about the oak-carving. I daresay Mr Martin will let me sit in his parlour while you tell me all about yourself and "little Mary."'

The lady's gentle manner and sweet countenance soon won the confidence of Charles; and he gave her an artless account of his history, ending by saying, 'I think carving wood would soon come easy to me, only my knife is so very blunt. Will you please, ma'am, to let me look at the shamrocks you showed Mr Martin?'

He examined them minutely, and then looked up with a beaming smile: 'I think, ma'am, I'm sure I could carve leaves like these, if I had the pattern for a few days.'

'Then,' said Miss Elwyn, 'you shall take the bracelet home with you: I know you are an honest boy, whom I may trust. Mr Martin,' she continued, 'will you show me some of the best and strongest penknives you have got, and allow this boy to select one?'

'Oh, thank you, ma'am—thank you!' said Charles. 'I will take great care of the knife and the bracelet, and bring them both back to you as soon as I have the shamrocks finished.'

'The knife I mean to make you a present of: but on what day do you think you can meet me here with the bracelet?'

Charles considered, saying half to himself in an under-tone, 'To-morrow there will be the master's horse to take to the forge, and the bawn-fields to be ploughed the rest of the week; and then after that the turf to be drawn—altogether, I won't have much time, I'm afraid. This day-fortnight, ma'am,' he continued aloud, 'please God, I'll try to be here, and bring you the best shamrocks I can make. I know you won't be angry if they're not nice enough, because, indeed, I'll do my very best.'

Miss Elwyn and Mr Martin were both amused at the boy's earnest, artless manner, and bade him a friendly good-by.

Charles kept his promise, and did indeed 'do his very best' to fashion his rude piece of oak into the delicate form of Erin's emblematic leaf. Early in the morning, late at night, and at every spare moment during the day, he practised his task perseveringly. Sometimes his patience was sorely tried. He found the fine even veining of the leaves most difficult to imitate, and giving the slender curling stem its proper form cost him the spoiling of several half-finished shamrocks. But what will not patient perseverance accomplish? Encouraged by the wish to perform his promise, and by the real pleasure which he took in the work, Charles, on the evening before the expiration of the fortnight, displayed to the admiring eyes of Ellen and little Mary two beautiful shamrocks, in size and form closely imitating the natural leaf. Having obtained permission from his master, he set out next morning, after a very scanty breakfast, to walk to town, carrying the bracelet and his own precious shamrocks in his waistcoat pocket.

He entered Mr Martin's shop. Miss Elwyn had not yet arrived; but Charles, longing to display his workmanship to the good-natured jeweller, put his hand in his pocket. Out came the bracelet, then the penknife, but no shamrocks. In terror he searched again: no sign of them, but what, alas! explained their disappear-

ance—a small hole in the worn lining, which Ellen had forgotten to mend.

The boy burst into tears—he could not help it. 'After all my trouble!' he exclaimed; 'and indeed they were very nice! I'm thankful anyway,' he continued, after a pause, during which the sympathising jeweller tried to comfort him, 'that it was not the lady's bracelet I lost. Will you ask her, sir, to trust me for one week longer? Please God I'll make two more, and maybe better ones.'

Mr Martin promised to do as he wished; and then, with a firm, though sad heart, Charles returned to his poor home. I shall not dwell upon the various expressions of disappointment with which his hungry relatives greeted him, nor describe how poor Ellen reproached herself for not having mended 'that nasty hole.' Suffice it to say, that Charles set resolutely to work, and by the end of the week, had carved two shamrocks superior in finish to the former ones.

Again he went to Mr Martin's, and now no sorrow awaited him. Miss Elwyn came, and was greatly delighted with the little ornaments—they were indeed exact facsimiles of her own. Her uncle, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, was with her. He watched the sparkling eyes and pale intelligent countenance of Charles, while his niece expressed her approbation of the carving.

'Well, my boy,' he said, 'we are indebted to you for two favours—the restoration of my gold coin, and the mending of my niece's bracelet. Here is a pound-note for your shamrocks; I won't offer you money for your honesty—that is a commodity which cannot and ought not to be purchased; but I give you my confidence and approbation, which perhaps may be worth something.'

For a moment Charles could not speak. 'Oh, sir,' he said, 'tis too much; I couldn't take such a sum for two little leaves.'

His objections, however, were soon overruled; and then, with a thankful heart, he pictured to himself the joy and plenty which he would carry home that night.

'Now,' said Mr Elwyn, 'it is evident, my lad, that you have a decided talent for carving wood, and, what is better, a disposition to persevere. Would you like to learn to be an architect, and have to do with erecting stone buildings and oaken carvings on a large scale?'

'Oh yes, sir, indeed I would.'

'Then I have a friend, a good man, and a first-rate builder, with whom I shall place you as a pupil; and it will be your own fault, not mine or his, if you don't prosper. My niece tells me you have a sister and a sick little cousin; we must do something for them also.'

The boy could not find words to express his gratitude, but his speaking countenance and tearful eyes were sufficiently eloquent. The next day Mr and Miss Elwyn, accompanied by their friend, Mr Davis, the architect, paid a visit to Tom Handley's cabin. Greatly moved by the poverty he witnessed, Mr Elwyn not only supplied the family's present necessities, but placed them in a small farm of his own, which had just fallen out of lease—at the same time strongly impressing on Tom and his wife the necessity for economy and order as well as industry. Taught by their late sufferings, the lesson was not lost; and after the lapse of a few years, they became quite rich for persons in their class of life. But this is anticipating.

Good surgical assistance was procured for little Mary, which, with nourishment and warm clothing, under the blessing of God, quite restored her limb; so that ere long Miss Elwyn was able to place her, with her cousin Ellen, in an excellent institution provided for the education of girls.

Years passed on, happily and industriously spent; and now, at the time I write, Charles Murphy is a rising architect, well known and respected for his talents and probity. He lives near the city in a neat house; and few could recognise in the fair young wife whom

he has lately brought home, the sickly 'little Mary,' for whose amusement long ago he fashioned the cup and ball.

When I last heard of them, Ellen was about to be married to a physician in good practice; and Charles was actively engaged in promoting, by his influence and exertions, an extensive manufactory of bog-oak ornaments, which promises to give employment to many a boy as poor and friendless as he was on the day when he first tried to carve a Bog-Oak SHAMROCK.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF ISCHIA.

It is one of the countless errors which tourists are wont to repeat after each other, that Italy ought to be seen in winter; that Italy has no spring; that it is in summer barren and burnt up. It is true that an Italian winter, a December or January day in Rome, is enchanting to the stranger who remembers the bleakness of his own northern home; but still it is winter. The chestnut and *Arcia* trees are bare; the leaf has fallen from the vine, and its slender twigs have been placed as fuel in the fireplace, for even in Rome the cheerful fire is not unwelcome during three months of the year; and when the tramontana blows, it is often extremely cold, and the air very sharp and piercing. February, however, brings with it new life and beauty. The chestnut-trees burst into leaf; the earth clothes itself with soft verdure; the laurels and the monthly roses, the orange-trees and the serena, put forth their blossoms; the sun shines out brightly, and the skies become of a clear, deep blue. Neither are any of those sweet spring lockings wanting here which are so dear to us northerners; for the joyous gladness felt in Italy upon the awakening of nature is just as great as if one had been shut up for many months between ice and snow.

Surprising, indeed, to northern people are the vigour and rapidity with which vegetable life unfolds itself here in early spring. That which in our country would require several weeks, springs up here in a few short days to perfect beauty; and the rich variety of plants, shrubs, and trees, contributes in no small degree to the magic impression created by this southern land. One must, however, abandon Naples and the Italian peninsula; one must visit the islands in summer-time rightly to know what the south is, and to comprehend a perfectly new state of existence in which he may live joyously, although deprived of many of the ordinary conveniences of our modern civilisation. There they lie near one another—Nisida, the Cape Misena, Procida, the blue Capri, and the lovely Ischia—all children of that moment in which the earth poured forth the flaming stream of her inmost life into the curling waves of the sea, which, on receiving the burning mass, transformed it into a rock. And still is this fire-life full of activity within the islands; still does it breathe in the boiling springs and in the smoking soil; it ripens the fiery grape, it sparkles in the eyes of the natives of the soil, and it glows in the flame-coloured blossoms of the cactus and the pomegranate.

Ischia, the largest of these islands, bears the most evident traces of its volcanic origin. On coming from Naples, and landing at the nearest port in the island, one is immediately struck by a very remarkable rock in the form of a truncated cone, which stands alone in the sea, and is formed of pure lava. It is united to the island by a bridge, and upon its crown arises proudly the fortress of Ischia. Close to the sea-shore beneath lies the little town of Ischia, and beyond it the old crater, which, during five hundred years, laid the island waste so repeatedly, that it became deserted by its in-

habitants, and was re-peopled at a later epoch by certain Greeks and Spaniards, who were attracted thither by the peculiar privileges granted by the king of Naples to the little volcanic island.

Four small towns lie on the northern side of the island—Ischia, Casamicciola, Lacco, and Foria. They are connected by a broad road, the only regular one in the island, and whose course lies across the hills and through the valleys. The total absence of villages, which is so striking a peculiarity of Italy, is here remarkably apparent. Wherever a few families settle down near each other in Italy, there is quickly founded a little town (*povo*), which has its market-place in the midst, its church, its convent, and here, on the sea-coast, its harbour and its *marina*. Neither are there ever wanting a coffee-house, an apothecary's shop, a couple of retail-dealers, a doctor, and a surgeon. Above the door of the last-mentioned is displayed a sign, on which is represented a man, from the veins of whose feet and hands blood spouts forth as from a fountain; for bloodletting is such a relief, such a pleasure to the Italians, that during the warm weather they have recourse to it almost every month. The towns are paved throughout with large flags; the houses massive, with flat roofs. Their windows, which reach to the ground, open out into small iron-grated balconies. In the market-place is always to be found the *aguajolo*, with his small, gaily-painted shop, in which he sells ice-water and lemonade. Around this place of refreshment are wont to assemble men of the labouring class, while the more opulent citizens meet together in the coffee-house; and at the grocer's or apothecary's are to be found ecclesiastics chatting and whiling away the time, which otherwise would hang heavy upon their hands.

In the islands one learns how the varying customs of divers countries depend in a great measure on the climate as well as upon mere local circumstances. In Ischia there is to be found but a single carriage, which belongs to the richest inhabitant of Foria. It is a two-wheeled one-horse cabriolet, and whenever the track of its wheels is seen, then every one knows that Don Antonio is pursuing his triumphant career throughout the island. It is not easy to go any great distance on foot, because of the sultry heat and the abrupt steepness of the hills; so that the most ordinary mode of conveyance is the humble, patient ass, upon whose back a Spanish saddle is placed whenever it is used by women. The deepest stillness reigns in these countries, and it is unbroken even by the sound of those domestic animals which usually give life to a rural scene. As there is but one carriage to be found in Ischia, so is there also only one cow. The people do not eat butter, and those who want milk must be satisfied with goats' milk. No lowing of herds; no neighing of horses, for donkeys are considered so much safer here, that the former are very scarce indeed; no rolling of carriages meet the ear. Even the little towns lie in peaceful silence, and between them are scattered single villas, among which, here and there, is visible a small white church. Each villa is surrounded by its vineyard; each vineyard, enclosed by high walls, forms in itself a separate little domain.

Gravely and loftily does the once flaming Epomeo, whose rocky and indented ridge cuts the island in two—gravely and loftily does it look down upon the dreamy stillness of the life which breathes at its feet; and truly one is tempted in this little island to desire, amid the simple enjoyments of nature, and far from the turmoil of the great world and its society, to lead a life of dreamy peacefulness to one's-self and one's own remembrances.

The natives of Ischia are handsome, with a Moorish or Spanish type of countenance. The most beautiful amongst them are the inhabitants of Foria, where the clear blue eyes of the people add an indescribable charm to the dark complexion and raven locks of their southern and ardent physiognomies. Like all other

Italians, the islanders have an innate courtesy and refinement in their intercourse with each other, as well as with strangers. Even among the very lowest classes they are full of consideration for women; and nowhere have I seen grown persons so tenderly careful of children, or so gently playful with them, as here. It is by no means true that the Italian is idle and lazy: he labours hard the whole day long; and that is saying much in a climate where, during three months, the thermometer, even at midnight, never falls below 25 or 26 degrees (Reaumur).

The chief source of industry in Ischia is the manufacture of earthen pitchers, which are used in carrying water; and of glazed tiles, with which apartments in those southern countries are often floored. The clay from which they are fabricated is found upon the Epomeo, in the neighbourhood of an old crater, of which there are several on the mountain. From thence it is fetched, partly in wide straw-woven sacks, which are laid across the back of a donkey; partly in large baskets, which are carried upon men's heads. When the day is long, and the labourer robust, he can accomplish this laborious task three times a-day; and although his descent is often perilous, on account of the falling of rubbish and stones, yet the utmost he can gain is a very few pence. Broiling with heat, and bathed in perspiration, the people descend these rocky heights with the swiftness and sure-footedness of a chamois; and quickly changing their linen, by way of avoiding the danger of a sudden chill, they rapidly mount the hill again. The necessity thus arising, from the extreme heat of the climate in Italy, for a frequent change of garments among labouring-men, gives them an appearance of much greater cleanliness than is usually found elsewhere among men of the same class. Neither are the women, on the whole, as uncleanly as is often affirmed of them. It is true they bestow too little attention on their hair, and it is a peculiarity of the Italian women that the poorest among them does not like ever to arrange her own hair. Everywhere—in Rome and Naples, as well as upon the islands—one sees in the evening women sitting before their house-doors busy in combing and plaiting each other's hair. But this occupation being ordinarily pursued only in the evening hour of recreation, which is quickly swallowed up in the night, it may readily be conceived that very few traces of the care thus bestowed are visible on the following day; so that one is very glad when, as is the case in these islands, a large white or coloured handkerchief is rolled turbanwise round the head, concealing beneath its folds the neglected and disordered locks.

Besides the branches of industry already named, the principal one is the cultivation of the vine, which is a source of subsistence to the inhabitants of Ischia as well as of the other islands. All these islands are full of vineyards. Large cellars are excavated out of the rock; and the patient ass is seen incessantly laden with small casks, bearing its burthen from these caves down to the marina, where the wine is shipped in small vessels for Civita Vecchia. These two productions—the clay and the vine—have determined the occupations of the islanders. Hence they are potters, vine-dressers and wine-merchants, sailors and donkey-drivers. The women, with their old-fashioned spindles, spin flax, silk, and cotton, which they weave into divers stuffs for their own use; and I have rarely seen even the youngest girl without her spindle. But because the Italian, after a hard day's work, instead of dozing away his evening, or spending it at the alehouse, as our labourers do, likes to talk in the market-place, or to lounge away an idle hour on the marina; because the Italian women can conveniently go about with their spindles, chatting with their neighbours; because on festival-days the poorest class of people are seen to enjoy that *dolce far niente*, so delightful in a warm climate—therefore is it imagined that they are lazy and idle. So far from it, the Italian is an industrious being,

willing to earn his bread with the 'sweat of his brow,' but with the expectation also of enjoying himself afterwards.

Yet it is remarkable that the nearer one approaches the south of Italy, the more congenial does it seem to the habits of the people to ask alms rather as a natural right than as a matter of favour. If one gazes for a moment with pleasure on a pretty young girl or a joyous-looking child, immediately one or the other stretches out her hand, saying, 'Give me something'—('Date mi qualche cosa!'). In Genoa, a woman begging hides her face, as if she had an instinctive feeling of degradation in asking gifts of strangers; in Rome, it is chiefly cripples or aged people who in the most pitiful tones ask alms of foreigners; but in Ischia, more than in Procida and Capri, it seems as if the natives thought it quite natural that strangers, who have so much money to spend in travelling, should give a little of it to the poor people on whose island they come in quest of recreation and health. A tailor, who was at work before his own door with several apprentices, on seeing our party approach, immediately rose up, and coming towards us, said in the most confiding tone, 'Signori, date mi qualche cosa!' A well-dressed woman, who was busy chatting with her neighbours, on seeing me come out into the balcony, immediately greeted me kindly, and held out her apron with the customary phrase. On finding that no notice was taken of her request, she went away quite good-humouredly; and so far from this circumstance annoying or disgusting me, it merely left a strange and ludicrous impression behind it. The people work as much as they can, and consider begging as an innocent sort of auxiliary employment, which they practise in their leisure hours.

And how gladly does one bestow the trifling ~~want~~ which one knows will be spent in the preparation of some of their joyous festivals! For truly one of these church festivals, celebrated on the sea-shore in Ischia, in Casamicciola, in Lecco, or in Foria, is one of the most gladdening sights in the world. In the course of a few hours, altars and chapels are erected in the open air, in front of which the processions pause a while for the purpose of receiving a blessing. As soon as the procession appears in sight, the stillness of the air is broken by the discharge of firearms and other demonstrations of joy. Rustic pillars, interwoven with branches of blossoming myrtle, and glittering with the variegated light of many-coloured paper lamps, are planted on the sea-shore. Lights shine out of every window, and lights gleam forth from the boats, whose old lateen sails float lazily in the evening breeze. And the slender *marinaro*, in his white shirt and trousers, with his many-coloured scarf twisted round his waist, and his black-banded straw-hat resting knowingly on one ear—how proudly does he go about with his wife and child in all the glory of self-satisfied importance! Yonder are the smart donkey-drivers, with their drooping red caps, dancing the saucy Tarantella to the sound of the tamborine. The lamplight sparkles through the green vine-branches encircling the booths wherein are seated the island-women: the elder ones peacefully enjoying the dignity conferred on them by their costly gold ear-rings and the rich chains hanging around their necks; the younger ones engaged in light and playful converse, until the nearer approach of the tamborine, with its whirling, twirling sound, draws them from their seats into the irresistible metre of the merry Tarantella.

While the people are thus wending their way homewards, one hears on all sides, from the hills and valleys, as well as within the towns, both the favourite songs of 'Luisella' and 'Ti voglio ben assai,' until they also gradually fade away into silence, and the deepest stillness reigns over the whole island. On the laurel-bushes are glimmering myriads of bright glow-worms; while the nightly butterfly and the cicada flutter gently about until the approach of morning.

It is very pleasant at this early hour of prime to ascend the hill which overlooks Foria, the little white

town which even now is protected by the square battlemented watch-tower, built in the time of Saracenic dominion. It stands upon the summit of an extinct volcano, and commands a wide and distant view of the sea. It is surrounded by fearful memorials of that time in which earth's flaming streams burst forth through her surface, and transfigured themselves into strange fantastic forms. No cultivation prospers, no seed ripens, in this desolate waste. Only the thorny Indian fig forces its way through the clefts, and produces its countless yellow blossoms and sweet fruit for the nourishment of the people. And not far off, where the soil is better, are to be seen villas rising up here and there between the base of the Epomeo and the sea-shore. Everywhere the eye rests upon vines, whose luxuriant boughs are bending with ripe grapes. Above the tall flexible stem of the cane appear the dark-green mid-summer bread-trees, and the olives with their silvery heads. Glowing pomegranates and snow-white myrtles cover the sides of the house, while the mighty stem of the aloë rises up like a lofty tree of liberty stretching out its sharp strong leaves and its huge blossoms towards the warm rays of the sun. Glistening ivy clings around the old trees and walls, while by its side droop down gracefully the lovely white caper-blossoms with their purple veins; and the tendrils of the clematis entwine themselves with the roses of *Pæstum* beneath the shade of the red and white blossoming bushes of the oleander.

#### RECENT BALLOON ASCENTS IN PARIS.

SOME remarkable feats of *aërostation* have been performed in Paris, not merely for purposes of exhibition to the curious, but with the view of recording certain meteorological phenomena in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Of these last-mentioned excursions an account is given in an interesting series of articles on 'The Gifts of Science to Art' in the 'Dublin University Magazine.' A condensation of this account will probably amuse as well as instruct our readers.

On the morning of the 29th of June in the past summer, two persons, M. Barral, a chemist, and M. Bixio, member of the Legislative Assembly, ascended in a balloon of considerable size from the garden behind the Observatory at Paris. Unfortunately, no one accustomed to the management of balloons was invited to assist in the preparatory arrangements, and therefore some serious errors were committed. The *aéronauts* were well provided with scientific instruments, but the balloon was old, and in bad condition: the weather also was unfavourable. On being liberated from those who held it down, the balloon darted upwards with the speed of an arrow, and in two minutes from the moment it was liberated—that is to say, at twenty-nine minutes past ten—plunged into the clouds, and was withdrawn from the anxious view of the distinguished persons assembled in the garden of the observatory.

While passing through this dense cloud, the voyagers carefully observed the barometer, and knew by the rapid fall of the mercury that they were ascending with a great velocity. Fifteen minutes elapsed before they emerged from the cloud; when they did so, however, a glorious spectacle presented itself. The balloon, emerging from the superior surface of the cloud, rose under a splendid canopy of azure, and shone with the rays of a brilliant sun. The cloud which they had just passed was soon seen several thousand feet below them. From the observations taken with the barometer and thermometer, it was afterwards found that the thickness of the cloud through which they had passed was 9800 feet—a little less than two miles. On emerging from the cloud, our observers examined the barometer, and found that the mercury had fallen to the height of 18 inches; the thermometer showed a temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit. The height of the balloon above the level of the sea was then 14,200 feet. At the moment of emerging from the cloud, M. Barral made polariscope

observation, which established a fact foreseen by M. Arago, that the light reflected from the surface of the clouds was unpolarised light.

The continued and somewhat considerable fall of the barometer informed the observers that their ascent still continued to be rapid. The rain which had previously fallen, and which wetted the balloon, and saturated the cordage forming the network, had now ceased, or, to speak more correctly, the balloon had passed above the region in which the rain prevailed. The strong action of the sun, and almost complete dryness of the air in which the vast machine now floated, caused the evaporation of the moisture which enveloped it. The cordage, on the balloon becoming dry, and thus relieved of a certain weight of liquid, was affected as though a quantity of ballast had been thrown out, and it darted upwards with increased velocity.

It was within one minute of eleven when the observers, finding the barometer cease the upward motion, and finding that the machine oscillated round a position of equilibrium by noticing the bearing of the sun, deemed the epoch favourable for another series of observations. The barometer indicated that the balloon had attained the enormous height of 19,700 feet. The moisture which had invested the thermometer had frozen upon it, and obstructed, for the moment, observations with it. It was while M. Barral was occupied in wiping the icicles from it, that, turning his eye upwards, he beheld what would have been sufficient to have made the stoutest heart quail with fear.

To explain the catastrophe which at this moment, and at nearly 20,000 feet above the surface of the earth, and about a mile above the highest strata of the clouds, menaced the voyagers, we must recur to what we have already stated in reference to the balloon and the network. As it was intended to ascend to an unusual altitude, it was of course known that in consequence of the highly-rarefied state of the atmosphere, and its very much diminished pressure, the gas contained in the balloon would have a great tendency to distend, and consequently space must be allowed for the play of this effect. The balloon, therefore, at starting, was not nearly filled with gas, and yet, as we have explained, it very nearly filled the network which enclosed it. Is it not strange that some among the scientific men present did not foresee that when it would ascend into a highly-rarefied atmosphere it would necessarily distend itself to such a magnitude that the netting would be utterly insufficient to contain it? Such effect, so strangely unforeseen, now disclosed itself practically realised to the astonished and terrified eyes of M. Barral.

The balloon, in fact, had so swelled, as not only completely to fill the netting which covered it, but to force its way, in a frightful manner, through the hoop under it, from which the car and the voyagers were suspended. In short, the inflated silk protruding downwards through the hoop, now nearly touched the heads of the voyagers. In this emergency the remedy was sufficiently obvious. The valve must be opened, and the balloon breathed, so as to relieve it from the over-inflation. Now it is well known that the valve in this machine is placed in a sort of sleeve, of a length more or less considerable, connected with the lower part of the balloon, through which sleeve the string of the valve passes. M. Barral, on looking for this sleeve, found that it had disappeared. Further search showed that the balloon being awkwardly and improperly placed in the enclosing network, the valve-sleeve, instead of hanging clear of the hoop, had been gathered up in the network above the hoop; so that, to reach it, it would have been necessary to have forced a passage between the inflated silk and the hoop.

Now here it must be observed that such an incident could never have happened to the most commonly-practised balloon exhibitor, whose first measure, before leaving the ground, would be to secure access to, and the play of, the valve. This, however, was in the present case fatally overlooked. It was, in fine, now quite

apparent that either of two effects must speedily ensue—namely, either the car and the voyagers would be buried in the inflated silk which was descending upon them, and thus they would be suffocated; or that the force of distension must burst the balloon. If a rupture were to take place in that part immediately over the car, then the voyagers would be suffocated by an atmosphere of hydrogen; if it should take place at a superior part, then the balloon, rapidly discharged of its gas, would be precipitated to the earth, and the destruction of its occupants rendered inevitable.

Under these circumstances, the voyagers did not lose their presence of mind, but calmly considered their situation, and promptly decided upon the course to be adopted. M. Barral climbed up the side of the car, and the network suspending it, and forced his way through the hoop, so as to catch hold of the valve-sleeve. In this operation, however, he was obliged to exercise a force which produced a rent in a part of the silk below the hoop, and immediately over the car. In a moment the hydrogen gas issued with terrible force from the balloon, and the voyagers found themselves involved in an atmosphere of it. Respiration became impossible, and they were nearly suffocated. A glance at the barometer, however, showed them that they were falling to the ground with the most fearful rapidity. During a few moments they experienced all the anguish attending asphyxia. From this situation, however, they were relieved more speedily than they could then have imagined possible; but the cause which relieved them soon became evident, and inspired them with fresh terrors.

M. Barral, from the indications of the barometer, knew that they were being precipitated to the surface of the earth with a velocity so prodigious, that the passage of the balloon through the atmosphere dispelled the mass of hydrogen with which they had been surrounded. It was nevertheless evident that the small rent which had been produced in the lower part of the balloon, by the abortive attempt to obtain access to the valve, could not have been the cause of a fall so rapid.

M. Barral accordingly proceeded to examine the external surface of the balloon, as far as it was visible from the car, and, to his astonishment and terror, he discovered that a rupture had taken place, and that a rent was made about five feet in length along the equator of the machine, through which of course the gas was now escaping in immense quantities. Here was the cause of the frightful precipitation of the descent, and a source of imminent danger in the fall. M. Barral promptly decided on the course to be taken.

It was resolved to check the descent by the discharge of the ballast, and every other article of weight. But this process, to be effectual, required to be conducted with considerable coolness and skill. They were some thousand feet above the clouds. If the ballast were dismissed too soon, the balloon must again acquire a perilous velocity before it would reach the earth. If, on the other hand, its descent were not moderated in time, its fall might become so precipitate as to be ungovernable. Nine or ten sand-bags being therefore reserved for the last and critical moment, all the rest of the ballast was discharged. The fall being still frightfully rapid, the voyagers cast out, as they descended through the cloud already mentioned, every article of weight which they had, among which were the blankets and woollen clothing which they had brought to cover them in the upper regions of the atmosphere, their shoes, several bottles of wine, all, in fine, save and except the philosophical instruments. These they regarded as the soldier does his flag, not to be surrendered save with life. M. Bixio, when about to throw over a trifling apparatus called an aspirator, composed of copper, and filled with water, was forbidden by M. Barral, and obeyed the injunction.

They soon emerged from the lower stratum of the cloud, through which they had fallen in less than two minutes, having taken fifteen minutes to ascend through it. The earth was now in sight, and they were drop-

ping upon it like a stone. Every weighty article had been dismissed except the nine sand-bags, which had been designedly reserved to break the shock on arriving at the surface. They observed that they were directly over some vine-grounds near Lagny, in the department of the Seine and Marne, and could distinctly see a number of labourers engaged in their ordinary toil, who regarded with unmeasured astonishment the enormous object about to drop upon them. It was only when they arrived at a few hundred feet from the surface that the nine bags of sand were dropped by M. Barral, and by this manœuvre the lives of the voyagers were probably saved. The balloon reached the ground, and the car struck among the vines. Happily the wind was gentle; but gentle as it was, it was sufficient, acting upon the enormous surface of the balloon, to drag the car along the ground, as if it were drawn by fiery and ungovernable horses. Now arrived a moment of difficulty and danger, which also had been foreseen and provided for by M. Barral. If either of the voyagers had singly leaped from the car, the balloon, lightened of so much weight, would dart up again into the air. Neither voyager would consent then to purchase his own safety at the risk of the other. M. Barral, therefore, threw his body half down from the car, laying hold of the vine-stakes as he was dragged along, and directing M. Bixio to hold fast to his feet. In this way the two voyagers, by their united bodies, formed a sort of anchor, the arms of M. Barral playing the part of the fluke, and the body of M. Bixio that of the cable.

In this way M. Barral was dragged over a portion of the vineyard rapidly, without any other injury than a scratch or contusion of the face, produced by one of the vine-stakes. The labourers just referred to meanwhile collected, and pursued the balloon, and finally succeeded in securing it, and in liberating the voyagers, whom they afterwards thanked for the bottles of excellent wine which, as they supposed, had fallen from the heavens, and which, wonderful to relate, had not been broken from the fall, although, as has been stated, they had been discharged above the clouds. The astonishment and perplexity of the rustics can be imagined on seeing these bottles drop in the vineyard.

The entire descent from the altitude of 20,000 feet was effected in seven minutes, being at the average rate of fifty feet per second.

The same parties made a second ascent, and, strange to say, in the same crazy vehicle. In this voyage, however, they were able to make a number of observations valuable to science, a detail of which will be found in the authority whence we draw these particulars. On this occasion they attained the height of 23,000 feet. At this elevation the cold was excessive. The thermometers ceased to give indications, the mercury falling in nearly all of them into the bulbs. They had not been graduated for the purpose of showing a temperature so low, and it was inferred that at this moment the temperature could not have been more than 1 degree above the freezing-point of mercury. The hands and feet of the voyagers were benumbed by this intense cold, but no other inconvenience ensued; respiration was perfectly free, and there were neither pains in the ears nor bleeding at the nose. There was, therefore, no physiological indication of having approached that limit at which the vital functions might not continue uninterrupted. This experiment, therefore, supplies no data from which we can infer what the obstacles may be which will limit the future range of observers in the atmosphere. What will impose a limit on their ascent? Will it be the intensity of the cold, or the absence of the pressure of the air which will arrest the functions? Will it be the balloon which will cease to have buoyancy, or the observer who will be incapable of accompanying it? Of these questions we have at present no certain solution.

A rent in the balloon, as on the former occasion, prevented the aeronauts from extending their journey upwards, and they were reluctantly compelled to take a

downward direction. The descent was made in safety; but some of the instruments were broken, and the excursion, though far from being useless to science, was much less satisfactory than it would have been had all the usual precautions been employed.

#### A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA FELIX.

This is a plain voice, but a strong one. It speaks downright English, but with no more refinement than affectation; and what it wants in the niceties of language and modulation, it makes up for in truth and heartiness. It is the voice of Matthew Harris; a working-man, whose usual materials are iron and tin; and it comes across the ocean from Melbourne, Port Philip, to a friend in London, to tell, for the benefit, not of his calling, but his class, what hap such emigrants as himself may really expect to meet with in Australia Felix. Matthew Harris is a Cornish man, but appears to have worked in London, and to have gone forth with his family to push his fortune at the antipodes, on funds advanced to him by a benefit society. This says something for his respectability at the outset; but the internal evidence of his written message shows that he is a sturdy self-relying London operative—one who will not be put upon, but who is willing to work hard for a fair remuneration. He has no superstitious respect for books. He has been deceived in many things by the printed accounts of Australia he had read; and he therefore writes home to let people know the truth of the matter, and to tell them plainly what sort of Country Australia is, and what are the chances it offers to a man who carries into it either capital or industry. Of the former, the share of Matthew Harris was but limited, arriving as he did with his family at Port Philip, and only the sum of L.5, 17s. 6d. in his pocket.

The voyage out we shall pass over in a few words, for we presume it was not greatly different from other voyages. Our operative suggests that only half the usual quantity of biscuit should be allowed to passengers, and the rest made up with flour—biscuit being rarely eaten at sea, except when steeped, or cooked anew in the form of pudding. He remarks likewise that the emigrants should possess among them scales and weights, to ascertain that they really receive the quantity of provisions mentioned in the regulations, which he thinks is not the case at present with regard to any article whatever. He advises them to provide for themselves, as they can afford, a very small store of the following articles—bacon or ham, cheese, flour, potatoes, oatmeal, onions, salt (only rock-salt being allowed by the ship), pepper, jam, wine, and brandy. Thick warm clothing is always requisite, and an additional supply of bedding.

In emigrant ships it is customary to appoint some of the passengers constables, to look after the doings of the rest; but this is an office which Matthew Harris pronounces, from personal experience, to be the most disagreeable that can well be imagined. As for the disagreeables of the weather and the sea, these have no antidote; but their endurance for five months at a stretch must be capital training for the pilgrims of the antipodes. It may be supposed what a happy revulsion of feeling occurs at the close of the voyage; and the following extract from his journal will show that it was largely shared in by our friend, while it will serve as a specimen of his manner:—*Evening, four o'clock.*—The wind shifted against us since I last wrote, but now fair, and the mouth of the bay of Port Philip in sight. We are now sailing through one mass of fish—for I suppose I must call it such—it is in the form of stars,

and much like jelly, but appears to have but little locomotion. Our anchors are now over our bows, and the signal for the pilot going up. All faces are bright, and joyful at the prospect of being at our anchorage in the course of the night. None but those like us can form an idea of the pleasure we feel in the closing scene of our long and tiresome voyage, and of which I shall here close my remarks. Those who may have the chance to read these lines will, I trust, excuse the many imperfections of the whole, written as it was on my knees, and amid the rolling of the vessel and the roar of the elements, the crying of the children, and the sick retching of my fellow-passengers. But all, I hope, is now at an end, as the land of our adoption is in sight. Amen!

When the ship was at length safely moored, the constables were paid L.2 each for the performance, during seventeen weeks, of their disagreeable and laborious duties; and the deck was then turned into a fair for the purchase and sale of labour. The greater number of the emigrants were hired by employers; and the next day the ship was cleared of the whole of her living freight in the midst of a torrent of rain. On arriving at the government depôt, Matthew Harris found it 'not so well as a stable,' and without a fireplace of any kind, while he and his family were drenched to the skin, and their beds and bedding saturated with rain. Under such circumstances, he turned away from the inhospitable depôt, and at once took a little dwelling of his own, and began housekeeping on his capital of L.5, 17s. 6d. This was fortunate; for the rain became an inundation, a portion of the town was flooded, human lives were lost, and hundreds of bullocks, thousands of sheep, and fowls without number, drowned. Such was the début of this working-man in Australia; and it is highly creditable to him that, in the midst of his endeavours to obtain employment, and of his hard labour when he did obtain it, he should have found time for observation and inquiry, and for recording their results on paper. We shall adopt his arrangement of the subjects he touches upon; for Matthew Harris has a clear methodical head of his own.

*The Country.*—It does not look like the desert it in great part is, but has a highly civilised appearance, consisting of vast plains interspersed with fine trees and beautifully-wooded hills, almost all of which are fit for cultivation. Some of the mountains within view of Port Philip look like recently-extinguished volcanoes, and resemble in shape a beehive flattened at the top. They are well adapted for the vine. The plains are in many places without stones, and composed of earth fine enough to pass through a small sieve. Such lands are ploughed only once in four years, and then suffered to fall back into waste. They would not defray the expense of manure, and are not naturally as rich as is reported in England. The bush is simply a forest of well-grown trees, from two to ten feet in diameter, and planted by nature widely enough apart to admit of cattle feeding between them. Immediately around Port Philip the ground is low, and liable to inundation; but within a mile of the town are rich meadows, where numerous herds of cattle are seen in excellent condition. The rivers afford good water, and are covered with waterfowl. Flies are a detestable nuisance both in and out of doors, and mosquitoes, more especially in damp situations, can only be kept off by a lighted pipe in the mouth, or by burning dried cow-dung in the houses. Ants, biting spiders 'about the size of the palm of the hand,' and grasshoppers, flying from your feet as you walk on the grass in an endless stream, are the other insect torments.

*Climate.*—Reports at home are too favourable on this subject; for the temperature is so variable, that after frying in 105 degrees in the shade, you may in half an

hour be shivering in a cold wind. But when the wind is hot too, it is scarcely endurable. Such are the land-winds, which blow occasionally for three days at a stretch. There is likewise a dust-wind, which raises the fine particles from the soil, and forms a kind of palpable mist which the eye cannot penetrate to a greater distance than thirty yards. 'On the whole, the weather is much more changeable than in England, and consequently cannot be so healthy. I have this fact from Dr Greaves, our mayor, and an old resident, with whom I am very familiar, in consequence of my connection with him as an Odd Fellow. Therefore, from such authority, I think the lie can be given to the report of this country being more healthy than England. In fact a visit to the cemetery will show that the great majority of deaths is between thirty and forty.' Many deaths take place from excessive drinking of cold water, an indulgence which the hot and dust winds account for easily enough. Consumption, contrary to the received opinion in England, is not uncommon; and insanity, whether owing to the excitement of emigrating, to separation from friends, or to the lonely life of the bush, is more frequent than at home.

*Houses and House-rents.*—This is a subject which is usually passed over by the English publications, but it is one of very great importance to emigrants. The houses of the working-classes generally are of wood, and so rudely constructed, that they would not let in any place in England. The dwelling inhabited by our informant was built by an agricultural labourer, and could not possibly have cost more than £20; yet the rent was 5s. 6d. per week. It was of a better class than many hundreds in Melbourne, consisting of two rooms formed by stakes driven into the ground, and boarded round with shingles. The chinks of the wooden floor absorbed anything that was spilt; and during rain all the tubs, basins, plates, &c. in the house were in requisition to catch the water from the ceiling. Such constructions, and even those of a better description, were a source of great wealth to those who were fortunate enough to purchase the ground when it was cheap. Now, however, the frontage in any tolerable street costs from £2 to £4, 17s. per foot; and to build wooden houses has been prohibited by an act of council. No one will lay out money in building unless there is a strong probability of its being returned in about three years, and the heavy rent thus imposed upon the new-comer is a great drag at the outset. Mr Harris knew several small butchers, grocers, &c. who paid 25s. per week for three small basement rooms which could not have cost more than from £40 to £50. It is therefore a difficult thing for a man without a little money to get on in town; but with a little, there is no place in the world where success is more probable.

*Cost of Living.*—Living, let folks say what they will, is not cheaper here than in London, as the following prices, if you take them in the average, will testify:—

House-rent, supposing you to have a tolerable house, may be stated at double the amount paid in England.

Bread is 6d. per quartern loaf, and flour 20s. per 200 lbs.

Meat, which is the cheapest of the necessities, is from 1½d. to 2d. per lb.

Coffee, 9d. per lb.; tea, 1s. per lb.; and sugar, 3½d. per lb.

Water, for a moderate family, 1s. per week—brought to the house in barrels.

Firewood (one fire we presume), 2s. 3d. per week.

Ready-made clothes a little dearer, and the materials a great deal dearer, than in London. Shoe-mending double.

Tobacco is 3½d. per oz.; but the other stimulants must be totally abstained from by any one who desires to advance his fortunes: beer being from 6d. to 1s. per pot; porter, 1s.; rum, 6d. per quartern (gill); gin, 1s.; brandy, 1s.; and wine at the English prices.

*Wages.*—On this subject Mr Harris is very severe

upon the accounts published in England. He thinks highly of the colony, as will presently be seen, as a field of emigration; and for that very reason he is sorry that any one should be drawn into it by highly-coloured statements, which can only result in disappointment to the individual, and unmerited vilification of the country.

The wages of persons employed in country work are as follows:—

Farming men, from £20 to £30 per annum, with rations. These men work hard from sunrise to sunset.

Gardeners receive about £10 more.

Rough carpenters, in the bush, £28 to £36 per annum.

Country blacksmiths, £30 to £36 per annum.

Butchers, £1 per week.

General labourers, about £25 per annum, with rations.

In towns, where there are no rations, the scale is different.

Blacksmiths receive 24s. to 30s. per week, and a few good workmen a little more.

Carpenters, 36s. per week; wheelwrights, 30s.; masons, 40s.; tinplate-workers, 20s. to 30s.; and other mechanics in similar proportion.

Bricklayers' labourers, 24s. to 30s. per week.

Female servants from £10 to £15, and some few as much as £18 a year. From these facts, it is concluded that men can do as well in the English towns as in Melbourne.

*Labour Market.*—It is a mischievous mistake to suppose that the labour market of Port Philip is understocked. On the contrary, Mr Harris declares that there is not half work enough for the claimants. Whence, then, the cry from the colony for more hands? It arises from the wish to *cheapen* labour—to bring the rates below those mentioned above. The great number of transports with tickets of leave, and the constant flow of bounty emigrants, keep the market in a state of saturation; but many prefer going into the bush as hut-keepers, shepherds, and bullock-drivers, to accepting what they consider to be inadequate wages. Our informant, who was a respectable mechanic in London, was four weeks on shore before he obtained employment, and then it was only as a labourer to wheel wood and fill carts. In the course of a week he was taken into a smithy on the strength of a recommendation which his employer could not well disregard; but other persons, as competent as himself, were not so fortunate. One individual, a coach-maker and wheelwright—both good businesses in Melbourne—after seeking employment for seven weeks, was fain to go into the bush as a kind of rough carpenter and general workman for £25 per annum, while his wife acted as cook for the family. This man's wages at home were 30s. per week, and his wife kept a little grocery shop.

The worst market to dispose of labour in is on board ship; and for the obvious reason, that the immigrants are ignorant of the wages they ought to receive. This ignorance is studiously kept up—we would fain hope this a mistake—by the authorities, who prevent even a sister visiting a brother on board till the engagements are made. Ships are sometimes kept in this novel state of quarantine for many days, till arrangements can be made for the labour fair.

*Capital.*—Although emigration to Port Philip is anything but advantageous to many poor emigrants of the classes to be hereafter mentioned, those who bring with them a little money are sure to turn it, by means of judicious management, to excellent account. House-building is a profitable investment; and so likewise is buying land, in the prescribed sections of 640 acres, and selling it again in ten-acre allotments. For this land the speculator pays from £1 to £3 per acre, and not unfrequently makes double or treble the amount in one or two years. Matthew Harris is of opinion that, by entering into a business union, fifty families with only £100 each might arrive at independence in a very

few years. They might purchase and stock a section within a dozen miles of Melbourne, and take it in turn to watch the flocks. In three years they would be able to purchase another section. The capital mentioned would be sufficient to supply the wants of all till a return was made from their estate.

Capital is the one thing needful here; and unless importations of money take place, the sooner that of labour ceases the better. Already nine-tenths of the transactions in the colony are carried on by means of small notes, and even the corporation cannot borrow money for the city improvements at less than 10 per cent. A brewer told our informant that he had received an estimate for certain beneficial alterations in his brewery, but that he hesitated at the amount, which was £1500. 'The fact is,' said he, 'I cannot lay out that money without being sure of its return in three years, which is the increase the same funds would bring in many other kinds of investment.' Mr Harris examined the estimate, and found it not less than £800 above the sum he himself would have charged if he had possessed the necessary appliances.

These extravagant charges are imitated by the small tradesman; for the possession of a shop of any kind is in its way a capital, and has a certain command of the market. On this subject Matthew Harris, moneyless as he was, dreamed morning, noon, and night, and he determined to be a smith on his own account. He would think of no furniture till he could make it himself. He would in the meantime be satisfied with a vice-bench of his own construction for a table, and his boxes for seats; and he had already made a bedstead with his own strong and willing hands, to keep his wife, who was near her confinement, from sleeping on the floor. As a journeyman, he knew he would have no chance, a bricklayer's labourer being as well off as most skilled mechanics. He knew an engineer who was glad to obtain employment at 28s. a week; and he had himself been offered 24s. to superintend the machinery of a malting establishment. Rather than submit to that, he would betake himself to the bush.

*Castes of the Colony.*—The principle of social repulsion and attraction is as strong here as in India. English hold by English, Scotch by Scotch, Irish by Irish; and in religion, as in everything else, you must belong to 'our people' if you would hope for encouragement. All sects are assisted alike from the colonial funds, according to the number of the congregation; but nevertheless, the anti-state-church cry is as fierce at the antipodes as in England.

*Manufactories.*—There are two steam-engine factories, employing together about 150 hands; but the principal part of the work consists in press-making for pressing wool, and boilers for melting down sheep. There are likewise a few tan-yards, and about twenty hands employed in ship-building. The wheelwright's business, however, with which is conjoined smith-work, is the most crowded—in every street there being at least one establishment, and in some three or four. The cause of this is the great demand for carts and drays, which the farmers come to town to purchase. The melting-down establishments, however, are the most peculiar of all. At some of these places 100 men are employed, and they are capable of melting down and barrelling off upwards of 1500 sheep per day. Meat is of course of little value there: you may obtain the finest legs of mutton for 6d. The offal is sold for manure. The men's wages are 15s. per week, with board and lodging. The large dairy farms may likewise be mentioned, where women are employed in milking the cows. The feeding of these animals costs but a trifle, and yet milk and cheese are as dear as in London.

*Melbourne.*—Melbourne looks like the capital of an old country. You see hundreds of tons of wool brought in daily during the wool season, in drays drawn by eight, ten, or twelve bullocks, some of it perhaps coming from a distance of 200 miles in the bush. These drays go back loaded with merchandise for the farmers and

their servants, and it is in this the great interior traffic consists. As for imported goods, large auction-rooms are open every day for their disposal, and it often happens that they do not fetch the English price. The shops in the principal streets are as good as those of the best towns in England; but the publicans seem to drive the most flourishing trade. They number about 200, each paying an annual license of £30. Their chief customers are the paid-off bushmen and farmers. The best of the fine buildings is the Catholic Cathedral. There is also a handsome infirmary, a Mechanics' Institution, a lodge of the Manchester Odd Fellows, three of the London Odd Fellows, one of the Friendly Brethren, and two co-operative land societies, in which a payment of £13 entitles a member to ten acres of land, including the expense of title-deeds. There are poor-laws here, and a society of ladies, who visit the houses of the poor, and administer the required relief from private subscriptions. There are of course courts of law and justice; the latter of which are administered by equity judges, and by magistrates composed of the most respectable merchants. Finally, there are three newspapers—two published daily, and one three times a week.

The roads in the interior are mere tracks made by the wheels of the drays, and travelling, therefore, is out of the question in wet weather. The want of inns is made up for by a law which compels all housekeepers and farmers in the bush to lodge and feed travellers gratuitously. Our informant knew many wayfarers who had journeyed 700 miles without any other means of support than this.

*Who should Come, and who should Stay at Home.*—Having now briefly glanced at 'everything necessary to be known,' Matthew Harris concludes by declaring his opinion as to the class of emigrants the colony will suit.

No one should think of Port Philip who has a permanent employment and moderate means for himself and family at home; and no one whose mind is not made up to endure, without flinching, perhaps for a series of years, every possible inconvenience both social and domestic.

Agricultural labourers will do better than in England; and likewise mechanics who have no permanent living at home, and who will not object to go into the bush. Even persons who have steady employment, but who are burthened with a large family of children under seventeen, will do well to emigrate, provided they will condescend to the bush in the absence of anything better. Lazy men, and fathers with lazy sons, will find plenty of congenial situations here: such as those of shepherds, hut-keepers, bullock-drivers, &c. where energy would be thrown away. Finally, capitalists, large and small, may come, and welcome; but no capitalist will benefit himself by coming unless he is habitually wary, and has business habits.

The prudent man who has money enough to speculate, or to set himself up as a master in his trade, can hardly fail to do well; but for all others the bush offers the only means of arriving at independence. In the bush, a man and his wife (the latter as cook) might save enough in a few years to purchase a small farm. With children, the rations would nearly feed the family; and the produce of a few cows, pigs, and fowls, which they would be permitted to keep, would increase the amount of wages by about one-half. In a few years this flourishing family would take or buy a piece of ground, or invest their savings in cattle; and when the boys reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, they would receive as good wages and as large rations as their father. It is true the hut they would live in, provided by the farmer, would consist of nothing more than a few poles driven into the ground, and covered with the bark of the gum-tree, with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke; but it is wonderful how comfortable even a tenement of this kind can be made by persons who will lay out a little labour upon it. The bush life is solitary enough of course; but Matthew Harris knew many persons who

found it exceedingly agreeable; and at anyrate it is the only road in Australia Felix which has any chance of conducting the poor to independence.

### THE MARSHAL AND THE ARTIST.

WHEN Marshal Lefebvre, in 1807, invested Dantzic, the celebrated engineer Bousmard put it in a condition to sustain a regular siege. General Kalkreuth, over whom Bousmard exercised much influence, had under his command a garrison of twelve thousand Prussians and three Russian battalions. For the attack, Marshal Lefebvre led on a mixed multitude of French, Poles, and Germans, to the number of sixteen thousand. He always showed his soldiers an example of modesty and courage: the marshal of the Empire never forgot that he had risen from the ranks, but was always foremost in mounting a breach, or leading on a forlorn-hope.

Two months, however, passed on, and Dantzic continued impregnable. It was not certainly an unreasonably long time to spend in reducing so strong a place, yet Napoleon became impatient. He who had astonished the universe with the rapidity of his invasions and conquests, and who had recently reduced the kingdom of Prussia to obedience in seven weeks, had some right to complain of Lefebvre's tardiness. From his camp at Finkenstein he surveyed the whole of Europe, moved Turkey, threatened Russia, looked at England with impotent displeasure, concluded treaties with Germany, sent forth his commands, and raised soldiers wherever and whenever he willed, and amid all this he could not, without manifest impatience, think of the siege of Dantzic.

'What's Lefebvre about? What is he doing? I don't understand his dallying.' Such were the Emperor's abrupt exclamations. Whenever a despatch from the marshal arrived, containing an account of the local difficulties of the siege, Napoleon would give it a rapid glance of his eagle eye, and then throwing it down contemptuously, would say—'Stuff!—deuce take the Alsatian and his fine descriptive style!'

'Denon,' said the Emperor one day, addressing his favourite artist, 'I must know how matters are progressing at Dantzic. Go thither immediately, present yourself to the marshal, and bring me back a drawing of the place. I depend on you. Go!'

In a quarter of an hour after the delivery of this imperial mandate, Denon was on the road to Dantzic with his pencils and portfolio. He was now upwards of sixty years old, and had sojourned with Louis XV. and Louis XVI. at Versailles, with Frederick the Great at Potsdam, with Catherine II. at St Petersburg, and with Voltaire at Ferney. Since the memorable Egyptian expedition, he had followed the footsteps of Napoleon. At Eylau a ball struck a piece of ordnance close to the Emperor, and killed three men. Denon, who had learned on the soil of the Pharaohs to draw from nature in the midst of the stormiest battle, without thinking of danger or caring for risk, just then approached calmly, with his sketching materials in his hand.

'I was just thinking of you,' said the Emperor, 'but you must retire, Denon—too much peril here for your head, and too much smoke for your eyes.' Napoleon forgot nothing; the artist's perfect coolness at Eylau was present to his mind when he sent him to bring back a military plan of Dantzic.

Arrived at the outposts of the besieging army, Denon asked an audience of the marshal, and told his errand. Lefebvre, who knew little, and cared less, about the character and talents of his visitor, did not give him credit for good faith, but believed that he came with some sinister design. He measured the artist leisurely with an unfriendly eye, and then in a tone of irony said, 'Ah, ah, so monsieur wants to see Dantzic? He wants to inspect the state of the siege for himself! Well, 'tis

really a pretty drama; I'll secure him a seat in the stage-box!'

So saying, he called a sergeant, one of the bravest, and withal one of the dullest fellows in the army, and said, 'Firbach, you will lead this gentleman to the spot from whence he will have the best view of Dantzic: you understand? on the glacis, opposite the bastion of Bischofsberg.'

'Yes, marshal,' replied the grenadier, moving on.

'I thank you, marshal,' said Denon, as he prepared to follow his guide.

'Thank me for nothing,' muttered Lefebvre between his teeth. 'So, thought he, the Emperor distrusts me, and sends a spy to my camp! A rascally policeman, I'll be bound! He thought to deceive me with his plans and drawings, as if, indeed, Bonaparte were a child that wanted pictures to amuse him! I fancy I'll give my gentleman, Monsieur Denon, as he calls himself, quite enough of his trade. I'll teach him how to stand fire! I'd give a day's pay for the pleasure of seeing him run away from the bullets!'

Meantime Denon and his guide walked rapidly onwards. They soon crossed the line, and came within range of the cannon on the forts, which at that moment were keeping up a most animated interchange of civilities with the French batteries. Balls and bullets whistled about the heads of the artist and the grenadier, and the soil on which they trod was deeply furrowed by projectiles of various kinds. Precisely at the spot where the missiles were flying thickest Firbach paused, and told Denon that they were now arrived at the point indicated by the marshal. Without making any remark, the artist stepped into a hollow dug by the passage of a bomb, and whose raised edge formed a sort of desk; he then calmly opened his portfolio, took out his pencil, and began to sketch.

His brave guide looked at him with astonishment. 'A pleasant place,' said he, 'to stand in and admire the landscape!' Then seeing that Denon was pursuing his employment very leisurely—'Comrade,' said he, 'will you remain here long?'

'Why do you ask?'

'Why—why? Just because 'tis too hot here to be quite agreeable.'

'Do you think so? Then don't let me detain you. You can return to the camp, and when I shall have finished, I shall easily find my way back.'

'Adieu then, monsieur; au revoir!' So saying, the grenadier walked off, nothing loth, to rejoin his company, whose dinner was just served.

Marshal Lefebvre meantime had had much business to transact. At the end of two hours he suddenly recollected Firbach and Denon. 'What!' exclaimed he, 'not yet returned? It would really annoy me to have one of my brave fellows meet death by the side of a spy!'

'Firbach, at all events, is in a high state of preservation,' said an aide-de-camp: 'I saw him just now refreshing himself at the canteen.'

'Then the other must have fallen? Well, well, the joke was certainly rather too practical. I should have preferred his taking back his report to Bonaparte. But it can't be helped: a spy, after all, is no great loss!'

'Sacré!' cried the aide-de-camp, who was looking through a spyglass; 'here's the very man walking quietly towards us, as if the bullets were so many bonbons!'

'Is it possible that the fellow can have stood ever since between the batteries? Where's Firbach? Call him to me.'

The grenadier came, and related exactly what had passed. Just as he had finished, Denon arrived. It was pleasant to see the warm-hearted marshal run to meet the artist, grasp both his hands, and exclaim, 'No; you're not a spy, but a really brave honest fellow. I mistook you, Monsieur Denon, and hope you will forgive me. Take sketches under a shower of shot and shell! 'Tis ten times a greater feat than heading a

charge sword in hand. The Emperor has commissioned you to take back an exact description of the place: already you have seen one side of it—forgive me that it was the roughest—now I will show you the others myself. We will not leave a bastion or redoubt unvisited; and I hope you will grant me your friendship in return for the esteem with which your valour has inspired me.

Lefebvre kept his word: he conducted Denon to the best points of view, and could not sufficiently admire the artist's sketches and steadiness of hand. Denon returned to Finkenstein; and in a few days afterwards, on the 24th of May 1807, Dantzig capitulated. General Kalkreuth obtained the same conditions that, fourteen years before, he had himself granted to the garrison of Mayence. Lefebvre had him conducted with all honour to the outposts of the Prussian army; and the ancient comrade of the great Frederick expressed his gratitude in an affectionate letter to the marshal. The conqueror received for a recompense the title of Duke of Dantzig; so it is evident that the report of his proceedings brought by Denon was by no means calculated to lower him in the estimation of Napoleon. Lefebvre died at Paris in 1820; and Denon, whose work on Egypt has gained him an imperishable fame, expired at the same place, at an advanced age, in 1825.

#### CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE.

This often-wished-for but never realised improvement may now be said to be effectually achieved. We speak not from mere theory, but from actual observation. A short time ago Messrs Chambers of Edinburgh erected a new furnace and chimney for a ten-horse-power steam-engine, which moves their printing machinery; and with a view to avert all challenge respecting smoke, they applied Juckes's patent smoke-consuming apparatus. This apparatus resembles nothing else of the kind. It consists of what may be called an endless chain of bars; and this chain of bars forms the bottom of the furnace, on which the live coal blazes. The chain moves very slowly forward—not more than at the rate of an inch in the minute—from the front to the back of the furnace, carrying the fire along with it. At the back or bridge of the furnace the chain of bars moves round, and comes back beneath. Thus it goes on endlessly from morning to night. The apparatus is fixed on a carriage, which is run into its place on a species of railroad; and the whole—that is, the whole bottom of the furnace—can be dragged in or out at pleasure, by which means every facility is presented for cleaning, renovation, &c. The chain of bars is moved by connecting gear from the steam-engine. The coal is laid on a hopper at the mouth of the furnace, and is carried forward by the bars, the depth of coal that enters being regulated by an iron door, which is depressed or raised like a sluice. The principle of smoke-consumption consists in the slow and regular admission of the coal. Instead of being heaved in with a shovel, so as to produce continual gusts of smoke, it is admitted, as it were, by hairbreadths. The ignition is therefore little at a time; and what smoke is raised having to go over the whole bright fire beyond, it is necessarily consumed. Nothing gets up the chimney that is perceptible to the eye. The apparatus, we are told, has the further advantage of economising fuel and attendance, while it sustains the steam equally with the common practice of firing. The great beauty of the whole thing, however, is, that the smoke is consumed. We have seldom seen any process of art more simple, and yet more ingenious and beautiful. It is the first instance, we believe, of Juckes's patent being applied in Scotland; and the working of the apparatus is well worth seeing. With a judicious application of such apparatus, we do not see why towns should any longer be tortured with murky clouds of smoke, obscuring the atmosphere, and damaging public health. There, before our eyes, is a convincing proof that there need be no smoke from furnaces. It is perhaps not going too far to say that henceforth, without detriment to amenity, a steam-engine may be wrought in the most elegant of our squares—anywhere under the eyesight of our most fastidious aristocracy.—*Scotsman newspaper*. [The above paragraph was published upwards of a twelvemonth ago. It is still perfectly applicable, as far as the case of

our printing-office is concerned. No smoke is ever seen to issue from the chimney, and, on a calculation as rigid as was attainable, the saving seems to be about one-twentieth in the amount of fuel. What difficulties and drawbacks there may be in respect of larger concerns we cannot say; but, if the working of a ten-horse-power engine be at all a criterion, we might safely assume that smoke is no longer an unavoidable nuisance in connection with manufactories.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

#### MADRID NEWSPAPERS.

In form, size, price, and arrangement, they betray the prevailing weakness of Madrid, *un faux air Parisien*. The average price is about twelve reals a month, about one penny sterling per diem. They are scarcely one-fifth of the size of a London paper; and the editors are obviously put to no trouble or expense in collecting authentic intelligence. It is therefore a grievous wrong to compare their cost invidiously with that of our journals. Taking all things into consideration, the 'Times' is the cheapest article going—cheaper than your quatern loaf, even since the free-trade tariff. The bottom of each of these papers is cut off from the rest, and called the 'folletin' (a manifest Gallicism), devoted to light literature, translations of Sue and the great Alexander of modern fiction. The political articles appeared to me to be as inferior to their French prototypes in vigour and spirit as to our 'English leaders' in knowledge and good sense. Fortunately for them, the polysyllabic and pleonastic gorgeousness of the Castilian idiom covers the poverty of meaning, just as the manifold Castilian cloak covers a threadbare coat, or a too literal sans-enloutism. The grand topic of the day was the Hungarian war, on which ground both parties joined battle, and lied furiously. The Moderados were not a whit behind the Progressistas in that. Every day the 'Heraldo' detailed grandiloquently the defeats of the rebels, and the 'Clamor Publico' the triumphs of the patriots. To judge from the articles to which they give insertion, these journals must count largely on the ignorance and credulity of their readers. The 'Heraldo' was then publishing a series of verbose epistles from Italy, the writer of which illustrated the marches and operations of the Spanish forces by a profusion of passages, parallel or divergent, from the Latin classics, showing at every step his own consummate ignorance and assurance. I remember in one letter he invoked our old friend Socrates in feigned rapture, as 'Mount Socrates, beloved of Ovid and Prosperius!' In the 'Clamor' I read another series of letters, written by a Spaniard from London, in which facts and inferences were equally false. The intelligent traveller gave a glowing description of Regent's Park, crowded every afternoon with the carriages of the nobility, each drawn by four horses; of the Opera, where brass buttons and applause were strictly forbidden; of the placards in the streets, announcing that 'the Rev. Wilkinson would repent, for the fourth time, his favourite sermon on Justification by Faith,' &c. Among his statistical facts he mentioned that 3500 persons had committed suicide in London alone during the year 1848, and proceeded to account for it after his fashion. In conclusion, he proved to his own satisfaction that 'the English are far from being so advanced in political and social progress as—Nosotros!' I always thought 'La Patria' the calmest and most rational of all these prints. I had a good opportunity of forming a judgment, for nobody read it except myself.—*Clark's Gaspacho*.

#### POETRY OF AFRICAN LANGUAGES.

Among the Mongwees thunder is called 'the sky's gun;' the morning 'the day's child;' and one who has become intoxicated is said to be 'taken captive by rum.' The Zulus call the twilight 'the eyelashes of the sun;' and they say of a man who has defrauded them, 'he has eaten me up.' The 'Missionary Advocate' tells of a native of Western Africa who visited America some years ago, and when asked what he would call ice, which he had never seen before, said, 'Him be water fast asleep;' and while riding in a railroad car, when asked what name he would give to the vehicle, replied, after some thought, 'Him be one thunder mill.'—*Colonization Herald*.

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## CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

BESIDES being the confidential advisers, attorneys are the 'confessors' of modern England; and the revelations—delicate, serious, not unfrequently involving life as well as fortune and character—confided to the purchased fidelity and professional honour of men whom romancers of all ages have stereotyped as the ghouls and vampires of civilised society, are, it is impossible to deny, as rarely divulged as those which the penitents of the Greek and Latin churches impart to their spiritual guides and helpers; and this possibly for the somewhat vulgar, but very sufficient reason, that 'a breach of confidence' would as certainly involve the professional ruin of an attorney as the commission of a felony. An able but eccentric juriconsult, Mr Jeremy Bentham, was desirous that attorneys should be compelled to disclose on oath whatever guilty secrets might be confided to them by their clients; the only objection to which ingenious device for the conviction of rogues being, that if such a power existed, there would be no secrets to disclose; and, as a necessary consequence, that the imperfectly-informed attorney would be unable to render his client the justice to which every person, however criminal, is clearly entitled—that of having his or her case presented before the court appointed to decide upon it in the best and most advantageous manner possible. Let it not be forgotten either that the attorney is the only real, practical defender of the humble and needy against the illegal oppressions of the rich and powerful—the shrewd, indomitable agent who gives prosaic reality to the figurative eloquence of old Chancellor Fortescue, when he says 'that the lightning may flash through, the thunder shake, the tempest beat, upon the English peasant's hut, but the king of England, with all his army, cannot lift the latch to enter in.' The chancellor of course meant that in this country overbearing violence cannot defy, or put itself in the place of the law. This is quite true; and why? Chiefly because the attorney is ready, in all cases of *provable* illegality, with his potent strip of parchment summoning the great man before 'her Sovereign Lady the Queen,' there to answer for his acts; and the *richer* the offender, the more keen and eager Mr Attorney to prosecute the suit, however needy his own client; for he is then sure of his costs, if he succeed! Again, I cheerfully admit the extreme vulgarity of the motive; but its effect in protecting the legal rights of the humble is not, I contend, lessened because the reward of exertion and success is counted out in good, honest sovereigns, or notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

Thus much by way of conciliatory prologue to the narrative of a few incidents revealed in the attorney's privileged confessional; throughout which I have of

course, in order to avoid any possible recognition of those events or incidents, changed the name of every person concerned.

Our old city firm, then, which, I am happy to say, still flourishes under the able direction of our active successors, I will call—adopting the nomenclature appropriated to us by imaginative ladies and gentlemen who favour the world with fancy pen-and-ink portraits of the lawyer tribe—that of Flint and Sharp; Sharp being myself, and Flint the silver-haired old bachelor we buried a few weeks since in Kensal Green Cemetery.

'Mr Andrews,' said a clerk as he threw open the door of the inner office one afternoon. 'Mr Jesse Andrews.'

'Good-day, Mr Andrews,' was my prompt and civil greeting: 'I have good news for you. Take a chair.'

The good-humoured, rather intelligent, and somewhat clouded countenance of the new-comer brightened up at these words. 'News from my Cousin Archibald?' he asked as he seated himself.

'Yes. He laments your late failure, and commiserates the changed position and prospects of your wife and boy, little Archibald, his godson. You he has not much compassion for, inasmuch as he attributes your misfortunes entirely to mismanagement, and the want of common prudence.'

'Candid, certainly,' grumbled out Mr Jesse Andrews; 'but an odd sort of good news!'

'His deeds are kinder than his words. He will allow, till Archibald attains his majority—Let me see: how old is that boy of yours now?'

'Ten. He was two years old when his godfather went to India.'

'Well, then, you will receive two hundred pounds per annum, payable half-yearly, in advance, for the next ten years—that is of course if your son lives—in order to enable you to bring him up, and educate him properly. After that period has elapsed, your cousin intimates that he will place the young man advantageously; and I do not doubt will do something for you, should you not by that time have conquered a fair position for yourself.'

'Is that all?' said Mr Andrews.

'All! Why, what did you expect?'

'Two or three thousand pounds to set me afloat again. I know of a safe speculation, that with, say three thousand pounds capital, would realise a handsome fortune in no time.'

Mr Jesse Andrews, I may observe, was one of that numerous class of persons who are always on the threshold of realising millions—the only and constant obstacle being the want of a sufficient 'capital.'

I consoled with him upon his disappointment; but as words, however civil, avail little in the way of 'capital,' Mr Jesse Andrews, having pocketed the first half-

yearly instalment of the annuity, made his exit in by no means a gracious or grateful frame of mind.

Two other half-yearly payments were duly paid him. When he handed me the receipt on the last occasion, he said, in a sort of off-hand, careless way, 'I suppose, if Archy were to die, these payments would cease?'

'Perhaps not,' I replied unthinkingly. 'At all events, not, I should say, till you and your wife were in some way provided for. But your son is not ill?' I added.

'No, no; not at present,' replied Andrews, colouring, and with a confusion of manner which surprised me not a little. It flashed across my mind that the boy was dead, and that Andrews, in order not to risk the withdrawal or suspension of the annuity, had concealed the fact from us.

'Let me see,' I resumed, 'we have your present address—Norton Folgate, I think?'

'Yes, certainly you have.'

'I shall very likely call in a day or two to see Mrs Andrews and your son.'

The man smiled in a reassured, half-sardonic manner. 'Do,' he answered. 'Archy is alive, and very well, thank God!'

This confidence dispelled the suspicion I had momentarily entertained, and five or six weeks passed away, during which Andrews and his affairs were almost as entirely absent from my thoughts as if no such man existed.

About the expiration of that time, Mr Jesse Andrews unexpectedly revisited the office, and as soon as I was disengaged, was ushered into my private room. He was habited in the deepest mourning, and it naturally struck me that either his wife or son was dead—an impression, however, which a closer examination of his countenance did not confirm, knowing as I did how affectionate a husband and father he was, with all his faults and follies, reputed to be. He looked flurried, nervous, certainly; but there was no grief, no sorrow in the restless, disturbed glances which he directed to the floor, the ceiling, the window, the fireplace, the chairs, the table—everywhere, in fact, except towards my face.

'What is the matter, Mr Andrews?' I gravely inquired, seeing that he did not appear disposed to open the conversation.

'A great calamity, sir—a great calamity,' he hurriedly and confusedly answered, his face still persistently averted from me—'has happened! Archy is dead!'

'Dead!' I exclaimed, considerably shocked. 'God bless me! when did this happen?'

'Three weeks ago,' was the reply. 'He died of cholera.'

'Of cholera!' This occurred, I should state, in 1830.

'Yes: he was very assiduously attended throughout his sufferings, which were protracted and severe, by the eminent Dr Parkinson, a highly-respectable and skilled practitioner, as you doubtless, sir, are aware.'

I could not comprehend the man. This dry, uninterested, business-sort of gabble was not the language of a suddenly-bereaved parent, and one, too, who had lost a considerable annuity by his son's death. What could it mean? I was in truth fairly puzzled.

After a considerable interval of silence, which Mr Andrews, whose eyes continued to wander in every direction except that of mine, showed no inclination to break, I said—'It will be necessary for me to write immediately to your cousin, Mr Archibald Andrews. I trust, for your sake, the annuity will be continued; but, of course, till I hear from him, the half-yearly payments must be suspended.'

'Certainly, certainly: I naturally expected that would be the case,' said Andrews, still in the same quick, hurried tone. 'Quite so.'

'You have nothing further to say, I suppose?' I remarked after another dead pause, during which it was very apparent that he was labouring with something to which he nervously hesitated to give utterance.

'No—yes—that is, I wished to consult you upon a matter of business—connected with—a life-assurance office.'

'A life-assurance office?'

'Yes.' The man's pale face flushed crimson, and his speech became more and more hurried as he went on.

'Yes: fearing, Mr Sharp, that should Archy die, we might be left without resource, I resolved, after mature deliberation, to effect an insurance on his life for four thousand pounds.'

'Four thousand pounds!'

'Yes. All necessary preliminaries were gone through. The medical gentleman—since dead of the cholera, by the way—examined the boy of course, and the insurance was legally effected for four thousand pounds, payable at his death.'

I did not speak, a suspicion too horrible to be hinted at held me dumb.

'Unfortunately,' Andrews continued, 'this insurance was only effected about a fortnight before poor Archy's death, and the office refuses payment, although, as I have told you, the lad was attended to the very hour of his death by Dr Parkinson, a highly-respectable, most unexceptionable gentleman. Very much so indeed.'

'I quite agree in that,' I answered after a while. 'Dr Parkinson is a highly-respectable and eminent man. What reason,' I added, 'do the company assign for non-payment?'

'The very recent completion of the policy.'

'Nonsense! How can that fact, standing alone, affect your claim?'

'I do not know,' Andrews replied; and all this time I had not been able to look fairly in his face; 'but they do refuse; and I am anxious that your firm should take the matter in hand, and sue them for the amount.'

'I must first see Dr Parkinson,' I answered, 'and convince myself that there is no legitimate reason for repudiating the policy.'

'Certainly, certainly,' he replied.

'I will write to you to-morrow,' I said, rising to terminate the conference, 'after I have seen Dr Parkinson, and state whether we will or not take proceedings against the insurance company on your behalf.'

He thanked me, and hurried off.

Dr Parkinson confirmed Mr Jesse Andrews in every particular. He had attended the boy, a fine, light-haired lad of eleven or twelve years of age, from not long after his seizure till his death. He suffered dreadfully, and died unmistakably of Asiatic cholera, and of nothing else; of which same disease a servant and a female lodger in the same house had died just previously. 'It is of course,' Dr Parkinson remarked in conclusion, 'as unfortunate for the company as it is strangely lucky for Andrews; but there is no valid reason for refusing payment.'

Upon this representation we wrote the next day to the assurance people, threatening proceedings on behalf of Mr Jesse Andrews.

Early on the morrow one of the managing directors called on us, to state the reasons which induced the company to hesitate at recognising the plaintiff's claim. In addition to the doubts suggested by the brief time which had elapsed from the date of the policy to the death of the child, there were several other slight circumstances of corroborative suspicion. The chief of these was, that a neighbour had declared he heard the father indulging in obstreperous mirth in a room adjoining that in which the corpse lay only about two hours after his son had expired. This unseemly, scandalous hilarity of her husband the wife appeared to faintly remonstrate against. The directors had consequently resolved *non obstante* Dr Parkinson's declaration, who might, they argued, have been deceived, to have the body exhumed in order to a post-mortem examination as to the true cause of death. If the parents voluntarily agreed to this course, a judicial application to enforce it would be unnecessary, and all doubts on the matter could be quietly set at rest. I thought the

proposal, under the circumstances, reasonable, and called on Mr and Mrs Andrews to obtain their concurrence. Mrs Andrews was, I found, absent in the country, but her husband was at home; and he, on hearing the proposal, was, I thought, a good deal startled—shocked rather—a natural emotion perhaps.

'Who—who,' he said after a few moments' silent reflection—'who is to conduct this painful, revolting inquiry?'

'Dr Parkinson will be present, with Mr Humphrey the surgeon, and Dr Curtis the newly-appointed physician to the assurance office, in place of Dr Morgan, who died, as you are aware, a short time since of cholera.'

'True. Ah, well, then,' he answered almost with alacrity, 'be it as they wish. Dr Parkinson will see fair-play.'

The examination was effected, and the result was a confirmation, beyond doubt or quibble, that death, as Dr Parkinson had declared, had been solely occasioned by cholera. The assurance company still hesitated; but as this conduct could now only be looked upon as perverse obstinacy, we served them with a writ at once. They gave in; and the money was handed over to Mr Jesse Andrews, whose joy at his sudden riches did not, I was forced to admit, appear to be in the slightest degree damped by any feeling of sadness for the loss of an only child.

We wrote to inform Mr Archibald Andrews of these occurrences, and to request further instructions with regard to the annuity hitherto paid to his cousin. A considerable time would necessarily elapse before an answer could be received, and in the meantime Mr Jesse Andrews plunged headlong into the speculation he had been long hankering to engage in, and was, he informed me a few weeks afterwards, on the royal road to a magnificent fortune.

Clouds soon gathered over this brilliant prospect. The partner, whose persuasive tongue and brilliant imagination had induced Mr Andrews to join him with his four thousand pounds, proved to be an arrant cheat and swindler; and Mr Andrews's application to us for legal help and redress was just too late to prevent the accomplished dealer in moonshine and delusion from embarking at Liverpool for America, with every penny of the partnership funds in his pockets!

A favourable reply from Mr Archibald Andrews had now become a question of vital importance to his cousin, who very impatiently awaited its arrival. It came at last. Mr Andrews had died rather suddenly at Bombay a short time before my letter arrived there, after executing in triplicate a will, of which one of the copies was forwarded to me. By this instrument his property—about thirty-five thousand pounds, the greatest portion of which had been remitted from time to time for investment in the British funds—was disposed of as follows:—Five thousand pounds to his Cousin Jesse Andrews, for the purpose of educating and maintaining Archibald Andrews, the testator's godson, till he should have attained the age of twenty-one, and the whole of the remaining thirty thousand pounds to be then paid over to Archibald, with accumulated interest. In the event, however, of the death of his godson, the entire property was devised to another more distant and wealthier cousin, Mr Newton and his son Charles, on precisely similar conditions, with the exception that an annuity of seventy pounds, payable to Jesse Andrews and his wife during their lives, was charged upon it.

Two letters were despatched the same evening—one to the fortunate cousin, Mr Newton, who lived within what was then known as the twopenny post delivery, and another to Mr Jesse Andrews, who had taken up his temporary abode in a cottage near St Alban's, Hertfordshire. These missives informed both gentlemen of the arrival of the Indian mail, and the, to them, important despatches it contained.

Mr Newton was early at the office on the following morning, and perused the will with huge content. He was really quite sorry, though, for poor Cousin Jesse:

the loss of his son was a sad stroke, much worse than this of a fortune, which he might have expected to follow as a matter of course. And the annuity, Mr Newton thoughtfully observed, was, after all, no contemptible provision for two persons, without family, and of modest requirements.

A very different scene was enacted when, late in the evening, and just as I was about to leave the office, Mr Jesse Andrews rushed in, white as a sheet, haggard, and wild with passion. 'What devil's fables are these you write me?' he burst forth the instant he had gained the threshold of the room. 'How dare you,' he went on almost shrieking with fury—'how dare you attempt to palm off these accursed lies on me? Archy rich—rich—and I— But it is a lie! An infernal device got up to torture me—to drive me wild, distracted—mad.' The excited man literally foamed with rage, and so astonished was I, that it was a minute or two before I could speak or move. At last I rose, closed the door, for the clerks in the outer office were hearers and witnesses of this outbreak, and led the way to an inner and more private apartment. 'Come with me, Mr Andrews,' I said, 'and let us talk this matter calmly over.'

He mechanically followed, threw himself into a chair, and listened with frenzied impatience to the reading of the will.

'A curse is upon me,' he shouted, jumping up as I concluded: 'the curse of God—a judgment upon the crime I but the other day committed—a crime, as I thought—dolt, idiot that I was—so cunningly contrived, so cleverly executed! Fool, villain, madman that I have been; for now, when fortune is tendered for my acceptance, I dare not put forth my hand to grasp it; fortune, too, not only for me, but— Oh God, it will kill us both, Martha as well as me, though I alone am to blame for this infernal chance!'

This outburst appeared to relieve him, and he sank back into his chair somewhat calmer. I could understand nothing of all that rhapsody, knowing as I did that his son Archibald had died from natural causes. 'It is a severe blow,' I said in as soothing a tone as I could assume; 'a very great disappointment: still, you are secured from extreme poverty—from anything like absolute want'—

'It is not that—it is not that!' he broke in, though not quite so wildly as before. 'Look you, Mr Sharp, I will tell you all! There may be some mode of extrication from this terrible predicament, and I must have your advice professionally upon it.'

'Go on; I will advise you to the best of my ability.' 'Here it is, then: Archy, my son Archy, is alive!—alive! and well in health as either you or I!'

I was thunderstruck. Here was indeed a revelation.

'Alive and well,' continued Andrews. 'Listen: when the cholera began to spread so rapidly, I thought me of insuring the boy's life in case of the worst befalling, but not, as I hope for mercy, with the slightest thought of harming a hair of his head. This was done. Very soon the terrific disease approached our neighbourhood, and my wife took Archy to a country lodging, returning herself the same evening. The next day our only servant was attacked, and died. A few hours after that, our first-floor lodger, a widow of the name of Mason, who had been with us but a very short time, was attacked. She suffered dreadfully; and her son, a boy about the age of Archy, and with just his hair and complexion, took ill also. The woman was delirious with pain; and before effective medical aid could be obtained—she was seized in the middle of the night—she expired. Her son, who had been removed into another room, became rapidly worse, and we sent for Dr Parkinson: the poor fellow was also partially delirious with pain, and clung piteously round my wife's neck, calling her mother, and imploring her to relieve him. Dr Parkinson arrived, and at first sight of the boy, said, "Your son is very ill, Mrs Andrews—I fear past recovery; but we will see what can be done." I swear to you, Mr Sharp, that it was not till this moment

the device which has ruined us flashed across my brain. I cautioned my wife in a whisper not to undeceive the doctor, who prescribed the most active remedies, and was in the room when the lad died. You know the rest: and now, sir, tell me, can anything be done—any device suggested to retrieve this miserable blunder, this terrible mistake?

'This infamous crime, you should say, Mr Andrews,' I replied; 'for the commission of which you are liable to be transported for life.'

'Yes, crime; no doubt that is the true word! But must the innocent child suffer for his father's offence?'

'That is the only consideration that could induce me to wag a finger in the business. Like many other clever rogues, you are caught in the trap you lined for others. Come to me to-morrow: I will think over the matter between this and then; but at present I can say nothing. Stay,' I added, as his hand was on the door; 'the identity of your son can be proved, I suppose, by better evidence than your own?'

'Certainly, certainly.'

'That will do, then; I will see you in the morning.'

If it should cross the mind of any reader that I ought to have given this self-confessed felon into custody, I beg to remind him that for the reasons previously stated, such a course on my part was out of the question—impossible; and that had it not been impossible I should do so, Mr Jesse Andrews would not have instructed me with his criminal secret. The only question now therefore was, how, without compromising this guilty client, the godfather's legacy could be secured for the innocent son.

A conference the next morning with Mr Flint resulted in our sending for Mr Jesse Andrews, and advising him, for fear of accidents or miscarriage in our plans, to betake himself to the kingdom of France for a short time. We had then no treaty of extradition with that country. As soon as I knew he was safely out of the realm, I waited upon the insurance people.

'The money ought not to have been received by Jesse Andrews, you say, Mr Sharp?' observed the managing gentleman, looking keenly in my face.

'Precisely. It ought not to have been received by him.'

'And why not, Mr Sharp?'

'That is quite an unnecessary question, and one that you know I should not answer if I could. That which chiefly concerns you is, that I am ready to return the four thousand pounds at once, here on the spot, and that delays are dangerous. If you refuse, why of course—and I rose from my chair—I must take back the money.'

'Stay—stay! I will just consult with one or two gentlemen, and be with you again almost immediately.'

In about five minutes he returned. 'Well, Mr Sharp,' he said, 'we had, I suppose, better take the money—obtained, as you say, by mistake.'

'Not at all; I said nothing about mistake. I told you it ought not to have been received by Andrews!'

'Well—well; I understand. I must, I suppose, give you a receipt?'

'Undoubtedly; and, if you please, precisely in this form.'

I handed him a copy on a slip of paper. He ran it over, smiled, transcribed it on a stamp, signed it, and as I handed him a cheque for the amount, placed it in my hands. We mutually bowed, and I went my way.

Notwithstanding Mr Newton's opposition, who was naturally furious at the unexpected turn the affair had taken, the identity of the boy—whom that gentleman persisted in asserting to be dead and buried—was clearly established; and Mr Archibald Andrews, on the day he became of age, received possession of his fortune. The four thousand pounds had of course been repaid out of Jesse Andrews's legacy. That person has, so to speak, since skulked through life a mark for the covert scorn of every person acquainted with the very black transaction here recorded. This was doubtless a much better

fate than he deserved; and in strict, or poetical justice, his punishment ought unquestionably to have been much greater—more apparent also, than it was, for example's sake. But I am a man not of fiction, but of fact, and consequently relate events, not as they precisely ought, but as they do, occasionally occur in lawyers' offices, and other unpoetical nooks and corners of this prosaic, matter-of-fact, working-day world.

## SHOPS, SHOPKEEPERS, SHOPMEN, AND SHOP MORALITY.

### CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE shopman being the medium through whom nearly the whole of the retail commerce of the country is transacted, it should be considered as of immense importance to the public that his integrity, truthfulness, and candour be unimpeached and unimpeachable. How far this is likely to be the case, may be judged from what has been already said. These qualities, in fact, are not precisely those in vogue, or at least those in most request, among masters and employers. 'The grand accomplishment, before which all moral qualities sink into comparative insignificance, is the ability to sell: this is the *sine qua non*. 'Has he talent?' is the first inquiry of an employer, in reference to the character of an applicant; signifying by 'talent' the faculty of pushing off goods upon ungarded customers. 'Such a one,' said a tradesman in answer to inquiry as to character, 'has excellent talent: he was the best salesman I ever had; but, to be candid with you, I was obliged to part with him for cheating me, which he did perpetually.' 'Never mind,' says the inquirer, 'I'll take him on: I defy him to cheat me much, and a little I don't mind, if he suits my purpose.' A shopkeeper has less fear of an engagement with a character of a loose description than any other employer would have, because, in accordance with a rule which is almost universal among them, the bond entered into between master and servant may be broken at a minute's notice by either. It not unfrequently happens that a shopman, failing to sell to a party difficult to please, is ordered to make out his account on the moment, and then discharged. A compact liable to be thus suddenly terminated is not of a nature to insure anything like a community of interest between the parties; and the master consequently finds that his own presence, or that of some deputy exercising a similar authority, is constantly requisite. Hence in large drapers' establishments originated the function of shopwalker, which is generally filled by some one in the immediate confidence of the principal. His ostensible office is to conduct the several customers to the particular spot where what they are in search of is stored up, and see them promptly attended to; but in addition to this, he exercises a careful vigilance upon the conduct of the several attendants, and reports, when necessary, upon their efficiency, negligence, or inaptitude.

The salaries of shopmen vary of course with the amount of 'talent' they possess; but there are a great number at the present day in London who are not remunerated by salary only. It is found to answer much better to allow them a per-centage upon the goods they sell, either in addition to, or in lieu of, a stated salary, than to pay them by salary alone. We were assured by a tradesman, whose whole establishment consisted but of three shopmen besides himself, that he had put a clear thousand pounds into his pocket in two years by substituting a per-centage upon all the monthly profits above a certain amount in lieu of a stated salary. There is not a doubt but that this mode of payment is the secret source of much of that bland politeness and unwearying patience which are nowhere displayed in such great perfection as in a retail shop. But politeness and attention are not the only qualities necessary to insure a sale; to these must occasionally be added an effrontery that cannot flatter, and knows not how to blush. Whatever virtues can possibly be attributed to

the goods for sale, the salesman must warrant them to possess, and if he can contrive to persuade his customer that the palpable imperfections of his wares are but so many proofs of their superiority, so much the better. It is amusing to observe the infinite resources of an old adept behind the counter; together with inexhaustible patience and temper, he possesses a perennial fountain of small-talk, which he can turn on and off at pleasure. With those in a hurry he can use the briefest despatch; with those who come to lounge as well as to buy, he can be as readily dawdling and dilatory. He knows by intuition whom he can persuade and whom he cannot, and is seldom seen to waste his address upon an impracticable party. Lady Slug, who spends four hours and a-half in the choice of a dress, finds him just as bland and *devoué* at the termination of the bargain as he was at the beginning; while Mrs Makethrift always makes up to him when she wants to purchase a piece of towel-ling, because by him she is sure to be quickly served. Such a man is a treasure to his employer, who may think himself fortunate if he can retain his services for any length of time—the best hands not being always proof against the offer of a higher salary and superior advantages from an opposing establishment. Why should they?

The draper's shopman, above all others, stands in need of a superlative stock of patience. There is a certain order of the fair sex, with leisure on their hands, who, though they come to purchase, will buy nothing until they have seen everything, and who, rather than take the precise article they want, will walk out of the shop to enjoy a rummage elsewhere, if the salesman persist in recommending it before they have satisfied their curiosity. Perhaps they consider themselves entitled to overhaul the whole stock by virtue of the small outlay they intend to make; if this be their fancied privilege, they certainly enjoy it to the fullest extent, and reward the complaisance of the shopman by leaving him work for a good hour after the shop is closed.

We would not of course have it imagined that the trickiness to which we have alluded is characteristic of all shopmen. In some trades, the counter assistants are a most respectable class of young men; and such persons, as is well known, have latterly taken a lead in the establishment and support of literary and other institutions, calculated to effect great public benefit. Where there is demoralisation, there also is oppression visible. There could not be bad employed without bad employers. Excessive length of the hours of labour, led, as might be expected, to the worst results. Under the old system, before the early-closing movement had begun, shopmen generally suffered severe privations. From the bed to the counter, and from the counter to bed, was their brief hebdomadal history. The effects of such unbroken drudgery told miserably upon them in respect both to body and mind. The rate of mortality was higher among them than among classes much lower in the social scale; and cases of loss of faculties, both bodily and mental, more than doubled those which occur in the average of the population. The improvement in this particular which has been effected of late, and which, it is to be hoped, has only commenced, has given them some available leisure. If the use generally made of it is not precisely what might be wished, it is not altogether thrown away. Though the majority as yet devote their new leisure to idleness and dissipation—though the casino, the billiard-room, and the half-play benches are nightly filled by the emancipated slaves of the counter—yet associations for mental improvement and mutual instruction have also more attendants and members, and something, if but little, is being effected towards the increased morality and integrity of the whole class.

Much of the low state of trading morality, we repeat, is chargeable, in the first instance, on the public. The silly desire of getting bargains is at the foundation of almost every cheating practice. Buyers want not a fair exchange for the price paid, but something more.

Thus the transactions of the market are a series of attempts to cheat on both sides. The seller sets himself up as a willing victim, while the buyer avers that he does not want the goods which he has come to the market expressly to procure. All this is disgraceful, and shows the low tone of moral feeling in connection with matters of commerce. It would be sheer nonsense to lay this state of things at the doors of the shopkeeper and the trader. They are but what they are compelled to be, and what the public have made them. It is the over-reaching spirit among buyers which has created so many knaves among the sellers. The real delinquent is the bargain-hunter: he is a character the very reverse of that which the requirements of morality, and the precepts of religion, command men to be. So far from desiring to do unto others as he would that they should do unto him, the whole scope of his endeavours, in all his transactions, is to effect the very contrary; since to reap an advantage from the necessities of one's neighbour, and to profit by his injury, are the very constituents of a bargain. The prevalence of this spirit among all ranks and classes should be regarded as a grievous anomaly, and may well excite disgust and reprehension when viewed in connection with the high estimation we are accustomed to claim for our commercial doings. There can be no mistake, however, as to its general predominance. It is a vice which wears so much the aspect of a virtue, as to be often mistaken for one; and it is encouraged and fostered by multitudes under the idea that they are only cherishing a commendable feeling in connection with prudence, economy, and good management. The universal spread of the bargaining spirit is so thoroughly recognised by all who have anything to sell, that the search after a trader in the present day, who is content to offer his goods on fair terms only, a mere *quid pro quo*, is almost a hopeless task. Hence the 'enormous sacrifices,' the sales 'under prime cost,' the 'unprecedented prices,' and a host of specious announcements of the sort, that force themselves on our attention at every turn—all so many appeals to a passion well known to be dominant in every breast. The tradesmen who exhibit these tempting offers really pay but a poor compliment to the general honesty. They assume the aspect of willing and complacent victims to the universal propensity for over-reaching, and under this aspect they make their gains. It is hardly necessary to say that all these placarded protestations are but so many deceptions. It could not be otherwise, unless the sellers were the sole parties untainted with selfishness, and had at once the means and the will to exercise an indiscriminating generosity. Nobody believes this—yet everybody runs after a bargain.

But what is a bargain? It may be fairly defined as a fraudulent exchange, by which somebody must suffer; for as no purchasable article can be produced but by a certain expenditure of labour, or procured without its equivalent in value, it follows that if we purchase one at an unfair value, we are either deceived in respect to its quality, and so suffer ourselves, or we commit an injustice upon some person interested in its production and sale, and thus occasion suffering to others. The question of morality is intimately connected with every commercial transaction; and where only this connection is recognised is business carried on in accordance with its precepts. It is the unwillingness to acknowledge this connection that gives rise to a multitude of daily frauds. Counterfeit wares in every possible branch of manufacture, possessing little more than the semblance of the things they represent, fill our shops and warehouses. Things real are kept in the background, for the demands of the sensible few who are uninfected with the bargain fever. In the departments of art, literature, and science, it is the same. Rubbish for bargain-hunters is the principal staple, while the genuine picture, the sterling book, the efficient instrument, and but few admirers and purchasers. The effect of all this upon our national productions is becoming in the

highest degree serious. The seats of our manufactures have degenerated, and wares are now sent forth into the markets of the world which our forefathers would have rejected with scorn. Half-skilled artisans, and men lacking both honesty and knowledge of their craft, make fortunes by pandering to the appetite for great bargains; while the honest and well-instructed tradesman goes to the wall, if he be not corrupted by the success of those whose example has taught him that it is more profitable to cheat and swindle his customers than to serve them faithfully. Good-natured, stupid public, we are really ashamed of thee!

Another phase of the bargain-hunting spirit may be alluded to before concluding these random sketches. We refer to the growing practice of doing work by contract. As things go, it may be necessary to resort to contracts instead of ordinary accounts for work done; but it is evident that, by this system, the contractor is tempted to execute his undertaking in a far from satisfactory manner. He may keep to the letter, and break the spirit of his contract. Houses, for example, built by contract are usually of an unsubstantial kind; and he who gets a dwelling painted by contract, runs a serious risk of having it spoiled by the use of bad materials and the employment of unskilled hands.

A literary friend, the possessor of a house somewhat needing repair, sent for a tradesman to examine it, and to give an estimate of the cost of carpenter's work, papering, plumbing, and painting inside and out. An agreement was made, and a contract signed by both parties for a fair and rather liberal amount. Six weeks were allotted for the work; and the owner, leaving his housekeeper in charge of the dwelling, removed with his family to the seaside during the progress of the job. Returning at the time appointed, he found the work done indeed, but in a style so completely different from what he had expected, and so unlike anything he had ever seen before, that suspicions of foul play at once arose in his mind. Resolving to be well satisfied of the truth before he paid the amount agreed upon, he called in a surveyor, who, after a few minutes' examination, confirmed his suspicions of fraud, and undertook to investigate the facts. It turned out, after a tedious and not very pleasant inquiry, that the original contractor, who was too busy to attend to his own business, had sold the contract to another, who had sold it to a third person, who again had sold it to a fourth. Thus having passed through the hands of Huggins, Muggins, and Duggins, the work had at length to be accomplished in a tremendous hurry by Struggles, who was a miserable botcher at the best, and who undertook to do it, and did it, at less than half price!

Worthy public! we counsel thee to have a little more generosity and common-sense in thy dealings; and so wilt thou do more to improve society than by sighing over popular errors and popular weaknesses.

#### A TWELVEMOON IN CALCUTTA.

THE BRIDE—THE HALF-CASTE GIRL—THE HOLY FESTIVAL—  
MALE EMBROIDERER—SUDDEN SQUALL—PANSEE DINNER—  
DAY AT DUM-DUM.

March 4th.—A gentle rain all night has made the air deliciously cool, giving me uninterrupted sleep, which, after our many watchings, I feel very refreshing. The baby is quite revived by the change of temperature; he has cut four large teeth, and is, we hope, safe. Mr Black tells me that my Baboo is gone, and his bribe with him, which there was really some difficulty in getting him to take back. 'Who would know,' he said, 'what passed between him and madam?—it was not like Company's servants.' So, to show his gratitude, which he persisted in acknowledging, and at the same time due respect for madam's feelings, he would only ask her to accept a fine diamond ring, which was not to be delivered till after his departure. There it is, sparkling on my finger as a guard to the plain gold one which brought me here. I might, after all, as well have taken the rupees! It is

quite according to rule for the barristers' wives to receive these additional fees; they, and also the merchants' wives, get quantities of beautiful things from the clients. I believe, too, the military line are allowed to retain trifling presents; but none of the civil servants can permit their ladies thus to compromise them, neither can the judges, nor any other persons who, from the nature of their offices, could be supposed accessible through such means. It is not a pleasant custom, belonging certainly to a very backward stage in the progress of manners, and was formerly much abused: many women, some of them of rank too, having gleaned right and left as their husbands travelled, frequently appropriating more than was intended for them, such as the silver bowls and salvers sent with fruit! But this was in the good old times.

7th.—How constantly we prove that good really does spring out of everything! You know the half-caste girl who came out with me as my maid—a pretty, well-brought up young woman, who was really very useful to us? After some passages you will by this time have seen in my ship journal, you will not be surprised to learn that I arrived in this house without my attendant. The foolish girl married the third mate, a lad little older than herself, and so, as she thought, got settled; but the ship is going to China, to try a little trading there before returning to Europe, and the third mate don't intend to take Mrs Freeman with him—indeed, perhaps he could not get leave—so here has been this half-deserted wife, crying like a disappointed child, to ask us what is to become of her. It certainly is a friendless situation to leave the poor young creature in. I thought of Helen's sick baby, and of what a treasure this good-natured little body would be in her nursery just now, so, with your activity—borrowed only for the moment, I fear—I went off at once in Caroline's palkee, and settled the business. Helen caught at such relief; and Mrs Freeman, by no means grieved to show her husband she can do without him, has sent for her wardrobe, and repairs this very evening to her new home. There will be a storm among the native ayahs, but they and Helen must bear it, as I have learned to bear the swing of the punkah, now in full operation over my head. At first the draught of air made me sneeze incessantly; next I fancied it gave me cold, rheumatism, shiverings; and I could not remember to place weights upon all my papers or my work, to prevent them being blown away; so every now and then they had to be hunted out of all the corners in the room. But I manage better now, and on sitting down to any employment, call out 'Punkah tau' with the best of them.

8th.—Freeman and the baby, both the babies, getting on beautifully. She was used to children, it seems, at home. Sad distress next door to us—the master of the house alarmingly ill. Several doctors there three times to-day. We must hear of his being either much better or nearly despaired of in the morning—disease of any kind making quick work of it here. If the turn comes soon enough for the patient's strength to have been but little tried, the recovery proceeds pretty much as at home, with some allowance for the exhaustion consequent upon the climate: acute attacks are soon over one way or the other. New-comers are, therefore, always cautioned never to pass the slightest symptom of derangement. A little headache, a little sickness, a trifling pain, must never be disregarded. The wise consult their doctor on the first appearance of illness, and are generally provided by him with a few simple remedies most likely to be required in ordinary cases, by timely application to which, danger is frequently arrested. A greater degree of care is necessary in this climate with regard to exposure to sun, cold air, damp, or over-fatigue, than people are accustomed to think requisite at home. Many—young men especially—are lamentably imprudent in these respects, and suffer accordingly for disobedience to the natural laws so plainly expressed to them.

9th.—Freeman has discovered that poor baby owes

half his illness to hunger. A new ayah was wanted, and after some trouble, was procured, in the shape of a young black girl, thirteen years of age, whose purifications in the bathing-room were a curious scene, hair not being forgotten in the cleansing process. The new clothes she was equipped with on emerging from the bath seemed to reconcile her to all her trials, including the parting from her own baby of a few weeks old. Really children are no blessing to Indian parents. The difficulty of keeping them in health during the short time that it is safe to have them here, the constant watchfulness requisite over them to prevent evil either from neglect or improper treatment, and then the parting from them at such an engaging age, are all serious drawbacks to the pleasures of the nursery. And the parents never know the child again. They meet after this long separation almost as strangers, whatever care may have been taken to keep filial affection alive in the young heart: few feelings, and no recollections, can be in common. It is certainly the grief of Indian life, to a woman at any rate, whose occupation is thus perforce taken from her, and only painful anxiety, the yearning affection of a bereaved mother, left with her instead. Men, always busy with high matters, think less of this. They leave home all energy for their employments; they return home for rest and quiet enjoyment; but the poor wife during the long Indian day—what remains for her? She has few household cares, she is unable at some seasons for much exertion, exercise she can never take, her occupations are all sedentary and monotonous, she has little to do beyond writing notes and visiting. Oh it is not a country to live in for a lifetime. Let us make ourselves happy while we are forced to stay, and get out of it as quickly as possible!

11th.—This is the beginning of the great Hindoo holiday which they call the *Hooly*. While we were at breakfast, the *durwan* and the *surdah* (the porter and the head-bearer) came in to ask leave to go out for the day. They were followed by several of the other Hindoos belonging to the household, all of them bedaubed with a red powder, like brick-dust, in a way to make one laugh. I had to recollect that to them this disfigurement was a religious ceremony, though apparently not a very grave one, for they were all on the broad grin, perhaps from the prospect of a day of idleness, which is always followed by an evening of riot. Not content with plastering their faces, necks, and arms all over with these holy patches, they dash the red powder upon their clothes, giving them at a little distance the appearance of being covered with blood. They brought on little salvers presents to offer to each of us, such as a handful of almonds, or a few small raisins, or any other common fruit. Upon each tray lay a packet of red powder, and upon one tray was a piece of money. We all accepted a taste of the fruit, the required leave was granted, and grand salaams followed. As this festival continues for three days, all the Hindoo servants in turn can spend one day in attending upon its ordinances, which do not appear to a common spectator to be of a very sacred character. All I could see of them was great crowds of natives wandering about painted up perfect objects, principally occupied in throwing red dust at one another. Towards the afternoon they began to dance, much after the fashion of our chimney-sweepers upon May-day, to the music of a tom-tom; a small kind of drum, producing much the same sounds as the dust-pan and shovel. My ayah, who is a Muselmanie, tells me that these dances degenerate into the grossest indecency, and that the songs these people continue singing all night are of the same disgusting kind; so much so, that the better sort of Hindoos are quite ashamed of them, and do not suffer the females of their families to be present at the more scandalous representations, though they consider it a necessary duty to keep up these indecorous practices as part of a religion they have been taught to reverence. No respectable woman is, indeed, to be seen abroad during this saturnalia. The higher orders are in general

always kept pretty close at home, but the lower seem to be at full liberty to go where they like, except on such occasions as this, though they are seldom met with except in the morning and evening, at the tanks or river side, filling their classically-shaped pots with water. They pile these three high, one over the other, each addition smaller in size than the one below, on their heads, and holding themselves erect as beautiful bronze statues, away they move with a slow swinging gait, one arm bent for the hand to press the side, the other raised to touch the lower water-pot, the long end of the same falling from the wrist of the raised hand nearly to the knee. Beyond fetching the water and cooking the food, the lower class of females appear to have no business. They sometimes carry about a little brown baby, not in their arms, but on one hip, adopting then a sidling motion that has an odd effect; they are more frequently to be seen squatted on the ground among their crawling children, enjoying that chief of all native happiness—idleness.

We had to give some rupees among the servants in return for their little offerings—not many: a small sum goes a great way with these simple people, whose wants are few, and very cheaply satisfied. Yet to us Europeans a rupee is only worth two shillings, and these two shillings don't go very far in purchasing supplies of European goods. A rupee about ranks with a shilling, yet to the natives it is worth nearly an English labourer's pound. Nothing has as yet astonished me so much as the low price of labour: it is difficult to bring to mind that it suffices for their wants, of which food, the plainest and cheapest, is the principal. We closed our gates to-day, having so few servants left with us; besides, we were busy writing home letters: you will get a large packet of journal by this overland; it goes as part of the effects of a traveller among some drawings, &c. We took our drive as usual, no dancing interrupting us upon the Course; and I have just discovered that I have been devoured by mosquitoes. I shall really set up a mosquito-house, a very simple affair:—a square frame of bamboo covered with coarse muslin, high enough to hold a person sitting, and large enough to contain one inmate, a chair, and table. It is while writing that one gets so devoured; and the irritation first, and the swelling next, are so unbearable, any plan of escape from such a painful annoyance would rejoice such a victim as I am.

12th.—Hit upon a capital plan this morning to cheat the mosquitoes—sat in the bed instead of in the veranda. Had the bed rolled up to the window which opens on the veranda, and the thermometer being at 74 degrees, enjoyed a charming cool hour reading and writing within the gauze curtains. These comforts are always tucked carefully under the mattress all round when people retire to bed; during the day they are looped neatly up with a cord, and are the only drapery in the room. Curtains, or valences, would be sadly out of place in a country swarming with insects. Often while at dinner, more particularly of late, I have had the gauze or lace scarf ladies almost all throw over their shoulders so covered with insects, that my *kimsudgar* has taken it off several times and shaken it. For this reason short sleeves are seldom worn in this country, or tight thin long sleeves; and the ankles are protected by mosquito boots, a very full muslin gaiter in the shape of a balloon falling over the shoe. The *punkah* keeps all these creatures at a distance, luckily; that is not the least of its advantages.

After breakfast, we had a long interview with a *chiconwaller*, a man who embroiders muslin. Cary had got some new fashions, the shapes of which she wished to have copied, and she liked to choose the patterns to be worked on them herself. We had such a business to mark out the shapes upon the muslin, and then to fit the patterns to the shapes; for the man either was, or pretended to be, most tiresomely stupid; and then we lost near an hour beating down his prices. We could have had a dress worked in Scotland or Ireland for the

sum he asked for a collar, and without any trouble in the world beyond giving the order for it. After reducing the price to a fraction of his demand, so small by comparison, that I should have been ashamed of proposing it, I am pretty sure he got too much; for the work, with muslin and all, would have cost less at home. People have to pay for what they buy here not the actual worth of their purchase, but a proper sum for the position they occupy and the salary they enjoy; which sum is to be fixed on by the seller according to his ideas of the buyer's condition. It don't do to get angry this hot weather, otherwise the chiconwahler might have heard my opinion of his principles more sharply than might have pleased him. From one o'clock to four it is now beginning to be very oppressive; and what is this heat to that which I hear is to come! I find a gingham wrapper, particularly before it is washed, while there is a cool glaze upon it, the most easy undress for this weather; and truly very little need be worn underneath it.

14th.—Our next-door neighbour has relapsed. After going on pretty well for some days, he was taken seriously ill again yesterday evening. Doctors have been calling all day: a very bad indication of the state of his strength. He has not been exactly well for a twelvemonth, and was strongly advised to go home last year, but he had not, he said, realised a sufficiency: his time of service had expired; he was therefore entitled to the retiring pension; but he had been imprudent in his youth, was in debt when he married, and so has had more to do than merely to make his fortune since he began to look after it. He has a large family, some at home, and young ones here, and should they lose him, their prospects will be cheerless. Why don't we teach youth to think as well as to scan Latin verses? There is not much illness here, considering the size of the place; when it does come, the quickness of its progress is startling.

15th.—Spent the day with the wife of a brother barrister, to whom my aunt introduced us by letter: both husband and wife extremely agreeable. I carried my work there, and we sewed and read by turns, and then played quiet games with the children—it is too hot to romp—had tiffin, and our hour or two of rest; then called at chambers for our sabbis to take them their evening drive, neither of them having a horse just now; the captain's beautiful Arabs having proved too valuable to be reached by a poor lawyer's purse. We all dined together, and Arthur and I returned home in a hired galey, rather a rickety concern. We have been attending the evening lectures in the Cathedral this Lent. They are excellent, and extremely popular; large congregations regularly. We always go to morning service on Sundays, though I do not set this down; there being nothing further to remark after the first visit. I found it too exhausting to go a second time to the evening or rather the afternoon service; the position is cramped, and the attention is soon fatigued. I can't go to the dinners and balls either without suffering, so I very soon gave them up after the novelty was over. Our morning drives, too, are at an end till cooler weather comes again; and having no resource in the evenings but the Course and the house-top, the materials for journalising are becoming scanty.

17th.—Our next-door neighbour died to-day at one o'clock. We have known, since Edward's last interview with one of the physicians, that the case was hopeless. We had seen little of him, but he was so loved by those we love, so generally respected, and had been so amiable in his slight intercourse with us, that we feel the certainty of his loss to be very saddening. The poor widow and all those children!

18th.—The funeral is over before sunrise this morning, so quickly here must the grave receive the remains of mortality. There is no time given for much preparation of mind or ceremony. The dead are soon buried out of our sight, and the mourners have as immediately to busy themselves about their worldly affairs. The vacant appointment will be at once filled up, the hand-

some house deserted, servants discharged, furniture sold, and the widow with her young children will embark on board the first homeward-bound Indiaman, to rejoin those already in England—rejoin them for a time only. Had the husband lived, sons and daughters, when educated, would have returned to India to their parents, and settled round them; but now the widow's hope is to procure Eastern appointments for the sons of the dead father, and her daughters must remain beside her, to share her moderate means at home, unless they are taken from her by Indian friends as wives, or wives expectant—a cheerless future after so bright a past. One fortunate circumstance there is in her dull lot—comfort does not leave her. The civil fund provides sufficient for her own decent maintenance, and a respectable education for her children; and when, as in the present instance, a husband has turned prudent, and at length saved regularly out of his handsome allowances, there are no pecuniary difficulties to add to grief.

20th.—Mrs Freeman called to tell me, that having nursed Helen's baby fairly well, she had consented to be bribed to take charge of the sickly nursery of her friend, the fine singer, upon whose distresses the fat chobdar intruded me so unceremoniously. I have some sort of fear of this scheme answering; there seemed a sad want of method in that house, although I got such good advice there, and Mrs Freeman has little ways of her own which would take a steady temper, and kind but slightly-distant manner, to keep in due order. Yet she is an excellent creature.

22d.—Such a blast of wind at seven o'clock this morning!—a hot south wind, so strong and so sudden, that there was no time to shut the windows. The bearers flew with unusual celerity to every Venetian upon that stormy side of the house. It was quite a surprise to find that they could move so quick. But they were too late; and the hubbub among the furniture was really curious—almost alarming. Now I see the reason for the chairs and tables being made so heavy. Still, they might have castors; they would overturn none the more readily, and we need not be obliged to call a servant every time we wish one moved. The surdah was extremely excited at the result of this strife between the wind and the bearers, and spoke in reproof louder than I ever heard him do before, or could have supposed possible in one so habitually gentle. I shall never laugh again at the immense machine which stands in our room for holding towels—something like what we see in harness-rooms in the old country for putting saddles on. The light horses, or linen-airsers we are used to, would have been broken to atoms at the first squall; whereas this ponderous substitute lost its towels certainly, but being placed near the wall, was saved itself—hardly even bending to the storm. This was a very awakening incident; and after we got all secure, we sat down and laughed merrily. The most annoying part of the tempest was the quantity of fine red sand brought in by the wind, which nearly suffocated us, and covered everything half an inch deep in a moment.

25th.—Another death! A young and happy wife! A slight imprudence caused a premature confinement, and this fatal end. She died before daybreak this morning on which I am writing, and will be buried this same evening, with her infant, at sundown. Where did we see that touching monument to a young mother in like circumstances? Somewhere in France, I think. A tomb opening to the sound of a trumpet, blown by an angel—the mother with the infant in her arms, half rising from it, and these words upon the lid, 'Lord, here I am, and the child that thou gavest me!' A little affected, like many French sensibilities, but at the same time touching. Surely we bring up our children very uselessly—very badly. Any poor woman's daughter would have known that the indiscretion committed by this young lady was dangerous. It seems to be the aim in our upper ranks to conceal from our daughters all the knowledge most peculiarly essential to their sex. The very purpose of their being, as guardians of the next

generation, is never even hinted to them. School-girls come out here just as fit to be married as to be prime ministers—indeed I don't doubt they would do the political part better than the domestic. They have a kind of chronological idea of historical events; but as to nursing the sick, managing a household, calculating the worth of money, or bringing up a healthy family of children, they know just about as much of all this as they do of the Chinese language. Wise people say we are becoming more natural as we are becoming more intelligent, and that amongst other reforms we may hope for a reform in female education. So much depends on it: the prosperity of the whole world!

26th.—Arthur and I dined to-day with a native—a Parsee—a client!—for we are doing great things in the law! It was just like a European dinner. Our Parsee friend was very agreeable in his broken English, and made a very hospitable host. He gave the party at his garden-house on the Circular Road. About sixteen guests. Glass, Worcestershire china, English plate, wines, dishes, which last we owed to Mr Black's cooks, who dressed the dinner in our own style. This Parsee did not eat with us; but he sat at table, drank plenty of wine, and passed the bottle gallantly. It was a very pleasant evening both to ladies and gentlemen, for there was a pianoforte up in the drawing-room, and Helen and the lady with the fine voice sang a great deal.

27th.—This is to be a great holiday. Cary and I are going to spend the day with her friend, the wife of the artillery officer at Dum-dum, where there is to be a great christening of a first-born son. The gentlemen are to join us at dinner, as business will detain them in the courts all the morning. Here comes the little carriage!

28th.—I jumped up at gun-fire yesterday, dressed after a fashion before six o'clock, found a hot cup of coffee and a crust of roll ready in Caroline's dressing-room, and we were soon off in a nice little pony-carriage from next door, which we were allowed to have a trial of, to see whether it would suit us to purchase. We went without an ayah, and with one kitnudgar between us, and our wardrobes in a basket imperial belonging to the carriage. It was a fine fresh morning, and we both much enjoyed our drive. We were too humble to kick up much dust, and were therefore agreeably surprised to find ourselves so little incommoded by it. Exactly the same impressions were made on me this time as struck me on my former drive on this road. The water-carriers, the market-goers, the women leading by the hand little boys and girls stark naked along the road, squalling like monkeys, and looking scarcely more human, or seated with them—squatting rather—near their huts, carefully picking their teeth, or having their heads with their long matted hair carefully picked by another. There were the same crazy hackerays standing under the same miserable sheds, and here and there something like a small farm-stead, with the little cattle of the country, weary, thin, and meek, lying down on the dusty earth waiting for their insufficient provender. By and by we met large droves of these good-natured animals carrying loads of straw, so packed upon their backs, that only their heads remained visible, the rest of their bodies being effectually enveloped in this thatch-like load, which was raised so high in pent-house fashion, that the appearance was really like a walking house. The bundle of straw was tied together in a well-drawn-up knot; the sheaf was then divided just below the knot, and descending on both sides till it nearly reached the ground, completely covered the body of the animal. In a little bazaar which we passed through about half way, a deal of lively traffic was going on in a small way, rendered amusing by the animated gestures accompanying all such marketing.

On arriving at our friend's bungalow, we were most kindly received. We bathed, dressed, and breakfasted, and by the help of many visitors, books, drawings, and a good tiffin, got through the long hot day. Just before the late dinner was the christening, which was performed in the church of the artillery station, so

close at hand, that we all walked there. The sponsors presented their gifts, the health of the first-born was duly given, and the evening was passing merrily away, when one of those sudden gusts of storm came on so terrifying to strangers. There was hardly time to close the windows, for we had to fly to all sides, the wind seeming quite to sweep round the house. We were totally unprepared for this, as the air had rather felt cool after sunset, and there was none of that warning stillness presaging hurricane. On the contrary, just after the christening, and before the dinner, Arthur and I had strolled on from the steps of the portico into the compound, and from the compound into a field where human feet had worn a path, as I suppose is common to all countries, though we on this occasion connected it so entirely with home, for the scene altogether, so quietly rural, reminded us of Berkshire, and of our last visit to you, and it appeared more like England, more like home, than any we had yet seen in India. Cows were standing near to a tank drinking—I called it pond, to please imagination better. Stooping down, we observed a small blue flower growing close to our feet, so like our own wild veronica, it led us, this simple flower, leagues and leagues away to where these field-flowers are no rarity; and usefully as well as poetically applied, it settled the question for us of the little carriage with the Arab ponies. We will be prudent, and deny ourselves this luxury yet a while. We sleep here to-night, in order to enjoy a cool drive back in the early morning.

29th.—Very delightfully fresh is the morning air. The storm had increased the coolness, and the rain had so improved the country, the scene was hardly to be recognised. The grass had positively grown since the shower fell; it had sprung up green and vigorous in the one night as if by magic. There was new life over every object. Edward also made me remark that since Cary and I had travelled this road before, some ten weeks ago, all the fields had been cleared. They were then under crop, and now the harvest is over. The little carriage is a charming equipage; it brought us all four home so pleasantly; but the value put upon it is high, as it is quite new, and very likely to take, so Cary even leaned this morning to the prudent side. There will be plenty to be had, she allows, of all sorts and all prices at all seasons; and then pointing to the buggy with the hood and the hole which had brought our gentlemen out to Dum-dum to dinner yesterday, and was conveying our servants back to Chowringhee to-day, she added that she remembered a pair, very great people now, content to take their evening airings once in such a machine as that! She looked so malicious, I was ashamed of acknowledging that my private thoughts had been as humble.

#### UNIVERSAL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

COMMERCE, like most other things, rises from small beginnings, and submits to numerous vicissitudes. Its principles and character are only developed in the progress of its work; and until man become actually civilised, they do not recognise it as the great agent of civilisation. It assimilates itself throughout to the moral status of the people; and is sordid, dishonest, liberal, or lofty, according to the time. When engrafted into the earlier political fabric, it is broken up into monopolies, and loaded with restrictions, and these are only gradually and painfully removed by the struggles of knowledge.

Perhaps the true reason why commerce disengages itself so slowly from the various incubi fastened upon it by private blindness, selfishness, and covetousness, and by the same qualities under their collective title of national policy, is the want of intercommunion among the great mercantile body. Chambers of commerce have sprung up in various cities at home and abroad; but, so far as we can understand, these corporate bodies do little to promote general intercourse, while their functions cannot be said to embrace objects of

world-wide importance. What is wanted is something infinitely more cosmopolitan. According to present arrangements, each country has its own code of commercial laws, although it is manifest that the principles of what is in reality a true science must be everywhere the same. Why should this state of things remain? In the general fusion of intellects that has now taken place, is that of the merchants alone to remain separate and distinct? Is it not possible to substitute a general for so many particular codes? And would not the very attempt to do so be productive of immense advantage, by bringing together in one centre the more enlightened and energetic of those spirits which direct the distribution throughout the world of the products of nature and industry?

Our attention has been drawn to the subject by a brief printed memorial addressed to Prince Albert, and signed 'Leone Levi,' the object of which is to propose—without any reasonings on the necessity—the establishment of 'a national and international code of commerce among all civilised countries;' and we are the rather disposed to bestow some notice upon the document, from the circumstance of Mr Levi originating the very happy idea of connecting the undertaking with the great Industrial Exhibition of next year. His notion is, that a merchant, a banker, and a jurist should be invited as a deputation from each country; and that, with a view to the formation of a general code, they should take into consideration the existing laws on partnerships, factors, contracts, insurance, bills of exchange, shipping, bankruptcies, &c. throughout the world. The practicability of such a scheme he illustrates by the success of the congress held at Leipsig in 1848, when a general law of bills of exchange for all Germany was agreed upon, which came into operation in the following year. Till that time, Altenbourg, Anhalt-Köthen, Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Bremen, Brunswick, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Hanover, Hesse-Electorate, Hungary, Lübeck, Nassau, Prussia, Saxony, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Weimar, Schwurzburg, and Wurtemberg, all had their distinct ordinances on bills of exchange.\*

It seems to us that this idea is well worth working out, and we shall mention a few of the practical points in which a general assimilation would redound more or less to the advantage of commerce. In regard to bills of exchange just mentioned, the usance we suspect—or time allowed by local usage for payment—requires in some instances reconsideration. As an example, we may say that it has been customary in India to draw bills on England at so many days' 'sight' (that is, after presentation and acceptance); but the effect of the overland route in our own day is to hasten the presentation, and thus diminish the credit by several months. From this example, it will be seen that the usance must differ at different periods and in different places; although much is to be done in reconciling it with the altered circumstances of the time.

Another matter connected with bills of exchange is the days of grace—in some countries two, in others three, four, five, up to twelve. These days, so troublesome, on account of their number differing in most of the countries of Europe, have survived the purpose for which they were intended. At a time when accounts were loosely kept, and money difficult of collection, some grace might have been very requisite to enable the acceptor to provide the funds; but at present, the extra time allowed is a mere addition to the usance of the bill. A merchant now does not enter his acceptance as due at the end of so many months, and then take the additional time to collect the money: it appears in his books as due on the last of the days of grace, and he provides accordingly. But if this empty form is kept up, there can be no reason why it should not be so to the same extent in all countries.

This is comparatively a trifle; but what is to be said of the fact, that in our boasted nineteenth century the nations of Europe are not agreed in their common every-day chronology—that in one country the month may be October, while in another it is November? The maintenance by Russia of the Julian, while the rest of the Christian nations adhere to the Gregorian Calendar, is a reproach to the civilisation of the age, while it is a standing annoyance and impediment in the way of commerce. Such a congress as we refer to would doubtless employ its efforts in altogether abrogating the Old Style. How humiliating it is to think that religious jealousy should influence an important part of the world in a question like this—that the Christians of the Eastern church should be more willing to receive their calendar from a pagan than from a pope!

The assimilation of weights and measures would form an undertaking worthy of the highest intellects and energies of the age. But it would be a very difficult one, as everybody must allow who is aware of the heartbreaking obstructions the attempt has encountered even in reference to our own country alone. There is no reason, however, if a simple and universally-applicable scheme of weights and measures were devised, why it should not be adopted by all commercial nations; and as in this case we might have legitimate recourse to the instrumentality of governments, the time occupied in bringing about the change would not be so great as if it were necessary to go through the process of indoctrinating the people.

The same thing may be said of the various national currencies, in which the universal adoption of the decimal principle might perhaps be all that would be requisite in the first instance.

Port and harbour dues would present a subject of immense interest for the inquiries of such a congress.

The postage question would of course be one of the most important discussed; and that of international parcelage would be redeemed from the almost entire neglect in which it lies at present. On the latter subject we may say that, under existing circumstances, a person in this country would find it far easier to get a parcel conveyed to the antipodes than to Austria.

But this is neither the place nor the time for entering into specialities: it is sufficient for the present to show that the proposed intercommunism is loudly demanded by the civilisation of the age. Neither should we think it either necessary or becoming to point out what further steps should be taken, after the first great meeting, to give permanence to the movement. Mr Levi suggests that, after the return of the delegates to their homes, prizes should be offered for works propounding the best plans for the assimilation of the laws of commerce: but in this we can by no means coincide. The practical merchants, to whose knowledge and experience we look for direction, are not likely to embark in authorship from pecuniary views; and with all our respect for literary men, we would by no means invoke their ingenuity on such an occasion. All this, however, would be best arranged by the delegates themselves, who would probably establish an office in London as a central point for suggestions and reports to be received, and where these would be prepared to be submitted in a convenient form to the next meeting.

That some such movement will take place, and at no distant date, we have not the slightest doubt. All the tendencies of the age are in favour of the supposition, and the only wonder is, that it is not already in operation. But at no place or time could the first step be taken more advantageously or more gracefully than at the approaching high festival of industry. England is confessedly at the head of the commerce of the globe, and London is, in more senses than one, the metropolis of the world. But more than that, England is so far in advance in large and enlightened commercial views, as to make her taking the lead indispensable to the success of the plan. No Tyre or Carthage, no Venice or Genoa, grasping at trade as if it were a special possession, and

\* Mr Levi refers to his forthcoming work on Commercial Law for a demonstration of the identity of the principles on which all national laws of commerce are founded.

at the same time crushing under foot the industry and competition by which it exists, she has proclaimed to mankind, in her own practice, the true universal nature of commerce. She has applied to a greater extent than any other nation, ancient or modern, the lessons of history; and scorning the mean policy which restricts itself to mere temporary advantages, she has taken her place in history as one of those great lights of civilisation which fling their illumination like a pharos over the stream of time. The Exhibition itself is one of those high and generous projects which can only be conceived and executed by a great nation; and it offers the surest guarantee both of the zeal and good faith with which the English people would enter into a scheme for establishing throughout the world a simple, impartial, and universal code of commercial laws.

### MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

#### THE GOOD MATCH.

*Miss O'Farrell.* I have come to wish you joy, my dear Mrs Wright. We are all highly delighted at the news of the happy event about to take place in your family.

*Mrs Wright.* Thank you, dear Miss O'Farrell. I really hope our niece has chosen well. We sincerely believe she has every chance of happiness with such a guide and companion through life as young Mr —

*Miss O'Farrell.* Guide! Oh, indeed we can't suppose that a young lady so well brought up as Miss Fanny, stands much in need of a guide. But I'm sure she should be very contented with such a pleasant, lively gentleman as her intended. Of course there'll be plenty to make them so. You are uncommonly lucky, I must say, to get her off your hands so quick. She can't be all out twenty, and really it is not so easy to settle girls in those days. It must be a great weight off your mind. My sister Lalor would have no objections, I can tell you, to see a little daylight through her string of daughters, fine managing girls, highly educated, equally at home in kitchen and parlour, two of them extremely well-looking, will have pretty fortunes too. I am advising her to take them more about, and show them a bit, to try to get them off; and she has every inclination, but it's mighty difficult now to get the money from Mr Lalor. He's growing very close.

*Mrs Wright.* Why should she wish so much to 'get them off'?—they are a very happy family.

*Miss O'Farrell.* Yes, indeed, thank God! there can be no better children.

*Mrs Wright.* They are much attached to one another; the girls all very young; and husbands come soon enough, to my thinking, without our taking the trouble to look for them.

*Miss O'Farrell.* You've had a lucky chance that way, we must allow, with no care to spake of; just sat quietly at home, and the lover made his appearance in the right season. Little Miss Fanny too did her part in it right well: well she knew what she was doing. The father's income, as I'm credibly informed, not a penny less than three good thousand a year; all fine county Meath land; ne'er a shilling of debt, and next to nothing of poor-rates.

*Mrs Wright.* But Charles is not the eldest son.

*Miss O'Farrell.* Mrs Wright! you don't say so? Not the eldest son! And such managers as you are! What is he, then, at all?—and what has he?—and what will they live on?

*Mrs Wright.* Love, youth, health, quiet tastes, and industrious habits, with a profession which already insures them a fair income for beginners.

*Miss O'Farrell.* Well, I suppose, being only a niece, you would be less particular about Miss Fanny's choices than if she had been your daughter, and she, having but little, couldn't in course expect too much. But she's an

uncommonly nice little girl, and I declare it's a'most a pity to marry her off this way in a hurry to any one that comes to ask for her, though I don't say a word against the young man—not a word; his connections are most respectable.

*Mrs Wright.* Perhaps, had Mr Wright and I been the principal parties in the matter, we might have been a little more difficult to please—old heads requiring so much more than young heads think of; but we did not think it just to interfere where there were no moral grounds of objection. When our nieces grew up, we laid down but one rule on this delicate subject—never to admit to intimacy any one of whose principles we were doubtful, and to leave the rest, not to chance, but to the feelings of the individuals most concerned; and this, I assure you, would have been the same had we had daughters of our own—for our nieces have been as daughters to us. They came to us young, and have grown up among us quite as our own children.

*Miss O'Farrell.* And for settlements?

*Mrs Wright.* Oh, his little fortune, and her little fortune; and he insures his life.

*Miss O'Farrell.* And you are satisfied?

*Mrs Wright.* Perfectly.

*Miss O'Farrell.* Well, to be sure! And we all expecting it was to be such a great match, knowing how you'd always set your face against those foolish love-marriages, half of them mere fancies, that a little time would put out of young childish heads, and that certainly, as we know, just fill the country with decent beggars, picking here and there all they can get out of good-natured relations.

*Mrs Wright.* I still entirely disapprove of those reckless marriages where either extreme selfishness or extreme carelessness must blind the perpetrators to the lamentable consequences of the mistake they are committing—for a mistake they will surely find it. In our case, however, you misapprehend the whole affair. Charles has no ready-made fortune, but he possesses the means of making a fortune for himself: his character stands high; he has good abilities, good business connections, and he has made the start. The insurance he has effected on his life, added to their few thousands, provides for any casualty; and they begin with a year's income in hand, the marriage having been delayed till this has been saved by the economy of both parties; for it is no sudden thought, no passing fancy, but a true attachment of some standing, on which I believe the lifelong happiness of both to depend.

*Miss O'Farrell.* Some standing! So he's waited! Well, you are people out of the common way, and have met your match, it seems, which is mighty lucky. It's a wonder the young man was not off of his bargain, with such delays and sensible foreseings. It's a quare world growing!

*Mrs Wright.* If so, there must have been something wrong on one side or the other, and it would have been no loss, but rather an escape: a little painful while the gossip lasted, still better in the end than a marriage which would have proved unsuitable.

*Miss O'Farrell.* My sister Lalor always said there was no reasonable understanding of your new notions, my dear Mrs Wright, and I begin to see she was in the rights of it. To us plain people, a good match is a match where there's plenty of money, and a poor match is a match where there's little. It is equally plain that Miss Fanny, poor dear, will have to wait for her good match till this young gentleman's great abilities and great industry have made it so. For the present, they'll live very pleasant on their expectations.

*Mrs Wright.* Not exactly; they will have something a little more solid; but they certainly won't be rich. However, they have no expensive tastes, nor indeed would Charles have time to indulge in them.

*Miss O'Farrell.* Where is their house to be?

*Mrs Wright.* Over his chambers of business.

*Miss O'Farrell.* Why, the never a dinner will they be able to give!

*Mrs Wright.* I don't think they intend it: if you mean a company entertainment, it would be quite out of their way; but you may depend on it they will be very happy to give a dinner to you or any other old friend as kindly interested in their welfare.

*Miss O'Farrell.* If all parents were to be as easy to please, I must say there would be fewer couples left unpaired—a good dale—Honoria Lalor and a young neighbour of ours for one; but my sister Lalor never would give encouragement where no good was to come of it; so that affair was soon ended. Sure money never was more needed than in these days, swamped as we are with such a *say* of difficulties on every hand of us; and you, a sensible woman, to think so little of it! Maybe now you will hardly be pleased to hear that there's a great chance likely to turn up for Honoria Lalor after all, though as yet it's a sayret? A very elegant match offered, or as good as offered for her—the family making all advances. A fine estate, without one farthing of debt—good house, furniture, plate, everything suitable in all respects beyond what my niece is entitled to look for; yet with these odd notions you mightn't think so well of it, all things considered.

*Mrs Wright.* You must tell me something of the owner of these desirable adjuncts. I neither undervalue money, nor forget what can be done with it; and you may believe me I shall be truly happy to hear that your niece is to secure so agreeable an addition to married happiness as a handsome income with a deserving husband. The man and his attributes must come first with me. My nieces and I, in sketching our 'model' husband, have always set out with good principles; our other requisites were good temper, good abilities, and good breeding; but we have never fully agreed as to the order of precedence among these essential qualities, so that we have not yet arrived at, where I am afraid you begin—birth and fortune.

*Miss O'Farrell.* Unexceptionable. You don't suppose I would have consented to negotiate between a Lalor and a nobody? We have too many upstarts in the country for one of an old Irish stock to countenance them, I assure you, and all the airs they give themselves. No, indeed; I spake for a very different kind of connection. The young gentleman in question has been perhaps a little wild, and no doubt his friends are in the expectation that matrimony will steady him, or they mightn't have so readily inclined to his fancy for Honoria. They've a good right to look higher—for where there's money, they expect connection; and where there's connection, they look for money in general. He has promised to give up betting and horse-racing. He never was much of a gambler otherwise, nor is no spender; and for drinking, he was never led into that but when he'd nothing else to do. Honoria has great power over him already, and will make it her business immediately to reform what little's amiss.

*Mrs Wright.* Indeed, Miss O'Farrell, I cannot affect to be pleased with the marriage of a fine girl like your niece to an idle man of low habits, whatever may be his fortune.

*Miss O'Farrell.* There's a dale of good in the young man, my dear Mrs Wright. He has a fine temper, and looks well after the main chance; he's just been too easily led, quite intirely too good-natured: she'll change all that—and has. She has shown herself uncommonly reasonable on the subject. Her mamma just represented to her that this was a most desirable match, and that her papa never would give consent to the young engineer; and she gave in at once, after reflecting. It would have been the greatest of pities to let such an estate go past the family. I would have given a good dale he had fixed on Lydia, a fine showy girl, better suited to him, more lively in herself, and very managing and knowing; and indeed proposed it; but he wouldn't look at e'er a one at all of all the girls except Honoria; and so she showed her sense, and took the advice of her friends, who of course have only her good at heart.

*Mrs Wright.* Poor Honoria!

*Miss O'Farrell.* Not at all; but rich, and wise, and happy Honoria! What could she want? A full purse—a full house—her housekeeping to attend to—company—and her carriage—and, after a while, her children. She will never need to trouble herself much about him: he will have his own parashuits!

*Mrs Wright.* Most of which he has to alter.

*Miss O'Farrell.* Some of them certainly. But he's a most good-natured cratur, and dotes alive on her, and has full and plenty to give her; and she's a mighty sensible girl, who'll find life easy, and make life easy, and take life easy; and you'll be one of the first to acknowledge as much this time next year.

*Mrs Wright.* I truly hope so, and I even believe it may be so. A girl brought up to consider matrimony as a mere means of subsistence, will have no very deep feelings interested either in its 'lights or shadows'; neither will she be very sensitive on the failings of a husband for whom she has no affection. If she be fortunate enough to carry the same indifference through life, she may pass 'easily' on to the end of it—one of a goodly company, too, for you have a large proportion of the world on your side of the argument. Those much above us in rank systematically pursue your plan of settling sons and daughters—not always, however, with results so satisfactory as we may hope will be the case with Honoria.

#### IMPROVEMENT IN CHRONOMETERS.

AMONG the various difficulties which have stood in the way of chronometrical improvement, perhaps no defect has occupied so much time as the imperfect compensation for change of temperature, which has claimed the attention of some of the first mathematicians of the day, as well as those practically engaged in chronometer-making. The defect we allude to is this—that if chronometers are adjusted for extremes of heat and cold, they will gain in the intermediate temperatures. This is caused by the balance-spring losing elasticity by an increase of temperature at an accumulating rate over the effect produced by the ordinary compensation.

Mr Loseby has introduced mercury to overcome this defect, which, by its fluidity, admits of being adjusted, so that its effect may vary exactly in the same proportion as the change of temperature alters the elasticity of the spring, or, in other words, which makes the law of the successive alterations of the momentum of inertia adapt itself to the law of alteration of the elasticity of the spring, whatever that law may be. Since the invention was submitted to the government in 1843, it has undergone several trials by order of the Board of Admiralty with a view to test its principle. The chief points which required to be proved were, first, whether the principle admitted of being adjusted to the irregular loss of elasticity in the spring; and secondly, if the effect produced by the mercury would be sufficient. The fluidity of the agent used at once answered the first point, and it was therefore to the second that the trials have been chiefly directed. The result shows that not only can the ordinary defect be obviated, but in most of the trials it has even been reversed, so that all doubt has been removed on the remaining point. The first trial commenced in January 1845, when two chronometers were placed at the observatory, Greenwich, under the direction of the astronomer-royal, and underwent a rigorous ordeal, having been exposed to the open air on the north side of the building during the coldest weeks of that severe winter, and also to temperatures varying from 85 degrees to 120 degrees Fahrenheit for the extreme heat. The astronomer-royal's 'Report,' which was laid before the Admiralty

in May, contained an account of the performance of these chronometers, and also his opinion relative to the principle. The following extracts are from this Report:—

'I consider this invention (taking advantage very happily of the two distinguishing properties of mercury, its fluidity, and its great thermal expansion) as the most ingenious that I have ever seen, and the most perfectly adaptable to the wants of chronometers. I am not aware that it is liable to any special inconvenience.

'I think it my duty to report as my opinion that Mr Losely's construction has successfully effected its object; and remarking the ingenuity of the method used, and the fertility of its principle, I state as my opinion to the Board of Admiralty that Mr Losely is entitled to their lordships' general encouragement.'

The second trial with three other chronometers commenced at the observatory in October; and as Mr Losely was desirous to afford facility for rendering this trial more severe than any to which chronometers had ever been exposed at the observatory, he placed apparatus at the astronomer-royal's disposal for producing artificial cold, as there was not any apparatus at the observatory for this purpose, in order that these chronometers might be subjected to much lower temperatures than occur in this climate. The astronomer-royal's Report of this trial, which was sent to the observatory in February 1846, stated that the chronometers had been exposed to temperatures ranging from 8 degrees to 17 degrees for the extreme cold, and from 80 degrees to 124 degrees for the extreme heat. They had also been subjected to all the intermediate temperatures, and in every instance the principle had proved eminently successful: the Report explained to the Admiralty that the lower temperatures had been obtained in the apparatus to which we have alluded.

The third trial with four other chronometers was made at the observatory in 1846, three of which were adjusted so that the ordinary defect might be slightly reversed the same as some in the former trials: a statement to this effect was sent before the trial. The result has in every instance borne out both the statement and the principle, the three chronometers named having slightly *gained* in the extremes as compared with their performance in the intermediate temperatures. During 1847, three chronometers underwent a trial at the observatory, the performances of which were most satisfactory. Two of these have since been selected by the Admiralty for the arctic expedition which sailed in May, and from their perfect compensation, it is expected they will be found very useful, as Dr Rae says in his report of the expedition under his command, which returned last year, that nearly two months before the temperature reached 0 degree Fahrenheit, the chronometer employed became so irregular in rate, as to be useless for taking the longitude.

We will add a few explanatory lines on the method of trying chronometers offered to the government for purchase. These are placed in the Chronometer-Room of the Royal Observatory the first or second week in January, where they remain until the middle of July, and each chronometer is daily compared with an astronomical clock, and its rate carefully noted. During the trial the temperature of the room is considerably varied, as the windows are thrown open for six or seven of the coldest weeks, and for about an equal period the heat is raised to 80 or 90 degrees. This is effected by fires, which are attended at intervals of two hours night and day. During the rest of the time, the chronometers remain in the ordinary temperatures. This constitutes the usual trial; but such chronometers as are subjected to the extreme trial are placed in an iron tray over the stove, the mean temperature of which may be taken at 100 degrees. They are also exposed to greater cold by being placed outside a window on the north side of the building; but the severity of both the

ordinary and extreme trial with regard to the cold of course varies in different years with the severity of the season.\*

#### A LITERARY SOIRÉE AT MADAME RÉCAMIER'S.

THE memoirs of Châteaubriand are, we presume, already in the hands of many of our readers; that portion at least which has as yet appeared in an English dress, and which details the earlier portion of his eventful life. Most of us perhaps have read with interest the history of his boyish years, spent within the gloomy château of Combourg, and have pictured to ourselves the timid group—consisting of the poet, his mother, and his beloved sister Lucile—cowering around the chimney at one end of a vast and dimly-lighted apartment, while the silent master of the mansion, clad in a *robe de chambre* and nightcap, paced up and down the chamber, and inquired sternly each time that a whisper met his ear, 'What are you talking of there?' We have sympathised in the struggles of the youthful and ardent boy whose spirit longed for freedom, while his whole being was tyrannised over in this saddening solitude. We have followed him through his college life, his military campaigns, his adventures in America, his return to Combourg after the Revolution—the family dispersed—the château sold—a stranger dwelling upon the hearth of his ancestors! Then came the literary and political life of Châteaubriand; and while reading the memoirs of the statesman and the poet, we also perused the history of the age. And what an age! The Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, the Hundred Days, the Revolutions of July and of February, comprising the most important events, the most terrible dramas which have been beheld by modern society: events and dramas of which he might truly have said, *Quorum pars magna fuit!* In the English translation of Châteaubriand's memoirs, his career has been traced until the period of Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba in the year 1814; and while perusing this portion of the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe,' as well as the more recent parts published in the 'Presse,' we readily conceive why Châteaubriand so steadfastly refused to permit the publication of his memoirs until after his death; for they contain a gallery of living portraits which are sketched with too true a pencil, and depicted in too vivid colours, to be agreeable to those whose fickleness and hypocrisy form the background of many a historic painting of the present century. Nor has he less skilfully portrayed the foibles than the faults of his own age; and a great portion of his memoirs having been written in London during his embassy in 1822, the graceful and yet caustic sketches he gives in his later volumes of our own domestic and fashionable society will doubtless prove very *piquant* to the English reader.

It is well known that during the closing years of Châteaubriand's life he was obliged, from the necessity of his circumstances, to pledge his memoirs to a bookseller, as the only means he possessed of procuring subsistence; and yet, as has been already hinted, he resolutely refused to make any portion of them public during his lifetime, although very liberal offers were made in the event of his doing so. But that which the poet denied to his own self-indulgence, and to the curiosity of the public, he willingly granted to friendship.

Among the literary circles of Paris, none has within the last few years been so celebrated as that which used to assemble at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, in the apartments of the celebrated Madame Récamier.\* In the declining years of Châteaubriand's life, this charming woman daily

\* For an account of this lady, see Journal, No. 301, New Series.

forgot her own sufferings to soothe the lonely hours of her friend; and long after he had withdrawn from the brilliant society of Paris, he was wont to pass his evenings at Madame Récamier's, where a chosen circle occasionally met to enjoy the perusal of those memoirs which were still a closed volume to the world. Many and urgent were the requests made for admittance to these soirées; but the aged poet was alike unable and unwilling to encounter a crowd, so that the party rarely consisted of more than a dozen or twenty people. Among them were to be found some of the most distinguished literary men and women of France, and a few foreigners, remarkable either for their talents or their diplomatic position in Paris.

We have before us at this moment a print representing the *coterie* gathered together, just as it was about two or three years ago, in the *salon* of Madame Récamier. At one side of the antique chimney is seated in her *fauteuil* the aged hostess, clad in her usual costume of gray silk, with a small white crape bonnet. Simple and grave as is this toilet, there is an air of refinement about it, according well with the features of the wearer, who, even in her old age, retained the same graceful, winning aspect by which she was characterised in youth.

Opposite to her, and placed immediately beneath her favourite portrait of Corinna—the gift of her friend Madame de Staël—reclines Châteaubriand, behind whose easy-chair may be observed his faithful valet de chambre Louiset, by whom he has been supported into the room, and who watches over him with the zeal of a domestic and the devotion of a friend.

Grouped around the fire are about a dozen persons, among whom are Messieurs Sainte Beuve, de Noailles, and de Loménie; M. and Madame Auguste Thierry; and Mesdames de Grammont, de Galitzin, and Guy de Girardin.

At a small table is seated M. le Normand (a nephew of Madame Récamier) with the manuscript of the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe' open before him; and he reads aloud (as we are informed by one of the company) 'in a grave and simple tone.' From the same writer, an *habitué* of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, we gather the following interesting particulars:—

This voice, which seemed to issue from beyond the tomb, was listened to in silence. Now and then a repressed murmur of approbation—a look of pleasure or of surprise exchanged between some of the company—an occasional glance towards the aged poet, on whose noble countenance some sign of emotion was sought for at the more stirring epochs of his history—such were the only interruptions which occurred during the perusal of the memoirs. As for Châteaubriand himself, he sat perfectly still while there passed in review before him the joys and sorrows of his early life, and the glory and reverses of his later years. His aspect was grave and gentle. Around his ample forehead were scattered some few locks of white hair. His full, deep eye seemed to restrain its natural ardour. Now and then an involuntary sigh would betray the deep emotions of his breast. One might have taken him for the genius of the age passing its whole history in review.

One evening, however, this impassibility of aspect was suddenly overcome by an ebullition of feeling very characteristic of one in whom patriotism was not merely a sentiment but an absorbing passion.

They were reading aloud that portion of his memoirs which gives an account of his residence at Ghent with Louis XVIII. in 1815. It was at that solemn moment when Napoleon was about to stake his destiny against the combined powers of Europe. Châteaubriand, at that time minister *in partibus* of the Bourbon king, had gone out towards evening to enjoy a solitary ramble in the country. He knew that a mighty struggle was at hand between the armies of France and the allied hosts, and his thoughts winged their way to the probable scene of action; and while he pondered over the chances involved in that field of battle, he listened with feverish

anxiety for some sound portending that the action had begun. Nought, however, was to be heard save the bleating of flocks, the barking of a shepherd's dog, or the creaking of a wagon.

But suddenly there comes from afar a low, dull sound, like the rolling of distant thunder. He bends his ear with painful earnestness, and upon its straining nerves come gradually a deeper and a fuller sound. Yes! it is the roar of cannon that he hears—and he knows that even now his countrymen are engaged with their foes. Thereon ensues within his breast a more fearful struggle than the shock of warriors in the battle-field. For whom shall he invoke success? For the monarchy which he serves, or for the Empire that he detests?—for his master, or for his enemy? The minister in exile wishes for the triumph of his king, but the Frenchman desires the triumph of France. The Frenchman prevails; and the minister of Louis XVIII., raising his hands and eyes towards Heaven, prays that the arms of Napoleon may be crowned with success!

At this sublime confession the reader involuntarily pauses. He drops the manuscript on the table before him—a murmur of admiration is heard throughout the apartment, and on looking towards the illustrious old man, we perceive a tear rolling silently down his cheek, which he hastily tries to conceal with one hand, while the other is forcibly pressed against his heart, as if he would fain repress its strong emotion.

It was a scene not to be quickly effaced from the memory.

'I do not know what may be the fate of my *mémoires*,' said Châteaubriand more than once; 'but my soul will rest in peace if they prove only these two things: that I have ever had a fervent love for France and for liberty.'

'His spirit then,' continues our author, 'may truly rest in peace; for it is impossible to read this life history "from beyond the tomb" without feeling a conviction that whatever might have been his faults as a politician, or his illusions as a poet, the flame of patriotism ever burned brightly within the breast of Châteaubriand. A smile may occasionally be excited by the naïve vanity with which he speaks of himself—a mode of language so utterly alien to English habits and feelings, that it is scarcely understood, much less tolerated among us; but one cannot forbear reverencing a man who, at the height of Napoleon's power, dared to brave his vengeance, by withdrawing from office on the murder of the Duke of Enghien; and who, at a later period of his political life, presumed to advocate the liberty of the press, in opposition to those Bourbons to whom he was so devotedly attached, and whose cause he alone amongst his peers had the chivalry to defend when they were finally driven from the throne of France.'

#### BLIND SCULPTOR OF THE TYROL.

I HAVE just come from a house at Innspruck in which I saw only one humble apartment; its entire furniture consisting of a miserable bed, a broken harpsichord, and a bench, upon which were laid a few pieces of wood and some tools for carving. It is the dwelling of an old man named Kleinhaus, whom nature has visited with one of her most deplorable afflictions.

At five years of age, Kleinhaus was attacked with smallpox, which affected his eyes, rendering him completely blind. Before having been deprived of sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skilfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would fain have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them,

and try to console himself for not being able to see by measuring them with his finger. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able, by degrees, to comprehend from the touch the exact proportions of the figure, anatomising (if I may use the expression) upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge of the nicety of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted? His father and mother were both dead; he found himself alone and destitute; and rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy by one notch made too deep a piece of work to which he had already devoted long days of labour! Such obstacles would have discouraged any other, but his love of art induced him to persevere. After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he saw as it were by means of his fingers the figure he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees till he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection; for he is now able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.

In the museum at Innspruck I have seen a bust in wood of the Emperor Ferdinand, which bears as strong a likeness to him as the bust from which it was fashioned, executed by a Venetian artist. I have also seen, at his own house, the portrait of one of his relatives, which he succeeded in executing by passing his hand repeatedly over the face of the individual. It is, they say, a perfect resemblance.

Kleinhaus is now seventy years of age; he is erect and robust; his countenance expresses much kindness and gentleness; and he contrives to work every day as in his youth. During the course of his long career he has sculptured many hundred figures. He showed me in his workshop a crucifix three feet in height, in which he has placed a mechanism of his own construction, that gradually moves the head of the image up and down, opens the eyes and lips, and closes them again by degrees. All this, however, has not served to enrich the indefatigable Kleinhaus. His countrymen have not known how to appreciate the laborious exertions of such a man, and they have not tried to improve his position. By and by, perhaps, they will raise a monument to his memory; but in the meantime he lives alone in his humble apartment, supplying his wants from the produce of his sculpture. But he is of a cheerful disposition: no vain desire agitates him; no ambition for honour or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist: his mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands.

I thought, while looking at him sculpturing a group of remarkably graceful figures, of the harmonious Beethoven, who was affected with deafness. Kleinhaus, however, has a consolation that Beethoven could not enjoy. 'I feel,' said he, 'each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with my eyes.' He has himself composed the music and the words of a hymn, in which he expresses with a touching resignation the emotions of a blind man. He sung it for me, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and I have tried to translate it, but could not well preserve the simple style of the original:—

'Behold the misery of the poor blind man! He must go through the world to seek his daily bread. No pen can portray what the blind man suffers. O all-powerful God, have pity on him! When

spring is come, and the ray of the morning reflects itself in do-  
lighted eyes, the blind man alone cannot rejoice. In the gladdening  
beams. No picture, no colour, smiles before his eyes. Alas! this  
is to him a sad privation.

'Yet will I praise the Creator, although he has made me blind:  
I will worship him, although darkness surrounds me.

'A day will come when I shall rejoice. My eyes will be  
opened, and then shall I be able to contemplate the splendour of  
the Most High. He is the Good Shepherd. He watches over his  
sightless sheep; and when the thread of this life is broken, he will  
show them the light of heaven.'

When the noble artist had ended this hymn, I pressed  
his hand with deep emotion, gave him the moderate sum  
he asked for the only two remaining little figures he  
had, and I carried them away as a souvenir of one of  
the best-spent hours of my travels.

#### HINT TO TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

REFERRING to the intemperate habits of the Scotch, Mr Robert Wilson, in his lately-published Lectures on Social Economics, makes the following observations:—'We have acquired the character of being the most drunken nation in Europe; and as the charge has been substantiated by unerring statistics, we must submit to the reproach until we mend our manners. In my public addresses I have frequently adverted to this bad pre-eminence which Scotland has attained among the nations, and only once did the mention of it elicit any mark of dissatisfaction: and on that occasion the dissent was expressed not in articulate language, but simply in a loud *grind* of disapprobation, the champion for our national sobriety being so drunk that he could not speak! To what are we to ascribe the prevalence of this detestable vice amongst us? Many causes might be plausibly assigned for it, and one of them is our execrable cookery. The demon of drunkenness inhabits the stomach. From that "vasty deep" it calls for its appropriate offerings. But the demon may be appeased by other agents than alcohol. A well-cooked, warm, nutritious meal, allays the craving quite as effectually as a dram; but cold, crude, indigestible viands, not only do not afford the required *solutum* to the rebellious organ, but they aggravate the evil, and add intensity to the morbid avidity for stimulants. It is remarked that certain classes are particularly obnoxious to drunkenness—such as sailors, carriers, coachmen, and other wandering tribes whose ventral insurrections are not periodically quelled by regular and comfortable meals. Country doctors, for the same reason, not unfrequently manifest a stronger predilection for their employers' bottles than their patients do for theirs. "If the gods are not propitious," says Virgil, "we must call up the powers of hell;" and thus it is with the drunkards. In the absence of innocuous and benign appliances, the deleterious are had recourse to to exorcise the fiend that is raging within them. These views are explicable by the laws of physiology, but this is not the place for such disquisitions. One reason why the temperance movement has been arrested in this country is, that while one sensual gratification was withdrawn, another was not provided. The intellectual excitements which were offered as a substitute have not been found to answer the purpose. Our temperance coffee-houses are singularly deficient in gastronomical attractions; and the copious decoctions of coffee and chicory which are there served up, with that nauseous accompaniment, buttered toast, are more calculated to create a craving for stimulants than allay it. The lower classes in Scotland are as deficient in knowledge of cookery as the natives of the Sandwich Islands; and if our apostles of temperance would employ a few clever cooks to go through the country and teach the wives and daughters of the working-men to dress meat and vegetables, and make soups, and cheap and palatable farinaceous messes, they would do more in one year to advance their cause, than in twenty by means of long-winded moral orations, graced with all the flowers of oratory.'

The above, while well worth the attention of temperance societies, fails to explain the whole cause of Scotch intemperance, much of which we apprehend is due to a generally subdued state of feeling. Oppressed by dull social arrangements, and with almost every sort of amusement proscribed, the spirits can only get up through the efficacy of sensual stimulants. In short, clandestine dram-drinking is just nature's revenge against a system which has brought the nation into a kind of moral stupefaction.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY PEOPLE.

Every traveller on the continent must have observed that the *town* and *city* populations live much more apart than the *country* population than with us; and *separate* town is like a distinct island, or small nation, each of its own way of living, ideas, laws, and interests, and with little or nothing in common with the country population around it. The ancient municipal governments of *the towns*, with their exclusive privileges, their incorporations and town taxes on all articles brought to market, and levied at the town-gates in a rough vexatious way, keep alive a spirit of hostility rather than of friendly intercourse between town and country. Some of these grievances exist where the traveller least expects to find them. In constitutional France, in constitutional Belgium, and even in the city of Frankfurt, where a model constitution of civil and political liberty was being manufactured by all the philosophy of Germany in a constituent assembly, the country-girl's basket is opened at the town-gate to see if it contain any bread, cheese, beer, or other articles subject to town dues. The peasant's cart, loaded with hay or straw, is half unloaded, or is probed with a long rod of iron by the city official, to discover goods which ought to have paid town dues. The kind of domestic smuggling into and out of the continental cities which this system of town dues gives rise to, is of a very demoralising influence. These restrictions and town dues raise a spirit of antagonism, not of union, between the two populations. The towns and cities, in consequence of this estrangement, have less influence on the civilisation of the country, on the manners, ideas, and condition of the mass of the population, than with us. Our town or city population form no mass so distinct in privileges, intelligence, and interests, from the rest of the community, as the town populations are abroad. The city on the continent sits like a guard-ship riding at anchor on the plain, keeping up a kind of social existence of her own, shutting her gates at sun-set, and having privileges and exactions which separate her from the main body of the population. In Germany and France, the movements and agitations of 1848 were entirely among the *town* populations. The country population has not advanced either towards good or evil with the progress of the cities. In Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Frankfurt, and other great cities, taste, literature, refinement, wealth, or the pleasures and enjoyments proper to wealth, abound; but in the country, outside of these oases of civilisation, the people are in the same condition in which they have been for ages. The town civilisation has not acted upon them, as it has on the general population of England. The people of the continent have more coffee, sugar, tobacco, and music, and more school and drill, than their forefathers; but not more civil liberty or freedom of action, not more independence of mind, nor a higher moral, religious, and intellectual character. This isolation of the towns has a very prejudicial effect both on the town and country populations. It has kept the *latter* almost stationary, while the *former* has been advancing out of all proportion.—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller.*

## CONVICTS' PROVISIONS.

By the conditions attached to the contracts for supplying provisions, &c. for the use of the convicts on board the hulks at Portsmouth, we perceive that the provisions are required to be of a much superior character to those which two-thirds of the population of these towns are able to procure—they are, indeed, required to be of the very best qualities it is possible for even a tradesman or a man of affluence to procure for himself. The beef must be 'good ox or heifer, sound, sweet, and fresh (bull, cow, or stag will not be received), in fore and hind quarters alternately.' We would not keep convicts on unwholesome diet, but it does appear inconsistent that they should be supplied with food far superior to that attainable by the great bulk of the industrious classes. We would shrink from urging any system of cruelty or even unkindness towards this class of persons, but it surely cannot be conducive to the suppression of crime to give to convicted criminals an amount of comfort and a quality and quantity of food utterly beyond the reach of the honest and hard-working man. A condition of the contract, that all articles not coming up to perfection will be refused, and thus it has often happened that a mechanic, or even a tradesman, has purchased and partaken of food which was considered too bad for convicts, and

which has been returned as such to the contractor. How harsh it must appear to the labourer in the dockyard to know that the convict felon who is lazily at work close by him every day, partakes of a quality of food which he cannot get; and that, indeed, he and his family have to be content with that which is considered too bad for a felon! With the superior comforts they enjoy, the relaxation of discipline, and the little authority their keepers are allowed to possess over them, we cannot wonder at the riots and the horrible scenes that frequently occur on board the convict hulks in this harbour.—*Hampshire Independent.* [The same thing might be said in reference to the provisions for hospitals and other charitable institutions, the best of everything being usually advertised for.]

## THE BOY'S DREAM.

Through a narrow casement window  
The solemn moonbeams crept  
Into a chamber quaint and old,  
Where childhood calmly slept.  
They rested on the walnut press  
And the antique mirror bright,  
And threw across the oaken floor  
A line of cold pale light.

They shewed a boy of eight years old  
Within the dark-green bed;  
A child of sturdy form and mind—  
Such as old England bred.  
Power rested on his infant brow,  
Pale in the ghostly ray;  
A dormant spirit stern and high—  
To dawn in manhood's day.

No cherub face of mirth asleep  
Was his; no child-like smile  
Lingered upon the firm-set lip;  
No pleasant dreams beguile  
His haunted slumbers. Lo, he starts!  
Does the moon's clear cold beams  
Mar his repose, or are his thoughts  
Troubled by evil dreams?

Look how he proudly rises up,  
And lifts his tiny hand  
As though he grasped a warrior's sword  
Or baton of command.  
No mortal eye save his can see  
A giant form of gloom,  
Which, robed in ghostly majesty,  
Stands in the quiet room,

And offers to his infant grasp  
The shadow of a crown—  
Then with a laugh of mocking scorn  
Casts the rich bauble down.  
No one save he can hear the voice  
That murmurs, 'It is thine!  
Thou crownless lord of future years—  
Foe to the throne and shrine!'

'Thou shalt be first in England's realm,  
And by my power shalt reign  
When meteors lead the land astray,  
And truth is sought in vain.  
I am thy genius, Oliver,  
Whether for good or ill;  
Lord of fair England shalt thou be—  
Her law thine iron will.'

The deep voice ceased; a cloud obscured  
The moon; a shadow deep  
Lingered, then passed—the form was gone,  
And Cromwell woke from sleep.  
It was a dream—only a dream,  
And such we idle rate!  
Yet oftimes in the solemn night  
We hear the voice of Fate.

The soul unveils her secrets dark  
That shun our waking eye,  
And shows the latent seed from whence  
Springs forth our destiny.  
'The wish is father to the thought'  
That frames those visions wild—  
The ambition of the future man  
Had whispered to the child!

LAURA JEWRY.

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## SIMPLICITY.

*'La simplicité est charmante, et il n'y a rien de si difficile.'*

Nothing more difficult than simplicity! What is there difficult about it? Have we not merely to let ourselves alone—to divest our minds and manners of the sophistications of art, and remain pure and simple as we came from the hands of nature? The 'charming simplicity' of the French referred to in the epigraph must be an affectation of fashion; for it is monstrous to suppose that simplicity should be a subject of study, pursued according to rule, and acquired with labour and difficulty. Simplicity implies the absence of labour, and the very act of striving destroys it. The saying quoted, therefore—so popular on the other side of the Channel—is a piece of mere Frenchness, and bespeaks the fantastic character of the national refinement.

But when we come to examine this common criticism, a difficulty besets us at the outset. If simplicity belongs to what is called nature, then the farther back we trace it in society, the more evident it will appear; till, on arriving at the savage state, we shall find it in original perfection. But is this consistent with the fact? Place a European, with his plain quiet dress, beside an American Indian, fluttering with feathers, adorned with scalp, painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and tell us which of these two is the child of nature. Compare, in like manner, the customs and ceremonies of the two specimens of humanity, and say which is the more simple? Facts, to confess the truth, are so far against us; experience appears to be opposed to theory: simplicity is *not* an instinct. If we proceed farther in the inquiry, we find that the contrast is not so great in this respect between American Indians, or other savages, and Europeans of an earlier age than the present. The elaborate magnificence of the feudal times, for instance, approaches more nearly than ours the 'state of nature'; and the ornaments which then glittered upon the persons of the women competed in point of number with those of our dusky sisters in the earliest days of society. The chief difference was, that the jewels of the former did not weigh down so terribly the cartilage of the ears and nose; but as for the comparative richness or poverty of the materials and workmanship, that was an adventitious circumstance with which real refinement had nothing to do: bits of coloured glass or polished bone were to the one precisely what barbaric pearl and gold were to the other.

The manners of the middle ages exhibited the same *rapprochement*. The courtiers of a negro prince of the present day creep about him on their knees; and the ceremony of feudal homage was at one time performed in France by the inferior, with a saddle on his back, presenting himself on all-fours before his

lord, and inviting him to mount. The farther back we go, the more extravagance we find in everything. Among ourselves, when two friends meet after a long separation, they shake hands warmly, and the sentiment of the occasion is exhibited only in their eyes and in a few kind words. This the New Zealanders regard as no better than a meeting of dogs. For themselves, they not only embrace and rub noses with *emprassement*, but to signify the depth of their feelings, they then sit down opposite to each other, and drawing their mats over their heads, perform a hearty cry. It would thus seem, if we are to reason upon facts, that when we trace backwards from the present day the history of society, the farther we proceed we become the more entangled in sophistications and artificialities.

*Il n'y a rien de si difficile!*—Nothing so difficult as simplicity! Well, we must admit the proposition in so far as regards society in the aggregate. The world has striven hard for thousands of years to get rid of its extravagances, and slowly and painfully it has so far accomplished its aim. But the epigraph does not speak on the subject comparatively: it refers only to the present state of society, and asserts that among ourselves simplicity must be studied to be acquired. Surely this requires examination—although we are not so much inclined to smile at the Frenchness of the notion as we were at the outset. If the world has attained, in the process of civilisation, to a certain degree of simplicity, are we not born to it?—do we not take to it naturally?—or do men individually go through the same course as society in the aggregate, rising in one lifetime from the depths of savagism to the highest pinnacle of the refinement of the age? This idea seems odd at first sight; and yet if we throw a glance upon the constitution of the community we live in, we may chance to see every variety of character which has distinguished the social history of mankind. The terrific cruelty, the debasing superstition, the incomprehensible ignorance of savage life—all are illustrated before our eyes; while in other portions of the mass we find goodness as well as grace—knowledge, humanity, delicacy, and politeness; these two extremes being bound together so intimately by common characteristics allied in some measure to both, that the whole is seen to form one chain of human nature.

The ignorant are sought to be instructed, and the depraved to be reformed; and in attaining to knowledge and virtue, it is only reasonable to suppose that they acquire some portion of the external graces of civilisation, of which the most remarkable and the most characteristic is simplicity. But do not suppose that we allude in a special manner to the rise from the rudeness of a low status in life to the politeness of a higher: there are illustrations of the various stages of social progress in all conditions, and we have met with vulgar people

themselves. What we wish to say among the vulgar is that simplicity is a distinguishing characteristic—of refinement, not of rudeness, and that it is to be attained only through a severe cultivation of taste. When vulgar people can afford it, they are always dressed, their tables are overloaded, they are envious in their hospitality; they are, in short, as extravagant in their manners as their prototypes in the earlier stages of society. They are fond of gaudy colours, or anything else that will distinguish them in the class to which they belong; and they ape the haughtiness of a half-civilised mediæval baron, who looked with complacency upon the saddle on his dependent's back, while he himself kissed the foot of his feudal lord. We have said that lords are sometimes vulgar, but, generally speaking, they are less so than other men. Nobody has much pretension who is sure of his own position. During a pleasure-trip the other day on the Clyde, we tried to enter into conversation with a lady and gentleman, apparently a married couple, who were admiring the scenery from the deck of the steamer; but it would not do. We had presented no introduction. An interchange of ideas with a stranger was out of the question; and with a cold monosyllable, and a colder look, they turned away. They were very grand; and if we did not shrink into ourselves, we at least applied elsewhere for consolation. Another lady and gentleman, likewise a married pair, were more accessible. They gave and accepted information; they exchanged social and kindly looks with their interlocutor; and they thus passed an agreeable half-hour—agreeable to him, and likewise to themselves, in consequence of their good-humour and simplicity. The former couple, we learned afterwards, belonged to the mercantile class, and were not distinguished in it by wealth or eminence of any kind: the latter were a peer of the realm and his lady, bearing a name well known in the great public questions of the day.

Simplicity is charming, and it is a thousand pities that it is so difficult. It is difficult on account of its complication, and because it is a thing that cannot be bought. A vulgar woman may obtain a dress of the most exquisite simplicity from the *modiste*, but the moment she puts it on, it loses its character. The air of simplicity, the manner, the motion, all are wanting; and it requires an experienced feminine eye to discern that she wears a gown of the highest fashion. The wearer must belong to the dress as well as the dress to the wearer.

Simplicity, as the result of the highest refinement, implies the total absence of pretence; and it is thus in a certain degree identified with truth as well as with taste. It is in absolute antagonism with imposture; and for this reason, when we see men making extravagant efforts to seem what they are not, we may conclude that they are still behind in social advancement. Simplicity, having no pretence, has no false pride, no noise, no bustle, no struggle. It 'uses all things gently.' Its quietude has a character of presence of mind. It is affable, conciliatory, condescending. In its social habits it has risen above the extravagances of savage nature—such as oaths, intemperate drinking, manual jokes, and violent argumentation. In female dress, with the aid of artistic skill, it invests the common with an elegant and refined character. It is to this article, dress, that the French *mot* applies; and we would point to

the dress of high-bred women of the present day, as a remarkable illustration of the refined simplicity which characterises an advanced stage of civilisation. L. R.

## NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

## TRAVELLING—INCIDENTS—SCHOOLS.

RAILWAY time-tables in Holland generally terminate with a request to the travelling public to be at the stations a quarter of an hour before the time of departure of the trains; an arrangement unpalatable to those who value their minutes, or are deficient in patience. If you walk to the starting-place, you can of course please yourself in this particular; but if you take the omnibus, you will find the notice obeyed to the letter. The waiting is, however, more endurable for *derde klasse*, or third-class passengers, than at stations in this country, for it frequently happens that the second and third class waiting-rooms are one and the same, or sometimes the first and second. The humbler classes of the community are not made to feel so sensibly that they are without the pale as in England, where too often the accommodation provided for them ceases to be such in consequence of the oppressive limitations which attend it. The Dutch railways are well managed—the second-class carriages are painted white inside, which gives them a clean, cheerful appearance; and not being divided into compartments, a broad leathern strap is made to form the back of all the seats except those at the ends. The doors are set back, which leaves a recess on the outside, convenient for the guard in his visitations from one vehicle to another, though it diminishes the interior space. The third-class carriages are all covered with a roof, and instead of being enclosed at the sides, with only one or two small square holes for outlook, are provided with leathern curtains, which may be looped up or let down at pleasure. Such carriages as these, it need scarcely be said, are far preferable to the open roofless tubs with which English railway directors afflict their passengers, flattering themselves that such niggardliness fattens their revenue. The best third-class carriages I have ever travelled in in England are those on the line from Manchester to Preston; they are far preferable to the second-class of the Great Western or North Western, on which routes all but first-class passengers are 'done for' in a style that would do honour to Sally Brass. In Holland, too, the tickets are collected while the train is rolling: immediately after starting, the guard enters each carriage, and collects the tickets from those who alight at the first stopping-place; then for the next; and so on; a time-saving arrangement worthy of general imitation, and one which a traveller scarcely expects to find in vigour among the slow-moving Dutchmen. I could not help figuring to myself the astonishment which the *Snelheid* (Velocity), so was our locomotive named, must have excited in its first course over this flat region, where six miles an hour had long been the established pace.

On leaving the train at Delft, I went to the Academy of Engineers, to present one of my letters to Mr Simons, inspecteur-adviseur to the government. The class-examinations were going on, and would not be over for two hours: I occupied the interval in visiting the *Prinssenhof*, the scene of William I's assassination, and his tomb in the *Nieuwe Keerk*. The town itself is quiet enough to suit the most silence-loving Quaker: it reminded me of one or two of our old cathedral towns, where the sight of four persons in the street at once causes somewhat of a sensation. The canals are as deserted as the footways; the only boat which I saw in motion was the scavenger's; two men poled it slowly along, receiving as they went on either side the refuse brought from the houses by the servants. Here and there a woman, stooping from the brink, was washing coarse linen in the water, or dipping bucketsful of the stagnant fluid, by means of a hand-engine and vigorous

pumping, washed the front of the house with the tiny jet. Two boys sat with their legs dangling over the edge of the channel, one holding a rod and line, and lazily watching a float that moved about two inches in ten minutes, while the other, who had filled one of his sabots with water, was contemplating the struggles of an unhappy minnow gasping in the impromptu bath. It almost seemed that the shops, with their announcements of wares to sell, were a make-believe: who could want to buy anything in so dreamy a town? and yet Delft contains nearly 20,000 inhabitants.

At the time appointed I returned to the academy, and was favoured by Mr Simons with letters, and an order to view the drainage-works of the Haarlemmer Meer at any time that suited me. This was a great convenience, as the regulation is to admit visitors but one day in the week; and thus provided, I started on foot for the Hague.

This walk gave me a near view of many Dutch peculiarities. The straight, plank-paved road on the top of the dike, which at the same time forms a bank to the canal, flowing at one side, and a barrier to the ditches and drains which run on the other, besides affording space for a double row of trees, stretching so far away, that at last they seem to taper down to dwarfs, and close the passage. Every ditch was full to the brim, and being coated with a generous crop of duckweed, was scarcely to be distinguished from land at a little distance. With rare exceptions the grass in these well-watered meadows was coarse and ragged-looking, very inferior to the soft and smooth pastures of England. Notwithstanding their diligent drainage, the Dutch will have to apply a more efficient system if the same condition is to be reached; and a main step towards this will be to keep the ditches not more than half full, and establish a current along them. Field-gates are painted white, not unfrequently 'picked out' with green; barns are painted, fences are painted, and you are forced to think of the national proverb, 'Paint costs nothing.' The uniformity of such a landscape is broken by the numerous windmills. These are huge, tower-like structures, often more than a hundred feet high; the end of the central post in which the sails meet is generally ornamented with a handsome gilt star in relief, the spaces between the rays painted bright green or scarlet. In many instances the lower portion of the edifice serves as dwelling-house for the miller and his family, who are manifestly proud of their stately habitation. Then, too, the villas with their trim gardens and *lust-houses*: but all this has been so often described as to be familiar to most readers.

An easy walk of less than two hours brought me to the Hague. Just within the town-gate stands a stuccoed terrace, the Bosc de Guinée, and immediately in front of it, across the road, stagnates a foul and filthy ditch, of Stygian blackness and most offensive odour: how the people endure or survive the inhalation is a mystery. One would imagine the royal town should be better cared for.

I like to wander about a strange city; to inspect its back slums as well as the goodly streets. In some parts of the Hague the population is much crowded, and the signs of dense packing show themselves as everywhere else. Swarms of children grubbing in the dirt, or clattering to and fro in their wooden shoes; women squatting in loquacious groups; petty retailers lounging at their doors; clothes thrust from an upper window to dry on a pole: in-door life, in fact, migrated to the street. Yet it must be confessed that the horrid squalor so visible in many English towns is scarcely to be seen here.

After looking at the outside of three or four hotels, I chose the Lion d'Or. On entering, a waiter stepped forward to take my knapsack, and show me to a room. Hardly had he closed the door, and left me to myself, when he opened it again, and thrusting his head in, said in his imperfect French, 'Mynheer, on fera musique in's Bosch ce soir.' When the bell rang for dinner another

waiter met me at the foot of the stairs, and communicated the same piece of information: evidently music in the park was not an every-day occurrence. Among other dishes served at the table was one of boiled peas—cods dressed with butter. I had eaten of the same kind at Rotterdam, and found it very palatable; its frequent appearance at tables-d'hôte doubtless shows it to be a favourite dish. More than once I found the skin still adhering to the cod—a sufficient proof that other sorts as well as the skinless pea are eaten; and perhaps if people in England could be prevailed on to try this dish, they would find it an acceptable variety in their vegetable diet.

Shortly after dinner I strolled out to the Bosch: this fine park deserves all that has been said in its favour, with its forest-like plantations, dim green alleys, and sinuous lakes, bordered by meandering paths and bosky groves. Here and there, in some cool and pleasant recess, you come upon a 'pavillon,' with broad veranda and spacious saloon, and a large patch of the foreground occupied by regiments of tables and chairs, where you may smoke, and drink, and play dominoes to your heart's content. At times a beggar thrusts out a hand as you pass his position, generally taken up on a *tête de pont*, and importunes you for alms with persevering zeal until you are out of hearing, or drop a coin; and if tired, there are numerous seats on which you may rest. At seven o'clock, as had been intimated, the military band began to play, and for two hours a succession of pieces was given with great taste and spirit. For some time previously the town had been sending out its population, and now there was a mixture of all classes promenading round a circular lake, or through a sweep under the tall trees. There were well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, clerks, artisans—scarcely a male without a cigar or pipe in his mouth—nurses and housemaids with clean aprons and white caps, and a sprinkling of soldiers in dark-blue uniforms and jaunty caps, many of them presenting a fine military appearance. At the last notes of the concluding piece the crowd drew off in detachments, some back to the town, others to a farther stroll in the wood, and a multitude to the pavillons. Then the saloons were lighted up, the ends of cigars and pipes twinkled in the twilight, and fuller rose the vaporous columns from the smokers' lips, intermingled with the steam of tea and coffee; while corks were drawn with a spasmodic cluck, followed by the clink of glasses and the merry *glou-glou* as the wine leaped forth: all appeared to enjoy themselves, and no one was uproarious. As I sauntered slowly hither and thither, the remark of Sir William Temple, ambassador to the Hague in 1668, seemed still applicable. Speaking of the upper classes, he says—'They strive to imitate the French in their mien, their clothes, their way of talk, of eating, of gallantry; and are, in my opinion, something worse than they would be, by affecting to be better than they need; making sometimes but ill copies; whereas they might be good originals, by refusing or improving the customs and virtues proper to their own country and climate. They are otherwise an honest, well-natured, friendly and gentlemanly sort of men.'

On my going next morning to the museum at the Maurits Huis, the doorkeeper refused to admit me without a *carte d'entrée*. Knowing that the building was open to the public, and already provided for out of the taxes, I declined to pay a fee, and for the time withdrew, and went to the royal palace, which stands quite unpretendingly at one side of the High Street. A servant, who could speak only Dutch, conducted me through the rooms, which contain nothing especially remarkable, excepting a huge vase, some full-length portraits of members of the royal family, a large painting representing the assassination of William I., and another the death of De Ruyter: the charge made for the visit, which occupied not more than ten minutes, was a guilder. I afterwards presented one of my letters to M. Holtrop, keeper of the Royal Library, and met with a most cordial reception, the more gratifying, as I

had neither rank nor fame wherewith to substantiate my claim. He at once showed me the treasures of the library under his care, and the museum of coins and gems, some of which are unique; and then accompanied me to the palace of the late king, where I saw the fine collection of paintings, drawings, and sculpture which have since been sold by auction to pay his majesty's debts. The 'Colombine' of Leonardo da Vinci is said to be worth 50,000 guilders—a handsome sum if it can be obtained (it fetched 40,000 at the sale); and if the other paintings sell equally well, the monarch's creditors will have little cause to complain. How much better it would be were kings to avoid incurring debts! Among the drawings are those which belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence; perhaps they will now come back to this country, from which, as some people say, it was a disgrace ever to let them go. One of the marbles struck me as particularly beautiful: it is the work of a Dutch sculptor, Van der Ven, who executed it at Rome in 1847. It represents Eve in a sitting posture, with one arm raised, the serpent near her holding an apple in its mouth; but she has not yet yielded to the temptation, has known no pain or sorrow, and sits there the very perfection of loveliness, innocence, and joy personified. Another statue, by a Flemish artist, would not have disgraced an Athenian sculptor, so truly does it exhibit the masculine beauty of inflexible character. One might well be proud of such a collection, which sufficiently refutes the popular notion, that the Hollanders are deficient in taste and appreciation of the fine arts.

We went next to the Maurits Huis, where no opposition was now offered to my entrance. M. Holtrop assured me that my former exclusion was not regular, and called the attention of one of the principals to the abuse. The curiosities here are really such, but are overcrowded, and not so well arranged as they might be. The model of a Dutch house made for Peter the Great is more truly a work of art than is commonly supposed. It represents accurately a gentleman's dwelling of the period, and was constructed by first-rate artificers. The diminutive services of crockery and china were made especially for the occasion; as also the little piles of towels, sheets, and other household linen, which were woven, and not cut from a wide piece; the books in the library, too, and the Bible on the stand, are real printed volumes—not dummies. Few persons who see this example of a Dutch ménage of bygone days will regret that the czar died before it was finished. After this we proceeded to the Ministry of the Interior, where, by the good offices of my conductor, a letter was obtained for me from the minister to the director of the pauper colonies, which I purposed subsequently to visit.

Visitors are freely admitted to the chambers of the States-General at the Hague. The Tweede Kamer, or House of Commons, is a room with white walls, ranges of seats and tables covered with green baize, a green canopy over the Speaker's chair, and galleries all round for strangers. The tables were covered with books and papers; most of the members were reading or writing; no one sat with his hat on; and all paid attention to business. I heard three short speeches on the Navigation Laws, which it was proposed to modify in accordance with enlightened principles of commercial policy. As each gentleman spoke, most of the members rose from their seats and grouped themselves on the floor in front of him, shifting their position as the debate made the tour of the benches. Since then, the proposed changes have been passed into a law.

As a matter of course, no one goes to the Hague without visiting Schevening. A pleasant walk of three miles along an avenue formed by a continuous grove or belt of trees brings you to this fishing-village, where the lamps hang from chains in the centre of the street—where four or five shell-shops remind you of Margate—where you may sometimes see, as I did, eighty fishing-schuys on the shore at once discharging their cargoes—fishermen wading through the breakers with laden

baskets, the funny contents of which are handled and criticised by a hundred clamorous fishwomen—and where two boxes, with a slit in the lid, and *Gedenkt den Armen* on their front, lead you, as you approach the sands, to think of the poor. It is really well worth while to walk to Schevening.

One of the annoyances to which travellers are liable is that of commissionaires, or guides, who, whenever a stranger shows himself in the streets of a foreign town, dog his steps with pertinacious offers of service. This infliction awaited me on my return from Schevening: a man came up, offering to show me this and show me that; and neither threats nor intreaties availed to make him leave me to myself. Thus he followed me the whole length of the Voorhout; at last, weary of his importunity, I thought of trying a bribe, and gave him a quarter-florin to go about his business. No sooner had he received it, than he said, 'Ah, mynheer, I can't go away now till I have done something to earn this.'

'Well, then,' I replied, 'do you know where to find an Armen school?'

'Ja, mynheer, ja: I'll take you to the one where I was taught.'

I was rather pleased at this disposition on his part to revisit the scene of his youthful studies. A walk of ten minutes brought us to a school at the end of the Dennen Weg, where, in reply to my request for admittance, Mynheer van Breuk, a benevolent-looking old man in morning-gown and slippers, came forward, and inviting me in with many assurances that my visit afforded him pleasure, led the way through his house to the school. The latter is a long building, divided into three square apartments by partitions fitted with sliding glazed doors. Each room contains four sets of desks and forms, placed so as to leave a passage all round close to the walls, and at right angles across the centre; and each room was occupied by boys and girls—two sets of desks appropriated to one sex, and two to the other. The whole number of scholars was 776—being, of the most advanced or first-class, 210; second-class, 300; third-class, 266; and there are seven teachers besides the master, all of whom were originally pupils in the school. The youngest scholars enter at six years of age: at the time of my visit, some forty or fifty of these juveniles were acquiring the rudiments of arithmetic from an abacus, or Russian frame, as the Dutch term it, manipulated by a teacher; another group were writing on slates; the combining of consonants and vowels into monosyllables tasked the abilities of a third; while the most numerous party sat in front of a large black-board, absorbed in the initiative process, with which even the profoundest philosopher must commence, of calling capital letters by their right names, or rather giving them their true sounds. For the absurd practice of saying *be, se, de*, &c. is not followed by Dutch schoolmasters; they very properly enunciate the power of the letter only, hence *b', s', d', n', m'*, &c. as they would be sounded by a Frenchman. Orthography is a most formidable task in English schools, chiefly from the discrepancy between sound and sense: for instance, a child is called to spell the word *cat*; he hesitates, on which the teacher says *se a te*, and the bewildered learner is told that these sounds convey the word in question. Let any one repeat to himself the powers *k' a t'*, and he will soon perceive that spelling may be divested of half its difficulties. To come back to the school: I observed that two consonants similar in power were placed together on the board, *d* and *n*, and the teacher exercised the wits of his youthful class by pointing from one to the other until they knew how to distinguish between *d'* and *n'*. Then at a word from the head-master every pair of little hands was laid flat on the desk, and the 266 tiny voices struck up several simple melodies; and if cheerful looks are a true index, not a child present found school irksome.

I next passed to the second-class room, where of course the exercises of the first were at a more ad-

vanced stage; and then to the last. Here were writing in books, geography, the higher rules of arithmetic, comprising the sum of a plain and useful education. Any one who has received letters from different parts of Holland, must have observed the great similarity in the style of handwriting by different persons; this arises from the system on which they are taught resting on three principles, comprising all the forms of written letters. Hence it is that Dutch handwriting is generally so very sloping, and so similar in character among all classes.

The geography lesson was given by the head-teacher: he stationed himself by the black-board, and asked who could put in Friesland. A dozen hands were held up, and one of the boys rising from his seat, traced the outline of this province with a piece of chalk; another marked Gronningen; another Drenthe, Overysael, and so forth, until an outline map of the Netherlands was completed. Then with a few words stating the source, course, and outfall of rivers, such lads as were capable traced these particulars, as well as sites of the chief towns, and islands off the coast. I was permitted to put a few questions, the result of which was an impression that, although the children were very expert in the geography of their native land, they were but slightly so in that of foreign countries.

After this, half-past eleven having arrived, preparations were made for the singing lesson. Reading and writing-books were collected; the boy or girl at the head of the form laid the books in a pile, as they were handed up in turn from those below, and in this way they were put aside, ready for orderly distribution in the afternoon or next day. Each pair of hands, as in the youngest school, was laid on the desk, and then the head-teacher, extending one hand with open fingers, to represent the stave-lines of music, pointed with a short ruler to each line or space through all the scales of the gamut. The precision with which the children sang the notes was remarkable, changing rapidly from high to low. After this preliminary, at my request the national anthem, 'Neerlands Bloed,' was sung in four parts; then the old 'Volkslied' of the time of Willem I. a rugged and stirring measure, which reminded me of Luther's hymn 'Ein feste Burg,' &c. On listening to the hearty tones of so many voices, their entire accord, and ready pause or repetition, I was no longer at a loss to account for the mighty burst of sound that echoed through the lofty aisles of St Laurent's Church at Rotterdam. A moment's silence succeeded the singing; the teacher, joining his hands, pronounced devoutly a short prayer, and the morning school was over.

I expected a sudden rush and clatter of feet; but in place of this, one girl of each form rose and distributed bonnets, while the boys did the same with caps. Then, at the master's bidding, 'Catholics first,' a number of boys and girls left the room without disturbance, followed by the other forms in succession, all in perfect order and quiet. Precedence was given to the Catholics, as they had to go immediately to church for the noonday service. The same quiet characterises the whole of the proceedings: there is none of that deafening din so prevalent in English schools, as though noise were essential to knowledge; not a voice is heard except that of the teacher and any pupil who may be reciting.

Children are received into this school at the age of six, and remain until twelve; 100 names are now on the books for admission. Parents are not allowed to remove them on caprice; and whenever a child is absent, another is immediately sent to inquire the cause. Sickness is the only excuse admitted. Willful absence of fifty times in six months is punished by irrevocable exclusion; but such a case, as the master reports, does not happen above once in four years. The hours of attendance are from eight to twelve in the forenoon; and from two to four in the afternoon; besides two hours, from six to eight in the evening, also gratui-

tously, for such pupils as, having completed their term, and gone out to work, wish to perfect themselves still more in their studies. The Wednesday afternoon is occupied by the upper class in singing, when the scholastic arrangement is somewhat departed from, and the children sit in groups, according to the quality of their voices.

There are seven of such Armen or Poor Schools at the Hague, in which 5000 children receive gratuitous instruction. This number comprises an eighth of the population of the town; and one cannot but be hopeful of so numerous a band, trained up to devout and orderly habits, and acquainted with the substantial elements of a sound education. Mynheer van Breuk has worthily filled his post during thirty-three years. I could not help speaking of the satisfaction he must feel in looking back on so long and so useful a career. He replied that his profession had always interested and engaged his sympathies as well as his abilities. For my part, my two hours' visit had afforded me almost unmingled gratification; the alloy was in the contrast with the state of education in England, and her millions unable to read or write. When I was about to depart, the worthy schoolmaster gave me a sheet of paper, and begged me to leave him a memorandum of my visit; and as I afterwards took leave of him, with a cordial hand-pressure on both sides, he said, 'Farewell, mynheer; I hope soon to hear that your puissante patrie will have enough of schools as good, or better than this'—a sentiment in which I most cheerfully unite.

#### MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

##### FAMILY MISFORTUNES.

*Mrs Wright.* Come here, little boy; why are you running away? And what are you doing here? Don't you know nobody is allowed to come through the young plantations?

*Boy.* Sure an' I wasn't, miss! only jist crassin' the corner.

*Mrs Wright.* Do you call this the corner? It is the very middle of the young wood. Besides, it is just as wrong to cross the corner as to be where you now are. Where were you going?

*Boy.* Nowhere at all, miss—only jist divartin' meself.

*Mrs Wright.* That answer wout do for me. You know perfectly well it is not a true one. I ask you again, where were you going?

*Boy.* [Sulkily.] Why, thin, I suppose I was takin' the short cut to the Widow Donovan's for a penn'orth o' backy for my granny that she sint me for; an' I'll never do so no more.

*Mrs Wright.* This is not the way to the Widow Donovan's: she lives quite in the opposite direction. What did you throw down there behind the rock when I called to you to stop?

*Boy.* Throw down! sorra hap'orth. What 'ud I have to throw down?

*Mrs Wright.* We shall see. Come back with me to the turn of the bank. Here is what you threw down—a large bundle of green boughs cut from the spruce-firs!

*Boy.* [Crying.] It wasn't my fault. I should get them, she tould me, and sint me for them; an' sure we thought yerself wasn't in it—but I'll niver do so no more.

*Mrs Wright.* Who is your grandmother? What is your name?

*Boy.* [Very quickly.] Paddy Toole, miss—an' got no father.

*Mrs Wright.* What Paddy Toole? I know of no Paddy Toole hereabouts, nor Widow Toole either.

*Boy.* At the crass there above.

*Mrs Wright.* There is no cabin near the cross-roads that I remember, if you mean them.

*Boy.* Not a know I know thin.

*Mrs Wright.* We shall find out. Pick up that bundle of boughs, and follow me. Conally, who is this boy?

*Conally.* The greatest young blacknaird in the country. So you want a half a day agin in the turf-house, you young thief you, where I locked you up last Wednesday was only a week for helpin' yerself so quite an' easy to the master's turf?

*Mrs Wright.* What's his name, Conally?

*Conally.* Mat Cogan's his name, and as big a rogue as his father before him, and that's no triffin' character to give the chap. Sure he had to lave the country for sheep-stalin'. Them all's a bad set.

*Mrs Wright.* Well, Mat, since I now know who you are, we will walk on together to your grandmother's cabin, and I will speak to her about you. We must try and get something better for you to do than you seem to have been taught hitherto. Mrs Cogan, I have brought you home your little grandson, whom I caught in the young plantation on the hill with all these green boughs, just cut or broken off the trees.

*Mrs Cogan.* You young villain you! Is this a way ye are when ye're mitchin'? In his honour's shrubberies, you dirty vagabone? Wait till I come at you!

*Mrs Wright.* Pray, Mrs Cogan, moderate your anger. Look at your own fire there, and tell me what you are burning?

*Mrs Cogan.* Whins, my lady jewel; God iver bless ye! Whins that I strive to gather to light my little fire these hard times on the poor, to bile my little pat for the supper for them childer that's left wid me, an' don't belong to me, an' I strooglin' to rare thim decent; God help me!

*Mrs Wright.* This is not whin: this is a branch of fir. You send this boy out to steal; you scold him only before me for fetchin' home what he went out on purpose for, and you call this rearing him decently: you are rearing him to disgrace and misery.

*Mrs Cogan.* An' sure it's the truth ye're spakin', my lady avourneen; for it's all sorrow that's fell on me, that's heart-broke an' massacrayed among thim. There was his father: I had but the two sons, an' this was the oldest, an' as fine an' agreeable a boy as iver a mother rared. An' all goin' on reglar, an' labourin', an' helpin', an' me quite plased, an' the father as well. Look up and consorted wid a girl—I don't know what she was indeed, but a great dancer at the patterns, an' a tay-drinker, an' a company-keeper, an' a fine wholesome-lookin' girl as you'd wish to see—an' the ind of it was, they got married, an' we shut the door upon thim in course; and so, my dear, they wint from had to worse; an' she made off wid herself; and my poor boy, he had to lave the country, and niver tuk the child wid thim, but left him, if ye please, wid me—the young thief o' the world, to be breakin' his honour's fine trees this way, an' I a'most broke strivin' to kape the bit in him, the vagabone!

*Mrs Wright.* The poor boy is hardly likely to do better than his father, the way you are bringing him up—neither at work nor at school, taught to deceive, and to steal, and to tell falsehoods to hide his ill practices. You had another son, why does not he look after this unfortunate child?

*Mrs Cogan.* Oh, thin, if that wasn't the take in! Ye wouldn't believe it, my lady dear, the rogues an' robbers that we fell in wid. An' we goin' to marry our Ned to a girl in all honesty, promisin' the bit o' ground, and the few shillins we had, knowin' the brother 'ud niver come back to claim it, an' in coorse it should fall to Ned. An' the decent man that had this fine daughter, he made the grandest of promises, an' offered her, an' hapes of money, an' cattle, an' what not, an' couldn't make enough of Ned on account of what he expected wid him, an' the little spot of ground ye see. Well, we war all agreeable, an' Ned an' the father was quite intirely plased, an' wint up the both o' thim to the girl an' her father, and was all mighty pleasant, an' the best of good things purvided, an' a mighty decent place; an' 'Will ye come,' says he, says the girl's father, 'an' see the

cows milked this pleasant evenin', Mr Cogan?' says he. 'There's one on im,' says he, quite off-hand like, 'as gives her ten quarts at a mail, or all as one, most times.' Now it was jist this, and nothin' else, that tuk my husband up, you'll understand—jist to see for his own self all what was in it, 'cause there's no trustin' to reports, an' they in coorse, makin' the most of thirselves, an' no harm. So he gave consint, an' they wint out across the bawn; and, my dear, there was sitch a sight of cows! more nor six or seven, all in the vales, an' the fine hay lyin' afore thim, an' the girl's milkin', an' sure enough there was the ten quarts from the black cow, an' no mistake. So ye see my poor Mat was quite in delight, an' was intirely agreeable, an' had the weddin' an' all passed over, an' we wor a'most broke makin' up the little handful of money for sitch a grand match for Ned's part of the bargain. Well, they war marrit, an' there was an ind. An' says my husband one fine mornin', 'Nelly,' says he, 'I'll up,' says he, 'an' give a look at Ned in his grand houlding, and see thim fine cows of his agin,' for they lived, Ned and his new wife, wid the girl's father, in his possessions. An' so my poor husband wint up an' found the place, and all mighty civil, an' had their tay, an' the best of good treatement; and thin says my husband, jokin' an' funnin'—he was so satisfied, ye see—'Now for the ten-quart cow!' An' there she was aitin' her hay, an' she was all there was: the devil another beast was in it, cow nor calf, nor four-feet of one soort nor another owned the place, barrin' a pig! All the rest was borrit—begged and borrit from the neighbours round—to make a show an' a deception, an' incline us for the match! Oh musha, musha, my lady jewel, but they wor all robbers together, an' made my poor Ned as bad as thirselves, they did: may the Lord reward thim, as he will, plase goodness, an' has, for it didn't thrive wid thim, nor couldn't, an' they're all a'most scattered now, an' my poor boy along wid thim!

*Mrs Wright.* You had your son, you know, as you reared him: you set him a bad example, and you can't be surprised that he followed it; and as for his wife's people, they seem to have been very much like yourselves. Still, as you kept your land, and must have had some stock upon it, I don't understand how you come to be so miserably poor as I this day find you.

*Mrs Cogan.* Stop till I tell ye: ye didn't hear the half. 'Twas but a wishy little piece of ground we owned, an' there was little use in us strivin' far to make out the rint from it, for it wasn't in it. We nayther ate it, nor drank it, nor ware it; an' man alive couldn't do more than we did in regard of management, an' tillin', an' conacre, an' jobbin' bastes, an' one thing or another, an' all no use; for the bare livin' was all we could make out of it, let alone pay rint. So we cast our eyes round, and there was a boy owned a fine meadow that inclined for to go aff wid himself to Ameriky, where his people had wint before him the most of thim, an' had a field besides, or a couple of thim, an' we considered he might be purvaild on to sell his interest chape.

*Mrs Wright.* But how could you buy it, so much as you had spent, and so little as you had made, owing to the poverty of the old holding?

*Mrs Cogan.* Saved it, my jewel! managed, an' made, an' stroogled, an' wanted, an' contrived, an' scraped it together, an' had it hid there above in the tatch waitin' the boy's convaniance. Two ten-pound notes they were, as meself had saved from better times. Well, you see, the gale cam' round, an' my husband must face the agint whether or no, an' he owin' him five half years, an' the rint three pounds, an' the back half-year. Lady Wright, my jewel, the land couldn't pay it; we was a'most broke strivin' to make it, an' had but the bare two pounds towards it, an' we, after sellin' a cow in the fair, an', as bad-luck would have it, where should we put the differ but up in the tatch too; an' dresses himself, an' shaves, an' takes the big-coat, an' his stick, an' puts up his hand, an' outs the two notes, an' away he goes. All the tints was in it. An' says the agint whin he sees

my Mat, mighty stiff-like, lookin' in his books, an' spakin' short enough, 'Cogan,' says he, 'you owe six half-years.' 'I do not, an' please yer honour,' says my husband quiet an' civil, as was becomin'. 'I owe five half-years, an' the back half-year.' 'Makin' six, sir,' says the agint, quite stern-like; for this was the new agint, a mighty stiff kin' o' man, that didn't know the people's ways, an' to the letter—'makin' six, sir,' says he; 'an' I'll expict you to pay it.' Well, my husband got all in a tremble, the unfortunate creature, an' laid down the hat on the ground, opened his big-coat, set by the stick, an' in to the waistcoat pocket, an' out wi' the two notes. 'Here's my ■■■,' says he, 'an' hard set to make it'—which was true for ye, as God he knows—'an' the devil a penny more,' says he, 'have I to give ye, an'—' 'Stop,' says the agint, very ready; 'hand over the cash. Very well,' says he, inspectin': 'all right—all as it should be. I'll give you a receipt in full,' says the agint, quite civil, 'an' your change, Cogan,' says he; 'an' remember! no more back half-years.' It was the two ten-pound notes, my lady jewel, the unfortunate man had took down out of the tatch, an' we war ruined intirely—clane done for; and my poor husband niver held the head up after. Oh, musha, musha! wasn't he the persecutedest—[Chies.]

*Mrs Wright.* Mrs Cogan, you are telling me most shocking stories. I could not have believed in such unprincipled doings. One is worse than the other.

*Mrs Cogan.* It is, my lady, an' the worse to come yit. My own daughter, the only girl I had, an' she denied nothin' that ever I knowed she tuk a fancy to, an' many a thing, unbeknown to the father, soulded, an' she given the money for her divarsions, breakin' my heart to please her, an' had a match ready, twenty acres of ground the boy had, no less, that her father an' I intended for her, an' she tuk a notion, an' departed one fine mornin', made her disappearance, an' no more word about it.

*Mrs Wright.* What! did she go off by herself alone?

*Mrs Cogan.* Bedad an' she did not, by no means, but tuk the little servin'-boy in her hand an' my old flannel petticoat, the vagabond.

*Mrs Wright.* Ran away with the serving-man I suppose you mean? Who was he? What was he like?

*Mrs Cogan.* The height of the numberella, my lady—the dickens an inch more! An' for aitin'! he'd bate the world.

*Mrs Wright.* Well, it's lucky she didn't take the new flannel petticoat at anyrate!

*Mrs Cogan.* Faix, an' she knew better. Sure, hadn't I all my little savings quilted into the back o' the ould one, under the belt, in the gathars! Never a know I know what was in it: all I'd made by my own endeavourin' ever since we war married. But she knows, an' the Liverpool people knows; for 'twas there they wint, and tuk a lodgin', an' ate it, an' drank it, an' wore it, an' off to Ameriky wid the rest of it!

#### A DAY IN THE PORT OF LONDON.

At a time when Holborn was a rural village, and two or three country-houses occupied the space which is now the Strand, Queen Elizabeth was so much concerned at the magnitude of London, that she issued a proclamation against further building, affirming that if the metropolis grew any larger, there would be no possibility of providing food at reasonable prices for so vast a multitude of inhabitants. We smile at this crotchety of the 'fair virgin throned by the west'; and yet it is less surprising than the apathy with which we of the present day witness the perfect facility with which the wants are supplied of a couple of millions of human beings congregated in a single capital. We have a vague notion that the articles of necessity, comfort, and luxury we see in such abundance around us are not all of home production; and we even connect, somehow or other, this supply with the 'forest of masts' rising from the Thames and its docks. But the actual business of the

port of London few of us know anything about: our minds never attempt to grasp the idea; and the ships, the quays, the docks, the wagons, the warehouses, the counting-houses, are jumbled together in our imagination in a vast, formless, indefinite, and withal vulgar whole, to which we give the name of City.

Some there be, however, whose curiosity is aroused by the misty and mighty subject; who endeavour to comprehend it, and who, comprehending it, or supposing that they do so, take the trouble of indoctrinating such of their neighbours as may choose to listen. Of these persons is Mr Thomas Howell, who conceived the idea of bringing the subject within grasp, by ascertaining, so far as might be possible, what was the actual business done in the port of London in a single day. With this view he provided himself with the official papers issued by the customhouse last year; and selecting (we presume) the most crowded day, which was the 17th of September, he made himself master of its contents. This document he used as the text of a lecture delivered before a suburban society—the Clapham Athenæum; and we have now sat down to reproduce, for the benefit of a wider audience, some of his leading facts.\*

On the single day referred to, 121 ships, navigated by 1387 seamen, and with a registered tonnage of 29,699 tons, arrived in the port of London. Of these only fifteen were foreign vessels; the rest belonged to this country. They came from the east, west, north, and south; and to trace their course, we should have to go round the entire globe. Beginning at the north, they were from Archangel and St Petersburg; from the Prussian ports, and from those of Hamburg, Holland, France, the Channel Islands, Portugal, Gibraltar; from five of the Mediterranean emporia; from the west and south coast of Africa; from the Indian presidencies and the Straits of Malacca; from Canton and Shanghai in China; from Manilla in the eastern Archipelago; from Adelaide and Port Philip in Australia; from the coasts of South America, and nine of the English, Spanish, and Danish West India islands; from New York and Boston; and from Halifax, Quebec, and Newfoundland.

It may be conceived that the cargoes of these ships formed a very miscellaneous assemblage of the treasures of commerce. Among the more necessary articles were some 320,000 cwt. of sugar: not a very extraordinary quantity, since 7,000,000 cwt. were imported in the course of the year—an aggregate which paid nearly L.4,000,000 sterling to the revenue. There were 16,000 chests of tea; an inconsiderable portion of the 53,000,000 lbs. imported during the year in eighty or ninety ships, and paying about L.5,500,000 of duty. There were 7400 packages of coffee, out of 63,000,000 lbs. for the year, presenting to the chancellor of the exchequer L.640,000. Besides the more important articles, there were many of less moment—such as rice, cocoa, tapioca; upwards of 3000 sheep and other animals, 8000 packages of butter, 50,000 cheeses, and 900,000 eggs. The year's supply of the last, drawn chiefly from France, numbered nearly 98,000,000, and paid L.36,700 duty.

Among articles of another description may be mentioned 4458 bales of wool; the importations for the year being about 75,000,000 lbs., added to 100,000,000 lbs. of home growth. Elephants' teeth, hides, horns, tallow, wood and timber of all kinds, copper ore, zinc, cork, cod-liver oil, and Peruvian bark, are a few of the other articles in this department. Among the more curious importations are 1250 tons of granite from Guernsey, 1000 bundles of whisks from Trieste, bones of animals collected from the plains of South America, their hoofs from Australia, and heaps of rags from Austria, Italy, Hungary, and Germany.

Some of the articles of luxury are silk, wine, rum, gin, spices, anchovies, turtle, and pine-apples; together

\* A Day's Business in the Port of London: a Lecture Delivered at a Meeting of the Clapham Athenæum, April 29, 1880. By Thomas Howell, Esq. London: Simpkin. 1880.

with statuary marble and alabaster figures and ornaments. Tobacco should have a sentence of its own, since the yearly importation was 43,000,000 lbs.; the ruined and ill-used people of England spending upon the filthy indulgence between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000 of good money. Another item that may be worth mentioning is 219 packages of treasure, consisting of Spanish dollars or doubloons, Sycee silver from China, and rupees from Hindoostan.

So much for the arrivals; but the warehousing of goods previously arrived forms an important part of the business of the day. We need not go into particulars, however, on this subject, since the articles are pretty nearly the same as those already enumerated—with the addition of fifty marble mortars, and 1075 slabs of tin. But the goods warehoused, or, technically speaking, 'taken for consumption,' give a good idea of the omnivorous appetite of London. 'Whale fins and sperm-oil from the fisheries—corals, or silk handkerchiefs, indigo, camphor, shellac, lac dye, saltpetre, hemp, and jute, from India—quicksilver from Spain—isinglass and bristles from Russia—Iceland moss, honey, and leeches, from Hamburg—bees'-wax from the coast of Africa, manna from Palermo, macaroni from Naples, sugar-candy from Holland, lemon-oil from Messina, 81,000 lbs. weight of currants from the Ionian islands, and 5760 bars of iron from Sweden—such are some of the articles that on this day were carried away in hundreds of groaning wagons, to disappear in the ever-craving maw of the metropolis.

This will not appear surprising if we recollect our own individual requirements. We ransack the world for the materials of a meal, and of the furniture of our houses. 'If I take the apparel of any gentleman present,' says the lecturer, 'I find that his coat is made of the wool of Saxony or Hungary, that he is using the flax of Russia, Ireland, or Flanders, the cotton of America, the kid-skins of Italy, the hides of the Cape, the silk of India, the horns of South America, the iron of Staffordshire, and the ivory of Ceylon—all these are in daily use; while he may wear upon his finger a ring made from the gold of Brazil, ornamented with a pearl from Ceylon, or a diamond from Borneo. Upon the conclusion of my lecture, he will protect himself from cold by a wrapper made from the wool of Cashmere; for his hat he is indebted to the beaver of Hudson's Bay; and should it unfortunately rain, he will unfold an umbrella in which the silk of Italy and China, after it has been dyed by the logwood of Jamaica, is expanded upon whalebone from the Arctic Seas, supported upon a cane from the island of Java—the cane has a ferrule made from the copper of South America, and a handle composed of horn from Calcutta, inlaid with mother-of-pearl from Singapore or Manila. The costume of the fairer sex would prove still more various; for in addition to many of the articles I have enumerated, there are the furs of America, or the feathers of Africa, the rich silks of India, China, or France, the shawls of Cashmere or Paris, and the ribbons of St Etienne; and all these fabrics or materials are witnesses to the importance of commerce, and forcibly remind us of the obligations we owe to our fellow-creatures in all parts of our globe.'

We have now run cursorily over a few of the articles brought into London to afford a day's business to its port; but this is giving only one side of the subject: it is considering the city only as a recipient of the treasures of commerce, whereas it is equally active as a distributor of them to the rest of the world. Only a portion of the good things we have mentioned are consumed within the kingdom, while the rest are reshipped and despatched to other countries. England is the greatest purchaser on the face of the earth; but she is so because she is the greatest carrier. 'The timber and deals,' says Mr Howell, 'received from the Baltic and America, are shipped to Adelaide and the Cape of Good Hope. Rice, indigo, silks (particularly the corals before alluded to), drugs, tea and sugar, from India and China, are shipped to Riga, Königsberg,

Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Calais, Boulogne, and Patras, for consumption on the continent of Europe; and, what is somewhat singular, is the exportation, principally to France, of very large quantities of raw silk. We also ship freely to Germany our sheeps' wool from Australia, and the finer and more silky Mohair wool which is imported from Turkey. To Barbadoes there is a shipment of guano received from Peru. Hides from South America are forwarded to Antwerp and Copenhagen. Spanish and Portuguese wines are shipped to many places—Bombay, Calcutta, Ceylon, Petersburg, and others; while brandy and rum are still more widely circulated. There is an exportation of glass beads, the manufacture of Venice, to the Cape of Good Hope, for the use of the Hottentot or the Caffre, who is dignified by the adornment; while the Moors of Mogadore have ordered fifty cwt. of ginger from Calcutta. To Rotterdam, on this day, we sent Peruvian bark from the western coast of South America, and gum-arabic from Bombay. Skins from the shores of Hudson's Bay and the hunting-grounds of Oregon find customers in France, who also take off a portion of our surplus tobacco. Cochineal from Mexico and Guatemala is shipped largely to Smyrna, Petersburg, Leghorn, and other continental ports, for the purpose of dyeing woollen and silken fabrics the gayest of all colours—scarlet. To these must be added the most important of the whole of our exportations—namely, our own manufactures; and to give an idea of the whereabouts of this outward traffic on the single day in question, it would be necessary to pass once more round the entire coast-line of the globe.

All these names and figures are taken from the lecture; but very many more are left behind, with many facts and anecdotes respecting foreign productions, and many reflections arising out of the subject, making up, in the whole, a very desirable pamphlet for reference and instruction. But, nevertheless, the title is a misnomer: it is not a day's business in the port of London, or much more than half a day's business, the author having entirely forgotten the share the metropolis has in the great coasting trade. This trade is carried on between the various ports of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland; and employs every year about 150,000 vessels, of 11,000,000 or 12,000,000 tons, going constantly to and fro. The revenue of the city is in great part made up from the dues paid by coasting vessels, amounting in the article of coal alone to £150,000 or £160,000. Of this article London takes nearly 3,000,000 tons in the year, imported in nearly 10,000 ships.

The tokens of this business, mighty as it is, are hardly visible beyond the spot where it is carried on. It is but a stone plunged into a lake, the circles it gives rise to growing fainter as they recede, till they are altogether lost in the smooth and slumberous expanse. The roar of wagons, which deafens us in the immediate thoroughfares from the river, sinks gradually as the vehicles separate and disperse, and is entirely lost when they disappear one knows not how or whither. The shops give no hint of the increase of wealth; the people live, as usual, surrounded by the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of the entire globe; the great pulse of the metropolis throbs steadily on, unaffected by the fever of its port.

The merchants, in the meantime, sit quietly in their counting-houses, reading and writing their letters, and directing the commerce of the world without uttering a word. The clerks, each in his own department, ply their monotonous task, inscribing from hour to hour, from day to day, the history of civilisation in unintelligible books. The masters of the wealth now arriving and departing have never seen it with their eyes; and if the owners of the ships that bear it to and from the four quarters of the globe have at any time curiosity enough to visit them, they pass through the exhibition like strangers, gazing with unintelligent eyes on wonders which it is not their business to comprehend. But the treasure with which these multitudinous pro-

ductions are bought and sold? The chink of money is never heard except in small sums required for the wages of the working-men. Little bits of paper containing promises and acknowledgments are the representatives of value, and in wholesale transactions gold and silver are never seen. In this way the merchant calmly commits some enormous sum to the hands of a boy, to proceed to its destination by channels and agencies he knows nothing about.

But this preternatural stillness is only superficial. The hopes, the fears, the joys, the agonies, that attend a single day's business in the port of London are indescribable; and the circles of this central agitation extend to thousands of hearts throughout the country with which it has no obvious connection. The excitement, however, is for the most part wholesome. It stirs up the languid thoughts; it sends them abroad on the world; it establishes a connection between the various families of the human race. It is felt likewise in the industry of the nation even in its smallest and remotest items, for there is not an occupation in the British islands that is not in some way or other, directly or indirectly, affected by the commerce of the capital. The same influence is felt abroad, and is not confined to the coast-line of the four continents, but extends far into their interior. Men who know not the name of England work her work and receive her wages; and all soils, all climates, all races, combine to furnish a day's business for the port of London.

#### THE OLD GRAY HOUSE.

In the north of France, near the Belgian frontier, is situated a small obscure town. It is surrounded by high fortifications, which seem ready to crush the mean houses in the centre. Enclosed, so to speak, in a network of walls, the poor little town has never sent a suburb to wander on the smooth green turf outside; but as the population increased, new streets sprang up within the boundary, crowding the already narrow space, and giving to the whole the aspect of some huge prison.

The climate of the north of France during half the year is usually damp and gloomy. I shall never forget the sensation of sadness which I felt when obliged by circumstances to leave the gay sunny south, and take up my abode for a while in the town I have described. Every day I walked out; and in order to reach the nearest gate, I had to pass through a narrow lane, so very steep, that steps were cut across it in order to render the ascent less difficult. Traversing this disagreeable alley, it happened one day that my eyes rested on a mean-looking, gray-coloured house, which stood detached from the others. Seldom, indeed, could a ray of sunshine light up its small green-paned windows, and penetrate the interior of its gloomy apartments. During the winter the frozen snow on the steps made it so dangerous to pass through the narrow alley, that its slippery pavement seemed quite deserted. I do not remember to have met a single person there in the course of my daily walk; and my eye used to rest with compassion on the silent gray house. 'I hope,' thought I, 'that its inhabitants are old—it would be fearful to be young there!' Spring came; and in the narrow lane the ice changed into moisture; then the damp gradually dried up, and a few blades of grass began to appear beneath the rampart wall. Even in this gloomy passage there were tokens of awakening life, but the gray house remained silent and sad as before. Passing by it, as usual, in the beginning of June, I remarked, placed on the window-sill of the open casement, a glass containing a bunch of violets. 'Ah,' thought I, 'there is a soul here!'

To love flowers, one must either be young, or have preserved the memories of youth. The enjoyment of their perfume implies something ideal and refined; and among the poor a struggle between the necessities of the body and the instincts of the soul. I looked at the

violets with a feeling of sadness, thinking that they probably formed the single solace of some weary life. The next day I returned. Even in that gloomy place the sweet rejoicing face of summer had appeared, and dissipated the chill silence of the air. Birds were twittering, insects humming, and one of the windows in the old gray house was wide open.

Seated near it was a woman working busily with her needle. It would be difficult to tell her age, for the pallor and sadness of her countenance might have been caused as much by sorrow as by years, and her cheek was shadowed by a profusion of rich dark hair. She was thin, and her fingers were long and white. She wore a simple brown dress, a black apron, and white collar; and I remarked the sweet though fading bunch of violets carefully placed within the folds of her kerchief. Her eyes met mine, and she gently inclined her head. I then saw more distinctly that she had just reached the limit which separates youth from mature age. She had suffered, but probably without a struggle, without a murmur—perhaps without a tear. Her countenance was calm and resigned, but it was the stillness of death. I fancied she was like a drooping flower, which, without being broken, bends noiselessly towards the earth.

Every day I saw her in the same place, and without speaking, we exchanged a salutation. On Sundays I missed her, and concluded that she walked into the country, for each Monday a fresh bunch of violets appeared in the window. I conjectured that she was poor, working at embroidery for her support; and I discovered that she was not alone in the house, for one day a somewhat impatient voice called 'Ursula!' and she rose hastily. The tone was not that of a master, neither did she obey the summons after the manner of a servant, but with an expression of heartfelt readiness; yet the voice breathed no affection; and I thought that Ursula perchance was not loved by those with whom she lived.

Time passed on, and our silent intimacy increased. At length each day I gathered some fresh flowers, and placed them on the window-sill. Ursula blushed, and took them with a gentle, grateful smile. Clustering in her girdle, and arranged within her room, they brought summer to the old gray house. It happened one evening that as I was returning through the alley a sudden storm of rain came on. Ursula darted towards the door, caught my hand as I was passing, and drew me into the narrow passage which led to her room. Then the poor girl clasped both my hands in hers, and murmured softly, 'Thanks!' It was the first time I had heard her voice, and I entered her apartment. It was a large, low room, with a red-tiled floor, furnished with straw-chairs ranged along the walls. Being lighted by only one small window, it felt damp and gloomy. Ursula was right to seat herself close by the casement to seek a little light and air. I understood the reason of her paleness—it was not that she had lost the freshness of youth, but that she had never possessed it. She was bleached like a flower that has blossomed in the shade.

In the farthest corner of the room, seated on arm-chairs, were two persons, an old man and woman. The latter was knitting without looking at her work—she was blind. The man was unemployed: he gazed vacantly at his companion without a ray of intelligence in his face: it was evident that he had overpassed the ordinary limit of human life, and that now his body alone existed. Sometimes in extreme old age the mind, as though irritated by its long captivity, tries to escape from its prison, and in its efforts, breaks the harmonious chord that links them together. It chafes against the shattered walls; it has not taken flight, but it feels itself no longer in a place of rest.

These, then, were the inhabitants of the silent gray house—a blind old woman, an imbecile old man, and a young girl faded before her time by the sadness and gloom that surrounded her! Her life had been a blank; each year had borne away some portion of her youth, her beauty, and her hope, and left her nothing but

silence and oblivion. I often returned to visit Ursula, and one day, while I sat next her in the window, she told me the simple story of her life.

'I was born,' said she, 'in this house, and I have never quitted it; but my parents are not natives of this country—they came here as strangers, without either friends or relatives. When they married, they were already advanced in life; for I cannot remember them ever being young. My mother became blind, and this misfortune rendered her melancholy and austere; so that our house was enveloped in gloom. I was never permitted to sing, or play, or make the slightest noise: very rarely did I receive a caress. Yet my parents loved me: they never told me that they did; but I judged their hearts by my own, and I felt that I loved them. My days were not always as solitary as they are now; I had a sister'—Her eyes filled with tears, but they did not overflow; they were wont to remain hidden in the depths of her heart. After a few moments, she continued—'I had an elder sister: like our mother, she was grave and silent, but towards me she was tender and affectionate. We loved each other dearly, and shared between us the cares which our parents required. We never enjoyed the pleasure of rambling together through the fields, for one always remained at home; but whichever of us went out, brought flowers to the other, and talked to her of the sun, and the trees, and the fresh air. In the evenings we worked together by the light of a lamp; we could not converse much, for our parents used to slumber by our side; but whenever we looked up, we could see a loving smile on each other's face; and we went to repose in the same room, never lying down without saying "Good-night! I hope, dear sister, you will sleep well!" Was it not a trial to part? Yet I do not murmur: Martha is happy in heaven. I know not if it was the want of air and exercise, or the dull monotony of her life, which caused the commencement of Martha's illness, but I saw her gradually languish and fade. I alone was disquieted by it; my mother did not see her, and she never complained. With much difficulty I at length prevailed on my sister to see a physician. Alas! nothing could be done: she lingered for a time, and then died. The evening before her death, as I was seated by her bed, she clasped my hand between her trembling ones: "Adieu! my poor Ursula!" she said: "take courage, and watch well over our father and mother. They love us, Ursula; they love us, although they do not often say so. Take care of your health for their sake; you cannot die before them. Adieu! sister: don't weep for me too much, but pray to our heavenly Father. We shall meet again, Ursula!" Three days afterwards, Martha was borne away in her coffin, and I remained alone with my parents. When my mother first heard of my sister's death, she uttered a loud cry, sprang up, took a few hasty steps across the room, and then fell on the ground. I raised her up, and led her back to her arm-chair. Since then she has not wept, but she is more silent than before, save that her lips move in secret prayer. I have little more to tell. My father became completely imbecile, and at the same time we lost nearly the whole of our little property. I have succeeded in concealing this loss from my parents; making money for their support by selling my embroidery. I have no one to speak to since my sister's death; I love books, but I have no time for reading—I must work. It is only on Sunday that I breathe the fresh air; and I do not walk far, as I am alone. Some years since, when I was very young, I used to dream while I sat in this window. I peopled the solitude with a thousand visions which brightened the dark hours. Now a sort of numbness has fallen on my thoughts—I dream no more. While I was young, I used to hope for some change in my destiny; now I am twenty-nine years old, and sorrow has chastened my spirit: I no longer hope or fear. In this place I shall finish my lonely days. Do not think that I have found resignation without a conflict. There were times when my heart revolted at

living without being loved, but I thought of Martha's gentle words, "We shall meet again, sister!" and I found peace. Now I often pray—I seldom weep. And you, madam—are you happy?"

I did not answer this question of Ursula's. Speaking to her of happiness would be like talking of an ungrateful friend to one whom he has deserted.

Some months afterwards, on a fine autumn morning, as I was preparing to go to Ursula, I received a visit from a young officer who had lately joined the garrison. He was the son of an old friend of my husband's, and we both felt a lively interest in his welfare. Seeing me prepared for a walk, he offered his arm, and we proceeded towards the dwelling of Ursula. I chanced to speak of her; and as the young officer, whom I shall call Maurice d'Erval, seemed to take an interest in her story, I related it to him as we walked slowly along. When we reached the old gray house he looked at her with pity and respect, saluted her, and withdrew. Ursula, startled at the presence of a stranger, blushed slightly. At that moment she looked almost beautiful. I know not what vague ideas crossed my brain, but I looked at her, and then, without speaking, I drew the rich bands of her hair into a more becoming form, I took a narrow black velvet collar off my own neck, and passed it round hers, and I arranged a few brilliant flowers in her girdle. Ursula smiled without understanding why I did so: her smile always pained me—there is nothing more sad than the smile of the unhappy. They seem to smile for others, not for themselves. Many days passed without my seeing Maurice d'Erval, and many more before chance led us together near the old gray house.

It was on our return from a country excursion with a large gay party. On entering the town, we all dispersed in different directions: I took the arm of Maurice, and led him towards Ursula's abode. It was one of those soft, calm autumn evenings, when the still trees are coloured by the rays of the setting sun, and everything breathes repose. It is a time when the soul is softened, when we become better, when we feel ready to weep without the bitterness of sorrow. Ursula, as usual, was seated in the window. A slanting ray of sunshine falling on her head lent an unwonted lustre to her dark hair: her eyes brightened when she saw me, and she smiled her own sad smile. Her sombre dress showed to advantage her slender, gracefully-bending figure, and a bunch of violets, her favourite flower, was fastened in her bosom. There was something in the whole appearance of Ursula which suited harmoniously the calm, sad beauty of the evening, and my companion felt it. As we approached, he fixed his eyes on the poor girl, who, timid as a child of fifteen, hung down her head, and blushed deeply. Maurice stopped, exchanged a few words with us both, and then took his leave. But from that time he constantly passed through the narrow alley, and paused each time for a moment to salute Ursula. One day, accompanied by me, he entered her house.

There are hearts in this world so unaccustomed to hope, that they cannot comprehend happiness when it comes to them. Enveloped in her sadness, which, like a thick veil, hid from her sight all external things, Ursula neither saw nor understood. She remained under the eyes of Maurice as under mine—dejected and resigned. As to the young man, I could not clearly make out what was passing in his mind. It was not love for Ursula, at least so I thought, but it was that tender pity which is nearly allied to it. The romantic soul of Maurice pleased itself in the atmosphere of sadness which surrounded Ursula. Gradually they began to converse; and in sympathising with each other on the misery of life, they experienced that happiness whose existence they denied. Months passed on; the pleasant spring came back again; and one evening, while walking with a large party, Maurice d'Erval drew me aside, and after some indifferent remarks, said, 'Does not the most exalted happiness consist in making others share it with you? Is there not great sweetness in

imparting joy to one who would otherwise pass a life of tears?' I looked at him anxiously without speaking. 'Yes,' said he, 'dear friend, go ask Ursula if she will marry me!'

An exclamation of joy was my reply, and I hurried towards the gray house. I found Ursula, as usual, seated at her work. Solitude, silence, and the absence of all excitement, had lulled her spirit into a sort of drowsiness. She did not suffer; she even smiled languidly when I appeared, but this was the only sign of animation she displayed. I feared not giving a sudden shock to this poor paralysed soul, or stirring it into a violent tumult of happiness: I wanted to see if the mental vigour was extinct, or merely dormant. I placed my chair next hers, I took both her hands in mine, and fixing my eyes on hers, I said—'Ursula, Maurice d'Erval has desired me to ask you if you will be his wife!'

The girl was struck as if with a thunderbolt; her eyes beamed through the tears that filled them, and her blood, rushing through the veins, mantled richly beneath her skin. Her chest heaved, her heart beat almost audibly, and her hands grasped mine with a convulsive pressure. Ursula had only slumbered, and now the voice of love awakened her. She loved suddenly: hitherto she might perchance have loved unwittingly, but now the veil was rent, and she *knew* that she loved.

After a few moments, she passed her hand across her forehead, and said in a low voice, 'No: it is not possible!'

I simply repeated the same phrase—'Maurice d'Erval asks you if you will be his wife!—in order to accustom her to the sound of the words, which, like the notes of a harmonious chord, formed for her, poor thing, a sweet, unwonted melody.

'His wife!' repeated she with ecstasy—'his wife!' And running towards her mother, she cried, 'Mother, do you hear it? He asks me to be his wife!'

'Daughter,' replied the old blind woman, 'my beloved daughter, I knew that, sooner or later, God would recompense your virtues.'

'My God!' cried Ursula, 'what hast thou done for me this day? *His wife!—beloved daughter!*' And she fell on her knees with clasped hands, and her face covered with tears. At that moment footsteps were heard in the passage. 'It is he!' cried Ursula. 'He brings life!' I hastened away, and left Ursula glowing with tearful happiness to receive Maurice d'Erval alone.

From that day Ursula was changed. She grew young and beautiful under the magic influence of joy, yet her happiness partook in some measure of her former character: it was calm, silent, and reserved; so that Maurice, who had first loved a pale, sad woman seated in the shade, was not obliged to change the colouring of the picture, although Ursula was now happy. They passed long evenings together in the low dull room, lighted only by the moonbeams, conversing and musing together.

Ursula loved with simplicity. She said to Maurice, 'I love you—I am happy—and I thank you for it!' The old gray house was the only scene of these interviews. Ursula worked with unabated diligence, and never left her parents. But the walls of that narrow dwelling no longer confined her soul: it had risen to freedom, and taken its flight. The sweet magic of hope brightens not only the future, but the present, and through the medium of its all-powerful prism changes the colouring of all things. The old house was as mean-looking and gloomy as ever, but one feeling, enshrined in the heart of a woman, changed it to a palace. Dreams of hope, although you fleet and vanish like golden clouds in the sky, yet come, come to us ever! Those who have never known you, are a thousand times poorer than those who live to regret you!

Thus there passed a happy time for Ursula. But a day came when Maurice, entering her room in haste, said, 'Dearest, we must hasten our marriage; the regi-

ment is about to be moved to another garrison, and we must be ready to set out.'

'Are we going far, Maurice?'

'Does it frighten my Ursula to think of seeing distant countries? There are many lands more beautiful than this.'

'Oh no, Maurice, not for myself, but for my parents: they are too old to bear a long journey.' Maurice looked at his betrothed without speaking. Although he well knew that, in order to share his wandering destiny, Ursula must leave her parents, yet he had never reflected seriously on the subject. He had foreseen her grief, but confiding in her affection, he had thought that his devoted love would soothe every sorrow of which he was not himself the cause. It was now necessary to come to an explanation; and sad at the inevitable pain which he was about to inflict on his betrothed, Maurice took her hand, made her sit down in her accustomed place, and said gently—'Dearest, it would be impossible for your father and mother to accompany us in our wandering life. Until now, my Ursula, we have led a loving, dreamy life, without entering soberly into our future plans. I have no fortune but my sword; and now, at the commencement of my career, my income is so small, that we shall have to submit together to many privations. I reckon on your courage; but you alone must follow me. The presence of your parents would only serve to entail misery on them, and hopeless poverty on us.'

'Leave my father and my mother!' cried Ursula.

'Leave them, with their little property, in this house; confide them to careful hands; and follow the fortunes of your husband.'

'Leave my father and my mother!' repeated Ursula. 'But do you know that the pittance they possess would never suffice for their support—that without their knowledge, I work to increase it—and that, during many years, I have tended them alone?'

'My poor Ursula!' replied Maurice, 'we must submit to what is inevitable. Hitherto you have concealed from them the loss of their little fortune; tell it to them now, as it cannot be helped. Try to regulate their expenditure of the little which remains, for, alas! we shall have nothing to give them.'

'Go away, and leave them here! Impossible! I tell you I must work for them.'

'Ursula, my Ursula!' said Maurice, pressing both her hands in his, 'do not allow yourself, I conjure you, to be carried away by the first impulse of your generous heart. Reflect for a moment: we do not refuse to give, but we have it not. Even living alone, we shall have to endure many privations.'

'I cannot leave them,' said Ursula, looking mournfully at the two old people slumbering in their arm-chairs.

'Do you not love me, Ursula?' The poor girl only replied by a torrent of tears.

Maurice remained long with her, pouring forth protestations of love, and repeating explanations of their actual position. She listened without replying; and at length he took his leave. Left alone, Ursula leant her head on her hand, and remained without moving for many hours. Alas! the tardy gloom of happiness which brightened her life for a moment was passing away: the blessed dream was fled never to return! Silence, oblivion, darkness, regained possession of that heart whence love had chased them. During the long midnight hours who can tell what passed in the poor girl's mind? God knew: she never spoke of it.

When day dawned, she shuddered, closed the window, which had remained open during the night, and, trembling from the chill which seized both mind and body, she took paper and a pen, and wrote—'Farewell, Maurice! I remain with my father and my mother: they have need of me. To abandon them in their old age would be to cause their death: they have only me in the world. My sister, on her deathbed, confided them to me, saying, "We shall meet again, Ursula!" If I neglected my duties, I should never see

her more. I have loved you well—I shall love you always. You have been very kind, but I know now that we are too poor to marry. Farewell!—How hard to write that word! Farewell, dear friend—I knew that happiness was not for me,

URSULA.

I went to the old gray house, and so did Maurice; but all our representations were useless—she would not leave her parents. 'I must work for them!' she said. In vain I spoke to her of Maurice's love, and, with a sort of cruelty, reminded her of her waning youth, and the improbability of her meeting another husband. She listened, while her tears dropped on the delicate work at which she laboured without intermission, and then in a low voice she murmured, 'They would die: I must work for them!'. She begged us not to tell her mother what had passed. Those for whom she had sacrificed herself remained ignorant of her devotion. Some slight reason was assigned for the breaking off of the marriage, and Ursula resumed her place and her employment near the window, pale, dejected, and bowed down as before.

Maurice d'Erval possessed one of those prudent, deliberating minds which never allow themselves to be carried away by feeling or by impulse. His love had a limit: he prayed and intreated for a time, but at length he grew weary, and desisted.

It happened one day, while Ursula was seated in her window, that she heard a distant sound of military music, and the measured trampling of many feet. It was the regiment departing. Tremblingly she listened to the air, which sounded as a knell in her ears; and when the last faint notes died away in the distance, she let her work fall on her lap, and covered her face with her hands. A few tears trickled between her fingers, but she speedily wiped them away, and resumed her work: she resumed it for the rest of her life. On the evening of this day of separation—this day when the sacrifice was consummated—Ursula, after having bestowed her usual care on her parents, seated herself at the foot of her mother's bed, and, bending towards her with a look whose tearful tenderness the blind old woman could not know, the poor deserted one took her hand, and murmured softly, 'Mother! you love me; do you not? Is not my presence a comfort to you? Would you not grieve to part with me, my mother?'.

The old woman turned her face to the wall, and said in a fretful tone, 'Nonsense, Ursula. I'm tired; let me go to sleep!'. The word of tenderness which she had sought as her only recompense was not uttered; the mother fell asleep without pressing her daughter's hand; and the poor girl, falling on her knees, poured out her sorrows in prayer to One who could both hear and heal them.

From that time Ursula became more pale, more silent, more cast down than ever. The last sharp sorrow bore away all traces of her youth and beauty. 'All is ended!' she used to say; and all, save duty, *was* ended for her on earth. No tidings came of Maurice d'Erval. Ursula had pleased his imagination, like some graceful melancholy picture, but time effaced its colouring from his memory, and he forgot. How many things are forgotten in this life! How rarely do the absent mourn each other long!

One year after these events, Ursula's mother began visibly to decline, yet without suffering from any positive malady. Her daughter watched and prayed by her bed, and received her last benediction. 'Once more she is with thee, Martha!' sighed Ursula: 'be it thine to watch over her in heaven.' She knelt down, and prayed by the side of the solitary old man. She dressed him in mourning without his being conscious of it; but on the second day he turned towards the empty arm-chair next his own, and cried, 'My wife!'. Ursula spoke to him, and tried to divert his attention; but he repeated, 'My wife!' while the tears rolled down his cheeks. In the evening, when his supper was brought, he turned away from it, and fixing his eyes on the empty chair, said, 'My wife!'. Ursula tried every expedient that love and sorrow could suggest; but in vain. The old man continued watching the place which his wife was wont to occupy; and refusing food, he would look at Ursula, and with clasped hands, in the querulous tone of a child imploring some forbidden indulgence, repeat, 'My wife!'. In a month afterwards he died. His last movement was to raise his clasped hands, look up to Heaven, and cry 'My wife!' as though he saw her waiting to receive him. When the last coffin was borne away from the old gray house, Ursula murmured softly, 'My God! couldst thou not have spared them to me a little longer?' She was left alone; and many years have passed since then.

I left the dark old town and Ursula to travel into distant lands. By degrees she ceased to write to me, and after many vain efforts to induce her to continue the correspondence, I gradually lost all trace of her. I sometimes ask myself, 'What has been her fate? Is she dead?' Alas! the poor girl was ever unfortunate: I fear she still lives!

## THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

October.

SEPTEMBER is notoriously a dull month in London—that is, as far as trade and social doings are concerned; but the one just past was, as everybody said, the dullest they had ever known. For once, 'everybody' was not mistaken: we might all have run away to keep holiday, for there was no business to require serious attention here. Solitary clerks left in chambers to tell clients who 'happen to call' that Mr Chargewell was not at home, had a dreary time of it, for nobody did call; and their only resource was to try to laugh at 'Punch,' and study 'Coke upon Littleton.' Philosophers, too, not less than politicians, took flight; those who were working out a subject in the country contented themselves with running up now and then for half a day to consult authorities, and straightway they went back again. On such occasions they were full of inquiries—'What's Faraday doing?' 'Is Herschel busy?' 'Anything new at the Académie?' &c. &c.; and so, as the live Dodo has not yet arrived as a present from the monarch of Madagascar, I may as well take up the line of the philosophers, and gossip a little about the doings of the Académie.

A valuable 'memoir' has been laid before that learned body by M. Froberville, 'On the Negro Races of Eastern Africa South of the Equator.' The author, after promising that the moral elevation of negro populations is one of the distinctive traits of the nineteenth century, endeavours to show that those persons who incline to doubt of the capability of blacks for such an uplifting are in error; and that science may here render a high service to public morals if it can be proved that the negro, even when most inferior, remains always within the limits devolved exclusively on man; and if, on the other hand, it can be shown that he approaches, in some of his branches, to the typical character of the Caucasian race. For the successful accomplishment of this end ethnology and anthropology are both called into action, and if the Académie's opinion be worth anything, the author makes out his case satisfactorily.

M. Froberville has taken plaster-casts of sixty heads which he has examined, and these being now deposited in the Museum at Paris, other savans have an opportunity of testing his conclusions. The committee appointed to consider his memoir agree with him. The specimens which he has observed are from the regions extending from the equator to about Delagoa Bay, as exemplified in the Africans living at Mauritius and the Isle of France, where the researches were carried on: these M. Froberville designates as *Ostro-negroes*. He establishes one group resembling the Guinea races, which lie contiguous to the *Ostro-negroes* on the west; a second, related to the Bechuana Caffres on the south; and a third, similar to the natives of Australia, or

Oceania, as the French name the antipodal regions. The fact in the latter case is positive, although the geographical separation between the two races renders it difficult of explanation. Here ethnology will have to step in and try to find the relationship by affinity of language. Perhaps M. Dulaurier's recently published treatise 'On the Oceanic Tongues (*Langues Océaniques*)' considered ethnographically and Philologically, may prove of service in initiating this inquiry; as also Mr Appleyard's 'Kafir Language.'

Besides these groups, M. Froberville has discovered a fourth, with the nose aquiline, lips not too thick, and face not prognathous, which he calls *metis-semitic*. From the concordance which he finds between their notions of cosmogony and the statements of Scripture, and more especially from certain traces of manners which seem to partake of the customs of the Syro-Chaldean peoples, and the multiplied evidences of the worship of Moloch yet existing among them, he concludes that these African *metis-semitic* people are derived from a cross of the Phœnicians with the primitive negroes of the country. These are the chief points as yet brought out: the more they are studied, the more, in M. Froberville's opinion, will the unity of the origin of the human race arise out of them with scientific proof. The reporting committee describe the facts as of the highest anthropological interest, and their discoverer is to be encouraged to continue his researches.

M. Gasparin replied to Magendie's comments on his communication about 'Alimentary Regimen,' that substances are not alimentary solely by virtue of the azote they contain. Hay holds as much azote as bread does, and yet it will not nourish men, though it will nourish the herbivorous quadrupeds. He explains that animals die from eating none but highly-azotised food, because their supply of hydrogen and carbon is then insufficient to maintain the pulmonary combustion. In turn, M. Gasparin is informed by a M. Charpentier, who writes from Belgium, that his conclusions respecting the miners' diet are not quite correct. And yet another—M. d'Abbadie, whose name has been heard much of late in controversy on the sources of the Nile—while he does not dispute all that M. Gasparin advances touching the nutritive properties of coffee, shows, nevertheless, that the Wahabias, who drink no coffee, are not less robust or capable of endurance than their neighbours. The Mussulmans of Abyssinia, he says, drink coffee several times a day, and yet are less able to bear fasting than the Christians, and he gives an instance:—In disastrous retreats across countries without provisions, the Mussulmans were always less active than the Christians. The latter would consider it a renunciation of their faith to drink coffee, yet they follow the army on foot loaded with heavy weapons, and at need during three days, with no other ballast—I was going to say nutriment—than a little earth diluted with water. These soldiers are on active duty through Lent, their sole aliment during that time being a third of a litre of undressed flour daily, mingled with water, baked mostly under ashes, and eaten without leaven. This flour is less nutritive than that of wheat, and this single repast takes place towards sunset, after a day of fatigue and absolute fast.

M. d'Abbadie states also, that although the custom of eating raw flesh prevails in Abyssinia, yet the natives themselves admit that this food is less nutritive than cooked or dried meat; and that 'meat dried in the sun repairs a man's strength more effectually than raw flesh, but less than a nutriment composed of flour.' These are remarkable facts, and perhaps the discussion of them may lead us to some useful economical principles.

Matteucci, whom I have more than once mentioned, has been appointed director of electric telegraphs in Sardinia: the proceedings of the Académie contain a dispute between him and Bois-Reymond on facts of electro-physiology, in which the latter denies the Italian philosopher's claim to merit. Arago has continued his photometry up to the eighth memoir; and is now com-

pleting his unfinished labours by the aid of younger savans whose sight is not so imperfect as his, and will ere long lay them before his confrères. M. d'Orbigny gives the result of ten years' study—'Zoological Researches on the Successive Course of Animalisation on the Surface of the Globe, from the most Ancient Zoological Times to the Present Epoch.' He takes the 24,000 known species of fossils, and groups all the orders from their primitive minimum to their maximum development. M. Legrand has a memoir 'On the Distinction to be Established between Scrofulous and Tuberculous Affections.' Those which are 'necessarily incurable' are the scrofulous in appearance, but tuberculous in reality. Then M. Mariage proposes a 'New Method of Keeping Books by Double Entry;' and a 'System of Numeration, having for Base the Number Eight.' He contends that the Chinese lines named *koua*, which have been so variously interpreted, are in reality the symbol of numeration by octaves. A commission has been appointed to examine into the merits of his researches. And—talking of the Chinese—M. Paravey finds that in ancient times there were relations between China and Egypt, and says that the new facts confirm what he advanced some thirty years ago on the affinity between the constellations of the two countries. There—who will say the Académie has been idle? I have not told you half. Were I to enter upon the abstruser subjects, they would be very hard for your readers, and, what is more, very hard for me.

The age of wonders is not past: for while astronomers are talking about two or three new planets, 'such little ones;' of a sprinkling of comets, of falling-stars, and detonations in the atmosphere in serene weather, the government of Portugal has woken up, or some members of it, which is the same thing, and determined to revive and increase the capabilities of the astronomical observatory at Lisbon. Some observatories confine their far-spyings to double stars and other very remote mysteries; some to lunar meridians; others are comet-catchers; and the Portuguese establishment is to be especially devoted 'to the study of zenithal stars'—a branch of astronomy for which it is well situated. An efficient supply of additional instruments is to be provided; and the proposed series of magnetic and meteorological observations will augment the existing data, and fill up a blank that has too long existed at the extreme south of Europe.

There is a scheme afoot in Paris for a 'Learned Societies' Review.' La Patrie invites the sodalities of the civilised world to send in reports of their doings for publication in its feuilleton under the supervision of an able editor. The paper is thus to become 'a bond of intelligence and of sympathy between all the societies, artistic, literary, scientific, and industrial, which constitute the glory and assure the fortune of civilised peoples.' We may doubt if we like.

There are a few Yankee notions from over the water to the west which may bear a little showing up on this side. One enterprising inventor has taken out a patent for trouser-straps; a second, for improved shoe-pegs; a third, for a venetian-blind, which, by means of a movable slip held at one side by springs, admits of being used in railway cars and other places generally considered inappropriate; a fourth, for coffins, 'corresponding nearly to the human form;' a fifth, 'for plaiting shirts;' a sixth, for 'sausage-stuffers;' a seventh, a Mr Monaghan, for 'a method of recording the ayes and nays in legislative assemblies.' This operation to be effected by two wires leading from each member's desk to the desk of the clerk of the house, where they terminate in a lever, which, by its action, impresses a mark on a list of the house, written or printed, placed ready to receive it. The operation may be repeated as often as required without additional trouble, by preparing a number of lists beforehand. A clever speaker would of course know when frequent divisions were coming on, and provide accordingly; the members would have only to touch the black or white keys as conscience or other

considerations impelled, and straightway the affirmatives or negatives are infixed; and then, instead of counting noses, or listening to 'ayes' and 'nays,' the clerk has only to number dots. Even in legislation Jonathan must have some time-saving process; but just imagine our 658 embodiments of the national will, with double that number of wires under their control! Wouldn't legislation come to a pretty pass? And then, as you know, it is only prime ministers and privy-councillors who are at present privileged to pull wires.

An eighth 'independent citizen,' in specifying his invention, says that it 'consists in so adjusting an instrument as to insure certainty in the operation of extracting teeth, and of preventing pain.' A ninth has a 'machine for cutting away bogs,' by 'arranging in a proper framework a set of horizontal steel knives, which are drawn along the surface of the ground, and cut or shove off what are termed bogs from marshy places, thus leaving a clear surface.' A tenth proposes an 'improvement in machinery for post-marking letters,' with the declaration, 'by the use of my machine, many thousand letters may be stamped in a very short period of time, in comparison to what would be consumed were the usual process of accomplishing the same resorted to.' An eleventh claims 'the mode of making curry-combs, by so constructing their body and teeth out of one solid sheet or piece of metal, by so cutting and bending the said sheet or piece of metal, that, without any material waste, and without the combining and riveting or fastening together separate and detached portions of the structure, I do make a complete body and teeth for the comb.' A twelfth (and his partner) make 'paper veneers,' and inform the public that 'the nature of our invention consists in taking the impression of all kinds of wood upon paper, which, by means of glue, or any other adhesive substance, can be placed upon all kinds of woodwork,' to be afterwards 'finished by the use of varnish.' A thirteenth is emphatic on his 'locomotive baby-tender,' a fourteenth on his 'improvement in shaving brushes,' set forth as 'the introduction of the soap by means of the screw and tube, through the handle into the brush, by which it may be fully impregnated; and also the combination in one of the box and brush, thereby saving time and trouble; for it is only necessary to wet the brush, and while the lather is making on the face the beard is softened.' Besides these, there is a sprinkling of 'gold-washers,' and though last, not least, a lady, Mary A. Woodward of Palmyra, has patented an 'improvement in fan rocking-chairs,' and 'claims as new the combining with a rocking-chair a curtain suspended upon a frame affixed to the back;' whereby transatlantic maids and matrons may fan themselves, and cool the air while taking their favourite see-saw recreation. Truly nothing is too great or too small for American genius! It reminds one of the elephant's trunk, condescending to the minute while capable of the tremendous.

Now for a word or two about books, and then to close. Herr A. A. Berthold of Göttingen has published a quarto 'On the Presence of Frogs in the Human Body,' a curious physiological subject. Another German, Dr. Groddeck, has put forth a volume—'On the Democratic Malady, a New Species of Mania'—in which he endeavours to show that the late convulsions are to be regarded as an epidemic mania similar in its nature to those which have affected populations in former times, and of which we have historical record. It deprives its victims of reason, and leaves them with a fixed idea; and for the removal of this the doctor recommends 'useful reforms' and 'positive ameliorations,' with a more forcible inculcation of morality and religion. If the democratic cholera, as he says, does not abate by being taught to respect the force of right, the world will soon have to submit to right of force. Is the doctor in earnest, or is he, as Sam Weller says, 'poking fun'?

Austriack has written a tragedy entitled, 'Andrew Hofer,' in which the efforts of the Tyrolese to throw off the yoke imposed on them by Napoleon are depicted

in dramatic poetry. We follow the mountain population in their glowing hope after the Archduke John's promise of succour to their abandonment by Austria, and the fearful vengeance of the French. Hofer stands prominently out as the hero, restraining or soothing his impulsive countrymen, until his betrayal into the hands of General Lefebvre, and execution within the fortifications of Mantua. D'Aubigné, too, is again in the field with 'Trois Siècles de Luites en Ecosse, ou Deux Rois et Deux Royaumes' ('Three Centuries of Conflict in Scotland, or Two Kings and Two Kingdoms')—wherein he records certain old and new facts concerning church history in your northern land.

### SINGULAR MÉSALLIANCE.

WILLIAM STURGEON was a young man of unexceptionable character and of handsome personal exterior, but of the humblest origin, and totally destitute of the commonest rudiments of education. His parents resided in the county of Wicklow, on the property, we conjecture, of the Marquis of Rockingham, now possessed by his collateral descendants, the Earls Fitzwilliam. This is a surmise, but, admitting its truth, the fact will readily be accounted for of the youth in question having been sent to London, and engaged as servant in the family of Lord Rockingham—Charles, the second marquis, whose memory Burke has so ably panegyrised, and whose upright and patriotic conduct as a statesman was fully equalled by his virtues in private life.

Here was William appointed as personal footman to the Lady Harriet Wentworth, youngest sister of the marquis, over whose large and splendid establishment she at this period (1764) presided as mistress. The lady was just twenty-six, plain in person, but clever and amiable.

The growing interest which after a short time she began to evince for her new and handsome attendant, was of course set down to motives purely benevolent, and therefore praiseworthy. She had him taught to read and write, and was herself at pains with his education. That a warmer feeling influenced her conduct no one ever dreamed, or that a woman of superior rank and intellect, in daily association with the highly-born and highly-favoured of the land, the sister of one of the most celebrated statesmen of the day, and with every opportunity afforded her of forming a suitable connection, could possibly contemplate so extraordinary a mésalliance as that of a union with her own footman!

Such, however, proved to be the case; and for nine days this singular affair was the talk and wonder of the fashionable world of London. In the midst of her infatuation, this lady evinced a degree of calculating prudence and discretion doubtless commendable, but certainly not a little surprising, for she entailed her fortune with the utmost circumspection. An annuity of £100 was settled on the young man, and this sum was to be continued to him even in the event, which she cautiously anticipated, of a mutual separation. On her children, if there should be any, she entailed the whole of her fortune; while, in the event of the marriage being unfruitful, it was to revert to her own family. This deed the lady vested out of her own power by placing it in the keeping of the celebrated Lord Mansfield—her uncle by marriage—whom at the same time she nominated trustee. It was drawn up by her own hand, and, as his lordship—a good judge in such matters—remarked, as binding as any lawyer could make it.

Just previous to Lady Harriet becoming the wife of Sturgeon, a suspicion was excited for the first time among his fellow-servants. Some trifling act of familiarity towards the lady, pardonable from one of her own rank, but impertinent, and altogether absurd in a domestic, chanced to be detected, and being duly reported to the housekeeper of Lord Rockingham, that person considered herself as fully justified in seeking

amongst the young man's property for confirmation of their suspicions. This was soon afforded in the shape of a letter which William had commenced writing to his parents in Ireland. It dwelt on the kindness of his lady, their intended union, and the hope that this event, so great for him, might afford the means of benefiting his father and mother.

As may be conjectured, an express was at once sent off to Lord Rockingham, who at the time was visiting his estate in Yorkshire; but fortunately, or unfortunately, we hardly know which, it arrived too late. Before the marquis had reached London, the marriage had taken place. On pretence of going to view a collection of paintings which she wished to inspect before the hour for admitting strangers to the exhibition, Lady Harriet had left home unusually early, her liveried menial, as usual, in attendance. They had nearly reached the church, when the young man discovered that in his agitation he had forgotten the ring. He hurried home to procure it, and there being questioned as to his speedy return, he evaded the inquiry by remarking that his lady had neglected to bring the catalogue of the pictures.

After the ceremony, the newly-married couple went to Ireland, Lady Harriet wisely dropping her title for that of Mrs Sturgeon, by which humbler name she was ever afterwards known: William, who seems to have been a dutiful and exemplary son, often went to visit his parents, and was enabled, through his own comparative abundance, to administer in many ways to their comfort. Still, he was very reluctant to introduce them to his high-born bride, fearing to shock her with the poverty of the parental roof and the homely ignorance of those who had given him birth. She, however, was not to be deterred: so, finding the unwillingness of her husband continue, the lady, availing herself of a temporary absence on his part, drove to the humble dwelling of the parents, who, it may well be supposed, were enraptured at the visit, and thought they could not do enough for her who had made the fortune of their son.

Our story goes on to say that William Sturgeon, arriving unexpectedly, was most agreeably surprised, as well as gratified, by the scene which awaited him. It was indeed creditable to all parties, but especially so to the high-born wife, who, however improperly she may have acted in the first instance in descending from her proper sphere, evinced a right feeling, seldom met with, in not appearing ashamed of those with whom she had voluntarily chosen to connect herself.

But however kindly-disposed towards the humble and grateful relatives of her husband, it may easily be imagined that Ireland was no agreeable residence for the sister of Lord Rockingham, who was then in the zenith of power and prosperity, and whose name was well known throughout the empire. A residence abroad was therefore wisely determined upon, and thither the pair proceeded. In one of the continental towns Mrs Sturgeon and her husband lived in quiet privacy for many years. The conduct of the latter was perfectly unexceptionable; while that of his lady having eventually gained for her the forgiveness of the noble family to which she was allied, her son by Sturgeon was educated and brought forward by them.

Of the father there is little more to relate. Having survived his wife, he returned to his native land, and once more resumed the humble occupation of the farm and unambitious pursuits of lowly rural life. Within the last twenty-five years he was yet living, having been seen by a friend of the writer. He was then a hale, venerable old man, of stately presence, and with the remains of much personal beauty. Of the curious particulars of his younger days few were aware. He seldom alluded to them; and such occurrences usually cause but a brief sensation in the busy circles of fashion, when the individuals themselves retire from the gay world.

Of the son of this singularly-matched couple it may not be uninteresting to say a few words ere we conclude

our article. This youth possessed mental and personal advantages of no common order; while, as before stated, the noble relatives of his mother afforded him the benefit of a good education. He was early destined for the army; and some years after, while quartered in the south of Ireland, was thrown into the society of a young lady, at that time the object of much interest and sympathy among the immediate circle of her personal friends and admirers. This was the daughter of the celebrated Irish barrister, John Philpott Curran; a lady whom the poet Moore, in the spirit of ardent patriotism, has immortalised in his beautiful lines beginning, 'She is far from the land.' We find her also the heroine of that affecting tale, 'The Broken Heart,' in the 'Sketch-Book' of Washington Irving; whose poetic imagination invests her with charms, personal and mental, to which Miss Curran had no pretensions.

When first met by Major Sturgeon, she was still the victim of an all-absorbing passion for the brave but ill-fated Robert Emmett, whose misguided enthusiasm in the cause of his country had recently brought him to an ignominious death. In hopeless anguish she yet clung to the memory of him for whose sake filial ties had been broken, and she herself had become an outcast from the paternal roof, supported only by the charity of friends.

Her sad history interested and gained for her the affections of Major Sturgeon, who, much against the wishes of his relations, persisted, in a spirit of romantic ardour, in his suit, though for a considerable time without success. A sense of gratitude, however, aided by the conviction of her painfully-dependent state, induced Miss Curran after a while to relent. She married, giving to her lover at the same time the not very satisfactory assurance that her affections could never be his. As a wife, we have reason to believe her conduct was irreproachable; but she did not long survive the union; while her gallant husband, who, had he lived, would probably have risen to the summit of his profession, was doomed to perish in the service of his country, having been shortly after killed in one of our peninsular wars.

#### ENGLISH AND SCOTCH.

Unless whisky-drinking be a virtue north of the Tweed, it is difficult to make out the assumption of superior morality for the people of Scotland. If the traveller compare the indications of civilisation in the middle and lower classes of the English and Scotch, he will find himself obliged to confess that there is a deficiency north of the Tweed, especially among the female half of the community, on whom civilisation mainly depends, in those smaller usages, habits, and ways of living, which add to the comfort and wellbeing of common civilised life. There is a stultishness about the womankind and all the women's work in a Scotch dwelling of the lower or even of the middle-class family—a dirty contentedness of husband and wife with any discomfort or nuisance of use and wont—which stands remarkably in contrast with the order, regularity, tidiness, and cleaning, dusting, and scouring propensities of the housewives of the same classes in any English town or village. The Scotch people of the middle and lower classes may have more and better school instruction, be more religious, and more intellectual in their religion, more frugal and prudent, except in the use of spirituous liquors; but the English of the same classes live in a more civilised way, are of more refined and civilised habits, are better brought up, although worse educated. Their manners towards each other, their habits of regard for others, and their self-respect, and the regularity, civility, and spirit of order in their households which proceed from self-respect, are more cultivated. The English females of those classes are brought up in their little brick tenements to keep a cleaner and more cheerful house, and a more regular housekeeping, on earnings as small as the means of the same class of labourers and tradesmen in Scotland. The table and tablecloth, the plate, and knife and fork, are laid out with decent regularity and cleanliness, even in the poorest dwelling of the working-man, should it only be to grace a dinner of bread and cheese. What a routing, and driving, and bawling, and scolding, all the morning, in a 'sma' Scotch family that keeps but one bare-legged ser-

want laessie,' before things are got into any decent order! In England, in a small tradesman's or working-man's family, you wonder how the housework of the female—the sweeping, cleaning, bed-making, cooking, and such work—is done so quietly and so nicely, with only the wife's pair of hands. All is in order, as if the fairy folk had been helping all night with the scouring and rubbing.—*Laing's Social State of Europe.*

## TO AFFIX POSTAGE STAMPS.

The following notice has been issued from the Post-Office:—'Wet the cover of the letter with a sponge moderately, but not too slightly. Press the stamp down carefully with a dry blotting paper, continue the pressure until the stamp appears to be firmly attached. As a highly-glazed surface is unfavourable to adhesion, the more glossy the surface of the cover, the more carefully should the label be affixed.'

## TRUE GREATNESS.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion: it is easy in solitude to live after our own. But the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of his character.—*Emerson.*

## THE OLD TREE'S FALL.

And so man's ruthless hand at last  
Hath laid thee low, old tree;  
Unmildful of thy glory past,  
When thou wert waving free;  
When in thy green and leafy pride,  
Thy broad young arms were stretching wide,  
And seemed to sing with glee,  
As summer winds with fitful swell  
Amid thy leafage rose and fell.

How many a winter's wind has moaned  
Around thy branches strong,  
Whose wildly-tossing arms loud groaned  
Beneath its stormy song!  
How many a saltry sun has seen  
Thy glittering robe of vernal green,  
And glanced thy leaves among!  
But winter's cold and summer's glow  
Thy stalwart arms no more shall know!

Here in the days that long are dead  
Thy presence graced the wild,  
When round a living landscape spread  
In beauty undefiled;  
Lord of the solitude wert thou,  
And sunbeams o'er thy stately brow  
In lonely lustre smiled;  
And morn arose and evening fell  
To hail the king of wood and dell.

And morn arose and evening fell,  
And still the time went on,  
When, lo, as thy old trunk could tell,  
A hundred years are gone!  
And cottage homes and hearths are seen,  
And round thee here the village green  
In mellow sunlight shone;  
And children 'neath thy pleasant shade  
Through many a summer noontide played.

Oh then to aged men and boys  
Thy hoary arms were dear;  
And well-remembered were the joys  
They all had tasted here;  
And those who roamed upon the sea  
Still loved the ancient village tree,  
And mused from year to year  
On all the joy that there would reign,  
When they should homeward turn again.

Old Time, in his relentless flight,  
Disturbed thy calm repose,  
And where the village green was bright  
A busy town arose:  
To love thee men no longer reared,  
But sterner days of cold neglect  
Thy blackened boughs disclose;  
And birds no more amid them sung,  
As when thy leaves were green and young.

Then thy broad arms dropped downward fast  
Beneath this darker time,  
And men forgot their virtue past,  
And turned to guilt and crime;  
And gripping poverty arose  
And filled the land with countless woes,  
Unrecked of in thy prime;  
And thousands passed thee day by day,  
But left thee here to meet decay.

When all of good is past, Old Tree!  
'Tis meet that thou shouldst die;  
I see the strong limbs torn from thee  
Without a passing sigh.  
No more the village green is bright,  
But Gull and Guin have spread their night  
Where now thy branches lie:  
And scarce a pang my breast can swell  
To hear the broad axe strike thy knell.

'Tis done! A hoary giant dead—  
A guardian spirit passed—  
Around the severed arms lie spread  
In desolation vast.  
Keep back the tear—it must not fall—  
We would not now its strength recall  
To glory overcast:  
Revered, beloved, held dear of yore,  
Alas, we ne'er shall see thee more!

TONQUAY, July 1049.

PICTOR.

## GOTHILAND AS A FIELD OF EMIGRATION.

With reference to notices on this subject in the numbers of the Journal for March 9th and June 22d, and to a number of private letters addressed to us on the same subject, it is proper to state that seven individuals who were inclined to become settlers, and who went to make personal inspection of the lands offered for sale, have returned with an unfavourable opinion. Their statement is, that four-fifths of the lands are merely peat-bogs, 'of which thousands of acres exist in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, possessing physical advantages of a kind superior to those bogs in Gothland, and therefore more favourable for making pecuniary investments, and possessing, besides, social advantages immeasurably beyond what are to be found at present in any part of Sweden.'

'This, though involving what is obviously matter of mere opinion, will probably be sufficient to warn any other persons from taking the trouble of visiting Gothland, until equally weighty testimony of an opposite nature can be adduced. We have in the meantime discharged our duty in making the opinion of the seven visitors known, and allowing it to have its weight against that of the individuals on whose information our former statements were founded. It is to be regretted that even the trouble of a personal examination of the island should have been incurred without any good result; but it must be remembered that the very fact of our recommending only this being done, shows that the possibility of a disappointment was to be contemplated. At the same time, we must observe that we did not call attention to this island without good authority. We mainly acted in compliance with the express desire of H. B. M. consul at Stockholm, who, having visited the island, and seen what he believed excellent soil ('*sic-fact deo black loam*' is his expression), thought that the enterprise of effecting agricultural improvements there was one worthy of the more energetic spirits among our countrymen. Mr Laing, who is usually far from being partial to Sweden, spoke in high terms of this island, and particularly of its climate. To a similar purport was the report of Mr George [not Henry, as formerly stated] Stephens, an English land-valuer. We acted upon these recommendations alone; for though we had some conversation with a member of the land company at Stockholm, we were neither asked, nor should we have consented, to go one step upon his authority. It is farther to be remarked that we published, in the second instance, the report of an East Lothian farmer, who, after a personal examination, adopted extremely moderate views of the lands offered for sale—describing them nearly in the same terms as the seven subsequent visitors, though still expressing a favourable opinion of the general prospect which they held out. This gentleman afterwards accepted an agency or stewardship on the company's lands, and went to settle in Gothland. The seven experimental visitors, having been in possession of his report a month before setting out, and being fully aware of his subsequent acceptance of the agency, may be said to have been in circumstances to judge for themselves whether it was still worth while to take a look of the island; and we do not see that any blame can justly rest with us, who aimed only at furnishing them with information, and had been equally ready to publish moderate views of the island as others of a more favourable character.

It is to be hoped that some gentleman, enabled by his position to take an impartial view of the lands offered to settlers in Gothland, will at least endeavour to explain how different men have happened to see the country under such various lights.

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## 'NOTES AND QUERIES.'

THE class of men who write, and that other great class who read systematically, and take an interest in literary matters, form in our day a large section of the community. It was for the benefit of this part of the public that a small periodical work was set on foot about a twelvemonth ago, under the title of 'Notes and Queries.' It is intended primarily as a medium through which literary men may call for information on particular subjects, and through which others may communicate their answers; also as a field on which debatable points in literary history, etymology, the origin of customs, &c. may be discussed. It is easy to see how, with such a plan efficiently carried out, the result may be pleasant and profitable to a class beyond the bounds of the strictly literary and studious. And such is actually the case. The work, having been conducted with unflagging spirit, and, we are happy to add, unflinching good taste, has already secured itself a respectable place in public estimation. We will not undertake to say that it has added much to the higher departments of human knowledge, or settled any question materially affecting the interests of mankind. But while it has treated of matters pertaining to knowledge, and which it is well to have elucidated, it has, we believe, furnished a great fund of innocent entertainment. Few will deny that to be successful within these limits is to deserve well of the republic.

We shall give an example of the prosecution of a curious and not unimportant inquiry through the medium of this work. E. V. asks for references to books where he can get information respecting the early history of the Arabic numerals and their introduction into Europe. He alludes to a recent article in the 'Archæological Journal,' which states that their earliest occurrence on any building in England is the date 1445 on the tower of Heathfield Church, Sussex, and he asks for other early examples. In due time various correspondents give abundant references to the required books. One, T. S. D., mentions that there is an inscription on the church of St Brelade in Jersey which appears like the date 1111, but its modern look excites a suspicion that it is not cœval with the building. This by and by brings out C. W. G. with the statement, that he remembered a fine old oak bedstead at a farmhouse in the north of England with what appeared the date 1111; but it turned out to be in reality 1551, the two central figures being only lines slightly waved, as was the fashion of that time. The date on St Brelade's Church might be of that character. We can confirm the liability to mistakes of this nature from many examples in Scotland. We have been repeatedly told that such and such buildings bore a date in Arabic numerals from the twelfth century, when it turned out that the

second figure was a 5 instead of a 1. Possibly, however, this does not explain the case of St Brelade's, for there is a well-known inscription on an antique carving in the ruined palace of Dunfermline, usually set down as 1100, though under great doubts as to its meaning and origin. On lately going to review this inscription, in the expectation of finding the second figure a wavy 5, we were disappointed: it is undoubtedly the number 1100, the two ciphers being in the form of diamonds; wherefore we conclude that the inscription must be explained on some other principle. We may mention that the earliest date in Edinburgh, expressed in Arabic numerals, is 1557; the earliest in St Andrews is 1521, over the harbour gate of the abbey wall; while the earliest we have ever seen in Scotland is 1504, detected by us beneath the royal arms on one of the buttresses of Melrose Abbey. Various writers subsequently gave their views in the pages of the 'Notes and Queries' as to the origin of the Arabic numerals. The leading fact on the subject is, that they came through the Arabs from the Hindoos, who are believed to have derived them from the Chinese. The word cipher—the name of the thing which constitutes the virtue of this kind of notation—is Arabic: it has been diffused all over Europe.

A correspondent, who signs himself 'Brown Rappee,' calls attention to the confusion which now attends the use of the word *Esquire*, and the utter extinction of the term *Gentleman*, as additions of honour to names. 'Originally they had their respective meanings as much as Duke, Knight, Yeoman, or Hind.' 'It would be an interesting occupation,' he adds, 'to trace the changes of meaning which these words have undergone, and the circumstances which gave rise to the successive applications of them.' Let us suggest that he who undertakes this task should extend the inquiry to other terms of courtesy or honour, as Mr, Mrs, and Miss. We may remark that Scotland has always in its old days had a different set of such terms from England. A Scottish landed gentleman at the beginning of the seventeenth century was the *Laird* or the *Gudeman* of his estate. The keeper of the Old Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh was the Gudeman of the Tolbooth. A clergyman was 'Mr,' very often with the use of his Christian name alone: thus the Reverend David Dickson was 'Mr David.' But the term was applied to no person of the rank of a farmer or tradesman. Even till the present day, it is not customary in the country to use more than the bare name with regard to such persons, while in the large towns 'Mr' and even 'Esq.' have become prevalent. On the whole, the tendency in past ages in Scotland was to depress persons not possessing official rank or landed wealth. For example, an advocate in the reign of Charles II. spoke of his clerk as his servant. Now, an 'advocate's clerk' is a gentle-

man of education, who may, if he chooses, practise as a solicitor.

A gratifying class of researches in the 'Notes and Queries' are those which hunt out the sources of expressions which, taking their origin with some particular author, have in the course of time become household words. Some gentleman expresses a desire to know where the sentence

'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest'

was first used; and very quickly another informs him that it is from Pope ('Imitations of Horace,' book ii. sat. ii.)—

'For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,  
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.'

He cannot tell, however, where 'sage Homer's rule' is to be found. Another correspondent speedily supplies what is wanting, by pointing to this distich in 'Pope's Homer's Odyssey' (book xv., lines 83 and 84)—

'True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,  
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.'

Few lines are more familiar than—

'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.'

The line is in Nat Lee's play of 'Alexander the Great,' but runs somewhat differently from what is generally supposed—

'When Greeks join Greeks, then was the tug of war.'

Another common expression is, that hell is paved with good intentions; but here it appears from an accurately-informed correspondent that the original expression was, 'The road to hell is paved with good intentions,' a vast improvement on the force of the proverb.

There is a well-known distich, which nine out of ten well-informed people will still be found attributing to Hudibras—

'For he that fights, and runs away,  
May live to fight another day.'

In the year 1784, a wager took place at Bootle's regarding it, when twenty to one was betted on the assertion that it appears in Butler's inimitable satire. Dodsley, who was referred to on that occasion as arbitrator, said, 'Every fool knows the lines are in Hudibras.' George Selwyn, who was present, said to Dodsley, 'Pray, sir, will you be good enough, then, to inform an old fool, who is at the same time your wise worship's very humble servant, in what canto they are to be found?' The bibliopole was next day obliged to confess that the lines were not in Hudibras, and that a man may be ignorant of their origin without being absolutely a fool. The fact is, the only lines in Hudibras approaching these in sense are the following:—

'For those who fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.'

Book III. can. III.

But the lines actually occur in a small volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled 'Musarum Deliciae,' by Sir John Mennis and Dr James Smith, published in 1656. The idea, however, expressed in nearly the same terms, was given forth to the English public upwards of a century before in a volume of *Apothegmes*, translated from the Latin of Erasmus, and essentially a compilation of the remarkable sayings of the ancient Greek philosophers—

'That same man that renneth awaie,  
Maie again fight, an other daie.'

Thus we are finally thrown back for the origin of the expression into the times of remote antiquity; but it does not clearly appear whether we owe it to Demosthenes, or Plutarch, or some other author.

'God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb.' We all remember this beautiful expression in 'Sterne's Sentimental Journey.' Whence comes it? asks a correspondent. Lord Braybrooke immediately tells that he has a copy in which it seems marked as a quotation. Then comes B. with intelligence that it is a French proverb in Chambaud's Dictionary—'à trebis tondue

Dieu mesure le vent.' Presently M. steps forth to inform us that he finds 'à trebis près tondue Dieu luy mesure le vent' in Gruter's work of French proverbs, 1611. And soon after comes Siwel, mentioning a still earlier collection of the same nature containing the apothegm. Would it not, by the way, mark a more correct appreciation of Divine benevolence to point to the fact that wool grows in a proportion to the severity of the climate in which the animals are placed?

Before dismissing this section of the 'Notes and Queries,' it may be curious to some to be informed that the oldest trace of the phrase, *Vox populi, vox Dei* (The voice of the people is the voice of God), is in a sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the commencement of the reign of Edward III., who, it will be remembered, came to the throne after the nation had pulled down his father Edward II. This would have been an appropriate origin for a saying which has often been a sanction to error; but it is the opinion of Mr G. Cornewall Lewis ('Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion') that it is 'the echo of some of the sentences in the classical writers which attribute a divine or prophetic character to common fame or rumour.' 'He falls into Scylla, seeking to avoid Charybdis' (*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens evitare Charybdim*) is not, as is generally thought, from an ancient classic, but from a poem styled 'Alexandria,' written in the thirteenth century by Gualtier de Lille. It relates to the fate of Darius, who, flying from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus.

Another valuable section of the work consists of investigations regarding the origin of notable words. For example, *News*. One correspondent starts the subject by telling us that the word is not derived, as many suppose, from *new*, but from a practice which obtained in newspapers of an early date, of prefixing to the title the letters expressive of the cardinal points, thus:

N  
E W  
S

meaning that their intelligence was derived from all parts of the globe. Wonderful to tell, this proposition was allowed to rest unchallenged for two months, when at length A. E. B. of Leeds professed his adherence to the derivation from *new*, and as one conclusive fact against the initial theory, mentioned that the spelling was originally *newes*. He cited 'Newes from Scotland, 1591,' and might have added that this was before the days of newspapers. Immediately on the back of this correspondent comes Mr Samuel Hickson, professing his belief that the word was borrowed directly from the German, being in fact *Das Neue* in the genitive case, 'the German phrase *Was giebt's Neues?*' giving the exact sense of our 'What is the news?'" Noise he thought to be from the same origin. Here was evidently a grand bone of contention thrown down. C. H. lost no time in starting forth with the allegation that *newes* in the German phrase is not the genitive at all, but the nominative neuter, and with arguments to prove that *news* is simply a noun of plural form and plural meaning formed from the adjective, on the same principle as *goods*, *riches*, &c. Mr Hickson replies with a reassertion of his theory, alleging that *goods* and *riches* are not formed as plural nouns from adjectives, but have been transferred bodily as nouns from other languages. At the same time C. B. expresses surprise at his theory, seeing a perfect analogy in the words *shallows*, *blacks* (for mourning), and *greens*; a list to which A. E. B. adds *shorts*, *tights*, *blacks* (for negroes), *whites* (for white people), and *odds*. The latter gentleman cites an early instance of the use of the word in a letter of the cardinal of York from Rome in 1513, announcing the battle of the Spurs to Henry VIII.; he says—'After that thies *Newes* were dyvulgate in the Citie here.' Mr Hickson still kept up the fight. The words cited were slang words, which could not be allowed in court. He continued to maintain that there is no such process in pure English as the forming of a

noun out of an adjective by the addition of *s*. The ingenuity displayed by this gentleman was worthy of a better cause. Strange to say, the controversy was protracted through several more numbers. It seems strange that with the corresponding French word *nouvelles* before us, there should ever have been a question about the origin of *news*. To this day old-fashioned people in Scotland will say, 'Any *novells* to-day?' or, 'Give us your *novells*,' meaning news. The instances—blacks (for mourning), greens, goods, and riches, &c.—show that it is a natural process in the language to express a plurality of certain articles by adding an *s* to the adjective. In Scotland, the *s* is also added to render a noun into an adjective. Thus Beattie cites the Aberdeens Almanack. The adjective Scots for Scottish is another noted example.

The word *blackguard* is traced to the scullery-boys of great houses in former times, including those who carried coals to the chamber-fires. To this snutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, the people in derision gave the name of *black guards*. The word occurs in Hudibras—

'Thou art some paltry blackguard sprito  
Condemned to drudgery in the night;  
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,  
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes.'

A correspondent, G. W., asked how or whence is the term *tureen* derived? and when was it introduced?

'At the top there was tripe in a swinging tureen.'  
GOLDSMITH'S *Haunch of Venison*.

C. answered, that properly there is no such word; it is a corruption of the French *terrine*, an earthen vessel in which soup is served. He at the same time asked if the word swinging, since it meant large, should not have been spelt *swingeing*. Two numbers had not elapsed before Seleucus intimated that he had always looked on the word as meaning simply swinging, for he had seen old-fashioned silver tureens which hung on pivots attached to the handles. Soon after an anonymous correspondent expresses his surprise that Seleucus could think of Kitty, who was evidently the same with Beau Tibb's wife, having a silver tureen. No, it was swingeing in the sense of huge or great. Here the matter at length rested. We may mention that there is a similar derivation from the French peculiar to Scotland in *asht*, a flat oval dish for holding meat at table. In the 'Notes and Queries' for June 15th, there is a quotation from Bishop Christopherson's Exhortation against Rebels, 'They count peace to be cause of ydelness, and that it maketh men hodiepes and cowards.' What, says a querist, is the meaning of *hodiepes*? Is it hypocrites? As we have not yet seen an answer, we may say that it means misers. It occurs in a poem of William Dunbar—

'Hud-pyhtis, hurdars, and gardieraris.'

The 'Notes and Queries' have been the means of eliciting some curious information regarding old customs. Some one having asked how it came to pass that a judge, at a bloodless assize, received a present of a pair of white gloves, it turned out that presents of gloves were once common as one of the courtesies of society. Some extracts were given from the manuscript diary of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, under date 1675, showing that her ladyship was accustomed to give her friends presents of gloves, sometimes of small sums of money also, on their visiting her: thus—'10th January, there dined here with my folks my cousin Thomas Sandford's wife, of Askham, and her second son; so, after dinner, I had them into my chamber, and kissed her, and took him by the hand, and I gave her a pair of buckskin gloves, and him 5s., and then they went away.' The sole relic of this custom in Scotland is to hand round gloves on a salver at funerals, which is still occasionally practised, though it is very seldom we see any one accept a pair; whence it may be surmised that the custom will not long survive. In answer to a query, it was pretty

clearly ascertained that swords continued to be worn by gentlemen in public till towards the close of the last century. 'Sheridan's duel at Bath was a rencontre, he and his adversary, Matthews, both wearing swords. I remember my father's swords hung up in his dressing-room, and his telling me that he had worn a sword, even in the streets, so late as about 1779 or 1780. In a set of characteristic sketches of eminent persons about the year 1782, several wear swords; and one or two members of the House of Commons, evidently represented in the attitude of speaking, have swords.' I have seen a picture of the Mall in St James's Park, of about that date, in which all the men have swords. I suspect that they began to go out of common use about 1770, and were nearly left off in ordinary life in 1780, but were still occasionally worn, both in public and private, till the French Revolution, when they totally went out, except in court dress.' It is pretty certain that umbrellas were not worn in England in the middle of the last century, for General Wolfe, writing from Paris in 1752, speaks of them as prevalent there, and wonders that they are not used in his own country, 'where there are such frequent showers.' Thereafter they were introduced, Mr Jonas Hanway the traveller being the first man in London to wear one. [A physician of the name of Spens was the first to wear one in Edinburgh, and a Dr Jamieson in Glasgow.] It is strange, however, that this was a revival, for Gay, in his poem of 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London, 1712,' speaks of the article—

'Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
Defended by the riding hood's disguise;  
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shade,  
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.'

The poet mentions it, however, as peculiar to the humbler ranks. An umbrella is mentioned as a utensil in the description of Tradescant's Museum, 1656; but this might be a foreign example. It fully appears that, as what their name imports—a shade from the sun—umbrellas are of ancient date in Eastern countries; but as a protection from showers in temperate climates, it is comparatively a modern article. It is not unworthy of notice, that when first introduced into England, the umbrella was a ponderous article of oiled silk, mounted on canes. We are old enough to remember a complete revolution in their construction early in this century, previous to which time the article had a ring where the nozzle now is, while the opposite extremity was pointed somewhat like a walking-stick. A lady carried her umbrella with her finger inserted in the ring, and the other end occasionally resting on the ground. A great deal of curious information is gathered on the subject of smoking. The use of tobacco dates, as we all know, from about the close of the sixteenth century; but it does not appear to have then been a novelty in the elder hemisphere. Pipes for smoking are found in ancient tombs in various countries, leading to the conclusion that some other substance must have been at one time in use for the same purpose as tobacco. We may add that Highland antiquaries speak of *mulls* for something similar to snuff as of far older date in the north than the introduction of the Virginian weed by Raleigh. It is strange, however, that there is a perfect silence in ancient literature, and the writings of mediæval travellers, as to either smoking or snuffing.

B. G. J. put a query in April regarding the antiquity of the song, 'A frog he would a-wooing go, heigh ho, says Rowley.' It was quickly answered by R. S. S., to the effect that he did not think it above thirty or thirty-five years old, when it was introduced by Liston as an altered version of a very old nursery song—

'A frog he would a-wooing ride,  
With sword and buckler by his side.'

We could have told Mr R. S. S., that we can remember the song in great vogue somewhat more than thirty-five years ago, and could tell a tale thereanent. And on such a gossiping occasion, perhaps we may as well tell the tale.

At the time we speak of, we were attending a classical academy in the New Town of Edinburgh. A set of the boys there, headed by a clever idle wag amongst them, were in the habit of sitting in a corner, and singing this song, under protection of the noise usually going on. One day, something having occurred to arrest attention and hush the usual murmur, but which the songsters were too busy to observe, the master was astonished to hear the full chorus of 'With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach; and heigh! says Anthony Rowley!' proceeding from a spot almost close beside his desk. To our latest hour we shall not forget the look of the worthy man at this revelation of the private *délassements* of some of his favourite pupils. He good-humouredly fixed on them the name of the Rowley-Powley Men; and it so came about, in the course of years, that they formed themselves into the Rowley-Powley Club, and on one occasion invited, and very handsomely entertained, their kind-hearted master. To return to the question—Chetamensis showed that the burthen of this ditty is at least as old as 1809, as it occurs in an Oxford ballad, on the installation of Lord Grenville as chancellor in that year. Another correspondent said, 'As generally inclined to the belief that everything is older than anybody knows of, I am rather startled by *Rowley Powley* not being as old as myself. I remember seeing mentioned somewhere, without any reference to this chorus, that rowley powley is a name for a plump fowl, of which both "gammon and spinach" are posthumous connections. I cannot help thinking that this may be a clue to some prior occurrence of the chorus, with or without the song.' Here the matter remains in the 'Notes and Queries.' We must profess our own belief that the chorus alone is modern. A song conveying the same narration is of very old date in the Scottish nursery, as well as in Ireland, but with different choruses; and so long ago as 1581, there was entered at Stationers' Hall, as a ballad, 'A moste strange weddinge of the frogge and the mowse.'

A long series of communications makes it clear that 'by hook and by crook' is an old forest phrase, implying the instruments allowable among the peasantry in the gathering of decayed wood. 'Journeyman' is not derived, as has been supposed, from the custom amongst German artisans of travelling for improvement in their crafts, but from the French *journée*, signifying a day-man—it being long ago customary to pay all free working-people daily. In North Essex old labourers still speak of a 'journey at plough.' The transformation of Mary into Polly is traced through a natural affinity between the liquids *r* and *l*. Mary becomes Molly, as Sarah Sally, Dorothy Dolly, &c. It is not so easy to trace the affinity between the initials *M* and *P*; but the case is not singular—as Meg into Peg, Matty into Patty. A stranger transformation is thus noted:—'Two centuries ago furs were so rare, and therefore so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restrained, by several sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in those days called *vair*, was the subject of countless regulations. Renault's tale of 'Cinderella' originally marked the dignity conferred on her by the fairy by her wearing a slipper of *vair*—a privilege then confined to the highest rank of princesses. An error of the press, now become inveterate, changed *vair* into *verre*, and the slipper of *sable* was suddenly converted into a glass slipper.'

We are somewhat amused to find correspondents of the 'Notes and Queries' puzzled about the phrase *Bonnie Dundee*. Is it strictly applicable to Graham, Viscount of Dundee, who was a handsome man, and whom Sir Walter Scott celebrates in a song as 'Bonnie Dundee?' We can answer that Sir Walter was the first man to apply the term to Graham, and that it was originally applied to the town. There is a well-known air, called 'Bonny Dundee,' which Gay appropriated for his 'Beggars' Opera; it exists in a somewhat simpler form in the Skene Manuscript, of date about 1628, but under the appellation of 'Adieu, Dundee.' The origin of the term 'the Curse of Scotland' for the Nine of

Diamonds has been attributed to the fact (assumed as such), that the Duke of Cumberland wrote upon that card his sanguinary order at the battle of Culloden; but it is here shown that the idea must be older, as in a caricature of the Pretender in 1745, the Nine of Diamonds is seen on the ground with an evident allusion to Scotland. We have heard the same story told of the massacre of Glencoe, but with equally little credibility. The mere fact of an order for a partial butchery of Scotch people being written on a card, though fully proved, would obviously furnish a most inadequate reason for calling that card the Curse of Scotland. An intelligent correspondent of the 'Notes and Queries' says, 'Another cause assigned is, that the nine lozenges with which the saltire is charged in the armorial bearings of the Earl of Stair, are so arranged as to resemble the Nine of Diamonds;' it being implied that the card got the name with reference to the active part taken by that earl in promoting the Union, which was at first so unpopular in Scotland. We again think the reference to a particular event inadmissible; but we can readily imagine that the Jacobites, a century and a-half ago, viewing the predominant influence of this great Whig family, might come to call the Nine of Diamonds the Curse of Scotland, with reference to the fatal effects of the policy which the Dalrymples represented.

We must now take leave of our pleasant contemporary, and in doing so, cannot but express, as members of the republic of letters, our grateful sense of his useful and meritorious labours, and our best wishes for his prosperity, and, what is as desirable to periodicals as to men—long life.

#### SMEE ON INSTINCT AND REASON.

IN No. 282 of the Journal will be found a notice of Mr Smees's theory or notions on what he calls Electro-biology; he has lately published another work, the full title of which is given below,\* in compliance, as he says, 'with the suggestions of several scientific friends, who strongly recommended me to demonstrate the bearings of electro-biology on the various matters which are comprised within the range of electro-biological research.'

The author sets out by assuming that a man cannot well pass through life without becoming aware of the fact, that he is not a quadruped, a vegetable, or a steam-machine. He finds himself possessed of powers which the other objects in question can neither appreciate nor approach. He can go round the world in ships, traverse it on railways, float above it in balloons, and do a multiplicity of other things, wise and foolish, which are never attempted by quadrupeds, plants, or steam-engines. Neither is he content to go on for ever plodding the same weary monotonous round; he must have a change. He cannot put up with the same kind of dwelling-house through interminable generations, as bees, wasps, and beavers can. There is a go-ahead principle in him which must have play and development: and yet he is so closely approached by many of what are called the inferior animals in a variety of his proceedings, that some philosophers have declared it to be difficult and impossible to determine where reason begins and instinct ends.

This is the problem which Mr Smees attempts to solve: life, as he affirms, manifests itself according to the nature of the being through which it is exhibited. As a rule, all the cabbages in one and the same field will grow in a precisely similar manner; but as the author observes, 'two dogs under different circumstances would act very differently, according to the education which they had respectively received from their master. The staghound, in chase after a stag, allows hares to cross his path without notice, whilst the harrier would follow the hare to seek its destruction.'

\*Instinct and Reason; deduced from Electro-Biology. By Alfred Smees, F.R.S. London: Reeve and Co. 1850.

The effects of education, however, in dogs and other animals may be overcome by accidental causes—as hunger. We are therefore to consider life as altogether dependent on organization, not as distinct from it, as assumed by some metaphysicians: hence mind becomes a phase of life.

The second chapter gives us comparisons 'on the organs of sensation in man and animals.' Mr Smee considers that the sight of dogs is inferior to that of birds, and cites several examples in proof. He denies what is popularly believed—that moles have eyes; and says, 'these black tubercles have no optical contrivance, and a distinguished physiologist has shown that the little tubercle is not supplied by the optic nerve. In consequence of this creature having no eyeballs, there are no sockets in the skull to receive the eyeballs.' Connection of the eye with the brain is indispensable to sight, and the author believes from his experiments 'that it is sufficiently demonstrated that the light, falling upon the nerve, determines a voltaic current which passes through the nerves to the brain. From this fact we might make an artificial eye, if we did but take the labour to aggregate a number of tubes communicating with photovoltaic circuits. As far as a single fibre is concerned, I have not the slightest difficulty in imitating the arrangement: but these fibres must be enormously magnified to suit the capacity of my fingers to manufacture them. Having one nervous element, it is but a repetition to make an eye; and apart from the mere trouble of manipulation, which belongs to this as well as to every other process, there is no reason why a view of St Paul's in London should not be carried to Edinburgh through tubes like the nerves which carry the impression to the brain.' Could this operation be realised, what an important adjunct it would be to the electric telegraph! We should like to see Mr Smee set about it.

The third chapter treats of 'Pleasure and Pain.' All sensations are here divided into two classes—painful and pleasurable; the latter have a decided predominance, as all those which are not positively painful may be set down as belonging to the other class. The uses of pain are pointed out, its action as a safeguard in giving warning of derangement of the vital functions: some diseases are much more fatal than they would be, from the fact, that no pain attends their origin and earlier stages of progress. 'The consideration of pleasure and pain,' as Mr Smee writes, 'enforces upon our minds conclusions of the most important character. It shows that God has ordained that his creatures should alone suffer pain for their own benefit and protection, and that every other act of their lives should tend to a pleasurable existence. If man follows out the same principle, he will perform the duties so specially enforced by Christianity—he will be kind and merciful to all organic creatures; he will do unto all men as he would they should do unto him; and he will, in all respects, do everything that will alleviate pain, and tend to the happiness and welfare of his fellow-creatures.'

The fourth chapter is 'On Memory.' It demonstrates the necessity for this faculty, in order to form judgment. Illustrations are given of its presence in different classes of animals; an elephant, which had run wild for ten years, was one day suddenly and unexpectedly reclaimed by the voice of his keeper, who uttered his old word of command in a tone which the animal had not forgotten. It is also exhibited by toads, tortoises, and insects. 'When a wasp's nest is destroyed, there are generally some stragglers, which perhaps are feasting in a grocer's window. These do not return till the next morning, and they seem much astonished at the demolition of their abode. On several occasions I have,' says the author, 'destroyed a nest very late at night. I have very carefully dug out the nest, and burnt it—using, during the whole process, so much of the sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, as utterly to destroy the whole brood. After filling up the hole, I watched the next morning to see how many stragglers were from home;

and generally some half-dozen would visit the spot. These stragglers would exhibit the greatest perplexity, and would alight exactly where the hole existed before my operations were conducted. They would then crawl about rapidly for a few minutes, take a short fly round, and reconnoitre, then settle upon precisely the same place. Some of these unfortunates would continue to search in vain for the hole for several days, after which I have generally lost sight of them altogether.'

Mr Smee puts forward an opinion that memory can be imitated; 'for if I pass a voltaic current through a solution, and so alter it that it ever afterwards shows that phenomenon, I have obtained the same effect which is produced in the brain by memory.' Memory, however, depends on organization; it is proportionate to the intensity of impression, resolves itself into action, and is not a mere process of registration. 'It involves a new tendency to act, while registration is a passive result; and we thus find that registration may exist without memory, although memory cannot act without registration.'

The fifth chapter is 'On Reason,' discussing the subject from the sort of blind reasoning movements on the part of vegetables to the most striking instances of the faculty which occur in animals. Mr Smee had lent a book to a friend who kept a parrot, and one day, on entering the room where the bird was kept, he observed 'that she had torn the cover of the book to pieces. I was first inclined,' he pursues, 'to be very angry; but on ringing the bell, the servants stated that they believed Poll had been shut up, and that she had opened the spring, as lately she had found out the way to let herself out whenever she pleased. We agreed that this process must be stopped, and therefore it was determined to place a padlock upon the cage, which opened by pressing upon the spring. The next day she again was found outside the cage, with the padlock at the bottom, although she had been duly fastened up. She was again put back in her cage, and the door padlocked; but she walked deliberately down, took hold of the padlock, opened it, and walked in triumph out of the cage, with the padlock in her beak. When I saw the proceeding, I was so delighted with the feat, that I thought it more than compensated for the injury done to my book.'

Another instance is given in which birds are the subjects. Mr Smee once helped a friend to deal doom on a plague of sparrows. 'Upon consultation, we determined to poison them by prussic acid, and for that purpose we placed food in the accustomed place, taking care to drive away other birds. The sparrows came in their accustomed formidable numbers; but the curious fact which I have now to notice is, that when a fresh sparrow came and found a dead bird, it looked alarmed at the fate of its companion. Its attentive observation was very remarkable; and after looking earnestly for a minute or two, it flew away without touching the deadly food; and for this reason we were compelled to remove the birds as fast as killed, the number of which, as far as I can remember, amounted to near a hundred.'

Then we have an example of determination between two lines of action by an inanimate object. Cotton's weighing machine 'is destined to separate light sovereigns from those which are heavy—the light ones being thrown into one till, the heavy ones into that opposite. So perfect is this contrivance, that the mechanism will weigh accurately sovereigns to the hundredth of a grain; and of course more rapidly and more correctly than could be possibly effected by the ordinary process. When Professor de la Rive saw the machine at work, he said that it was the perfection of mechanics; and truly it is a most wonderful sight to witness the series of these machines at work in the Bank of England. When the sovereign is light, the scale-beam rises, and the coin is thrown by a contrivance into one till, made to receive it: if the sovereign is heavy, the beam descends, and the coin is thrown into an opposite box. By this mechanism a selection is made between the heavy and the

lighter coin. The machine decides between these two states, and in that way its action is analogous to judgment in the animal kingdom.

Man, however, when he solves problems by his brain, has not to decide simply between two things: his determination is formed upon all the knowledge he possesses. If we compare the judgment exhibited by the weighing-machines with the judgment exercised by a medical man in the exercise of his profession, what a remarkable contrast do the two states present! The medical man's opinion is based upon a vast variety of circumstances, all of which have their bearing upon the solution of the case, whilst the action of the machine is regulated simply by the circumstance of the rise or fall of the beam. With respect to the examples put forward as proofs of intelligence in the brute creation, Mr Smee says that to that extent man has no superiority over them: this consists in something else, and is to be sought for in other manifestations.

These are signalled in chapter six, 'On the Operations of man superior to those of animals,' in which a multifarious catalogue of facts in art, science, and philosophy is set forth, comprising arithmetic, geometry, geography, magnetism, &c. which quadrupeds certainly never meddle with, to prove the author's proposition; and chapter seven gives an equally voluminous collection of instinctive processes on the part of animals. From this we pass to chapter eight, 'On Intuitions.' Man, observes Mr Smee, knows from his very organization that he is immortal; that there is a God; that virtue and vice exist; besides which certain intuitions come by means of the reasoning process. Next, chapter nine, 'On Words and Language,' discusses a highly important cause of man's supremacy; his means of communicating and preserving knowledge, wisdom, and experience; and from the instances and arguments of chapter ten, 'On the Works of Man, as compared with the Works of Nature,' the author observes that man's capacity to deduce these laws results 'entirely from the Creator having bestowed on him a higher organization. Moreover, we find that, when we compare the works of man with the works of nature, man acts apparently upon the same laws as those by which the Creator has constructed the universe. Nevertheless, although man is apparently equal to the Creator in this respect, yet we are compelled to admit that God made the laws, made man and all other created beings obedient to these laws, and formed the brain of the human being in such a manner that he could understand and act upon the laws.'

Chapter eleven approaches the 'Theory of Instinct and Reason': all the phenomena exhibited by animals may be reproduced by artificial means: a process represented by what Mr Smee calls the 'Combination Battery,' would be the simple volition of animals. 'By an influence produced in the process of growth, it is certain that the idea of a nest may be implanted in the bird, of a comb in the wasp or bee, of a web in the spider, and upon this supposition we have a complete explanation of instinctive operations. With respect, however, to man, we observe that he must have a structure by which he expresses a variety of ideas by one idea, or, in other words, deduces a general law.'

In the four remaining chapters, 'On Reason and Faith,' 'Perverted Reason,' 'Various Families of Men,' and 'Natural Classification of Animals,' Mr Smee goes over the ground before assumed by him in the work to which we referred at the outset of this article. Sixty-eight principles are laid down as attaching to the human mind, and proved by the theory of electrobiology. Having already noticed these, we shall not now discuss them further, but proceed to quote the author's concluding paragraph. 'It would be,' he observes, 'an interesting matter of science to be enabled to refer each variety to some peculiar form or conformation of head; but in this matter we have not, at the present time, sufficient facts accurately noticed to assist us materially; moreover, a man may have, by

conformation, structures adapted for particular purposes, which he may never have had an opportunity of exercising. On this account the mere examination of the conformation can never altogether show us the real faculties which a man possesses; although it is equally true, that without structure or conformation a man cannot possibly exercise these faculties. . . . We have found that the mental faculties arise from the organization of the nervous system, and that by this mechanism we derive ideas from the external world, induce from these ideas general laws, or deduce from general laws their application to each particular instance. The exercise of the mental faculties is called Reason, which exists more or less throughout the entire animal creation. By virtue of possessing the faculties of reason, the actions of animated beings are regulated by all the former ideas which they have at any time received. But, superadded to reason, we have found ideas existing which have not been derived by the ordinary process of reasoning, but which have been implanted in the animal, and which are hence called Instinctive. In consequence of the possession of instinctive ideas, animated beings, without experience, and without having been taught, are enabled to perform works as perfect as those of nature. We have found both reason and instinct to be manifested in various degrees by every animal, including man himself, although man stands prominently forward as the masterpiece of creation. To preserve this position, our continual attention should be concentrated; for when man yields to mere sensual gratification, he is lowered to the grade of the brute beast. When he yields his judgment to mental stimuli, he partakes rather of the lunatic than of the intellectual being; but when, by proper exercise, man brings each faculty of the brain into operation, and preserves a due balance of the whole, then indeed he is entitled to the appellation of the "Lord and Master of Creation."'

Such is a summary of Mr Smee's book, which appears to have been prepared with much industry and research, although not without blemishes. These are the incidental passages in which the author obtrudes himself, and matters quite irrelevant to the question, on the reader's attention.

#### THE VOLCANO-GIRL.

It is an axiom among travellers, that the Bay of Naples is the most beautiful place in the whole world. Every one who beholds it repeats the same statement with unvarying uniformity; and if any quaint person were to make a contrary assertion, he would not be argued with, but laughed down. I dislike paradoxes, and therefore shall subscribe to the general opinion, although I never saw a scene so dismal as when I first entered the bay. Dismal, but grand! We had left Civita Vecchia the day before, steaming through a restless, nasty sea, in the midst of as filthy a fog as ever defiled the surface of the Mediterranean during the merry month of May. Sometimes we could see nothing but the dirty-looking short waves; but now and then a dim streak of Roman territory, or two or three ghost-like islands, rewarded the efforts of our winking eyes. The night was bolsterous, if not tempestuous; but when morning came the wind had abated, though without driving away the mist, and the sea rolled still in a turbulent and uncivil way.

The *Maria Christina* was undoubtedly the worst steamer it has ever been my lot to voyage in. There seemed to be not a well-hung piece in her whole composition; so that, in addition to the usual sea-sounds, there was a perpetual slamming of doors and creaking of timbers. The villainous little craft appeared to be in constant hesitation whether it would go to pieces or not; and I believe has since taken that freak into its head. The captain, as seamanlike a fellow as ever crossed my eyes, kept up our confidence, however, even in the most ugly moments; although it could not be

denied that our expedition was something like a visit to the northern seas in a Margate boat.

We crawled on at the rate of some three or four knots an hour, until, after passing San Stefano, we began to distinguish dimly the base of Iachia; for the summit was plunged in a mass of black clouds. Then a doubtful outline of rocks struggled through the vapour to the left; and at length we got into the pass, guessed at the form of the promontory, obtained a vague glimpse of Procida, and fairly entered the famous bay. All the elements of its beauty showed faintly through a moving vapour that thickened aloft into driving clouds. Capri looked like a cone of dark mist lingering to the south: the island we had passed dimmed away in our rear. Bays and creeks innumerable ran in, to the left, between a strange mixture of rocks and vegetation. This was all we could see at first; but the lower half of Vesuvius soon showed itself; and presently the curtain of mist was drawn hastily aside, just to give us a glimpse, as it were, of the giant peak, faintly pencilled against the leaden sky, into which its wreath of smoke faded away, and of the reaper of Castel à Mare, and the craggy promontory of Sorrento. Then all was covered again; and a thin driving shower filled the air. Not a single gleam of sunshine gilded the scene; but I once distinguished the orb, 'shorn of its beams,' poised over the depths of the bay.

First impressions are everything. Whenever I try to recall the all-famous site, it always begins by presenting itself under this aspect—not without its grandeur, it is true—but far inferior to the bright and sunny scenes I witnessed when, proceeding farther under more favourable auspices, I made acquaintance with the coasts of Calabria, and the immortal Straits of Messina. With a little patience, however, I can figure to myself the Bay of Naples in all the loveliness which it afterwards displayed; and when the operation is complete, the contrast becomes interesting.

I shall say nothing about the castles of St Elmo and Del Ovo; nor of the useless fuss about granting *pratique*; nor of an attempt made to entrap us into smuggling by a worthy who had some silks to land; nor of the annoyances of the customhouse. It is not my intention to take the bread out of the mouths of the tourists. These are their legitimate topics. I have to relate a little incident which does not happen to every one who visits Naples; and I cannot therefore be accused of trespassing upon anybody's ground. What I say about scenery and manners must merely be considered as a setting to the diamond. I am willing to concede superiority in this respect to any one who may claim it.

We lodged in the Hôtel de la Belle Venise, situated half-way up a steep street—name not mentioned in my journal—leading from the lower end of the Strada Toledo. We were bent on travelling cheaply, and did not think four *carlines* a day too dear for a room. This hint is not intended as information to any who may follow in our footsteps; but it illustrates our character and position, and explains why in the course of our wanderings we were always meeting with strange adventures. A man may travel from Dan to Beersheba in first-class carriages of railways, coupés of diligences, saloons of steamers; he may put up at the best hotels, and hire the cleverest guides, and he will see nothing, learn nothing, feel nothing, but what has been seen, learned, and felt by his predecessors. But we defy even the shyest Englishman to undertake the tour of Europe on economical principles, unless he be positively determined to keep his eyes and heart as close shut as his pocket, without bringing back something to remember to the end of his days—something to make his eyes grow dim when he meditates on it, his lips tremble when he speaks of it, his hand falter when he writes of it. For in this system of travelling he is forced, while in a mood of mind highly susceptible of impressions, into contact with all sorts of characters and incidents; and if he has a spark of nature in him, it must be struck out.

We dined the first evening at the Trattoria dell' Errole, and took an ice at the Caffè di Europa. But our heads were in a disagreeable whirl, and we enjoyed nothing. We missed the creaking and the groaning of the Maria Christina; for which the rumbling of a few carriages, and the buzz of voices on the promenade, seemed—such is the force of habit—an insignificant compensation. Lines of well-lit shops, crowds of well-dressed people, balconies filled with ladies, colonnades of churches, and façades of palaces, danced dimly before our eyes, instead of the accustomed cordages, the naked masts, the smutty sail, the breast-high bulwarks, and that horrid squat funnel, with its cascade of black smoke tinged, as it rolled forth, with a dull red glow. When I retired to rest, I caught myself holding on to the bed as I prepared to get into it; and I dreamed of nothing all night but of trampling of feet overhead, whistling of wind through rigging, shifting of the anchor-chain, and all sorts of abominable noises. These physical reminiscences, however, disappeared next day, and I was prepared to enjoy Naples.

I did enjoy it; and I hope all my readers may live to enjoy it too. I know this is wishing a tremendously long life to some of them; but such a wish will offend nobody. During one of my strolls—this time I was alone—I came to the foot of that vast flight of steps shaded by trees which leads up towards the castle of St Elmo. It was just past mid-day; and I suppose everybody was beginning the siesta; for not a single living soul could I see in any direction. I sat down on one of the steps, under the shadow of a huge elm, and looked upwards towards the sky along the broken avenue of trees that led aloft. There was something singularly beautiful to me in the scene. The trees here and there met, and huddled their heads together, and threw down a thick black shadow: beyond was a bright patch of sunshine; and then some thinly-sprinkled branches bent across, and fluttered their green and gold leaves between me and the patch of blue sky that glanced at the top, seeming to be the only destination of this lofty staircase.

I was gazing upwards, as if in expectation, but in reality admiring this curious effect, when a small dark form intercepted my view of the sky. I had almost imagined myself at the foot of Jacob's ladder; but the spell was at once broken, and I was about to rise and go away, when the singular motions of the person who had disturbed me drew my attention. It was evidently a girl, with naked feet, but neat garments: her head was laden with flowers; and she skipped down with all the lightness of the gazelle for some space; then came to a halt, possibly on seeing a stranger; then continued her progress—now showing brightly in the sun, now dimly in the shade, until she came, and after a side-long glance at me, sat down on the opposite end of the same step, where there was no protection from the heat. I now noticed that she carried a basket in her hand, from which she produced a variety of objects, evidently manufactured from lava. These she arranged by her side, and examined with care, every now and then casting an impatient look towards me. There was a wildness in her eye and a quaintness in her whole demeanour that pleased me, especially as her features were almost without a fault. So I remained where I was, studying her movements; and the idea suddenly struck me that I was occupying her usual place, and that shyness prevented her from coming nearer. So I rose and went a little higher up, when she at once crossed over, I thought, with a grateful smile. A little while afterwards she called to me, and asked if I would buy some of her curiosities.

There was evidently no sordid motive in this; for when I came near, she made no allusion to a bargain, but said I had chosen a place where there was not sufficient shade. I asked a few questions about the lava, but got only vague answers. What conversation passed was a random kind of talk about the difference of Italy and foreign countries. It was evident that in

the girl's eyes 'Napoli'—which she pronounced with magnificent emphasis—was the only place in the world worth admiring. She had seen no other. The people, however, were bad—very bad. I thought, upon this observation, that something like a story was coming; but the throat and face of the girl only darkened with a rush of blood, and she grew utterly silent. Suddenly she arranged her lava hastily in her basket, started up, leaving a piece which I had been holding in my hand, and had not paid for, and ran away down the street. I naturally ran after her to pay for what I had bought; but she turned round with flushed cheek and flashing eyes; and whilst I was indulging in the hope of being able to explain my intentions, I felt a blow on my breast from a stone launched with no weak hand; and before I had time to recover from my surprise, the girl had disappeared.

A curious termination to an interview which I had begun to persuade myself had something of a romantic character! I rubbed my thorax, tried to laugh at the little slut's vivacity, but could not get rid of the uneasy annoyance peculiar to misunderstood people. Perhaps I had been taken for a robber—perhaps something I had said in my broken Italian had been thought insulting. I grew quite morose; thought of nothing else all the afternoon; was set down as an ill-tempered fellow at dinner; and on retiring to bed, could not help perpetually stating this question—'Why should that pretty girl, towards whom my heart had expanded, have left me in so abrupt a manner; and on my endeavouring to restore her property, have made a target of me?' All night, as I slept, I felt as if a hot coal were lying on my breast; and the place, indeed, was black and blue in the morning.

An excursion had been proposed to Vesuvius; and we started at three in the afternoon—myself, four Americans, with Mr Jenkins and his wife—all crowded into what, I believe, is called a *corricolo*. The sea, along the brink of which we went, was still stormy, and the waves washed with a slushing noise up into the very street. The drive was beautiful to Portici, the white houses and vine-wreathed porticoes of which I noticed with pleasure. At Portici, after some wrangling in the house of the guide, we were transferred to horses and donkeys; and off we went, first up a hot lane between stone-walls, then along a fine paved road. The party was merry, and not unpicturesque, but out of character with the scene. Not one of us was subdued by the tranquil beauty of the little landscapes, the bright green nooks that opened here and there. Our temperaments were still too northern. We were not yet soothed down by the sunny sky and balmy air of Italy; and got stared at in consequence with contemptuous curiosity by the languid peasants in the fields.

At length a zig-zag road commenced, and up we went, turning round ever and anon to view the expanding bay, softened down into apparent calm by distance. Green gullies and ravines of lava began now to be intermingled; but tranquil observation was soon interrupted by tremendous gusts of wind that came roaring down the sides of the mountain, and enveloped us in whirlwinds of dust, sometimes mingled with pebbles, at every turn of the road. It was hard work to get on; and we were glad enough to reach the Hermitage and Observatory, where we tossed off a glass of *Lachryma Christi* to restore us.

The rest of the road was along a narrow ridge leading to the foot of the great black cone. On either side were gullies of green, and beyond great red fields of lava. It was not remarkably safe riding, and by no means commodious. Sometimes one's nose touched the horse's or ass's neck; sometimes the back of one's head was whisked by the tail. It was a sort of rocking-horse motion. But we arrived safe at the dismounting-place; and, I must confess, looked rather dismayed at the desperately steep cone up which we were bound to scramble. But in travelling, 'on, on,' is the word; so on we went, stumbling up through the triturated

and block lava, as if Fame, or something else equally valuable, had been at the summit. Mrs Jenkins was in an open palanquin, borne by eight men, who grunted, staggered, crawled up or slid back, shouted, laughed, and belaboured one another with their climbing-poles, whilst the undaunted lady sat as coolly as in her drawing-room at home, making observations on the scenery, which we could scarcely hear, and were too breathless to answer.

In about an hour we neared the summit, and got under a vast canopy of sulphurous smoke, which, blown by the furious wind, rolled grim and black over the serrated edge, stretched its impenetrable mass betwixt us and the sky, and then swooped down towards the bay, and dispersed in a vast mist. Most parts of the plain, too, were covered with a low ground-fog. It was a grand sight as we paused and looked back before the last effort. The whole sweep of the bay was visible from Sorrento to Baia, together with the islands, scattered like giant sentinels at the mouth; but all looked strange and fantastic through the sulphurous vapour. The sun was setting in a bath of blood and gold, just behind a straight line of ebony clouds with a sharp rim, like a wall of black marble. The white houses on the slopes of Castel à Mare were already looking ghastly in the twilight.

Our temples throbbed with fatigue; but the guide cried 'Forward,' and we soon came to the most disagreeable part of the business. The smoke was forced by the wind in a kind of cascade some fifty yards down the declivity, and as soon as we got into it an awful sense of suffocation came on. The guide swore, and some of us talked of retreating. But the majority were for persevering; and, panting and coughing, we dashed upwards, reached the summit, got into the midst of a fearful torrent of black smoke, like that which is vomited by a steamer's funnel, and staggered giddily about seeking which way to go. At this moment a slight form glanced towards us, said a few words to the guide, and presently we were running to the left along black and dizzy precipices, until suddenly we emerged from the volcanic vapour, and were in full view at the same time of the plain and the sea, and of all the wonders of Vesuvius.

The girl whose acquaintance I had made in so strange a manner had come to the assistance of the guide, and told him what direction to take in order soonest to escape from the smoke. I spoke to her; but although she recognised me I think, she did not, or would not, remember our former interview. The idea suggested itself that she was touched in her intellect, so I made no farther allusion to the subject. It was evident the guide knew her, and had confidence in her. He asked her advice about the path which it would be advisable to follow; and obeyed her directions implicitly. 'Who is that?' I whispered. 'It is Ghita, the Volcano-girl,' he replied in English, before repeating the Italian name, which might be translated, the 'Daughter of the Volcano.' I had no time for further inquiries. We were once more in motion, and had enough to do to keep our footing on the rough lava in the teeth of as furious a blast as ever I remember encountering. It would have been dangerous to stand even near a precipice.

It was a marvellous scene that vast black valley with its lake of fire at bottom—its cone of fire on one hand. The discharges were constant, and had something appalling in their sound. We were almost too much excited for observation. Now we looked at the cone of green and gold that sank and rose, faded and brightened, smoked or flamed; then at the seething lake; then at the strong mountains of lava; then at the burning fissures that yawned around. There were yet some remnants of day—a gloomy twilight at least revealed the jagged rim of the valley. Down we went—down, down to the very edge of the boiling caldron of melted lava, that rolled its huge waves towards the black shore, waves whose foam and spray were fire and flame! An eruption evi-

dently was preparing; and soon indeed took place. We missed the sight; but what we now saw was grand enough. A troop of heavy black clouds was hurrying athwart the sky, showing the stars ever and anon between 'like a swarm of golden bees.' The wind roared and bellowed among the lava-gullies, while the cone discharged its blocks of burning lava, or its showers of red sparks, with a boom like that of a park of artillery.

A thousand travellers may witness and describe the scene, but it can never be hackneyed or vulgar. The volcano-girl, evidently familiar with every changing aspect, crept to my side, as I stood apart wrapt in silent admiration and wonder, and I caught her examining the expression of my face as it was revealed by the dismal glare of the burning lake. 'E bellissima!' she whispered in a husky voice, pressing close to my side, and trembling like a leaf, not with present fear, but manifestly in memory of some dreadful event. We were friends from that moment, and she constituted herself my especial guide, running before me to choose the surest paths, giving me her delicate little hand, and showing, in fact, all possible willingness to make up our little quarrel, if she retained any remembrance of it.

We returned towards the cone, and approached within dangerous proximity to it. The volcano-girl often pulled my arm to induce me to keep back; but when she saw I was determined to look down into the horrid flaming gulf of fire that yawned near the cone, she followed me, murmuring a low pensive song. On reaching the edge, which was uncertain and trembling, I halted and gazed; and while the guide and my companions shouted to me to come back, enjoyed a moment of fearful joy. I was standing on the brink of a vast chasm of fire, in which no flame was, but only a dreadful glow, that thickened by distance into substance. The wind shrieked around, the volcano roared above, the tremendous cloud of black smoke swayed and wavered as it rolled, beaten down by the wind to the outer edge of the crater, like a vast snake, or, when the blast for a moment ceased, towered aloft like an evil genius, and dispersed amid the clouds.

'Come back! come back!' cried Ghita, as the smoky pile of cinders trembled beneath us, and we both, panic-stricken, rushed to a surer footing, while the point we had occupied slid into the gulf of fire! I never shall forget that moment. The very memory of it makes my hair stand on end, and a cold perspiration burst out over my whole body. The girl clasped my hand convulsively as we ran, and when we stood again on the hot solid lava, uttered a low 'Dio grazia!' All this was unlike folly, and, together with our companionship in danger, heightened the interest I felt in my wild-looking, beautiful guide.

We all returned towards the edge of the crater, and collected in a lava-cave to light torches for our journey back. Here we met two or three men armed with guns, who professed to be guards, and might have been brigands. One of them spoke rather roughly to the volcano-girl, who took refuge by my side, and would not quit it. We started again by the light of great flaring torches, and soon began the descent down a dusty decline. It was a strange, rapid piece of work. The whole party ran, rushed, tumbled, slid, rolled down in one confused crowd, the torches glaring, flakes of burning pitch scattering here and there, the palanquin bobbing up and down, the mountain sloping up to the clouds behind, and down into darkness before. We descended this time into the old crater—a great plain of dust and pumice-stone. All was gloomy around; but the lights of Naples and Portici could be distinguished in the distance.

Our horses and donkeys were waiting for us where we had left them; and we rode rapidly back *via* the Hermitage, but over the plain of lava, instead of by the zig-zag road, towards Portici. Ghita ran all the way by my side, but rarely spoke, except to tell me when we approached a steep declivity. I should have felt jealous had she attended to any one else; but was quite angry

at hearing her jestingly spoken of as 'my conquest.' A single vulgar remark sometimes throws cold water on the most delicate sentiment.

At Portici she left us. The guides were paid, and everybody forgot the volcano-girl who had been of such signal service to us. I looked for her, and saw her standing in the courtyard with the back of her little hand to her mouth in a pensive attitude. 'Ghita,' said I, approaching, 'I must give you something'—she started slightly—'that you may buy a remembrance with it of our visit to the volcano.' In such a form, the present—I did not write the amount down among my disbursements—was accepted frankly and freely. The poor girl was evidently in a state of great emotion: a few kind words from me had struck upon a chord ever ready to vibrate; the truth is, she sobbed, and could not answer. But when the tongue falters, and the lip trembles in the south, there is an eloquent substitute for language. She took my hand, and kissed it fervently, and a shower of warm tear-drops fell upon it. 'Ghita,' I murmured, trying to be firm, but bending over her with the tenderest affection—I cannot help it; I have an instinctive love for the sorrowful—'Ghita, you are unhappy? Can I do anything for you?' 'No,' was her answer, as she again pressed my hand, and, gliding away, disappeared like a shadow in the street.

We were at Naples an hour after midnight; but I found it impossible to sleep. I could think of nothing save the story of the volcano-girl; for the substance of her story was evident—the material details alone were wanting. I afterwards learned the whole truth. A volume might be filled with them: a line will be sufficient. She had been betrothed to a young man, a guide, who had perished during a visit to the volcano: she had gone mad in consequence—of a gentle, harmless madness in general; but as a few brutal people insulted her, she was sometimes suspicious of strangers. She gained her living by selling ornaments of polished lava, or by guiding travellers. This was all; but it was enough. I have kept a place in my memory for Ghita, whose acquaintance I cultivated on other occasions. I saw her once among the ruins of Pompeii, where she greeted me with a friendly nod, but without referring at all to our previous meetings—I mean in words; for at parting she gave me a handful of wild-flowers, and then ran away without waiting for a recompense.

#### A S K E T C H.

THE town, or rather, as the Frankforters themselves never fail to call it, the Free Town of Frankfort, was unusually gay. Animated and crowded with lounging travellers the streets always are; but now there seemed an unusual number, and generally not walking singly, but in small groups, as if some bond of union held them together, and as though one and the same aim had brought them to the same spot. And then, too, one saw a great number of—they were like Englishmen, and yet there was a difference. These were Americans; and among them, as well as those whose country in Cæsar's time was not considered quite worthless, since it produced an oyster, were not a few whose trim dress and staid sobriety of demeanour marked at once the respectable sect to which they belonged. And look at yonder dark figure with countenance so calm and imperturbable! Whence cometh he? In his hand he holds a long instrument, which some may deem a weapon; and round his left arm is a band, seemingly a badge of authority. How black and long the hair that falls without a wave down upon his shoulders! He is from the far, far West. Perhaps his home has been where the Rocky Mountains fling their huge shadow as the sun disappears behind them, while their peaks flame like meteors in the sky. What leads him hither?—why leaves he his hunting-grounds to come to this European

city?—from the plain that quakes beneath the quick tramp of the buffalo to where the gentle footfall of the pleasure-seeker is mingled with the measured tread of well-disciplined European soldiery?

What a glorious day! How bright the sky—and the atmosphere how clear and transparent! Even the fine taper points of the lightning conductors, with which every house is furnished, are distinctly visible from afar. How that golden cross shines above the house-tops, looking more like a sign from heaven than a thing of bronze placed there by a mechanic's hands! The edifice over which it rises was once a church, but is so no longer. Let us enter there. It is already well filled with people; in the body of the building are men only, among whom we seem to recognise some we met yesterday in little groups about the streets; while around the edifice beneath the gallery, supported by the massive columns, ladies have taken their places. Before us is a raised tribune, over which are hanging three flags, each with three stripes, black, red, and gold. Still higher is a female figure, with golden hair, like a true daughter of the north; a sword, too, is in her hand, but it rests in repose. And on each side, within a wreath of laurel, is a German rhyme, to the effect that, even as this green garland is interwoven, so may all the people of Germany be entwined in bonds of amity. For you must know that here, beneath this very roof, not long ago did sit the deputies from city, and town, and university—from borough and village, from every part of Germany. Here, elate with hope, and promising themselves great things, with fond expectations of the realising of long-cherished wishes, good, and wise, and well-intentioned men met together to talk of plans for their country's weal. But though calm hearts were here, there were men, too, whose thoughts were of violence; and but few, if any, possessed that plain, practical ability which, when something is to be done, is of more avail than great stores of learning. And so nothing was done. But the space within these walls, where till then words of prayer, and exhortation, and praise had been heard, became an arena for fierce contention; and maddening words that led to blood resounded there amid the hoarse roar of popular applause. You have read of the wild scenes of revolutionary France, and how orators were cheered on by their party, till, with swimming brain and in a frenzy of excitement, they uttered fearful threats and terrible denunciations; and how the calm and resolute were hooted, and their words drowned in the mad screams and execrations of a rabble audience. And so it was here—beneath this very dome over which the bright cross we saw just now was gleaming. How different is the present assembly! For what are they waiting?

The bell has been rung, and silence instantly obtained. We are now told the meaning of this assembling of men from many lands. They come here to propose peace to the nations—to propose that war shall henceforth be no more. It is a Peace Congress at which we are present; and on this errand these men have been brought together from the remote parts of the earth. We will not argue on the practicability of thus establishing universal peace: so strange are the revolutions which time brings about, that even this too may happen. But there was something that interested us more at this meeting than the dim and uncertain result—far off at all events, even if ever attainable—and it was this: to observe the difference in the mode of thought and manner of utterance of the speakers, as-

sembled from different countries, with one object and in one cause. Meetings are too common now-a-days to offer much of novelty; but we seldom see one like this, where many men in their own peculiar language give utterance to their peculiar thoughts. And it is for this reason—and this reason only—that we have brought you hither.

The first speaker is a Scotsman—so at least we should judge by his accent. Why, that one man's face is worth all the speeches we may hear to-day, so indicative is it of kindly feeling, light-heartedness, and hearty good-fellowship. How sunny the smile on his face as he utters his conviction that men were not made to fight, seeing that their fingers are not adapted for tearing, nor their teeth for fastening on each other! There is good-humour in his argument, and good-feeling too; and if his reasoning be not incontrovertible in the cause of universal peace, we still like war the less if it be only because it is repugnant to him with whom, on any point whatever, we should be sorry to be at variance. His language is plain and unstudied, and his meaning clear as the bright eye that animates his rosy countenance. No German could ever speak so; neither is there method enough in the arrangement to please the German mind. How could he touch on such a topic without abstract principles and philosophic rules? But let us listen to the German, and then compare the two.

With thoughtful mien, with slow and rather heavy step, he approaches the tribune. There is none of the ease that was so prepossessing in the first speaker, for the German would as soon think of putting aside his gravity as of putting off his coat in public. Besides, he has to speak before an assembly; and the professor is perhaps thinking of the Forum, and of the dignity of the toga, and of the pride of ancient Rome. He looks very grave, for he doubtless has well weighed the difficulties to be encountered; and instead of jumping to the conclusion, has wrestled with the obstacles one by one, and forced his way through by dint of argument. The toil is over, but it is still present to his mind. This man is not one to make proselytes or gain adherents; for both would be deterred by a sense of the difficulties to be encountered, and by the fear that they might not prove so manifold in the attack as he. You feel at once—though, mind you, he has hardly spoken yet—that it is a serious affair you are about, and that if you follow in his steps you will have enough to do. He is not one to make light of a difficult matter, and trusting somewhat to fortune, call gaily for you to come on. He tells you beforehand it is difficult; but then he will also tell you how difficulties may be subdued, and indeed *must* be so if his calculations be correct.

But now he is speaking, or rather he is reading his speech. Do you understand his meaning? Not always, I think; for it is the deduction of abstruse reasoning, and one would need to read the same twice over to comprehend it well. Besides, the sentences are long and intricate; there is an entanglement which you cannot well unravel; and many a relative pronoun, too, which puzzles you, as you are not quite certain to which member of the sentence it relates. It is too involved to be clear. But perchance the speaker's thoughts are not quite definite either: hence that vagueness which leaves you at the end where you were when he began. He does not point out the road you are to travel for the accomplishment of your purpose, but he gives you theories which are to be your guide. You do not advance; you are not carried forwards either with or

against your will; but keeping the one point in view, instead of approaching *towards* it, you move *round* it always at the same distance. Alas! alas! it was this very fault which before, in these same walls, led to nothing. Here, in the Peace Congress of the Nations, I understood how Germany, like the virgins who slept, entered not to the feast when at last the bridegroom came for whose arrival they had so long been watching.

If you are tired of listening to the speaker, then look at that man sitting on the right of the president, and leaning back in his chair quite at his ease; his right elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand. His thin dark hair is combed over his forehead on the right, his eyebrows are drawn somewhat together, and he seems not to be merely looking at, but scrutinising, those before him. His mouth is *firmly* closed, by which I mean that the lips do not merely gently touch each other, but that they do so with a pressure. Such a mouth is always indicative of steady resolve. As he sits there, moving only his eyes, but not turning his head, there is, methinks, a rather dark expression about the brow. Perhaps I may be wrong; yet strangely enough, that countenance recalls one I have elsewhere seen, over which, and with good reason, an expression of gloom was spread. Now look yourself, and tell me is there not in that head a strange resemblance to one well known to you? Does it not remind you of Napoleon? For my part I thought at once of that picture where he is sitting after a defeat with knitted brow and eyes gazing fixedly before him. It is said that he whom you are looking at, and who at this distance looks so like the Emperor, is related to him; and I daresay he is not disinclined to assist the resemblance as much as is in his power.

The president reads the name of Emile Girardin as being next on the list of those who have announced their intention to speak; and he whom we have been observing rises and mounts the tribune. He moves with a quick step; he makes haste to obey the summons. He seems quite at home in his present place, and as if he were accustomed to be often where he is. There is nothing like hesitation in his manner, although he does pause for a moment or two, and looks around before he begins to speak. Why he does so I do not know; perhaps it is only his usual manner; perhaps, however, it may be done for effect. He holds in his hand a small piece of paper, on which some notes are written; but once having begun to speak, he is in no want of ideas: thoughts, and words to express them, come crowding on; and the short-hand writers yonder will have enough to do to follow him. His utterance is rapid; and now and then having said something terse and to the point, he comes to a dead stop. He has pronounced words that strike you, and he knows they do so; he knew they would before he uttered them, and he is giving you time to let you feel their effect, and, if you like, to applaud. His countenance does not grow animated by speaking; his brow is knit the same as before; and there is still something dark about the eyes and the upper part of the face as he looks straight before him. Action, that difficult part of the orator's art, he has yet to learn. He moves his right hand up and down at regular intervals, and then again it takes hold of the tribune in company with the left. There is something very commonplace in this monotony of action, corresponding as it does in noway whatever with the matter of his discourse. But how well-turned are his phrases, how elegant his diction! It is true he often says something that would not mean much if translated into English; although, as he puts it in the elegant language of France, it *does* arrest your attention. His sentences are mostly short; and it is in these short ones that there is most point. He utters them abruptly, and at the same time with much decision; and as if those words were to settle the question at once. 'La science détruit la politique,' he will tell you; or, 'Il y a une nouvelle politique dans le monde—c'est la science.'

This is not said as a theory, but uttered as a law. It is pronounced like a commandment, and as such you are to receive it. To the applause which greets him he seems accustomed, and waits quietly each time till the noise has subsided before he again begins to speak. He intends that each word shall be heard, and till all is quiet, that cannot be. A phrase of usual length, followed by one of but five or six words, spoken quickly, but with the firmest intonation, and the discourse is at an end. He quits the tribune as quickly as he entered it, and taking his seat, is again an imperturbable spectator as before.

What a thunder of applause now resounds through the building as yonder speaker is about to ascend the tribune! That is Cobden. There is nothing in his person that could lead you to believe he would battle still when resolution appeared to be vain; nothing that might incline you to notice him in a crowd of men. But let him speak, and you at once acknowledge the man to be 'a power'—a power that dictates, and must be treated with like a neighbouring state. He is below the middle height, and of spare habit; one of those men, in short, who Sallust tells us are to be feared in a state. Every syllable he utters is as distinct as the organs of speech can make it. He speaks rather slowly at first, and at times somewhat hesitatingly; but this is not because he does not know what to say, but because he is thinking how he shall express his meaning with the very utmost amount of power. He does not seek fine words, but strong ones. And strength there is in what he says, and in his manner of saying it. His sentences are short, like the Roman sword; but they are forged for close warfare and a hard struggle. He leans forward as he speaks; and with his right arm, as he dashes it downwards, seems to beat his arguments into his hearers' minds. Right or wrong, his whole heart is in the cause. Of that there can be no doubt. He speaks from conviction; and with an earnestness and intensity such as one rarely hears. There is nothing elegant in his language; it is clothed with no ornament, but, like the naked limbs of the gladiator, it trusts entirely to its unaided strength. All he proposes is intelligible; all his reasoning is plain and clear. He knows nothing of theory, but deals solely with facts. He hurls into the arena before you—at your very feet, as it were—some fact, some massive fact; and he tells you to get rid of it—to move it thence if you can. That is his mode of arguing. There is such energy in his manner, such life and energy in his words, that you now understand the power of the Corn-Law League.

Such speaking is new here. It takes every one by surprise; but after a while you hear from time to time exclamations in various languages, all expressive of wonderment at the boldness of his thoughts, and the manner in which they are imparted to you. But he cares only for convincing his audience, and cares not for its applause. He is full of his plan, and does not like delay; hence he is impatient of the 'bravos' and the shouts; and he can hardly wait till the storm of approbation has subsided. But as he retires to his place, it does not die away so soon, and all give expression to their feelings in one long round of applause.

As in the plays of the French dramatists there is more attention to the rules of art than in our own, so is it in the speeches we have heard to-day. In style and in arrangement the French were certainly the best: they were the most finished of all. Victor Hugo was to have been there, and it would have been interesting to hear the author of 'à la Colonne' speak on the benefits of universal peace. But, as he stated in his letter, 'his physicians had condemned him to repose'—an expression, by the by, which it would never have entered the head of an Englishman or a German to make use of. Cobden's words fell from his lips with all the force of a sledge-hammer. There was truly nothing in his oratory, but all he said had weight and substance, or rather had weight *because* it was composed of real tangible stuff.

That Peace Congress afforded much matter for thought, independently of the especial object for which it was held: one could here study to advantage the distinctive features of the different nationalities.

#### MECHANICS' INSTITUTES—PENNY BANKS.

THE various mechanics' institutes in Yorkshire, as may be generally known, are united for purposes of mutual advantage; and for common information, issue an annual report of their condition and prospects. The report of these bodies for 1850 makes us acquainted with a few facts which may not be uninteresting to our readers. The union comprehends 109 institutes, with an aggregate of 18,516 members, and possessing in their libraries 82,917 volumes. Some institutes have joined the union since last year; but some others have ceased to exist; and on the whole it appears that the increase of members has been very slight: 'this is further confirmed by the fact, that the total income of 58 institutions has even in a small degree diminished.' A difficulty in obtaining good and popular lecturers partly accounts for this indifferent success; and, by way of remedy, a salaried lecturer is engaged to visit the various institutes, and maintain an interest in their proceedings. It is acknowledged, however, that activity in the local secretaries is of such paramount importance, that without such aid no institution can flourish. In other words, no concern can succeed unless it is watched over and guided by one anxious and unselfish mind. The general deadness in the operations of mechanics' institutes may be ascribed not less to a decay of novelty, than to the want of this kind of energy. A secretary requires to stimulate the flagging members by actual aggression. After the first burst of popularity, members fall away—something else attracts their attention. Before reaching this climax, the secretary needs to rouse them by a personal call. Circulars and advertisements will not answer. A direct and verbal appeal is desirable. It is said to be a good plan to send about a deputation to talk to the inhabitants, and collect subscriptions, and enlist new members. 'In by far the majority of instances,' says the report, 'where the subscriptions are regularly applied for by the secretary or other officer, these institutions are most prosperous. In places of large population, we believe the entire time of one individual might be profitably employed in this labour. It is as essential that some one should call for subscriptions as that a tradesman should call for his accounts, or a collector for the rates, and for analogous reasons. In numberless instances individuals do not belong to these institutions from no disinclination or insensibility to their advantages, but simply because the matter is not brought prominently before them. The calling of a collector has not only the advantage of insuring much greater regularity in the payment of subscriptions, but, if a person of ordinary intelligence, he will be able to give information respecting the institution, and frequently to remove doubts and prejudices inimical to its success. In the Leeds institution, the most flourishing in Yorkshire, and almost in the kingdom, upwards of 1000 of the subscriptions (out of 1800) were received at the houses of the subscribers.'

Some of the Yorkshire institutes are said to show a tendency to rely on the support of the wealthy, and to complain if that support is withheld. The report before us very properly condemns this parasitical plan, which is observable chiefly in small towns. In these places there often seems to be an inability to take any step towards social amelioration without consulting the small aristocracy of the neighbourhood, and procuring subscriptions—that is, alms—from them. We cordially join in reprobating this abjectness of spirit. Let every institution, either for improvement or recreation, be supported by those who are to be specially benefited by it; and if the institution be not so supported, it may be assumed to be undesirable. At all events,

even if useful in its aims, it is important, for its own sake, to place the subsistence of the institution on a more secure footing than that of casual charity. When we consider the enormous sums that are spent annually on things absolutely vicious, it seems strange that the working and humbler classes generally should not be able to maintain on a firmer footing libraries, reading-rooms, and other institutions in most ample abundance. Never emerging beyond the ideas of present gratification, millions of individuals thoughtlessly dissipate pence, sixpences, shillings, and even pounds, on the paltriest objects. Any one who could strike out a plan for arresting this recklessness of expenditure, would be the greatest man of his time. Savings' banks have done much to encourage economical habits; but, as usually conducted, these institutions do not reach low enough, and are repulsive from the formalities that surround their operation. It appears to us that in most of the populous streets in every large town, and also in every village, there ought to be a place of secure deposit for every coin that the poorest individual can spare from ordinary and exigent demands. These places should be open daily at all reasonable hours, and the money should be received on terms the most simple and convenient. Mr Scott's Penny Bank approaches in character to what we mean; and so does the Preliminary Savings' Bank of Mr W. Sikes of Huddersfield. Of the scheme of this last-mentioned institution the following account is given in Mr Sikes's own words in the report to which we have drawn attention:—

'I venture to suggest a method hitherto untried—namely, that the humbler members of each mechanics' institution should be encouraged to "transact a little business" with a Preliminary Savings' Bank within the institution, for which purpose some of the leading members might form a small "Savings'-Bank Committee," attending an evening weekly to receive their trifling deposits—their threepences, their sixpences, and perhaps their shillings—giving each party a small book; and so soon as his sum reached, say 1.2, 2s., paying it over to the Government Savings' Bank of the town, in the person's name, and giving to him or her the new pass-book. This to be repeated until another guinea be accumulated, to be again transferred, and so on—no interest being allowed until paid over to the Government Savings' Bank. The little book-keeping requisite would be very simple, and from always being paid over when it reached L.1, 1s. or L.2, 2s., the liability incurred would be very limited. A list of the balances (with the ledger folio corresponding with the pass-book, and signed by the treasurer) to be suspended in the room *each half-year*, thus enabling each depositor to see that *his money was safe*.'

In referring to this scheme of establishing auxiliary savings' banks, the report before us goes on to say, that 'exceptional cases may exist where the addition of such a bank might interfere with the efficient discharge of the other duties of an institution. Where this is likely to be the case, it is the clear duty of the committee to attend to the original objects of the institution, rather than to any new object; but we are of opinion that, wherever such a plan could be properly carried out, it must largely tend to increase the moral influence and social importance of these institutions. In many places no savings' bank exists nearer than the next market-town: the savings' bank is open at an hour not convenient to the working-classes; besides which, although these useful establishments will take sums as low as one shilling, there is an air of pretension about them which rather repels the lowest class of contributors. In all these respects the mechanics' institute would possess a decided advantage. Institutions are likely to derive an accession of members where such a savings' department should be efficiently carried out, because those who went merely to deposit their twopence or three-pence, would become aware of the other advantages offered to them. Moreover, it has been a matter of frequent and deep regret to the sincere friends of the

working-classes, that the associations for mutual benefit, such as Odd-fellowship, friendly societies, sick and funeral clubs, &c. are held in the public-house. The custom has proved a heavy deduction from the advantages, and in many cases quite counterbalanced them. But in the addition of the savings' bank to the mechanics' institute, we recognise a great practical step towards remedying the evil. It will tend to free the benefit societies of the working-classes from much that is useless, foolish, and even positively injurious, because it will bring to these objects something at least of that moral conduct and intelligence which generally prevails in the management of the mechanics' institute. We are therefore glad to learn that the plan of Mr Sikes has already been adopted in conjunction with the institutions at Wortley, Meltham, and Keighley, at which latter place it is found to succeed admirably. At Hunmanby a Provident Society has been formed, to include the benefits of friendly societies and life-assurance. It is also in contemplation to establish preliminary savings' banks at the Dogley-Lane, Kirkstall, and other institutions.

We have only one word to say: it is to offer our best wishes for the success of these well-devised plans for economising means which are at present squandered in a manner worse than useless.

#### A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

FESTIVAL OF THE MOHARUM—CHOLERA—ANGLO-INDIAN GOOD-FEELING—EXTRAORDINARY HAILSTONES—VISIT TO A NATIVE GENTLEMAN—AN AMATEUR PLAY.

*April 2d.*—This evening was spent at the house of a wealthy Arab merchant, a hadjee, or pilgrim, who has been to Mecca. We were invited to see the commencement of the celebration of the Moharum, a great Mohammedan festival. We were rather a large party, several of our intimate acquaintances going with us, at the house of one of whom we had dined, the better to prepare ourselves for the coming fatigue. The aga received us with great courtesy at the foot of his staircase, although he had rather a frightened air. There was certainly nothing prepossessing in his appearance. He is doing penance at this moment for his sins—the sins of the whole year—and is accordingly dressed in the deepest mourning; that is, totally without ornament. He has both to fast and to pray, and is spending, as part of his humiliation, a great deal of money in getting up this commemoration of the death of the son-in-law of the prophet. He scarcely spoke, looked sad, and went about in his dark tunic and white turban and trousers, sprinkling everybody plentifully with rose-water out of a silver bottle with a long neck.

All the rooms on the principal floor were thrown open. We were shown at once into the largest, the centre one, very handsome, with a raised veranda at one end, covered in, to which we ascended by steps, and from which we overlooked this immense apartment, crowded with worshippers, all seated upon the floor, and all men. The priests alone stood. They were in a knot all together, at the upper end of the long hall opposite to our gallery. The occupation of the crowd on the floor was incessant, and consisted of beating the breast, with a good thump too, accompanied by the eternal cry of 'Hussien Hassani! Hussien Hassani!' There were about a hundred priests, all dressed in dark robes for mourning, with the breast and arms bare; fine-looking men, mostly of Arab or Persian descent, no deeper complexioned than the Spaniard. The expression of their small piercing eye was fierce and cunning, and their foreheads were narrow; but the mouth, with the well-trimmed beard and mustaches, redeemed in some degree the unpleasant character of the countenance. In the centre of the group stood the two priests more particularly officiating, who gave out a sort of recitative, taken up by the rest in chorus, every now and then the awful name of 'Hussien' recurring, when all bodies were bent, and heads were bowed, and breasts were thumped most earnestly; the congregation on the floor answering to the sacred cry, while renewing the vigour

of the blows they continued to inflict on themselves unsparingly.

This general assemblage seemed to be composed of persons of all degrees, who did not, however, sit in separate classes. The principle of the soul's equality was fully carried out, even in this prejudiced country; for the richly-dressed devotee squatted beside his poorer brother, and all were alike attentive to the ceremonies at the rousing moments, though the degree of enthusiasm exhibited in their performance was sufficiently varied, and some of them were more busily engaged in watching the movements of our European party during the pauses of excitement than was quite decorous on such an occasion. We were, during the height of their outrageous enthusiasm, quietly engaged in drinking coffee, served to us in china cups with gold spoons. We were fanned by attendants behind us, who swayed to and fro large hand-punkahs fastened to long sticks. A respectable-looking head-servant, a Hindoo, who seemed deputed to do the honours, spoke English well enough to explain most of the proceedings: he also let me into the history of the festival, which you shall have all in good time; but at present I must hurry you off, as the Hindoo hurried us, to another part of the aga's splendid house, where from another veranda, or perhaps another part of the same long gallery, we looked down upon a much larger room—a court, in fact, covered in for the time, and much more grandly illuminated than the first.

It was soon filled, and I think by the same crowd we had been watching, for at the instant we rose to move, the priests dashed in among the seated worshippers, as if by preconcerted signal, and, ceasing their blows and cries, proceeded to disperse the congregation much like other marshalls of other mobs. I could hardly believe I was not dreaming when I looked down upon this second chamber, forty feet in height, and otherwise of proportionate dimensions, swarming with another white-robed crowd, all gazing in admiration at the lights, the mirrors, the decorations, and a fountain which, playing in the midst, threw the water up to the very top of the lofty roof. Short time was given them to wonder. On a sudden the discordant scream of the band of priests was heard, and like a torrent the whole troop came on shouting their 'Hussien Hassani!' Having forced an entrance, and secured to themselves ample space, they recommenced their gesticulations. What we had seen before was nothing compared to the maniac fury that now possessed them. They shrieked, sprang about, threw their arms aloft, and struck upon their breasts with a force which resounded awfully, for they managed to keep time, and all the many hundred pair of hands fell on the bared chests together. It was really a frightful scene, and was to last, we heard, all night. But we soon tired, it was so monotonous; so, to make an end, we proceeded to a small chamber fitted up to represent a shrine, into which we could only look through a screen, where we saw several of the worshippers kneeling in silent adoration. The solemn aga, who had been all this time screaming and thumping himself among the priests, varying his occupation by occasionally sprinkling them with rose-water, now appeared to attend us to the door, his bottle still in hand. We again received a portion of its fragrant contents, and the rose-water of the East is very fragrant; then, with courteous speeches and many salaams, he took leave, presenting each of us with a small bottle of attar at parting. We did not reach home till midnight, completely tired, but too much excited by this extraordinary scene to feel at all sleepy.

*3d.*—On talking over the strange ceremonies of last night, with the help of the information given by the Hindoo, I find that the Moharum commemorates the murder of Hussien, and that the performances last nine days. On the three devoted to bewailing the dead, the magnificence of the display is extraordinary. Illuminations seem to be what the Orientals most admire

in the way of decoration. They can never over-light; and they heighten the effect of the numerous lamps they delight in by having some of them coloured, and by placing mirrors behind them or near them. Shawls, pieces of silk, and kinkob, were also hung about on the walls and doorways at the *aga's show*, but not with any sort of design, neither were the lamps arranged regularly, nor even handsome in themselves—mere cups of cocoa-nut oil; a pure enough light, but always to me disagreeable. The Hindoos are very fond of pictures to dress up their houses with; the merest daubs satisfy them, provided the frames be gaudy; but these are inadmissible in the dwelling of a Mussulman. Our penitent was to keep open house all the nine days for priests and people. Many of the priests he will have to pay, to induce them to make noise enough: it is even said that the apparent worshippers are some of them hired to swell the crowd to admiring eyes—Hindoos and others accepting the part, all in the way of trade. The whole affair is very odious, and, in not a few instances, ends fatally. The people sit up night after night in a state so nearly bordering upon madness, that some actually become deranged, and others die in consequence of broken rest and the rioting and excesses into which these orgies degenerate. The season, too, is against them, the festival taking place at the time the cholera generally rages, when a frame thus worn out is predisposed to disease. The women in some degree join in these ceremonies, but in the privacy of their own apartments, and I hear that they occasionally look on as we did at the devotional exercises of the men. The whole concludes by the shrine or tarboot, which is richer or plainer, according to the means of the individuals who construct it, being carried in suitable procession to the river, into which it is thrown, there to perish with all its finery, when the immense assemblage disperses—and so ends the Moharum.

5th.—Got rather a fright to-day. Three gentlemen attacked with cholera at Spence's Hotel, one of them very seriously. Some people laugh at the dread all newcomers express of cholera—death in its most terrific shape. Old residents become so used to sudden removals, hasty burials on the day of decease, and sales on the morrow of all the property of the departed, that either their sensibilities become blunted, or their philosophical indifference to the changes of life increased to stoicism. It is asserted, indeed, that deaths are not in greater proportion to disease here than elsewhere, but that lingering illnesses are almost unknown. The complaints most common are of quick operation; and when once the strength is prostrated, it is a difficulty bordering on the impossible to get it up again without a change of climate.

6th.—Another of those large dinners to forty people, given in honour of a member of the law Commission who is going home. In a few days an entertainment, or rather a series of entertainments, will take place, as a proper reception to his successor, just arrived, for all opportunities seem to be seized on for collecting people to these great feasts. The new commissioner is a friend of Arthur's family; he therefore took me to see his wife without waiting for the ceremony of her calling first, as is usual here; and I am very glad indeed we went, for we found them very uncomfortable at Spence's Hotel, frightened to death about the cholera, utterly ignorant of all Indian habits, and without one acquaintance in this strange country. In short, they were quite astray. The commissioner told us he had found this fine appointment waiting for him upon his table one fine day, much to his astonishment; and he had only a week or two given him to prepare for his voyage.

7th.—Cary went with me immediately after breakfast to call on the forlorn strangers. She was most kindly welcomed; and in five minutes all were as old friends together. At home it would have taken us years to get so well acquainted, for we are seldom thus thrown

upon each other for help in that far-away land. There is nothing more remarkable than the ease of Indian intercourse. If any one person can be of use to another, the *art* of kindness is tendered at once, without any fear of its being considered officious. It is as freely accepted, and causes no undue idea of gratitude: it seems to be merely the interchange of the good-feeling which it would be most happy for the world were it universal. No one unaccustomed to the glow of such truly Christian manners can fully comprehend the happy effect produced by them. It is as if all were really of one family, and felt themselves entitled to receive, because equally ready to bestow, attention, in the perfect simplicity of a kind heart.

8th.—Thunder and lightning this afternoon, accompanied by a shower of hail—the hailstones of such a size as I would not have credited had I not seen them. They fell thick and fast, so as quite to darken the air, and were as big as bantam's eggs. I could not help running out upon the veranda to catch the thick of such a storm. It was very grand. The thunder is more *smart* than I ever heard it elsewhere: louder—nearer—a shorter clap; the lightning so vivid, and the flashes so continuous, that nature appeared thoroughly disturbed—quite a battle of the elements, without a pause in the awful strife. An ordinary thunderstorm in our own climate produces a solemn feeling; but here, where the weather so seldom changes from the glaring sunshine of a sky without a cloud, the first few minutes of a thunderstorm in the tropics create a sensation of dread, not unminged with rapture. The poor natives, who believe there is some virtue in the hailstones, run out to catch them, and many accidents happen from their thus putting themselves into the way of danger. At dinner we were all full of this sudden outbreak. Short as was the time it had lasted, it had done much damage. The lightning had struck some trees, and even injured some persons; but there had been no fatal accident, all the houses having conductors. The wind had done more mischief: huts are down, shrubs uprooted, branches of fine trees swept off, and all the ground strewn with fruit, none of it ripe yet. A lady took the circumference of a hailstone with her ribbon-measure: it reached to the half-yard—enough to break a head! The diameter of another was four inches and a-half. Of course they melted very rapidly; but they were most likely somewhat reduced in size before they fell to earth, and certainly before they were measured. It was observed that all these large stones fell at first, within the first few minutes, and they decreased in size, till towards the end they were no bigger than walnuts.

9th.—A delightful cool day after the refreshing storm of yesterday; so, as a cloudy sky permitted an earlier evening drive, we varied the scene by going about four miles along the road to Barrackpoor. The first three miles the road is the same that leads to Dwarkanauth Tagore's country-house; then, instead of taking the turn, we went on straight, through the long wide avenue, bordered by stately trees, which continues for a dozen miles, to the gates of the governor's country-house, all like almost every other public work, the creation of the Marquis Wellesley. It is a striking feature in this flat country, this fine avenue of trees; but I fancied I should have wearied of a much longer drive in it. It was something like the interminable greensward in the fairy tale, over which the discontented lady was doomed to wander for a thousand years, and which always gave me a headache to think of in my childhood.

11th.—Dwarkanauth Tagore is going to Europe. Having lost caste already by eating with infidels, he fills up the measure of his sins by visiting their country. Before departing, he wished to entertain all his English friends at his country-house. Such of us as were able were to pass the whole day with him, and to be joined afterwards at dinner by those more fully occupied. Cary and I were received at the door by a cousin, much loved and trusted by the head of the house, and really an excellent person, but not looking his best, as,

instead of the turban, so becoming to Eastern features, this gentleman wore only his own hair, not very well dressed either. I never remarked this style adopted before except by the lowest coolies, who cannot afford themselves a head-covering. It is a very good house: a large entrance-hall, dining-room, and billiard-room on the ground-floor, besides private apartments not open to us, and a wide staircase leading up to the suite of public rooms, where we found already a small company assembled. Beautiful Indian screens divided the several chambers; the verandas were filled with flowers; and amongst the furniture, besides the usual tables, chairs, sofas, and consoles, there was a grand pianoforte by Broadwood, a seraphine, and a barrel-organ, a large one, made at Paris, also a real ottoman, covered with kinkob, green, and gold. A good many pictures were hung upon the walls, some of them said to be valuable, brought from Italy in former days; but they were too dirty for me to be able to discover their merits. There were three handsome drawing-rooms and a sort of state bedroom, fitted up in our own style, the only difference being the immense size of the bed, and the want of curtains and carpets. The third drawing-room had books in it, all the standard English works, and large portfolios full of good prints. Really it is a curious house to belong to a native.

At nine o'clock we were summoned to breakfast, when Dwarkanauth appeared himself to do the honours with his usual urbanity. He apologised for his plain dress, saying he was in mourning for his mother. He wore a tunic of dark purple with loose open sleeves, so that his bare arms were visible when he moved them. He had on him neither shawls nor jewels, white trousers, and his green velvet cap and tassel; but on his very neat feet he had silk stockings and English shoes well polished—a most extraordinary innovation on the habits of his countrymen, who never put on a stocking, and whose slippers have no heels. The breakfast was exactly like one we should have given ourselves. The only novelty to me was the hookah, which the proper servants brought in afterwards; but our host was so busy talking, and so happy recounting his adventures up the country, whither he had been sent by his doctor for his health, that he sent it away. The morning passed very pleasantly. The recent storms had so cooled the air, and the clouds hung so thickly over us, that we were enabled to leave all the Venetians open, and so enjoyed the unusual pleasure of looking out upon green trees—no small delight to those who have been imprisoned for weeks in darkened rooms. We had billiards too, and chess, work, prints, books, and some excellent music-quartettes by amateurs, and singing. One of the ladies had brought her baby, which, indeed, it would not have been convenient for her to part from, and which amused us while it kept awake, as much as the hookahs and cigars did the few gentlemen we had mustered so early in the day. When the infant wearied, it was put to sleep in the large bed in the state bedroom, where, with its little pillow for its head, and its frilled *godry* to lie on, and its two little bolsters at its sides, it looked like some one from Lilliput sleeping in Brobdingnag. At two o'clock we met for tiffin, and after tiffin all retired to rest in anyway that suited us. At five o'clock we set out to walk about the grounds. They are prettily laid out, and are extensive; many fine trees in them, and a piece of water, where we found a boat. The earth that had been taken out to form a tank had been raised into a mound, which, low as it was, made an agreeable variety in this level land. We rowed to some lovely water-lilies—lotus, I must call them here—and they are larger much than any of the species we know. A single root throws its flowering branches over almost any given space, spreading itself so closely over the surface of the water as nearly to conceal it altogether. The flowers are double, and very beautiful in the day, but they close up at night. After wandering for some time in a sort of grove, we returned towards the house, and seated ourselves round

a fountain, the play of which freshened the air delightfully: it was covered in, and ornamented with fine curious shells from China, and plots of flowers lay all around it, making me think of the gardens described in the Arabian tales. After a reasonable delay here, we retired to dress for dinner, when we were joined by the gentlemen from Calcutta, native and European; and after a very handsome and happy entertainment, we all drove merrily home by moonlight.

12th.—Dwarkanauth Tagore must be a very remarkable man to have so educated himself, so thrown off the prejudices of caste, and to have so fearlessly avowed his enlightenment, acted on his improved views, without more entirely shocking his countrymen. The fact appears to be, that, lacking the courage to show it, the better classes of natives feel with him that they have hitherto lived in ignorance and in error. Those of his own friends whom we met at his house are well-bred, courteous, talented, agreeable in conversation, and in no respect, so far as strangers can judge, inferior to other provincial gentlemen of fairer complexion. When they have read our works, which must follow their fuller acquaintance with our language, their natural intelligence will lead them gradually on to a much higher state of existence than they have at present any notion of. Some of them are shy of European ladies; not that they do not appreciate the good effects of our mixed society, but they are unused to the appearance of women in company, and for that reason are uncertain how to comport themselves. Our host of yesterday had none of these misgivings. He has lived a good deal with the European partners of his house. Naturally shrewd, with good-feeling, good sense, and some humour, he has easily assimilated himself to manners congenial to his superior nature; and with too much tact to offend, and too much dignity to affect more than he really feels, he takes his proper place among us. We spent a really enjoyable day with him, and one that opened my eyes to the capabilities of the Hindoo character.

20th.—Another charity affair. A house to be made for the play; a comedy got up by the officers of some king's regiment at their own expense, the proceeds to go to the famine fund. We have been writing chits till I am sick of the sight of paper. Cary's ayah wants to go to see the gentlemen act, considering them probably of her acquaintance, from having seen most of them here in her master's house. The head-servant has the same wish; there is quite a little agitation upon the subject, and ever so much fun about the Celtic costume, for the play is to be 'Rob Roy.' There are kilts enough in the regiment; but then the mosquitoes!

23d.—The Portuguese ayah went to the play. She was extremely fine, for we helped to dress her. She wore a silk petticoat, abundantly flounced; a white muslin spenser, trimmed with lace, and open in the front, to show a coral necklace; coral earrings, and comb in her hair; and neither shoes nor stockings. She put her feet into a pair of old slippers, however, just as she went off. She really looked well, she was so happy. She went with some companions of her own, disdaining any partnership with the khansamaun. The theatre is very pretty, and the play was well got up, and well acted; and Mr Owen's counting-house allusions were fully appreciated by the Parsee section of the audience, who all seemed to be thoroughly amused with his difficulties—so Arthur told me; for I was too wise to venture myself into such a heated atmosphere, though indeed he said the ventilation was so well managed, that he found it a great deal cooler than any of the large dinner parties, even when punkahs were going. Ayah was much excited; we could hardly get her to bed, and her description of all she had seen was truly diverting. Though I lost the play, she gave me a bit of a farce, which quite made up for it.

24th.—Helen's poor little baby so ill again that they have sent it down the river with Mrs Freeman, who has tired of her charge at the other house. She has faults

which would require to be overcome by respect for a superior order of mistress; and here, where a mere school-girl is so early placed in authority, the young wife and mother, not yet skilled in controlling herself, is little capable of managing others, particularly a quick, active, clever servant, fonder of ruling than of obeying. The fawning obsequiousness of the ayahs suits these girlish heads of households better than a little blunt advice offered by an inferior, however honestly given. So Mrs Freeman dismissed her unsuitable mistress just in time to take charge of little Edward down to the Sandheads. A partner of Mr Black's, too, is very ill; we call him the Long Partner always, he is so very tall, and now, poor man, so very thin. He has gone with his wife in the same steamer as the child, which is a comfortable arrangement for all parties. He has remained, everybody says, a season too long in India. He has been ailing for a year or two, only just regaining sufficient strength in the cold season to carry him uneasily through the hot. That never seems to answer: off at once, when seriously attacked, appears to be the only assurance of safety.

#### RISK OF A JUVENILE DELINQUENT.

Born in a cold garret or dark cellar, alike remarkable for the careful exclusion of light and air, his early days receive scantily of a mother's fostering care. In a few short weeks he is carried out into the streets, with some slender filthy covering of rags, exposed to the cold and damp blast of our shifting temperature, that his shrill cry of agony may the better wring the pittance from the passer-by—a cry, it has been more than once established, made the more agonizing by the application of human agency. At night, when the absence of warmth and comfort, so essential to its normal state, compels its cry of complaint, quietness is sometimes secured by administering the same foul draught which is preying on the vitals of both body and mind of the wretched parent. Thus are combined, in one unhappy union, the most powerful ingredients which can poison the cup of human enjoyment, and engendering the seeds of moral and physical debility in this child of misfortune. So soon as the little urchin can hush the cry of 'pauir wean,' or its tiny limbs carry its stunted body, it is thrown out of its dirty den into the streets, to beset the doors of the more blessed, or interrupt the passengers on the busy thoroughfares with importunate appeals for charity in a tone of whining from which he never afterwards can divest himself. If he returns to his cellarage without the expected amount of prey, a sound beating, interspersed with curses, may be his welcome. He never hears of a God except as a name of imprecation. He seldom has heard of Heaven, but often of its opposite, as the place to which every outbreak of parental ire summarily consigns him. A Bible he never saw in the house; and though it were put into his hands, he could not spell its simplest text. The Sabbath he knows only as a day when the shops are shut, and all business arrested except that of the whisky-shop. The church-bells are rung, and he observes a portion of people better dressed than on other days; but in his sphere it is a day noted only as one of greater idleness and sensuality than other days. For continual absence from church and school his parents have ever the ready excuse of want of suitable clothing. Perchance some kind Samaritan seeks to remove the real or fancied obstacle, and speedily the gift adorns the stall of the old clothes-man, and the little boy revels in his hereditary rags. Some zealous Sabbath-school teacher, fearless of the filth and fever, plunges into the sink of iniquity, and seizing the little immortal as a waif on the social stream, bears him to his school. A few Sabbath nights he sits listless and restless, but the lessons of an hour are counteracted by the precept and practice of a week. Attendance becomes irksome and occasional, and all sorts of lying apologies are told for absence and tasks unlearned. The misappropriation of some book—very probably the volume of life—the gift of the generous teacher, bars return; and he answers no longer to his name, though he may beset the door to disturb others in the enjoyment of that which he has been taught to despise. He falls back to his former haunts and habits, and 'no man careth for his soul.' What can be expected from such a childhood—from such a culture in the spring-day of life? Do men

gather figs off thistles? As we sow we reap. There is truth as well as poetry in the saying, 'The boy is father of the man.'—*Juvenile Delinquency, by a County Magistrate.*

#### LINES FOR MUSIC.

Twain in the glad season  
When roses are sweet,  
I led to the forest  
Thy slow, timid feet.  
Than those roses blushed deeper  
Thy forehead of snow;  
Low murmured the waters,  
Thy voice was more low;  
Yet heard I each accent,  
Each faint whispered tone  
That bade me then hail thee  
My chosen—my own.  
The blackbird was trilling  
His blithe carol nigh,  
When 'neath the lime blossoms  
Thus met thou and I.

Time passed—we were parted;  
But o'er the sea foam,  
In grief or in gladness  
My heart journeyed home.  
In sleep I beheld thee,  
And waking, my thought  
Still dwelt on the dreamings  
That dear vision brought.  
And ever I pondered  
With doubt's weary pain—  
Oh, loved and long severed,  
When meet we again?  
The bird, shall it warble  
Its blithe carol nigh,  
And 'neath the lime blossoms  
Yet meet thou and I?

'Tis o'er—the long absence—  
And leaveth no sign,  
Thine eyes are upon me,  
Thine hand is in mine.  
Again laugheth summer  
Her roses among,  
Again flows the river  
In music along.  
Again those soft accents  
Fall sweet on mine ear,  
As they tell me the tale  
My heart yearneth to hear.  
The blackbird is trilling  
His blithe carol nigh,  
As 'neath the lime blossoms  
Thus meet thou and I!

ELLEN C.—

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## GLEANING.

'CROWNED with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,' that season has now passed away which, from the earliest times, has been recorded as one of jubilee and joy. The fruition of the year, the gathering and garnering up of the perfected produce of the earth, of the requisite sustenance for the coming winter—the harvest home—has been as a focus round which have revolved, in annual custom, the most joyous social charities of life. The agricultural year has several recurring seasons of rural mirth—as the May-day dance, the sheep-shearing merriment, the hay-harvest festival; but the one *par excellence* is that which celebrates the period of harvest, when the earth yields to the busy reaper the stores which she has been fostering in her bosom—the fruits, the corn, the vegetables—the perfected fruition of the fatness of the earth and the dews of heaven.

'Now is the time for mirth,  
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;  
For the flow'ris earth,  
The golden pomp is come.'

Nature, indeed, has put on regal attire, whether in the orchards with their blushing burthens, or in the English vineyards; the hop-fields with their graceful wreaths and pendent clusters, or in the hill slopes and in the fertile valleys, covered with their 'golden pomp' of waving corn—

—'being rich arrayed  
In garment all of gold down to the ground.'

It is no wonder that the reaping and housing of so important and valuable a production as corn should in all times have been considered meet cause for especial rejoicing. In our own country and climate this would be heightened by the circumstance that the summer was at a close. True, there was still much work. The soil had yet, ere Christmas, to be ploughed, and the grain dropped for a future harvest; but this was merely dry necessary labour; there could be no more fruition until a winter had been passed through—a cold, bleak, dark season, offering no facilities for friendly reunions in open air and sunshine. It has been truly called 'the greatest rural holiday in England, because it concludes at once the most laborious and most lucrative of the farmer's employments, and unites repose and profit.' Therefore the 'bringing summer home' in every respect invited to social merriment.

Harvesting is by no means play-work; it is very hard, very exhausting toil. I have myself seen strong, robust men fainting with heat and exhaustion. Food and ale of a more generous quality than that commonly used are distributed, almost *ad libitum*, to the labourers; and an abundant substantial supper, at which the master

presides, crowns the completion of the work.\* Herrick's description of the harvest feast usual in his time would form a pretty accurate *carte* now—

'Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,  
Glittering with fire, where, for your mirth,  
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe  
Foundation of your feast—fat beefe;  
With upper stories, mutton, veale,  
And bacon, which makes full the meale,  
With severall dishes standing by—  
As, here a custard, there a pie,  
And here all tempting frumentie.  
And for to make the merrie cheere,  
If smirking wine be wanting here,  
There's that which drowns all care—stout boere.'

Some of our readers may be puzzled to know what 'frumentie' is, though it was once a very common article of food, and probably still is so in the west of England, for during the autumn it is as commonly sold in Bristol market as butter or vegetables. I once tasted it in a northern county, and found it to consist of the fresh, new, tender wheat boiled in milk, spiced and sweetened.

Formerly there were some ceremonies attendant on the bringing home of the hock-cart—that is, the cart containing the *last* sheaves of corn, which now are chiefly if not altogether discontinued. The horses used to be garlanded, the sheaves were wreathed with wild flowers, and the labourers, bearing a few ears of corn in their hands, or conspicuously attached to their dress, accompanied the cart in formal procession. It was in some places usual to have an effigy of the goddess Ceres in front of the cart, which would seem to intimate that this custom was derived from the pagan commemoration in honour of that goddess, when

'All the hinds bend low at Ceres' shrine;  
Mix honey sweet, for her, with milk and mellow wine.  
Thrice lead the victim the now fruits around,  
And Ceres call, and choral hymns resound.'

But I leave these preliminary remarks to refer more particularly to a benevolent custom practised from remote antiquity, sanctioned, if not expressly ordained, in the Bible, and followed in many parts of England even to this day—I mean, the suffering the poor and destitute to gather a little harvest of their own.

In that beautiful law which disdains not to notice 'a bird's nest' which shall 'chance to be on the ground,' and which forbids to 'muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn,' it is thus written:—

'When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor and to the stranger.'

\* It is scarcely necessary to remark that such customs are not everywhere observed with the same liberality of indulgence.—Ed.

'When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow; that the Lord thy God may bless thee.' The history of Ruth gives us a beautiful illustration of the custom a century and a-half later.

Though still in full vogue in some parts of England, the practice of gleanings was probably more generally diffused formerly than it is now. In many places, and more especially in those neighbourhoods where the spread of manufactures has trenchoned on the limits of agriculture, it may have gone gradually and unknowingly, as it were, into desuetude; in others, where the poor, from habit, consider the privilege as a right, masters compound the matter by a donation, or a privilege of some other kind. This they have found it to their own advantage to do, as their property is often accidentally, sometimes maliciously, injured, besides the impossibility of satisfying the gleaners generally as to the quantity left for them; while the invidious comparisons made if a field happen to be better cleared than usual, often bear hardly and unjustly on the unconscious proprietor. Yet, if the field be not left tolerably clean, the owner is mulcted of his just property. Some farmers, therefore, glean their own fields, giving a suitable consideration instead, whereby the gleaners are decidedly gainers in time and wearing apparel (which I have often seen torn and tattered almost to the knees after three or four days' work among the stubble), and as frequently are gainers in manners and morals too.\* For a gleanings-field is not that Arcadian scene of innocence and purity which the poets paint. It is very probable that gleanings was more common in England in the time of Thomson than it is now, but it is also probable that the poet knew little about it from actual observation. The following is his picture:—

'Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,  
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,  
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,  
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.  
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves  
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!  
How good the God of harvest is to you,  
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,  
While those unhappy partners of your kind  
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole.'

Of the beauty of the above passage as a poetical picture there can be no question, and it might be more true to reality when first published, one hundred and twenty years ago, than it is now. It seems almost a pity to dismember such an elegant structure.

The gleaners do not usually follow the reapers. They are generally excluded until the sheaves are entirely carried away. A particular hour is appointed—well known in the neighbourhood by that magical process by which news spread—and a single sheaf is in the meantime left, to signify that the field is still under taboo. When the hour comes, this last sheaf is carried off; and the whole of the gleaners, secured fair-play by the arrangement, rush simultaneously in. By a tacit agreement among the masters, the hour is never earlier than eight o'clock in the morning. Before this plan was fallen upon, hearty women and strong children

would be in a field by three or four o'clock, and clear it before the aged and sickly could leave their beds. This disposes of the poet's supposition that the gleaners assemble with the reapers—

'Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky.'

That it was not, even in the earliest times, and when the divine laws on the subject were perhaps most stringently felt from having been but recently promulgated\*—that it was not then the custom for the gleaners to attend the reapers—that is, to follow in their track—we learn from the Book of Ruth.

'She went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers.'

'And Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: And let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not. So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley.'

Thus it appears it was then considered a mark of favour or preference to permit a person to glean amongst the sheaves. It is so to this day. I have seen a score of women clustered together, vehemently irate, and talking very fast, because a gentleman with whom I was acquainted had given a favourite old servant and a pet pensioner permission to enter his field before the sheaves were removed. Very shortly after eight the next morning I counted upwards of a hundred gleaners in the same field. If they each gleaned sufficient to repay them for their time and trouble, it is easy to calculate the golden harvest their privilege of early entry gave to the two favoured ones on the preceding day. I was told, however, that this delay of entry was not made a rule until enforced by absolute necessity; for so eager were the gleaners, and so excited did they become in the contest, that not only were the reapers impeded in their work, but portions of the tied-up sheaves were perpetually pilfered.

Unpoetical, but true!

But it is *un-true*, however poetical, that these brawny sons of summer—the reapers—stand

—'each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,  
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.'

And as for the female gleaners, they are obliged to forego this interesting support, for no youth, nor man of any age, capable of field-labour, is permitted to glean. The fields are entirely abandoned to women, girls, very young boys, or decrepit men.

A gleanings-field in fine weather is certainly a picturesque sight. According to size, and other circumstances, there will be from twenty to one hundred and twenty gleaners: women, old, young, and middle-aged; old men (not many); children of all shapes, sorts, and sizes, in costumes of every variety of make and colour; babies, placed sometimes in baskets or whisks, sometimes in bundles (apparently) at the sunny side of the field, or too often consigned to the charge of juvenile nurses scarcely bigger than themselves, who loiter about the lanes, or in the field, as it may or may not be near home.

It is all a very pretty sight, though perhaps only externally so. Jealousies, contests, and disputations in the field are of perpetual recurrence, and too frequently end in blows. On entering a field, each person generally takes a ridge, or perhaps two join and agree to share the gathering at the end. It is a point of honour not to trespass on another's ridge; yet if there be honour among thieves, it is not always among gleaners. People do trespass sometimes on each other's ridges, and high words are the consequence. Moreover, people do purloin the little heaps which from time to time are laid down as inconvenient to carry while gleanings. The

\* High farmers in Scotland the frequent use of the hand of the reaping-hook has necessitated the introduction of the horse-rake, which is, in fact, a gleanings machine. This machine supersedes hand-gleaning.

\* Recently by comparison: say a hundred and forty years previously.

losers naturally seek to reclaim their property—remonstrate, argue, fight for it.

Then all this time the cottages are deprived of their matrons; and the little children who are too young to glean, are, as the phrase goes, 'at a loose end.' Then the village school is closed: not a child will show its face there 'at the gleaning;' nor would the school-mistress either, though she herself does not glean. My first experience of the practical utility of this custom was the reappearance of my village scholars when the five or six weeks of gleaning had elapsed, with tattered skirts and scratched and disfigured arms—lessons, I need hardly add, all forgotten.

Gleaning is severe discipline for the hand and arm; old experienced practitioners are usually provided with a strong glove.

It is very strange that the women there, while complaining of this custom—of the wear and tear of clothes, of the waste of time, of the necessary discomfort of their cottages, and of the excessive fatigue—do yet pursue it with the utmost eagerness. It is a kind of mania. They find fault before the time, at the time, and after the time, and yet all the humbler cottagers (with exceptions of course) go to the 'gleaning.\*' I think gleaning is generally looked to—bringing as it does a sum of money so quickly accumulated—as a resource for rent, which is usually paid about this time, and which the poor people have probably not had resolution, even if they had means, to save up by degrees.

The reaping, mowing, and housing of the white corn—that is, barley, oats, wheat—occupy from a month to six weeks, and the gleaning of course averages the same. A good, fair, average gleaner can glean about three bushels of wheat, and a child of thirteen years of age nearly two bushels. This year they have been paid about 4s. a bushel for gleaned wheat, the harvest weather having been most favourable, and the corn consequently dry. Therefore, when four or five of a household combine their gleanings, the produce must be considerable.

If a gleaner picks up a bushel of barley, for which this year 2s. 9d. is paid, it is reckoned pretty good work. So that we may calculate the extent of the favour done to Ruth in allowing her to glean among the sheaves, and scattering ears for her, for she gleaned an ephah of barley in one day—a quantity reckoned, I believe, about equivalent to our bushel.

Oats and beans are not gleaned: the latter the farmer leaves for his pigs to pick up; but the bean-stalks are carefully gathered by the poor for fuel.

#### NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

LEYDEN—GLIMPSE OF IN-DOOR LIFE—PAUPER POPULATION—SINGING SCHOOL.

At six in the evening of my third day at the Hague, I again betook myself to the road, and started for Leyden. The highway traverses the park, and once more I enjoyed the welcome shade under the cool leafy avenues of the Bosch. Beyond were still the same signs of thrift and industrious cultivation, but with a more rural appearance than on the other side of the town. The route was the pleasanter from its frequent windings: a straight line has few charms for a pedestrian. There was the same brick paving, the same green ditch on either side, with here and there a fringe of trees, and to the right and left comfortable, homely-looking farm-houses, with great display of white paint about them; and groups of cattle, such as Cuyper has made us familiar with, ruminating in the fields. Wherever you look, the

view is shut in by formal lines of trees, from among which, at distant intervals, a little white church spire peeps up, and breaks the horizontal uniformity. As you pass the boundary ditches between fields or farms, you observe the square post standing at the corner, with a notice facing the road, informing the passer-by that all behind it is the *eigenjagt*, or private chase of so-and-so; a hint to men with guns that they are not to shoot therein. These posts are seen at the limit of every property, and the prohibitory regulations are rigidly enforced. By and by you traverse the estates of Prince Frederick, brother of the present king: they comprise extensive plantations, stretching away all round an open park-like space, within which stands the château, a comfortable-looking country residence. The labouring people whom I met saluted with a *goeden avond* as I passed—a friendly custom still kept up in some of our English counties. It was nightfall as I drew near to Leyden, and the groups seated at the doors of the outlying cottages bordering the thoroughfare gave me the same neighbourly greeting. Is there not something in twilight which disposes the heart to benevolence? Perhaps to go on a begging-quest would be the best way of trying the problem. I passed through the town gate just before it was closed for the night, and kept along the Breede Straat until the sight of another Lion d'Or indicated my quarters. A Frankfort bookseller was taking supper at the table where I was presently seated at my tea, and among other topics on which we talked for an hour before going to bed his own business came in. The study of English appears to be much on the increase in Germany: my interlocutor considered himself fortunate in having sold an edition of 2000 Shakespeare and 1500 Byron in three years. Would Goethe and Schiller sell to the same extent in the same time in England?

While I was at breakfast the next morning, the hotel-keeper said, 'Monsieur, you see those strawberries there? The gentleman who will shortly come in and eat them is Prince Canino.' Ere long he made his appearance; and one could not but be struck by his likeness to his uncle the Emperor; and especially when his back was towards you, with the resemblance between his figure and that shown in the portraits, *à la* Southey, of the imperial exile gazing from the crags of St Helena. M. Bonaparte, it appeared, had been staying at Leyden for the past seven months, pursuing his studies of natural history.

The host wished me to take one of his commissionaires as a guide. I declined the ambrosia-visaged encumbrance, and after a short exploration, soon made myself acquainted with the topography of the town. I afterwards explained to the landlord that it would be more to his interest to hang up a plan of the town and neighbourhood in his hall, than to be stingy of information for the sake of making a few florins by his servants; but he was hardly prepared for this stroke of policy. In fact one cannot fail to perceive that business generally is conducted on less liberal principles abroad than in England. Dutchmen, too, are not over-communicative; not too much imbued with what the French call *prévenance*. For instance, inquire of a schoolmaster how many scholars he has: he replies, perhaps, five hundred. Then if you want to know how many of either sex, you must ask two additional questions; and so on for other particulars, which with most people come spontaneously without asking. You will get all the information you want, but you must make up your mind to labour for it.

It is scarcely worth while to say much about the sights of a town of which the guide-books already give you the history cut and dried. I saw them all in Leyden, not omitting the Museum of Natural History, one of the most complete in Europe, and in which the prince finds material for his ornithological researches, some fruits of which have recently appeared in his 'Conspectus Generum Avium'—a work which promises to be useful to zoologists by its discrimination of synonyms. Then there is the Museum van Oudheden,

\* A town's-person not familiar with these rural habits would be surprised on passing through a village to see every sunny doorstep, every airy window-sill, and every safe nook of vantage, breathed on by sun and wind, bedecked with small bunches of grain, the yesterday's gleanings, exposed to dry. The poor women sell their gatherings to the farmers (who do not refuse to buy them), or, more willingly to some village magnate, who may not be a farmer, but who may nevertheless have a horse in his stable.

chiefly of Egyptian antiquities; the objects illustrative of the private life of the pyramid-builders are numerous and interesting. There was one mummy completely unwrapped, the beard apparently as perfect as when first embalmed. I had a card for M. Leemans the director, and on sending it in, he at once offered service and hospitality, and invited me to take lunch with his family. A Dutch lunch is chiefly composed of coffee and biscuits; and here I saw the drawing-room arrangement for keeping things warm. A handsome mahogany case, about the size and shape of a waste-paper basket, lined with brass, and set on a pedestal, stands on the floor on the right of the lady who presides at table. When all is ready, the servant brings in a pan of lighted turf, which is placed in the bottom of the brass-lined case, with a brass kettle on the top of it: the latter is thus kept singing as long as hot water may be required. A tiny pair of brass tongs bestrides the edge of the case, to be used in placing the turf. These diminutive tongs—which are to be seen in numerous shop-windows—seem to be more for use in dolls' houses than to be manipulated by adult hands. The whole apparatus is one of the elements of Dutch comfort; and on looking round the well-appointed drawing-room, it was not difficult to perceive that the Hollanders are little if at all behind ourselves in that essential of domestic enjoyment. This, however, must be understood with reference to the classes in easy circumstances.

On taking my departure, I was invited to return at four o'clock to dinner: I passed the interval in further explorations. What a number of Japanese blinds you see in going about the streets; and here they do not screen the whole width of the lower sash, but about twenty inches or two feet of the centre panes only; so that on either side you can look into the rooms, or the inmates can look out. The space is perhaps left for convenience of peeping into the *spiegeltjes*, or outside looking-glasses, which have such an odd effect at the windows of Dutch houses. The blinds, whether of wire or muslin, are sewn to a frame made of round rods of wood or metal, halved together at about an inch from each end; and in most cases they are not fixed to the sash, but merely lean against it on the inside.

I was chiefly desirous on this occasion to visit the quarters inhabited by what some people call the 'lower orders.' There was one long street of small tenements by the side of a canal, about which there could be no mistake. The water, notwithstanding the law to the contrary, was covered with refuse vegetables and miscellaneous outcastings: women were leaning over the edge scrubbing pots, pans, trousers, and sabots. At some of the doors a little battalion of the last-mentioned articles was ranged, looking as clean and white as labour could make them; for the morrow would be the Sabbath. The brick floor of every house looked very red and very damp from a similar process of scrubbing, and it is hard to comprehend how the people preserve their health in such circumstances. There appeared to be but one room on a floor, and the windows of the upper apartments had no glass; wooden shutters only, which, when they were closed, left a few inches at the upper part of the frame entirely uncovered: no lack of ventilation, whatever else may be complained of. In front of several of the houses a goat was tethered—perhaps a dozen in all—nibbling at cabbage stalks and the grass which grew up between the paving-stones. The possessors of these animals were thus at no loss for a supply of milk. Some of the rooms were very scantily furnished; others displayed a fair share of comfort, and some attempts at ornament; and here and there a few books were to be seen; there were flowers, too, in the windows, and larks hanging out in cages. The struggle to live was apparent enough; but with all this there were indications of a right sense of home comfort, which, whether instinctive or compelled, affords ground for hopefulness. Nearly every one was out of doors, as I supposed, to avoid soiling the floors while they

were so moist; and the children were playing about barefoot, as unburthened with care as children generally are in any part of the world. Afterwards in the meat-market, which is held under the Stad Huys, I saw some poor women buying scraps of meat, and going home with but a scanty supply even of these. Veal sells for 14 stivers the kilo, to use the local term—about 7d. per pound; beef, 6d.; the octroi or duty being 2d. per pound. Milk is six cents (three-halfpence) the litre during summer, and in winter seven cents.

I went back to dinner at four, as arranged: during the meal I spoke of what had just before come under my notice. 'Ah,' was the reply, 'there are 16,000 poor in Leyden.' It seemed to me incredible that in a town of 39,000 inhabitants so large a proportion should be paupers; but such is the fact, and one of the consequences is a heavy octroi to provide funds for the sustentation of this burthen of poverty: it devours one-half of the town revenues. There are about 8000 of the population in pretty easy circumstances, and taxes fall heavily on them in addition to the octroi. Householders whose annual rent is under fifty florins pay no direct taxes; and when one considers that the town has no manufactures, it is a marvel that the canker which eats so hungrily into its vitals should so long have been endured.

'But,' I inquired, 'have you no work for these people?'

'None whatever.'

'Then why don't you send them to your colonies at Java, where they would be of some use, and where they might revive those sparks of manhood which are here quenched?'

'Our laws will not permit that: and thus we have to maintain them year after year, providing food, clothes, and lodging for the whole number.'

'Would they work if the opportunity offered?'

'Most of them have no heart to work; their self-reliance is all gone, and they are not much liked as labourers. There are some praiseworthy exceptions, but the majority are hopeless paupers, physically and morally.'

This accounts for the number of beggars who are so importunate in the streets of Leyden; and although it is a punishable offence to give alms to mendicants, and although, in the strict letter of the law, all the beggars in Holland should be sent to the pauper colonies, yet, as in other countries, the police interfere with none but the most troublesome, and allow the quieter ones some sort of immunity.

After dinner, my entertainer, having to attend a committee meeting, invited me to accompany him: it was for the purpose of enrolling the names of poor children for a singing class. A *sang-school* had been formed some time before, the pupils of which had made such progress that beginners could no longer be united with them, and as other children had expressed a great desire to learn, it was resolved to form a new class. We found two comfortable-looking burgesses and a schoolmaster already seated at the table, on which a handful of the long straight-stemmed pipes was lying: by the side of a well-furnished tobacco-box and pan of lighted turf. No one, however, smoked, but we all partook of the tea, which the chairman poured out and handed round with much courtesy of manner. After a few minutes spent in preliminaries, business commenced in earnest. Outside of the room about 150 women and children were waiting: the former were admitted singly, with their little ones. First their names were asked, and what school the youngsters attended, the schoolmaster verifying the reply in the latter case by referring to a list before him. Then if any doubt arose as to capacity, the children were made to read a few sentences, and the possibility of payment was ascertained. It seems that even the paupers get a little money somewhere, and several promised to pay the charge of two and a-half cents, or one halfpenny, per lesson; others could only afford the half of this small sum; and the greater part nothing: the children were, however, admitted whether

payment were forthcoming or not. Two or three of the women, when asked if they were on the town charity, answered 'Neen, Mynheer,' with a tone and look of honest pride: they earned their own living. Now and then some children would come and speak for themselves; a brother and sister about ten years of age agreed to pay the fees, as also a bright-eyed lad of eleven, who, in reply to the first inquiry, 'What is your name?' said sharply, 'Peter Notenboom.'

'What trade?'

'Cabinet-maker.'

'How much do you earn a week?'

'Seven stivers; and'—this was said with emphasis—'sometimes a trifle over.'

'Will you pay for yourself?'

'That will I.' And so Peter Nut-tree was admitted.

How the eyes of these last three sparkled at sight of the dubbeltje which I gave to each of them! It would pay for four lessons.

A printed copy of rules was placed in the hands of the respective applicants, wherein the hours of attendance, once a week, and other duties—cleanliness being among the foremost—were prescribed; and all were apparently elate at the prospect of learning to sing. In this way it went on until 102 pupils were admitted; and twenty, whose reading was imperfect, were sent back for improvement. In one of the earlier classes a boy was noticed with a great talent for music; some pains were taken to bring him forward, and now the zang-akademie of Leyden subscribe funds to keep him at the music-academy of Leipsic, where he promises to become a first-rate artist.

With scarcely an exception, all the women who appeared before the committee were clean in person and apparel; some few were dowdyish; but most of them, though their gowns were coarse, were not ill-dressed; and all had on the trim white caps general throughout the country. It must be remembered, however, that unless Dutch paupers keep themselves clean, their supplies are stopped; and this persuasive is perhaps the most potent that could be exercised. Yet even involuntary cleanliness is better than voluntary dirtiness. There were several instances of that unthrift and recklessness which seem ever to attend on penury wherever it may be found. Two or three of the women had to tell that their husbands had run away, abandoning them and their families to their bitter lot: one, a widow with five children, had married a widower with seven; another, with a sorrowful shake of the head, said, 'Mijn man is dood'—('My husband's dead'). A few were comely in appearance, with intelligent and, in one or two instances, intellectual features, that made one wish a more worthy lot for their possessors. But the greater number had the stolid look of indifference and animalism which so painfully distinguishes the forlorn-hope of the battle of life. There was, however, no crouching or cringing in their demeanour; they could look their questioners in the face, and answer without cant or whining. One fact was remarkable: the names of most were not pure Dutch appellations, but French, or a cross between the two. These poor women were the descendants or connections of the refugees whom Louis XIV.'s memorable edict of revocation had banished from France. At that time, and for long after, Leyden had extensive and prosperous cloth-manufactories, which have since entirely decayed, and with their decay perished the means of existence for the numerous exiles. And thus the poverty which overtook them still afflicts their posterity; and it goes on reproducing itself—for there are no restrictions as to marriage—and ever the mass of pauperism remains undiminished. But one gleam of hope presents itself in the dreary prospect: it is the schooling of the children. It can hardly be that such a system of instruction as prevails in the *armen schools* should fail of beneficial effects. Many of the young will grow up with a principle of self-reliance, with views in some degree enlightened, with a knowledge of human capabil-

ities, and thus by a very slow process the swamp of pauperism may become firm, if not fruitful ground.

After leaving the committee, Madame Leemann accompanied me to the shop of a *klompen maker*. I wanted to see how wooden shoes, or klompen, as the Dutch call them, are made. Do we not find in this word an explanation of the term *clump* soles, so frequently advertised by English shoemakers? We found the shop in a back street, and the master working busily up to his knees in chips. On being informed of the object of my visit, he took a block of poplar—the wood used for the purpose—and chopped it roughly into the form desired; then fixing it in a vice with augers and gouges of various size and shape, he very quickly and smoothly dug out the place for the foot, after which the outside was trimmed and cleaned off with a draw-knife. The whole operation is very simple, the only difficulty being in using the augers, which sometimes pierce through the side. A tolerable workman will make nine pairs in a day: the largest size sell for 8d. the pair, the smaller at 3d. Generally they are much more heavy and clumsy-looking than those worn by the working-classes in Normandy; but a light and neatly-finished sort is made for ladies to wear in wet weather, or when pursuing their domestic avocations on damp floors. These are commonly stained black, and polished, while the poor not unfrequently give theirs a coat of whitewash. There are many people in England to whom wooden shoes would be very serviceable, and who would wear them if they could be bought cheap. The importation of a cargo might prove a profitable speculation.

The next day was Sunday, and Leyden was as tranquil as the most rigid Quietist could have desired. Some of the population choose this day for a trip to the Hague, where music and other recreations may be found in the public gardens. The distance by railway is soon accomplished. Those of bibulous habit, who are not disposed to travel, betake themselves to a *somerlust*, or tavern, in the outskirts of the town; or they may take a jaunt to Katwyk, and see the flooded mouth of the Rhine: these are about all the diversions for those who cannot be content to pass a quiet Sunday at home. I went to St Peter's Church—a big, ugly edifice, as most Dutch churches are. As usual, the collection was made just at the commencement of the sermon: the deacons went round with their bags, like landing-nets, at the end of a long flexible pole; and as soon as one set had made the tour of the congregation, another succeeded. The first was for the church, the second for the poor. As each one completed his gathering, he emptied it into the strong boxes, shaped something like the half of an hour-glass, and made of metal, which two sextons in turn held in readiness at one end of the centre aisle. Near where I sat a partition seven or eight feet high was raised to screen some of the pews; and the collector, by resting the pliant end of his rod on the top, made the bag drop over on the inside, and walked slowly along from one end to the other, apparently having full confidence in his unseen contributors. The same mode of taking collections prevails in the state of New York; and when I was there, no one, high or low, ever thought of dropping more than one cent into the bag; but in St Peter's at Leyden I heard the clink of silver. Money, for the poor or for religious purposes, is always forthcoming in Holland. The service came to an early close, and I went to another church where the preaching is in French and Walloon on alternate Sundays.

At dinner I met a M. Lafrenays, a naturalist, who had come from Falaise on the banks of the Seine to confer with the prince on some points of their common pursuits. He was a fine specimen of an elderly French gentleman; *suave* and somewhat paternal in manner. Meeting him was one of the agreeable incidents of travel, and I gladly accepted his proposal for a walk. He could scarcely set bounds to his astonishment at the aspect of the town: 'Mais! comme c'est propre!' How

clean it is!' 'What a town!' 'What huge fan-lights!' 'And see what a number of *maisons barjoles*!' (chequered houses). Leyden, indeed, is the cleanest town I saw in Holland. In this respect it far exceeds that disappointing and over-praised village Broek. There is a public garden just outside the gate, at the top of the Breede Straat, well laid out, and with a pleasant slope down to the cingel, along which shady walks extend for half the circuit of the town. As we strolled leisurely, my companion could not repress his exclamations at the novel appearance of everything we saw, especially the *maisonnettes*, as he called them—the little garden-houses, whose front wall rises out of the green ditch below. The windows of these were open, discovering the snug parties inside regaling themselves with tobacco, coffee, and wine. The evening drew on, but there was no noise, no turbulence, no shouting of disorderly strollers; the only disturbance was the tremendous din created by the ten drummers, who precisely at nine every night start from the Stad Huis, and beat the recall through the main streets: the noise they make is intolerable. At ten the big bell gives the signal for closing the town-gates, after which, and until three in the morning, when they are again opened, a toll of two or three cents must be paid for admittance.

I stayed three days in Leyden, during which I rode out through Warmund and Sassenheim to see the Leeghwater steam-machine; one of the three employed in the great work of pumping out the waters of the Haarlem lake, of which an account will be given in a subsequent article. I much wished to see M. Beijerinck, a member of the Waterstaat, and engineer-in-chief of the drainage; and although he was absent from home until late on the last evening of my stay, he very courteously favoured me with half an hour's interview after ten o'clock. It is pleasant to have to record such instances of kindness in strangers.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

### THE REVENGE.

LEVASSEUR and his confederates\* sailed for the penal settlements in the ill-fated convict-ship, the *Amphytrion*, the total wreck of which on the coast of France, and consequent drowning of the crew and prisoners, excited so painful a sensation in England. A feeling of regret for the untimely fate of Le Breton, whom I regarded rather as a weak dupe than a purposed rascal, passed over my mind as I read the announcement in the newspapers; but newer events had almost jostled the incidents connected with his name from my remembrance, when a terrible adventure vividly recalled them, and taught me how fierce and untameable are the instincts of hate and revenge in a certain class of minds.

A robbery of plate had been committed in Portman Square with an ingenuity and boldness which left no doubt that it had been effected by clever and practised hands. The detective officers first employed having failed to discover the offenders, the threads of the imperfect and broken clue were placed in my hands, to see if my somewhat renowned dexterity, or luck, as many of my brother officers preferred calling it, would enable me to piece them out to a satisfactory conclusion. By the description obtained of a man who had been seen lurking about the house a few days previous to the burglary, it had been concluded by my predecessors in the investigation that one Martin, a fellow with half a dozen aliases, and a well-known traveller on the road to the hulks, was concerned in the affair; and by their advice a reward of fifty pounds had been offered for his apprehension and conviction. I prosecuted the inquiry with my usual energy and watchfulness, without alighting upon any new fact or intimation of importance. I could not discover that a single article of the missing property had been either pawned or offered for sale,

and little doubt remained that the crucible had fatally diminished the chances of detection. The only hope was, that an increased reward might induce one of the gang to betray his confederates; and as the property was of large value, this was done, and one hundred guineas was promised for the required information. I had been to the printer's to order the placards announcing the increased recompense; and after indulging in a long gossip with the foreman of the establishment, whom I knew well, was passing at about a quarter-past ten o'clock through Ryder's Court, Newport Market, where a tall man met and passed me swiftly, holding a handkerchief to his face. There was nothing remarkable in that, as the weather was bitterly cold and sleety; and I walked unheedingly on. I was just in the act of passing out of the court towards Leicester Square, when swift steps sounded suddenly behind me. I instinctively turned; and as I did so, received a violent blow on the left shoulder—intended, I doubted not, for the nape of my neck—from the tall individual who had passed me a minute previously. As he still held the handkerchief to his face, I did not catch even a momentary glance at his features, and he ran off with surprising speed. The blow, sudden, jarring, and inflicted with a sharp instrument—by a strong knife or a dagger—caused a sensation of faintness; and before I recovered from it all chance of successful pursuit was at an end. The wound, which was not at all serious, I had dressed at a chemist's shop in the Haymarket; and as proclaiming the attack would do nothing towards detecting the perpetrator of it, I said little about it to any one, and managed to conceal it entirely from my wife, to whom it would have suggested a thousand painful apprehensions whenever I happened to be unexpectedly detained from home. The brief glimpse I had of the barked assassin afforded no reasonable indication of his identity. To be sure he ran at an amazing and unusual pace, but this was a qualification possessed by so many of the light-legged as well as light-fingered gentry of my professional acquaintance, that it could not justify even a random suspicion; and I determined to forget the unpleasant incident as soon as possible.

The third evening after this occurrence I was again passing along Leicester Square at a somewhat late hour, but this time with all my eyes about me. Snow, which the wind blew sharply in one's face, was falling fast, and the cold was intense. Except myself, and a tallish, snow-wreathed figure—a woman apparently—not a living being was to be seen. This figure, which was standing still at the further side of the square, appeared to be awaiting me, and as I drew near it, threw back the hood of a cloak, and to my great surprise disclosed the features of a Madame Jaubert. This lady, some years before, had carried on, not very far from the spot where she now stood, a respectable millinery business. She was a widow with one child, a daughter of about seven years of age. Marie-Louise, as she was named, was one unfortunate day sent to Coventry Street on an errand with some money in her hand, and never returned. The inquiries set on foot proved utterly without effect: not the slightest intelligence of the fate of the child was obtained—and the grief and distraction of the bereaved mother resulted in temporary insanity. She was confined in a lunatic asylum for seven or eight months, and when pronounced convalescent, found herself homeless, and almost penniless, in the world. This sad story I had heard from one of the keepers of the asylum during her sojourn there. It was a subject she herself never, I was aware, touched upon; and she had no reason to suspect that I was in the slightest degree informed of this melancholy passage in her life. She, why, I know not, changed her name from that of Duquesne to the one she now bore—Jaubert; and for the last two or three years had supported a precarious existence by plausible begging-letters addressed to persons of credulous benevolence; for which offence she had frequently visited the police courts at the instance of the secretary of the Mendicity

\* See Journal, No. 352.

Society, and it was there I had consequently made her acquaintance.

'Madame Jaubert!' I exclaimed with unfeigned surprise, 'why, what on earth can you be waiting here for on such a night as this?'

'To see you!' was her curt reply.

'To see me! Depend upon it, then, you are knocking at the wrong door for not the first time in your life. The very little faith I ever had in professional widows, with twelve small children, all down in the measles, has long since vanished, and—'

'Nay,' she interrupted—she spoke English, by the way, like a native—I'm not such a fool as to be trying the whimpering dodge upon you. It is a matter of business. You want to find Jem Martin?'

'Ay, truly; but what can you know of him? Surely you are not yet fallen so low as to be the associate or accomplice of burglars?'

'Neither yet, nor likely to be so,' replied the woman; 'still I could tell you where to place your hand on James Martin, if I were but sure of the reward.'

'There can be no doubt about that,' I answered.

'Then follow me, and before ten minutes are past you will have secured your man.'

I did so—cautiously, suspiciously; for my adventure three evenings before had rendered me unusually circumspect and watchful. She led the way to the most crowded quarter of St Giles's, and when she had reached the entrance of a dark blind alley, called Hine's Court, turned into it, and beckoned me to follow.

'Nay, nay, Madame Jaubert,' I exclaimed, 'that won't do. You mean fairly, I daresay; but I don't enter that respectable alley alone at this time of night.'

She stopped, silent and embarrassed. Presently she said with a sneer, 'You are afraid, I suppose?'

'Yes I am.'

'What is to be done then?' she added after a few moments' consideration. 'He is alone, I assure you.'

'That is possible; still I do not enter that *cul-de-sac* to-night unaccompanied save by you.'

'You suspect me of some evil design, Mr Waters?' said the woman with an accent of reproach. 'I thought you might, and yet nothing can be further from the truth. My sole object is to obtain the reward, and escape from this life of misery and degradation to my own country, and if possible begin the world respectably again. Why should you doubt me?'

'How came you acquainted with this robber's haunts?'

'The explanation is easy, but this is not the time for it. Stay; can't you get assistance?'

'Easily—in less than ten minutes; and if you are here when I return, and your information proves correct, I will ask pardon for my suspicions.'

'Be it so,' she said joyfully; 'and be quick, for this weather is terrible.'

Ten minutes had not passed when I returned with half-a-dozen officers, and found Madame Jaubert still at her post. We followed her up the court, caught Martin sure enough asleep upon a wretched pallet of straw in one of the alley hovels, and walked him off, terribly scared and surprised, to the nearest station-house, where he passed the remainder of the night.

The next day Martin proved an *alibi* of the distinctest, most undeniable kind. He had been an inmate of Clerkenwell prison for the last three months, with the exception of just six days previous to our capture of him; and he was of course at once discharged. The reward was payable only upon conviction of the offender, and the disappointment of poor Madame Jaubert was extreme. She wept bitterly at the thought of being compelled to continue her present disreputable mode of life, when a thousand francs—a sum she believed Martin's capture would have assured her—besides sufficient for her travelling expenses and decent outfit, would, she said, purchase a partnership in a small but respectable millinery shop in Paris. 'Well,' I remarked to her, 'there is no reason for despair. You have not only proved your sincerity and good faith, but that you pos-

sess a knowledge—how acquired you best know—of the haunts and hidingplaces of burglars. The reward, as you may have seen by the new placards, has been doubled; and I have a strong opinion, from something that has reached me this morning, that if you could light upon one Armstrong, *alias* Rowden, it would be as certainly yours as if already in your pocket.'

'Armstrong—Rowden!' repeated the woman with anxious simplicity; 'I never heard either of these names. What sort of a person is he?'

I described him minutely; but Madame Jaubert appeared to entertain little or no hope of discovering his whereabouts; and ultimately went away in a very disconsolate mood, after, however, arranging to meet me the next evening.

I met her as agreed. She could obtain, she said, no intelligence of any reliable worth; and she pressed me for further particulars. Was Armstrong a drinking, a gaming, or a playgoing man? I told her all I knew of his habits, and a gleam of hope glanced across her face as one or two indications were mentioned. I was to see her again on the morrow. If came; she was as far off as ever; and I advised her to waste no further time in the pursuit, but to at once endeavour to regain a position of respectability by the exercise of industry in the trade or business in which she was reputedly well-skilled. Madame Jaubert laughed scornfully; and a gleam, it seemed to me, of her never entirely subdued insanity shot out from her deep-set, flashing eyes. It was finally settled that I should meet her once more at the same place at about eight o'clock the next evening.

I arrived somewhat late at the appointed rendezvous, and found Madame Jaubert in a state of manifest excitement and impatience. She had, she was pretty sure, discovered Armstrong, and knew that he was at that moment in a house in Greek Street, Soho.

'Greek Street, Soho! Is he alone?'

'Yes; with the exception of a woman who is mind-ing the premises, and of whom he is an acquaintance under another name. You will be able to secure him without the least risk or difficulty, but not an instant must be lost.'

Madame Jaubert perceived my half-hesitation. 'Surely,' she exclaimed, 'you are not afraid of one man! It's useless affecting to suspect me after what has occurred.'

'True,' I replied. 'Lead on.'

The house at which we stopped in Greek Street appeared to be an empty one, from the printed bills in the windows announcing it to be let or sold. Madame Jaubert knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was presently opened by a woman. 'Is Mr Brown still within?' Madame Jaubert asked in a low voice.

'Yes: what do you want with him?'

'I have brought a gentleman who will most likely be a purchaser of some of the goods he has to dispose of.'

'Walk in, then, if you please,' was the answer. We did so; and found ourselves, as the door closed, in pitch darkness. 'This way,' said the woman; 'you shall have a light in half a minute.'

'Let me guide you,' said Madame Jaubert, as I groped onwards by the wall, and at the same time seizing my right hand. Instantly as she did so, I heard a rustle just behind me—two quick and violent blows descended on the back of my head, there was a flash before my eyes, a suppressed shout of exultation rang in my ears, and I fell insensible to the ground.

It was some time, on partially recovering my senses, before I could realise either what had occurred or the situation in which I found myself. Gradually, however, the incidents attending the artfully-prepared treachery of Madame Jaubert grew into distinctness, and I pretty well comprehended my present position. I was lying at the bottom of a cart, blindfold, gagged, handcuffed, and covered over by what, from their smell, seemed to be empty corn sacks. The vehicle was moving at a pretty rapid rate, and judging from the roar and tumult

without, through one of the busiest thoroughfares of London. It was Saturday evening; and I thought, from the character of the noises, and the tone of a clock just chiming ten, that we were in Tottenham Court Road. I endeavoured to rise, but found, as I might have expected, that it was impossible to do so; my captors having secured me to the floor of the cart by strong cords. There was nothing for it, therefore, but patience and resignation; words easily pronounced, but difficult, under such circumstances, to realise in practice. My thoughts, doubtless in consequence of the blows I had received, soon became hurried and incoherent. A tumultuous throng of images swept confusedly past, of which the most constant and frequent were the faces of my wife and youngest child, whom I had kissed in his sleep just previous to leaving home. Madame Jaubert and James Martin were also there; and ever and anon the menacing countenance of Levasseur stooped over me with a hideous expression, and I felt as if clutched in the fiery grasp of a demon. I have no doubt that the voice which sounded in my ear at the moment I was felled to the ground must have suggested the idea of the Swiss—faintly and imperfectly as I caught it. This tumult of brain only gradually subsided as the discordant uproar of the streets—which no doubt added to the excitement I was suffering under by suggesting the exasperating nearness of abundant help which could not be appealed to—died gradually away into a silence only broken by the rumble of the cart-wheels, and the subdued talk of the driver and his companions, of whom there appeared to be two or three. At length the cart stopped, I heard a door unlocked and thrown open, and a few moments afterwards I was dragged from under the corn-sacks, carried up three flights of stairs, and dropped brutally upon the floor till a light could be procured. Directly one was brought, I was raised to my feet, placed upright against a wooden partition, and staples having been driven into the panelling, securely fastened in that position, with cords passed through them, and round my armpits. This effected, an authoritative voice—the now distinct recognition of which thrilled me with dismay—ordered that I should be unblinded. It was done; and when my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the suddenly-dazzling light and glare, I saw Levasseur and the clerk Dubarle standing directly in front of me, their faces kindled into flame by fiendish triumph and delight. The report that they had been drowned was then a mistake, and they had incurred the peril of returning to this country for the purpose of avenging themselves upon me; and how could it be doubted that an opportunity, achieved at such fearful risk, would be effectually, remorselessly used? A pang of mortal terror shot through me, and then I strove to awaken in my heart a stern endurance, and resolute contempt of death, with, I may now confess, very indifferent success. The woman Jaubert was, I also saw, present; and a man, whom I afterwards ascertained to be Martin, was standing near the doorway, with his back towards me. These two, at a brief intimation from Levasseur, went down stairs; and then the fierce exultation of the two escaped convicts—of Levasseur especially—broke forth with wolfish rage and ferocity. 'Ha—ha—ha!' shouted the Swiss, at the same time striking me over the face with his open hand, 'you find, then, that others can plot as well as you can—dog, traitor, scoundrel that you are! "Au revoir—adieu!" was it, eh? Well, here we are, and I wish you joy of the meeting. Ha—ha! How dismal the rascal looks, Dubarle!'—(Again the coward struck me)—'He is hardly grateful to me, it seems, for having kept my word. I always do, my fine fellow,' he added with a savage chuckle; 'and never neglect to pay my debts of honour. Yours especially,' he continued, drawing a pistol from his pocket, 'shall be prompt payment, and with interest too, scélérat!' He held the muzzle of the pistol to within a yard of my forehead, and placed his finger on the trigger. I instinctively closed my eyes, and tasted in that fearful moment

the full bitterness of death; but my hour was not yet come. Instead of the flash and report which I expected would herald me into eternity, a taunting laugh from Levasseur at the terror he excited rang through the room.

'Come—come,' said Dubarle, over whose face a gleam of commiseration, almost of repentance, had once or twice passed; 'you will alarm that fellow down stairs with your noise. We must, you know, wait till he is gone, and he appears to be in no hurry. In the meantime let us have a game of piquet for the first shot at the traitor's carcass.'

'Excellent—capital!' shouted Levasseur with savage glee. 'A game of piquet; the stake your life, Waters! A glorious game! and mind you see fair-play. In the meantime here's your health, and better luck next time if you should chance to live to see it.' He swallowed a draught of wine which Dubarle, after helping himself, had poured out for him; and then approaching me, with the silver cup he had drained in his hand, said, 'Look at the crest! Do you recognise it—fool, idiot that you are?'

I did so readily enough: it was a portion of the plunder carried off from Portman Square.

'Come,' again interposed Dubarle, 'let us have our game.'

The play began, and— But I will dwell no longer upon this terrible passage in my police experience. Frequently even now the incidents of that night revisit me in dreams, and I awake with a start and cry of terror. In addition to the mental torture I endured, I was suffering under an agonizing thirst, caused by the fever of my blood, and the pressure of the absorbing gag, which still remained in my mouth. It was wonderful I did not lose my senses. At last the game was over; the Swiss won, and sprang to his feet with the roar of a wild beast.

At this moment Madame Jaubert entered the apartment somewhat hastily. 'This man below,' she said, 'is getting insolent. He has taken it into his tipsy head that you mean to kill your prisoner, and he won't, he says, be involved in a murder, which would be sure to be found out. I told him he was talking absurdly; but he is still not satisfied, so you had better go down and speak to him yourself.'

I afterwards found, it may be as well to mention here, that Madame Jaubert and Martin had been induced to assist in entrapping me, in order that I might be out of the way when a friend of Levasseur's, who had been committed to Newgate on a serious charge, came to be tried, I being the chief witness against him; and they were both assured that I had nothing more serious to apprehend than a few days' detention. In addition to a considerable money-present, Levasseur had, moreover, promised Madame Jaubert to pay her expenses to Paris, and assist in placing her in business there.

Levasseur muttered a savage imprecation on hearing the woman's message, and then said, 'Come with me, Dubarle; if we cannot convince the fellow, we can at least silence him! Marie Duquesne, you will remain here.'

As soon as they were gone, the woman eyed me with a compassionate expression, and approaching close to me, said in a low voice, 'Do not be alarmed at their tricks and menaces. After Thursday you will be sure to be released.'

I shook my head, and as distinctly as I could made a gesture with my fettered arms towards the table on which the wine was standing. She understood me. 'If,' said she, 'you will promise not to call out, I will relieve you of the gag.'

I eagerly nodded compliance. The gag was removed, and she held a cup of wine to my fevered lips. It was a draught from the waters of paradise, and hope, energy, life, were renewed within me as I drank.

'You are deceived,' I said in a guarded voice, the instant my burning thirst was satisfied. 'They intend to murder me, and you will be involved as an accomplice.'

'Nonsense,' she replied. 'They have been frightening you, that's all.'

'I again repeat you are deceived. Release me from these fetters and cords, give me but a chance of at least selling my life as dearly as I can, and the money you told me you stood in need of shall be yours.'

'Hark!' she exclaimed. 'They are coming!'

'Bring down a couple of bottles of wine,' said Levasseur from the bottom of the stairs. Madame Jaubert obeyed the order, and in a few minutes returned.

I renewed my supplications to be released, and was of course extremely liberal of promises.

'It is vain talking,' said the woman. 'I do not believe they will harm you; but even if it were as you say, it is too late now to retrace my steps. You cannot escape. That fool below is already three-parts intoxicated; they are both armed, and would hesitate at nothing if they but suspected treachery.'

It was vain to urge her. She grew sullen and menacing; and was insisting that the gag should be replaced in my mouth, when a thought struck me.

'Levasseur called you Marie Duquesne just now; but surely your name is Jaubert—is it not?'

'Do not trouble yourself about my name,' she replied: 'that is my affair, not yours.'

'Because if you are the Marie Duquesne who once kept a shop in Cranbourne Alley, and lost a child called Marie-Louise, I could tell you something.'

A wild light broke from her dark eyes, and a suppressed scream from her lips. 'I am that Marie Duquesne!' she said in a voice tremulous with emotion.

'Then I have to inform you that the child so long supposed to be lost I discovered nearly three weeks ago.'

The woman fairly leapt towards me, clasped me fiercely by the arms, and peering in my face with eyes on fire with insane excitement, hissed out, 'You lie—you lie, you dog! You are striving to deceive me! She is in heaven: the angels told me so long since.'

I do not know, by the way, whether the falsehood I was endeavouring to palm off upon the woman was strictly justifiable or not; but I am fain to believe that there are few moralists that would not, under the circumstances, have acted pretty much as I did.

If your child was lost when going on an errand to Coventry Street, and her name is Marie-Louise Duquesne, I tell you she is found. How should I otherwise have become acquainted with these particulars?'

'True—true,' she muttered: 'how else should he know? Where is she?' added the woman in tones of agonized intreaty, as she sank down and clasped my knees. 'Tell me—tell me, as you hope for life or mercy, where I may find my child?'

'Release me, give me a chance of escape, and to-morrow your child shall be in your arms. Refuse, and the secret dies with me.'

She sprang quickly to her feet, unclasped the handcuffs, snatched a knife from the table, and cut the cords which bound me with eager haste. 'Another draught of wine,' she said still in the same hurried, almost insane manner. 'You have work to do! Now, whilst I secure the door, do you rub and chafe your stiffened joints.' The door was soon fastened, and then she assisted in restoring the circulation to my partially-benumbed limbs. This was at last accomplished, and Marie Duquesne drew me towards a window, which she softly opened. 'It is useless,' she whispered, 'to attempt a struggle with the men below. You must descend by this,' and she placed her hand upon a lead water-pipe, which reached from the roof to within a few feet of the ground.

'And you,' I said; 'how are you to escape?'

'I will tell you. Do you hasten on towards Hampstead, from which we are distant in a northerly direction about a mile. There is a house at about half the distance. Procure there, and return as quickly as possible. The door-fastenings will resist some time,

even should your flight be discovered. You will not fail me?'

'Be assured I will not.' The descent was a difficult and somewhat perilous one, but it was safely accomplished, and I set off at the top of my speed towards Hampstead.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the distant sound of a horse's feet, coming at a slow trot towards me, caught my ear. I paused, to make sure I was not deceived, and as I did so, a wild scream from the direction I had left, followed by another and another, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scoundrels had no doubt discovered my escape, and were about to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate creature in their power. The trot of the horse which I had heard was, simultaneously with the breaking out of those wild outcries, increased to a rapid gallop.

'Hallo!' exclaimed the horseman as he came swiftly up. 'Do you know where these screams come from?' It was the horse-patrol who thus providentially came up! I briefly stated that the life of a woman was at the mercy of two escaped convicts. 'Then for God's sake jump up behind me!' exclaimed the patrol. 'We shall be there in a couple of minutes.' I did so: the horse—a powerful animal, and not entirely unused to carry double—started off, as if it comprehended the necessity for speed, and in a very brief space of time we were at the door of the house from which I had so lately escaped. Marie Duquesne, with her body half out of the window, was still wildly screaming as we rushed into the room below. There was no one there, and we swiftly ascended the stairs, at the top of which we could hear Levasseur and Dubarle thundering at the door, which they had unexpectedly found fastened, and hurling a storm of imprecations at the woman within, the noise of which enabled us to approach them pretty nearly before we were heard or perceived. Martin saw us first, and his sudden exclamation alarmed the others. Dubarle and Martin made a desperate rush to pass us, by which I was momentarily thrown on one side against the wall; and very fortunately, as the bullet levelled at me from a pistol Levasseur held in his hand would probably have finished me. Martin escaped, which I was not very sorry for; but the patrol pinned Dubarle safely, and I gripped Levasseur with a strength and ferocity against which he was powerless as an infant. Our victory was complete; and two hours afterwards, the recaptured convicts were safely lodged in a station-house.

I caused Madame Duquesne to be as gently undeceived the next morning as possible with respect to her child; but the reaction and disappointment proved too much for her wavering intellect. She relapsed into positive insanity, and was placed in Bedlam, where she remained two years. At the end of that period she was pronounced convalescent. A sufficient sum of money was raised by myself and others, not only to send her to Paris, but to enable her to set up as a milliner in a small but respectable way. As lately as last May, when I saw her there, she was in health both of mind and body, and doing comfortably.

With the concurrence of the police authorities, very little was said publicly respecting my entrapment. It might perhaps have excited a monomania amongst liberated convicts—coloured and exaggerated as every incident would have been for the amusement of the public—to attempt similar exploits. I was also anxious to conceal the peril I had encountered from my wife; and it was not till I had left the police force that she was informed of it. Levasseur and Dubarle were convicted of returning from transportation before the term for which they had been sentenced had expired, and were this time sent across the seas for life. The reporters of the morning papers, or rather the reporter for the 'Times,' 'Herald,' 'Chronicle,' 'Post,' and 'Advertiser,' gave precisely the same account, even to the misspelling of Levasseur's name; dismissing the brief trial in the following paragraph, under the head of 'Old Bailey Sessions:—' Alphonse Dubarle (24), and Sebastian Le-

VASSON (49), were identified as unlawfully-returned convicts, and sentenced to transportation for life. The prisoners, it was understood, were connected with the late plate-robbery in Portman Square; but as a conviction could not have increased their punishment, the indictment was not pressed.

Levasseur, I had almost forgotten to state, admitted that it was he who wounded me in Ryder's Court, Leicester Square.

### PROGRESS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE strange contradictions and incongruities presented in the aspect of society in this country are the theme of endless speculation. Some observers, appalled by the mass of vice and misery that meets their view, abandon all hope except through extraordinary and visionary remedies; while others, taking into account the obvious elevation of the middle-classes during the present century, argue that the lower strata will rise by degrees in the usual course of things. We confess we take the more hopeful side. The terrific crimes that every now and then startle the whole nation do not appear to us as evidence of any decline in the general moral feeling of the people; and the filth and wretchedness fermenting in the depths of society do not blind us to the fact, that a great proportion of the working-classes—just like those in the stratum above them—are fast advancing in intelligence and respectability.

Some months ago, in an article on the 'Condition of England Question,' one of the more mistrustful inquirers was characterised as an alarmist; and since then, much light has been thrown upon the subject, proving that the views taken in that paper were strictly correct, both as regards the causes of destitution and the means of surmounting it. We are especially pleased with an article in the 'Leeds Mercury' of September 14, coming practically to the point, and showing clearly that it is perfectly within the power of the working-classes to become their own regenerators.

'In the manufacturing and commercial districts,' says the writer, 'trade is so prosperous that the working-men are almost universally employed. Both the home trade and the foreign trade are flourishing. The last returns published by the Poor-Law Board show that there is an extremely small number of able-bodied men out of work. And, as always happens when employment is plentiful, wages are good. It might even be said that they are unusually good. Taking into consideration the earnings of women and children, as well as of men, the income of the families is probably as great as at any former period.' This is a cheering account of a very important element of the question; but supposing the amount of wages to be the same, we have something considerable to add to it on the score of the fall that has taken place in the price of necessities and comforts. 'The abundant harvests of 1848 and 1849, and the fair harvest of 1850, combined with the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the removal or reduction of the duties on other important articles of consumption, give to the working-classes, during the present year, a greater command of the comforts of life than they have at any former time possessed.' In proof of this, the following comparative table of prices is given, which, although applying specially to Leeds, will be recognised as pretty nearly correct throughout the whole kingdom:—

PRICES OF ARTICLES CONSUMED BY THE WORKING-CLASSES  
IN 1840 AND IN 1850.

	In 1840.	In 1850.
	s. d.	s. d.
Best Flour, per stone, ..	3 0	1 10
Second do. ..	2 10	1 8
Oatmeal, ..	2 8 to 2s. 4d.	1 8
Meat (leg of mutton), per lb. ..	0 7	0 6
Lard, ..	0 8	0 5

	s. d.	s. d.
Cheese, per lb. ..	0 8	0 7
Bacon, ..	0 7½	0 6½
Hams, ..	0 10	0 9
Butter (firkin), ..	1 0	0 9
Do. (roll of 1½ lb.), ..	2 0	1 5
Sugar, per lb. ..	7d. to 9½d.	4d. to 5½d.
Treacle, ..	4d. to 5d.	2d. to 2½d.
Coffee, ..	1s. 6d. to 2s. 4d.	1s. to 1s. 8d.
Tea, ..	4s. to 6s.	3s. 4d. to 5s.
Soap, ..	5d. to 6d.	4d. to 5d.
Candles, ..	6d. to 6½d.	4½d.
Rice, ..	2½d. to 5d.	1½d. to 3½d.

A glance at this table will show that the working-classes are able to save money if they think fit; while on all hands there are facilities open to them for the secure and profitable investment even of their smallest savings. Savings' banks—preliminary savings' banks—penny banks—provident institutions—freehold land and building societies—and benefit and sick societies of all kinds, offer themselves for their selection. The earlier clubs were for the most part unsafe; but now a man must be ignorant indeed who cannot choose from the list a receptacle for his money as secure as the Bank of England. Educational establishments of all kinds are numerous and cheap; mechanics' institutions offer, at the most trifling cost, a combination of instruction and amusement, united with comfort, and even elegance; and cheap publications carry into the poorest cottage the richest stores of literature and science. For a single penny a man may exchange with his friend or family at the opposite end of the kingdom the dearest charities of life; and the railway enables him to visit places which before were as inaccessible to his poverty as the antipodes.

'Thus,' says our journalist, 'there is a remarkable combination of circumstances in the present day, all tending to improve the condition of the labouring-classes. They are enjoying good wages, with cheapness of all the necessities of life; they have unprecedented facilities for laying by their savings; they have opportunities of education and mental improvement of which their fathers knew nothing; they have encouragements to temperance and virtue; literature is placed within their reach; the luxuries of correspondence and travelling open to them new fields of improvement; and great numbers of them, by working shorter hours, have leisure for cultivating the pleasures of study or of home.'

What has followed from these golden opportunities? Our journalist says—An increase of drunkenness throughout the length and breadth of the land! He tells only a part of the truth. The societies we have catalogued could not exist without customers, and these societies are increasing in number and in business year after year. Our own Journal has not fallen off in circulation for many years, while numerous other cheap journals with similar objects now exist, and have entered, we trust, upon a similar career of prosperity. All things prove that the increase of drunkenness is only one feature of this remarkable time; and we conceive that we are warranted by analogy, drawn from the history of the middle-classes during the present century, to assume that this vice will be gradually, however slowly, overcome by the better energies so obviously at work in the character of the people. It is no doubt startling to think that, if Mr Porter the statistician's calculation be correct, we actually spend £50,000,000 a year in this country on intoxicating drink; but against this sum we must place the amount turned over annually in the various institutions we have mentioned, together with that expended by the working-classes on domestic comforts, wholesome literature, and rational recreation. The two funds are antagonistic in their nature. The one must of necessity devour the other: increasing refinement and intelligence must destroy drunkenness, or the whole people must be contaminated, and fall back into savagism.

'It would appear,' says our journalist, 'that at all times, but more especially and signally at present, the working-classes have the power to secure their own

comfort and independence. It is the more obviously their duty to avail themselves of this opportunity, inasmuch as it is certain these prosperous times cannot last for ever. Fluctuation seems to be a necessity of our trade, as it is of our harvests. When prosperity is not checked by circumstances, it spoils itself. There is a flowing and ebbing tide in commerce; but it is possible to construct a dock, which, being filled at high-water, may float a navy secure from all fluctuations and storms. The rain of heaven sometimes falls superabundantly, and is then withheld during long seasons of drought; but the prudence of man, by storing up the overflow in reservoirs, preserves the precious element against the time of need. Such docks and reservoirs are our savings' banks and provident societies.

There is one feature of the present day, however, omitted in this judicious article which ought to be brought prominently forward. It is the opportunities now offered to the working-classes—and, we have every reason to believe, extensively embraced by them—of insuring the payment of a sum of money to their families in case of their decease through any of the accidents they are more especially exposed to. In No. 354 of this Journal we described the system of insurance against railway accidents, by which a third-class passenger may insure his life for £200 at the expense of one penny. But we had not then heard of the Accidental-Death Insurance Company of London, whose scheme is much wider. 'The liability of every person,' says the prospectus '(be his pursuit or position in life what they may) to accidental or violent death is so manifest, that it can scarcely be necessary to dwell upon so obvious a truth, or to attempt to recite the numerous casualties which daily experience teaches us are so constantly producing such a result. No one ever looks into a newspaper without having his attention called to, and his sympathy excited by, some accident which has cost the life or lives of some of his fellow-men. There is scarcely an individual who cannot refer within the sphere of his own family or acquaintance for particular instances, few who cannot look back to their own providential escape from imminent danger at some period of their lives. If these remarks be applicable, as they most undoubtedly are to all, they apply with still greater force to particular classes and individuals, in proportion as they may be more or less engaged in pursuits or occupations of a dangerous character. The miner, the collier, manufacturers employed in the working of machinery, or the production of articles entailing more or less risk, the builder, the mason, all mechanics, and labourers to a certain extent, railway guards and stokers, those engaged in the military or naval service of the country—all, in their several vocations, are daily and hourly exposed to danger of one description or another, which the wisest are unable to foresee or the most cautious to avoid.'

Against all such dangers the company assure, and at what would seem very trifling premiums—namely, 2s. 6d. a year for £100 for ordinary risks, 5s. a year for £100 for hazardous risks, and from 7s. to 21s. a year for £100 for extra-hazardous risks. The hazardous occupations are such as builders, carpenters, sawyers, masons, house-painters, coopers, millers, printers, labourers, porters, carriers, policemen, and all persons such as ostlers, coachmen, postillions, guards, &c. employed about horses; likewise persons employed in the construction of large engineering works, as docks, tunnels, &c. The extra hazardous comprise boatmen and sailors, miners, colliers, &c. It is remarked that in the case of miners and colliers insurable at a premium of 10s. per cent., the owner of the mine or colliery, by a payment of £12, 10s. a year, may secure a payment of £25 to the family of each of 100 men in the event of a fatal accident occurring during the period. Such is the present scheme of this novel insurance; but it is the intention of the company, we are informed, to extend their business to granting compensation in cases of personal injury not terminating in death.

We think we have now shown that the working-classes have the means of comfort, independence, moral advancement, and security completely in their power; and we repeat that the very existence of such institutions as we have described shows that they are fully appreciated by vast numbers of the people. As for the increase in the consumption of alcoholic liquors, that, when taken in conjunction with worthier movements, although a melancholy, is not a hopeless fact. It shows that the depraved are able, through the prosperity of trade, to gratify their miserable appetites, while a large proportion of the same classes of society are rising into respectability and refinement. Our course under the circumstances is clear; and the wild enthusiasts who would put suddenly down the transmitted habits of ages by a *coup d'état*, exhibit at least as much ignorance as philanthropy. Shut up the public-houses!—that is their panacea. But to shut up the public-houses would be vain as a solitary step, for we must deal equal measure to the rich and poor. The same act of parliament would require to close the warehouses of the wholesale merchants, and abolish the breweries and distilleries throughout the kingdom. But all this would be useless if the poison were permitted to enter the country from abroad; and so our legislators would have to go a step further—to shut up the counting-houses of the importers, and break off commercial relations with France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Holland. Finally, we should be under the disagreeable necessity of annihilating our sugar plantations beyond seas; rum being made of the refuse of the sugar manufacture, and its profit being the only thing that enables our planters to compete in the latter article with the product of slave countries.

But if all this were done, what would be the result? We are aware that at this moment smuggling and illicit distillation go on to an enormous extent, in spite of the utmost efforts of the legislature; and in the new state of things we have imagined, it is easy to suppose that these would become the most flourishing trades in the kingdom. But suppose that they were put down; that the increased demand was not met—as it is in every other case—by increased supply; that the illicit distilleries (many of them at work in the very heart of London) were all rooted out; and that a permanent cordon of revenue police was successfully drawn round the entire island—what then? Why, then, the brute instinct repelled in one quarter would force its way in another; a drug consumed at this moment in enormous quantities, merely because its intoxication is cheaper than that of alcohol, would be fallen upon as a general and habitual indulgence; and the English, like the Chinese, would become a nation of opium-drunkards.

We may be told that the idea of the *coup d'état* does no harm, because its impossibility is enough to consign it to derision. But this is a mistake. Error always does harm; and in this case it deprives the great cause of popular illumination of the services of the kindest hearts and most enthusiastic natures in the country. Blinded by this error, men do not see that what is wanted is a moral reform, and that when the relations of trade interfere, they must be slowly and gradually changed, and industry tempted, not forced, into new channels. Blinded by this error, the history of the middle-classes during the present century is lost upon them: they do not see that these have in a great measure abandoned the vice in question, simply because they have become better informed and more enlightened, and have freer access to intellectual pleasures; they do not see that the class next to them, acted upon by the same influences, is disengaging itself rapidly from the mass of ignorance and depravity beneath; and they do not see that the only legitimate mode of regenerating the whole people is to carry the torch of enlightenment into the lowest depths of society.

If force is to be used at all, let it be used in compulsory education. Ignorance has been shown clearly, by statistical investigations, to be the root of crime; and

the parents who decline putting their children in the way of instruction should be called to a severe account for wilfully endangering the peace of the commonwealth.

### THE EASTERN WIFE.

I WOULD rather revive one old acquaintance than form two new ones. It is so pleasant to talk of past times, to 'fight one's battles o'er again'—mere moral and intellectual ones in my case—and to call up sentimental reminiscences, and enjoy while affecting to satirise them. With these ideas it was that, not very long ago, I threw a letter into the post-office, addressed to 'Abraham Pelew, Esq. (late of Beyrouth), Liverpool.' I had but very slight grounds for believing that this was anything like the proper direction, and when day after day passed by without bringing any answer, all hope of a renewal of the acquaintance vanished. But at length—it was at least a fortnight afterwards—a letter arrived, dated from a place near London. Abraham Pelew was the signature; but what a strange, rambling style! Was this my grave, almost stolid companion, who condescended to thaw but during one day when he fell in love with little Cica on the road to Citta Vecchia? The epistle was of shreds and patches; and meant nothing particular except that the writer would be glad to see me. Among other queer things, it contained a long story about some one who went to see an old college-friend in a lane near Kilburn, and on approaching the cottage heard the doleful voices chanting, 'Glory to thee, O Lord, this night!' 'Imagine,' said the letter, 'imagine yourself coming to see A. Pelew, or any one else you have a respect for, and finding him watching over a mad uncle with a pipe in one hand, a glass of ale in the other, and singing the evening hymn!' I could not make out whether this was a quotation from some popular writer, an eccentric flight of fancy, or a statement of his own case; but as his house was within an omnibus ride, I resolved to start off at once and ascertain what was the matter.

My friend lived near Cricklewood, in a cottage surrounded by a high-walled garden. I found the place after some trouble, and was surprised by its neglected appearance. Abraham Pelew of old was one of the primmest and most formal of men. No one equalled him for the care with which his cravat was tied, the perfect polish of his boots, the spotless elegance of his attire; not because he had much of the dandy about him, but because he had an innate love of order, a sense of propriety and symmetry unsurpassed. I had often heard him inveigh against what is called the picturesque in architecture, because he thought it inseparable from cobwebs and dirt; and as to ivy, he used to declare he would rather live under a *upas*-tree than between walls overgrown with that damp and unwholesome plant! What a change had come over him! His cottage at Cricklewood was perfectly buried beneath a mass of creepers of all kinds, not nicely trailed and trimmed, but shooting forth in every direction in savage luxuriance, half hiding the windows, and even passing from the eaves in rugged festoons to the branches of some old elms that hung like a canopy over the low roof. Numerous cobwebs, a yard at least broad, showed themselves here and there. The place looked more like a deserted nest than a house.

After gazing over the palings for a little while, I ventured to pull the bell, and heard a kind of plaintive tinkle among the ivy. Presently the door opened, and I beheld a figure upon the threshold with a fez upon its head, wrapped in a large shawl-patterned morning-gown, wearing red slippers, and bearing a cherry-stick pipe in hand. It was my unshaven, uncombed, undressed, perhaps unwashed friend—Abraham Pelew! He recognised me at once, came forward with a *salam* *aleik* (peace be with thee!), and held out his fist with true British cordiality.

We were soon installed in a rather sombre little room, curiously fitted up in a half-Eastern, half-English style. There was a good coal-fire in the grate, but on the hob stood a regular Caireen coffee-boiler. A low divan, two arm-chairs, some book-shelves, a broken shishah, or water-pipe, several cherry-sticks, zerfs, fingoms, and also pewter-pots, were the objects that immediately struck me. Abraham took great pains to intimate that I was welcome to his 'snuggery,' as he called it, tried to 'come the Oriental,' talked of 'his harem,' clapped his hands for coffee (a summons not very promptly obeyed by a dirty serving-wench); but at length, observing that instead of being awe-struck, I regarded him with a half sorrowful, half inquisitive air, remembered that I was more of an Eastern than he, and resumed something of his old Frank character.

'You seem rather surprised,' he at length said, 'to find me living in this *easy* way. But the fact is, that mighty changes have come over me since we parted—you to pursue your studies in Alexandria, I to settle down in my office at Beyrouth. I am the hero of the most romantic story possible. All that you have written is a mere *mascara* (joke) to what I have undergone; and if I had half your knowledge of the art of *paw-ware* (a Pelewism for literature), I would have written a book—and such a book!'

I bowed to acknowledge the implied compliment, and begged him to tell me his adventures. He pulled out a large silver watch from his fob, and replied, 'Well, there is time. Fatima never makes tea till seven, and I will be brief; at least I will try. You must check me if I seem to be overcome by the rush of my feelings. But really, when I think of what I have undergone! It is a romance, sir; a romance.'

He went on murmuring that it was a romance for some time, so that I began to fear that my curiosity, strongly excited by the name of Fatima, would not be satisfied. At length, however, after several false starts, he went off at a tolerably good pace, shying every now and then, it is true, and making some tremendous leaps, but with a serious intention of reaching the winning-post.

It appears that when he was settled in his post at Beyrouth—a clerkship with a hundred a year—he found the place at first awfully dull. The only variety was an occasional trip to the Lebanon; but as my friend had a great objection to heat, and as he never met a second Cica on any road, he did not often indulge during the past few months of his stay. When the weather became cooler, however, he used, he assured me, to take long solitary rides on a horse purchased for five pounds sterling, and named by him *Istakár*, or rather 'his charger *Istakár*.' Seeing me smile, he explained that these were the expressions he usually sported when relating his travels to honest neighbours who expected fine words. One evening he had wandered rather farther than he had been accustomed to do, and was overtaken by darkness before he had even thought of returning. I have strong suspicions that he had alighted, tied his charger's bridle to his leg, and gone to sleep. This, however, is immaterial. The main facts are, that when he endeavoured to steer for the city, he found himself in a wood totally unknown to him, and that he wandered about for more than an hour without being able to get a clear notion of what he was about. There was no moon, and the stars he had never looked upon but as so many celestial gnosights, so that they afforded him no assistance in finding his way. It is perhaps a pity to omit Mr Pelew's poetical description of a forest by night, but I have seen the thing so often in print in nearly the same words, that I am afraid of being attacked for piracy. After a certain lapse of time, the 'gallant steed,' exactly as in a novel, was intrusted by its wearied master with the task of discovering a path; and 'feeling the reins thrown upon its neck,' hesitated of course but a short time, and then began to advance steadily in one direction. The tale was becoming quite exciting, and I grew very angry at a long

disquisition on the wonderful instinct of animals here thrown in. When it was over, a light was artistically allowed to appear in the distance, a watchdog was made to utter its 'honest bark'; then the horseman was cleverly extricated from the forest; the moon was exhibited as just rising; and at length a stately mansion appeared in the midst of a large garden. Oh Abraham Pelew! why did you say you could not write a book?

The garden had a wall; but in the wall was a gate. The gate was shut; but on being well-knocked, it opened. 'Who is there?' inquired a black porter. The usual information of a 'benighted traveller' being given, the man, instead of simply pointing out the way, requested Abraham to enter the garden with his horse. There was certainly something romantic in this, especially as the porter took the bridle of the 'trusty charger,' and bade its owner push boldly on and claim hospitality beneath the roof of the mansion, which stood with its lighted portal at the extremity of a broad walk. 'I confess,' said my friend, 'that at this juncture the idea did strike me that I might have got into dangerous quarters. In these days people don't usually obtain admission with such facility into respectable houses at that hour of the night. However, having gone so far, it was difficult to retreat, and putting as good a face as I could upon the matter—my curiosity likewise being strongly excited—I pushed on, and finding the door open, entered with all outward appearance of boldness. A fellow who was sleeping on a mat jumped up on hearing my footstep, and asked rather surlily at first what I wanted; but observing that I was a European, altered his tone, and said *tafudul*—that is to say, enter. And now let me confess to you, who know what beginnings are, that at that time my Arabian was anything but perfect; and I think I may say that the porter of the garden had not understood one word of what I had said, partly perhaps because he did not listen, partly because he was influenced by a preconceived idea. This became evident when the servant whom I had roused, without waiting for the pathetic speech I had prepared, ushered me unceremoniously into a large hall, and left me by myself, to ponder on this strange reception. I was trying to arrange my thoughts when a side-door opened, and a little negro boy appeared beckoning me to follow him. All this seemed very odd; but I obeyed without a word, and was soon ushered into a room, the sight of which explained the whole mystery. I had been mistaken for the doctor, somewhat tardily summoned from the city to attend on an old Turk who was dying of mere age. The position was a delicate one; but I may say I was equal to it. One glance sufficed to tell me that human aid was vain. Indeed the pulse ceased to beat almost at the moment I touched the poor old gentleman's arm. In a few minutes I was stunned with the shrieking of women. It was all over, and I had earned my fee, especially as the medical man who had been sent for had not thought it worth his while to disturb himself.

'Of course it could not be expected that I should return that night, and I was provided with a room. Next morning all the ladies of the harem pretended to be ill, and I had to feel an infinite number of pulses before leaving. I made no allusion of course to money matters, and my liberality was so well appreciated, that I was compelled to promise a second visit in my medical capacity.'

'So you really,' said I, 'passed yourself off as a *hakim* upon these poor people? I am afraid there is some mystery in all this.'

'There is,' replied Abraham emphatically; 'but I see you are impatient, and don't admire my style of story-telling. Know, then, that the deceased had left a widow, young and handsome, and that, after a reasonable time, I fell in love with her, and resolved, if possible, that she should be mine.'

'What are you talking of?' cried I. 'All this seems very apocryphal. No man who knows anything of the East will admit for a moment that you were allowed to pay court to a young Mohammedan widow.'

'You are determined to spoil my romance,' quoth Pelew; 'but I will admit, if you are so very matter-of-fact, that Fatima (I know perfectly where lies your objection) is a playful name I have bestowed upon the widow of Tadjar Huri (no Turk, as you must know), and that she has always been as good a Christian as either you or I. For the sake, however, of investing my adventures with a romantic air—you will understand the feeling?—I have been obliged to ornament them with a conversion. I believe you authors admit this artifice under the name of a poetical license?'

While my friend was talking, I endeavoured to arrange some reminiscences that presented themselves on the mention of the name of Huri.

'What!' I exclaimed at length, 'are you the mad Englishman I heard of as having married the widow of an insolvent shopkeeper?'

I could not help giving this home-thrust; but little did I anticipate the effect it would produce. Abraham Pelew turned as pale as death, fell back on the divan, put his hand over his eyes, and remained a long time silent. The position was an awkward one. I knew not how to excuse myself. At length he spoke in a solemn voice, and said, 'I conjure you, as a friend, as you value my peace of mind, never to breathe to a living soul what you know of my unfortunate history.' It was impossible not to smile inwardly at this new expression substituted for that of 'romantic incidents'; but I endeavoured to put on a sympathetic face, and extracted by means of questions, to which I got very concise answers, what was still unknown to me of my poor friend's adventures.

The fact was, that he had been dazzled by the beauty of Sitt Huri, who on her part no doubt felt highly flattered by the addresses of a suitor having an income of ten thousand piastres a year, besides board and lodging. Her friends made some objections at first; but as Abraham was a Catholic, these were soon smoothed down. The marriage of course could not take place until a year after the death of the former husband, but all arrangements were made long beforehand. A number of knowing ones in Beyrout strongly recommended my friend to think twice; but he was perfectly bewildered by the charms of Madame Huri, and felt himself insulted by the various warnings he received. The house to which he belonged made some serious remonstrances; but finding them of no avail, they consented to alter the terms on which they had engaged him, and doubled his salary, leaving him to provide a house for himself. So far all went well, and Abraham was in the third heaven. It is true the presents 'strictly necessary' which he was compelled to order for his intended, who was perfectly destitute, made him stare a little;

'But never, never loving man was wise.'

He bravely forestalled the year's income for the purchase of shawls, jewellery, nicknacks of all kinds; and even now confesses to having shared the childish pleasure with which his 'Fatima,' as he called her, expatiated on the envious feelings these wonderful doings would excite in her compeers. The poor thing had not much will of her own. She was beset by fifty relations, who had all their advice to give, and who, in the improvident and dishonest Levantine style, considered it necessary for a man to dissipate half his capital on receiving into his house a wife, who is generally about as useful an article of furniture as a painted screen. I have known a man not possessed of more than fifty pounds' worth of worldly possessions squander twenty-five on a marriage festival. The usual corollary of all this is an insolvency—not considered at all a disgraceful thing. Perhaps it may be said that a good companion and housewife is worth the outlay; but Levantine women, at least during the first years of their marriage, make it a rule to have nothing to do with domestic concerns; indeed they are never asked to interfere—their mother, mother-in-law, or aunt, being generally

brought to the house to overlook it. When matters cannot be so arranged, the husband either takes his wife to his own father's dwelling, or goes to live with her parents. It is extremely rare for a young couple to start in life by themselves, with the assistance only of slaves.

Pelew fitted up a handsome house; and when the wished-for moment arrived, went to live in it with his charming wife and her aunt, who was not at all charming. The marriage festivities were really splendid, and all the Levantine ladies of Beyrout and the neighbourhood envied the happiness of Sitt Pelew. But, alas! the joys of matrimony were not unmingled with its cares. After a few weeks, sober thoughts presented themselves, and the disagreeable fact became more and more evident, that, setting aside the debts, income and expenditure were sadly out of proportion. The natural course was to retrench; but the very first hint of such a thing convulsed the whole Levantine community to its very centre. Family councils were called, both at my friend's house and elsewhere, and it was pretty generally agreed that he was a parsimonious villain, or at anyrate a scamp who had married under false pretences. What became of all his money? What, indeed! I remember on our way out how the poor fellow had unbosomed himself to me, and had spoken of his father and mother barely existing at an advanced age on a scanty pittance, and how, with rough emotion, he had sworn that, so long as Abraham Pelew possessed the wherewith, he would assist in surrounding with some comforts the declining years of those to whom he owed existence. He had kept his vow so far, and was about, in spite of his difficulties, to remit a small sum to England, when one morning the dreadful aunt fell foul of him with true Arab eloquence, and threatened to take her niece home from his beggarly house if he did not buy a pearl necklace for which she longed. There was no resisting this. The remittance was kept back, of course to be doubled next steamer; the necklace was bought; the aunt carried it round the town for inspection, and boasted, and bragged, and played the great lady; little Fatima, who was scarcely allowed to touch the gewgaw, was nevertheless awed into being pleased; and Abraham Pelew felt that he was a ruined man.

It is unnecessary to detail the rapid steps by which the catastrophe was brought about. He lost his situation, and was compelled to encounter a host of implacable creditors. The affair was long and disgusting; and at the end he found himself, shorn of all the glories of reputation, sitting on the floor of a wellnigh empty house, face to face with Fatima and her infuriated aunt. 'Imagine my feelings,' he said, suddenly bursting forth, 'when the old hag, who had ruined me, instead of expressing the slightest sympathy or compunction, began to rail at me in that awful vocabulary which you so well know. I had not the courage to reply, but bore all—insults, taunts, threats—with angelic meekness indeed. It was but the just punishment of my folly; and though I could have said, "It was your counsel, wretched woman, that I followed," I held my peace. This only increased her fury: she rose, approached me, and shook her fists in my face, calling me "thief, liar," and fifty other choice epithets. I did not even lift my eyes from the ground. But when she said that Fatima should curse me before leaving my presence for ever, I did look up and cast a glance of melancholy forgiveness at the poor, helpless, little thing that had led me into all this misery. Ah, my friend, there was consolation for me! Her eyes were full of tears; her lips trembled convulsively. She could not speak to repudiate the ungrateful task imposed upon her; but rising up, drew near me with the stealthy and timid pace of a cat, and throwing herself into my arms, hid her face in my bosom, and sobbed aloud. We mingled our tears for some time, and on recovering our self-possession, found ourselves alone. The old aunt had disappeared, and I never saw any more of her. My Fatima cheered me up, and showed me the pearl necklace, which she had

secretly kept back from the general abandonment I made of my property; persuaded me that I might keep it without dishonour, after what I had given up, and exhibited for the first time a good deal of character in consulting what it was best to do.

'The result was, that we resolved to go to England. Fatima had so won upon me by her display of feeling, that I again disregarded the advice of the few friends I had remaining, and instead of leaving her in a comfortable European home, kindly offered, until I had worked my way up in the world again, obstinately resolved to take her with me. Of course I was obliged to come home in a sailing-vessel, and was three months on the voyage. My poor wife could not speak a word of English, and spent a wretched time of it, especially as, in return for a considerable abatement of fare, I was compelled to be constantly taking a hand at whist with the master. Her only companion was an impudent English girl (daughter of the first mate), whose whole delight seemed to consist in teasing the "Horiental." We arrived at length, and got ashore at London on a dreadful dim, drizzling day. I had stupidly allowed Fatima to retain her Syrian dress, and never shall forget her wretched appearance as she dragged along amidst a crowd of boys to a cab. We reached home, sir, just in time to give a last farewell to my poor old father—my mother had died a month before. They went away together almost, he said, in order to make way for the young people; and he smiled divinely at Fatima, who clung wet and shivering to my side, looking on at a scene which reminded her, she somewhat inopportunistly remarked, of her first husband's deathbed. It was in this room that the melancholy parting took place. The good old man knew nothing of my misfortunes; but seeing, when he began to wander a little, the bright colours of Fatima's dress, murmured in a voice of delicious beatitude that he always thought that Abraham would marry a princess; made some allusion to Lady Hester Stanhope; and whispered very low to dear Father Mahoney something about Nabuchodonosor and the lost tribes of Israel. After a little time, however, he came quite to himself; and looking at me very steadfastly, said, "Abraham, whatever comes of it, be an honest man; work your way; and treat your wife as I have treated mine."

I was quite enthralled by the solemn, earnest manner with which poor Pelew related this incident, so different from the tone he adopted in dealing out his romantic narration. It would have been cruel to have made any remark; but it was quite evident to me that my friend, in spite of the impressive parting words of his father, was for a time at least utterly demoralised; and it seemed equally evident that he allowed his Eastern wife to hang like a millstone round his neck. Instead of endeavouring to fashion the material he had so inconsiderately taken charge of, he confessed that he allowed his whole mode of existence to be influenced by her Syrian prejudices and habits. His father, he said, had left a small property on which they were living. I ventured to inquire how it was that what was insufficient for the old couple proved enough for *them*! and a scarlet blush told me that the capital was going.

I do not like to reveal the mysteries of the harem; but as I was introduced to Sitt Pelew, who made tea in a very English way (though she called it '*shai*'), it may be said without impropriety that she was a real Eastern beauty, and a very amiable person. To all appearance, however, she was mightily unfitted to be the wife of my vacillating friend. Weak herself, she encouraged weakness in him; and if the truth must be told, however unwilling I may be to mar the effect of previous sentimental revelations, the dreadful period of recrimination had at length arrived. After tea, this unfortunate couple, with true Eastern want of tact, began to discuss their affairs, and to engage in a kind of matrimonial duello. I felt desperately uneasy, and wanted several times to go; but Abraham implored me to stay; and under cover of his wife's almost total ignorance of

English, beseeched my sympathy in very prosaic terms. Facts were at length too eloquent against him; and he was obliged to admit that he had foolishly married a very pretty, good-hearted creature, who was passionately fond of him; but whose ignorance, prejudices, and want of prudence, rendered her companionship perfectly disastrous. He humiliated himself so far as to enter into a revelation of her petty expenses, which too plainly proved that she was fast ruining him a second time in the tenderest possible way. All this became painful to me at length, and I was not sorry when I was permitted to go. The lovely Fatima kissed my hand respectfully as I left the room, and called out to Zara (meaning Sarah) to 'giv' a lights.' Abraham walked with me a little way down the lane, and uneasily requested my opinion of her beauty. I felt that this was his only topic of consolation, and spoke very warmly on the subject. He seemed delighted at first, but soon grew quite gloomy, and said to me at parting, in a very equivocal tone, 'Ah, my friend, I think she is too beautiful to live!'

P.S.—I have just got a letter from Pelew, which gives me sincere pleasure. He has found a good situation, and has determined to put Fatima to a nice boarding-school I know of, where she will learn everything necessary to make her, after all, a capital wife.

#### A UNIVERSAL CURRENCY.

[The following observations, by a correspondent apparently of the class of tourists, may serve as a pendant to the article in No. 335 on a Universal Chamber of Commerce.]

EVERY one who travels on the continent of Europe is not a little perplexed and annoyed by the frequent changes from one monetary system to another. Thus in going from Verviers to Cologne you pass from the franc and centime to the thaler and groschen, and if you proceed from Cologne to Baden, they will give place in their turn to the florin and kreutzer. When you arrive at Basle, the Swiss franc makes its appearance with its subordinate batzen; and when you have crossed the Simplon, not one, but several additional numismatic families present themselves to your notice, and court your acquaintance. The tourist must not only learn all these systems in succession, and be able to recognise the coins, and recollect their value at sight, but he has to be on his watch to part with all the small coins of any one kind which he may have in his possession before he enters the territory where another kind comes into use. And it is not only trouble but loss which is the result of the diversity; for in the exchanges which take place so often in the course of an excursion, the traveller, often quite unconsciously, pays a liberal per-centage on each transaction.

Now why should these inconveniences be unnecessarily perpetuated? Why should there not be one monetary system, common to the whole of Christendom, European and American? Why should not the traveller meet in all civilised countries the same coins he has been in the habit of seeing and handling at home? There are many national differences which are really characteristic. Nature, not only physical, but social, is prodigal of varieties, and nobody who has a taste for anything beyond the monotonous symmetry of a Dutch garden would wish them abolished. The leading European languages, for instance, though their difference is certainly a partial inconvenience, yet have each its function which none of the others could so well fulfil, and their diversity is as natural as that of national types of feature. But not so with the case we are considering. The difference here is arbitrary and accidental, and without exaggerating the good sense and freedom from prejudice of the European populations, we venture to think that it would be possible to get rid of it by common consent.

The advanced portions of our race—the 'élite of humanity,' as Comte calls them—have already reaped considerable benefits from having inherited or estab-

lished a unity in other things of an analogous kind. They use the same system of numeration, and, with some partial exceptions, the same alphabet. They have derived their common week from Judaism, and their month from the Roman Empire; and the *odium theologicum* did not prevent the Protestant nations from adopting the Gregorian rectification of the calendar. The narrow patriotism that shrinks from sharing any advantage with foreigners is so much on the decline, and commerce is so rapidly uniting all the world in the bonds of friendly intercourse, that a further step in the same direction seems now quite practicable, and a proposal for a universal currency would be likely to meet with a more favourable reception now than at any former period.

If the civilised world had one common monetary system, it would be as well of course that that system should be the best that could be devised. We have ourselves in these islands an admittedly faulty one, and an effort, it is believed, is to be made to amend it. It is at present partly duodecimal and partly vicesimal; and it is to be made, what reason and experience show that it ought to be, wholly decimal. But would it not be wiser and more liberal, instead of confining ourselves to this humble, though very rational domestic reform, to ask all Christendom to join us in adopting the most convenient system which the most sagacious heads could contrive for us?

But how could the thing be effected? As all such things must for the future be effected—by the formation of a public opinion with respect to it. Let the idea be considered, discussed, and finally accepted by the general intellect, and it will be a comparatively easy matter to bring it into practical operation. Our political economists might usefully illustrate the advantages of a universal currency, and expose the absurdity of the present system, or rather absence of system. And why should not our official diplomatists lend their assistance? People ask what service the diplomatic bodies do which makes them worth the extravagant sums they cost. And such storms do they now and then stir up, when they put themselves in motion, that it sometimes seems doubtful whether their ordinary dignified repose is not the attitude which it is most desirable they should maintain. But what if they were to give a portion of their leisure to this humble and unambitious, but most pacific and useful project of establishing a universal currency? To further it is a task which would lie fairly within their province, and they are most favourably situated for appreciating and explaining its advantages. It would harmonise with the deepest and best tendencies of our time, and would fall in with the general movement towards enlarged international sociabilities. It would earn the cordial gratitude of the whole race of tourists, whose name will soon be Legion; and would probably win for those who would promote its adoption the same sort of popular admiration and approval which has so deservedly attended another enlightened and progressive idea to which our time has given birth—that, namely, of an Industrial Exhibition of all Nations.

#### LOST MUSICAL TASTE OF ENGLAND.

There is sufficient evidence, upon the face of what has survived of the minute history of past times, to show that a degree of proficiency in musical science existed two or three centuries ago amongst the people of this country, of which nothing in the manners and customs of the present day could afford us any idea. Of what use, for instance, now, would be a violin or guitar, suspended on the wall of a barber's shop, for the purpose of assuaging the impatience of expecting customers? . . . Again we find, from the meagre domestic revelations of that period, that the music books were, in all families of any consideration, wont to be introduced as a matter of course, after supper for instance, which then was an early meal; and that any individual would lie under the imputation of deficient breeding who was not able to take a part in a madrigal or roundelay at night. The traces of this state of

general musical proficiency seem to survive still in the parties of glee singers yet to be found in the northern counties of England. We have ourselves had many curious thoughts on hearing the sound of sacred music, in well-sustained parts, issuing, on Sunday evenings, from the various houses of public entertainment in the manufacturing towns of the north. Most persons will consider the place of meeting for these humble reunions as ill selected—the time and subject of their harmony considered; but all will join in regretting that such recreations, in fitting places and appropriate seasons, are not universal throughout the country.—*Cocks's Musical Miscellany.*

#### A HINT TO MUSICIANS.

See the effect of a long piece of music at a public concert. The orchestra are breathless with attention, jumping into major and minor keys, executing fugues, and fiddling with the most ecstatic precision. In the midst of all this wonderful science the audience are gazing, lolling, talking, staring about, and half devoured with ennui. On a sudden there springs up a lively little air, expressive of some natural feeling, though in point of science not worth a halfpenny. The audience all spring up, every head nods, every foot beats time, and every heart also; a universal smile breaks out in every face; the carriage is not ordered; and every one agrees that music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy. In the same manner the astonishing execution of some great singers has in it very little of the beautiful: it is more difficulty overcome, like rope-dancing and tumbling; and such difficulties overcome, as I have before said, do not excite the feelings of the beautiful, but the wonderful.—*Sydney Smith's Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy.*

#### CALIFORNIAN CHANCES.

'What luck have you had at the mines?' 'Darned little; we made just enough to pay our way along the road.' 'What chance do you think we'll have?' 'Well, I guess you'll have chances enough, but darned few sartainties. Unless you keep your eyes skinned, and sleep without winking, they'll steal the very nose off your face.' 'How are they off for provender for the horses?' 'There ain't a blade of grass in the whole darned country. If it warn't that this here tarnal critter of mine managed to live upon acorns and rottonstone, I guess as how he'd a been a goner some weeks ago. But don't let this scare ye, strangers, for there's mountains of good if ye can only get at it. Good-night, my trumps, I wish you luck!'—*Ryan's Personal Adventures.*

#### THE FIRST NECESSARY OF LIFE.

Potatoes contain 75 per cent. (by weight), and turnips no less than 90 per cent., of water; which explains, by the way, the small inclination of turnip-fed cattle and sheep for drink. A beefsteak, strongly pressed between blotting-paper, yields nearly four-fifths of its weight of water. Of the human frame (bones included) only about one-fourth is solid matter (chiefly carbon and nitrogen); the rest is water. If a man weighing 10 stone were squeezed flat under a hydraulic press,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  stone of water would run out, and only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  stone of dry residue would remain. A man is therefore, chemically speaking, 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through  $5\frac{1}{2}$  pailfuls of water. Berzelius, indeed, in recording the fact, justly remarks that 'the living organism is to be regarded as a mass diffused in water;' and Dalton, by a series of experiments tried in his own person, found that of the food with which we daily repair this water-built fabric, five-sixths are also water. Thus amply does science confirm the popular saying, that water is the 'first necessary of life.'—*Quarterly Review.*

#### ENORMOUS FOSSIL EGGS.

We have received Mauritius papers to the 13th ultimo. The 'Mauritian' mentions, on the authority of a Bourbon journal, that a singular discovery has been made in Madagascar. Fossil eggs of an enormous size have been found in the bed of a torrent. The shells are an eighth of an inch thick, and the circumference of the egg itself is 2 feet 8 inches lengthways, and 2 feet 2 inches round the middle. One which has been opened contains  $8\frac{1}{2}$  litres, or about two gallons! What was to come out of these eggs? Bird or crocodile? The natives seem to be well acquainted with the legend, and say that ancient tradition is uniform as to the existence of a bird large enough to carry off an elephant. This is only a little smaller than the roc of Oriental

fable, which waited patiently till he saw the elephant and rhinoceros fighting, and then carried off both at one stoop! Some fossil bones were found in the same place as the eggs; but the Bourbon editor says that he will leave it to the pupils of the great Cuvier to decide to what animal they belong. If they should prove to be the bones of a bird of size corresponding to the eggs, the discovery will indeed be an extraordinary one.—*Calcutta Englishman.*

#### LONG AGO.

THERE was a tree, an aged tree,  
That once I loved to climb,  
And, throned upon its branches three,  
To rock them all the time;  
To laugh and shout, devoid of fears,  
And swing me to and fro—  
But ah! 'twas in my childish years,  
That passed so long ago!

I've led a merry troop of boys,  
Through tangled woods and lanes—  
Too boisterous in our reckless noise  
To heed the bramble-pains.  
We never cared for garments torn,  
An hour the rent would sew;  
And we'd no time to stay and mourn  
In childhood long ago!

I've climbed the rocks, and leapt about  
From jutting stone to stone,  
And heeded not the warning shout,  
Nor marked its earnest tone:  
For pride could conquer danger then,  
And joy o'ermaster woe—  
And thus I dared the deeds of men,  
In boyhood long ago!

There's not a brook I have not leapt,  
Afar my native town—  
Nor field nor hill where man has slept,  
I have not wandered down:  
And these as freshly haunt me still,  
And still their forms I know—  
The brook, the field, the high-peaked hill,  
That charmed me long ago!

I often think the early days  
Were fairy days to me;  
That childhood feels enchanted ryme  
Which manhood cannot see:  
For cares and years together come,  
In one entangled flow,  
And angel-voices all are dumb  
That soothed us long ago.

So long ago, the distant past  
Is like a pleasant dream,  
But on the future still is cast  
Its warm and sunny gleam:  
A gleam of sunshine over bright  
To cheer the path below,  
And wake anew the truthful light  
That led us long ago!

CHARLES WILTON.

#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors are respectfully requested for the future to state distinctly, when sending us their articles, what degree of originality they claim for them, and when it happens that these are translated, adapted, or compiled, to append the title of the works from which they have been taken. Contributors cannot fail to observe that it is imperative on the conductors of this Journal to acknowledge such literary borrowings, in order that they may obtain credit for the mass of really original matter it contains.

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## THE JOY OF GRIEF.

'I hold it true whate'er befall,  
I feel it when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.'

—In Memoriam.

WE have all heard of the 'pleasures of melancholy' and the 'joy of grief,' and most of us know from experience that there is something soothing and even captivating in the indulgence of thoughts that link the living with the dead. Numberless poets have taken advantage of this common sentiment, and yet it never grows old. Tennyson gives it forth as freshly and confidently as if the elder bards had never sung; and his audience listen as admiringly as if they had now heard it for the first time. The reason is, that it is original in us all. It can no more become antiquated than a popular ballad or a national air. With great poets it is both a taste and an instinct, and the perpetual endurance of mental agony is merely an affectation of the young, or an extravagance of minds of small calibre.

Homer gives himself up to grief as a true indulgence: he would not abate you a sigh or a tear in the enjoyment of the memory of the loved and lost; and in the 'Odyssey' he even seems to complain of the influence of habit in introducing satiety into that, just as it does into all other mundane pleasures. Shakspeare consoles himself in sorrow with the knowledge that in future years it will turn into joy; and that

—'All these woes will serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.'

Gray, in like manner, makes the one passion borrow from the other, till nothing is left of grief but its poetical hue: for

'Smiles on past misfortune's brow  
Soft reflection's hand can trace,  
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw  
A melancholy grace.'

Burns's 'Address to Mary in Heaven' was composed, as it is read, with a solemn and impassioned delight; and a host of other poets, as well as the author of 'In Memoriam,' look upon the memory of the dead as something more sweet and joyous than anything life can bestow. Thus Byron—

'Yet how much less it were to gain,  
Though thou hast left me free,  
The loveliest things that still remain  
Than thus remember thee!'

Even when the lost mistress still lives, the feeling is the same, for in the words of Burns—

'Although thou maun ne'er be mine,  
Although even hope is denied,  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing  
Than aught in the world beside.'

The former poet, with less true feeling, places his consolation in the idea that the heart he had lost was once his own—

'Yes, my adored, but most unking!  
Though thou wilt never love again,  
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find  
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes: 'tis a glorious thought to me,  
Nor longer shall my soul repine—  
Whate'er thou art or e'er shall be,  
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.'

To descend to Moore, whose lyrical passion is only an affectation, and as incapable of real grief as of refined joy—

'Ah! that I could at once forget  
All—all that haunts me so—  
And yet, thou witching girl! and yet  
To die were sweeter than to let  
The loved remembrance go!

No: if this slighted heart must see  
Its faithful pulse decay,  
Oh let it die remembering thee,  
And, like the burnt aroma, be  
Consumed in sweets away!'

Some writers reverse the association of pleasure and sorrow, and invest with a character of sadness a natural and obvious enjoyment. Of their number is White, the natural historian of Selborne, a cheerful and amiable observer, who yet receives from the aspect of nature impressions allied to sadness—

'These, nature's works, the curious mind employ,  
Inspire a soothing melancholy joy;  
As fancy warms, a pleasant kind of pain  
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein.'

This peculiarity may be traced, no doubt, to the temperament of the individual; for some true poets give an aspect of joyousness even to the dying year, which impresses so many others with emotions of unmingled melancholy. The following beautiful piece by a German writer is perhaps *sui generis*:—

'Like a spirit glorified,  
The angel of the year departs; lays down  
His robes once green in spring,  
Or bright with summer's blue;

And having done his mission on the earth—  
Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,  
Orchards with rosy fruit,  
And scattering flowers around—

He lingers for a moment in the west,  
With the declining sun—sheds over all  
A pleasant farewell smile—  
And so returns to God.'

In a kindred, though less cheerful spirit, Shakspeare, in one of his divine sonnets, arrays old age with the

phenomena of nature, and thus links it more strongly to the human affections—

'That time of year thou mayest in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold  
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self that seals up all the rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
That on the ashes of its youth doth lie,  
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.'

The connection between the agreeable and the melancholy may be farther illustrated by the impressions conveyed by two of the best and simplest of Wordsworth's pieces. In the little poem, 'Stepping Westward,' the poet is saluted in these words, in the interrogatory form, while walking one evening by the banks of Loch Katrine: It is a female voice that speaks, a soft and gentle one, and the picture before him seems to melt away in the golden west. The passing salutation is kind, simple, and cheerful—nothing more. What is it, then, that makes us start and thrill?—what fills our eyes with a sudden softness as they follow on one side the vague yet luminous path indicated, and on the other the retreating and soon vanishing figure of the Highland maid?

The other little poem relates still to a 'solitary Highland lass,' who, as she reaps, is singing to herself a melancholy strain—

'Oh listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.'

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers, in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands.  
Such thrilling voice was never heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the furthest Oracles.

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whatever the theme, the maiden sung  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;  
I listened—motionless and still;  
And when I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.'

In these two poems the simple, cheerful salutation and the wild sad song have both the same effect: they plunge us in a pleasing melancholy; we carry them away with us in our hearts; and in those pauses of the world when we have time to listen, we hear their echoes welling up in our hearts, and perhaps filling our eyes.

The 'silver lining of the cloud,' however, the close connection between joy and sorrow, the tendency in the thoughtful mind to tinge with melancholy even the most agreeable objects, and to derive enjoyment from the remembrance of vanished happiness—all these only serve as the sentimental explanation of the proposition with which we set out, that

'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.'

And this sentimental view of the subject is probably the only one which suggested itself to the poet. He

knew by experience the Ossianic 'joy of grief,' and was aware that

'In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.'

it is only the more delightful features of the subject which present themselves, shadowed and softened by time, and perhaps hallowed and spiritualised by death. He therefore declared, and with the air of a discoverer, what had already been enunciated in all ages and in all languages—that it is better to have lost for ever a cherished enjoyment than never to have enjoyed at all.

But it seems to us that there is another and a larger view of the question, in which severe truth comes to the aid of sentiment.

Human life, as poetry tells us, is 'a mingled yarn;' and therefore it must take its character from the predominant colour. Yet we pity the man who has spent his fortune generously, and has been reduced to poverty in his old age; considering his lot as far harder than that of him who had never any fortune to lose. Why so? The latter has been in the gripe of poverty for three-score-years-and-ten—only exchanging it then for the gripe of death; while the former, after some sixty years of enjoyment, is suffered to escape with ten of misery. Surely in this instance our pity is on the wrong side. We may allege, in defence, that the fall would be the more distressing on account of the height; that the contrast between fulness and deprivation would add torture to the change: but this has already been shown to be an error. The fall would at first be severely felt, the individual would be stunned in proportion to the height from which he was precipitated; when, by and by, the consolatory principle we have alluded to would come into play: like Dogberry, he would begin to pride himself on his losses; and as time reconciled him to his new position, or at least made him more and more insensible to its hardships, the memory of his vanished greatness, like the mellowed illumination of the heavens after the sun has set, would throw an evening softness over his fortunes.

But although the general balance of life is in favour of this individual—although the golden threads predominate in his 'mingled yarn'—let us not suppose that the other is without his compensations. Existence is not wholly made up of action and suffering, but likewise of the emotions by which these are originated or attended. We say of an acquaintance, 'He is a very domestic man; he lives in his family, and his whole mind and actions are open to them like a book.' Yet this man, in point of fact, is almost a stranger even in his home circle. His brain is busy with speculations, and his heart with dreams, which neither wife nor child knows anything about; and in pacing through his room, filled with familiar faces and affectionate voices, he is more frequently than otherwise far away in the past or in the future, and holding communion with the distant or the dead. In like manner, in a course of poverty and hardship, we see only external circumstances, ignorant of that inner life which gives the tone and colour to the history. But the very act of struggling is in itself a species of enjoyment; and every hope that crosses the mind, every high resolve, every generous sentiment, every lofty aspiration—nay, every brave despair—is a gleam of happiness that flings its illumination upon the darkest destiny. All these are as essentially a portion of human life as the palpable events that serve as landmarks of the history; and all these would have to be computed before we could fairly judge of the prevailing character of the career.

An enjoyment may terminate, but it cannot be said, philosophically, to be lost; for it is already securely garnered in the past, and has impressed itself, in lines that can never be obliterated, on a certain portion of life. The grief we feel at its termination is another and

wholly distinct incident, which cannot be fairly estimated otherwise than by a comparison with the former in point of depth, entireness, and duration. Thus the proposition in question—that it is better to have enjoyed and been bereft of the happiness than never to have enjoyed at all—is as true in philosophy as it is beautiful in sentiment.

A nobler and grander turn is given to the subject by some poets, who extend the sphere under observation from this little world to a limitless futurity, where those who have sown in tears will reap in joy. These poets are the passers-by whom we meet in our wild and tangled path, and who salute us with the words, *What, stepping westward?* as they point with a strange, deep, loving, yearning smile to the luminous part of the heavens. Of these friendly saluters Southey comes nearest to the suggestion we would have extracted—had we dared adventure upon such a theme—from the supplemental speculation we have added to the poetical one; and with his lines we shall conclude:—

— ‘Oh, my friend,  
That thy faith was as mine! that thou couldst see  
Death still producing life, and evil still  
Working its own destruction; couldst behold  
The strikes and troubles of this troubled world  
With the strong eye that sees the promised day  
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things, then,  
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart  
Be healed and harmonised, and thou wouldst feel  
God always, everywhere, and all in all.’

L. R.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

### BIGAMY OR NO BIGAMY?

THE firm of Flint and Sharp enjoyed, whether deservedly or not, when I was connected with it, as it still does, a high reputation for keen practice and shrewd business-management. This kind of professional fame is usually far more profitable than the drum-and-trumpet variety of the same article; or at least we found it so; and often, from blush of morn to far later than dewy eve—which natural phenomena, by the way, were only emblematically observed by me during thirty busy years in the extinguishment of the street lamps at dawn, and their reillumination at dusk—did I and my partner incessantly pursue our golden avocations; deferring what are usually esteemed the pleasures of life—its banquets, music, flowers, and lettered ease—till the toil, and heat, and hurry of the day were past, and a calm, luminous evening, unclouded by care or anxiety, had arrived. This conduct may or may not have been wise; but at all events it daily increased the connection and transactions of the firm, and ultimately anchored us both very comfortably in the three per cents; and this too, I am bold to say, not without our having effected some good in our generation. This boast of mine the following passage in the life of a distinguished client—known, I am quite sure, by reputation to most of the readers of this Journal, whom our character for practical sagacity and professional shrewdness brought us—will, I think, be admitted to in some degree substantiate.

Our connection was a mercantile rather than an aristocratic one, and my surprise was therefore considerable, when, on looking through the office-blinds to ascertain what vehicle it was that had driven so rapidly up to the door, I observed a handsomely-appointed carriage with a coronet emblazoned on the panels, out of which a tall footman was handing a lady attired in deep but elegant mourning, and closely veiled. I instantly withdrew to my private room, and desired that the lady should be immediately admitted. Greatly was my surprise increased when the graceful and still youthful visitor withdrew her veil, and disclosed the features of the Countess of Seyton, upon whose mild, luminous beauty, as rendered by the engraving from

Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture, I had so frequently gazed with admiration. That rare and touching beauty was clouded now; and an intense expression of anxiety, fear—almost terror—gleamed from out the troubled depths of her fine dark eyes.

‘The Countess of Seyton!’ I half-involuntarily exclaimed, as with my very best bow I handed her ladyship a chair.

‘Yes; and you are a partner of this celebrated firm, are you not?’

I bowed again still more profoundly to this compliment, and modestly admitted that I was the Sharp of the firm her ladyship was pleased to entitle ‘celebrated.’

‘Then, Mr Sharp, I have to consult you professionally upon a matter of the utmost—the most vital importance to me and mine.’ Her ladyship then, with some confusion of manner, as if she did not know whether what she was doing was in accordance with strict etiquette or not, placed a Bank of England note, by way of retainer, before me. I put it back, explaining what the usage really was, and the countess replaced it in her purse.

‘We shall be proud to render your ladyship any assistance in our power,’ I said; ‘but I understood the Messrs Jackson enjoyed the confidence of the house of Seyton?’

‘Precisely. They are, so to speak, the hereditary solicitors of the family more than of any individual member of it; and therefore, though highly respectable persons, unfit to advise me in this particular matter. Besides,’ she added with increasing tremor and hesitation, ‘to deal with, and if possible foil, the individual by whom I am persecuted, requires an agent of keener sagacity than either of those gentlemen can boast of; sharper, more resolute men; more—you understand what I mean?’

‘Perfectly, madam; and allow me to suggest that it is probable our interview may be a somewhat prolonged one: your ladyship's carriage, which may attract attention, should be at once dismissed. The office of the family solicitors is, you are aware, not far off; and as we could not explain to them the reason which induces your ladyship to honour us with your confidence, it will be as well to avoid any chance of inquiry.’

Lady Seyton acquiesced in my suggestion: the carriage was ordered home, and Mr Flint entering just at the time, we both listened with earnestness and anxiety to her communication. It is needless to repeat verbatim the somewhat prolix, exclamative narration of the countess: the essential facts were as follows:—

The Countess of Seyton, previous to her first marriage, was Miss Clara Hayley, second daughter of the Reverend John Hayley, the rector of a parish in Devonshire. She married, when only nineteen years of age, a Captain Gosford. Her husband was ten years older than herself, and, as she discovered after marriage, was cursed with a morose and churlish temper and disposition. Previous to her acquaintance with Gosford, she had been intimate with, almost betrothed to, Mr Arthur Kingston, a young gentleman connected with the peerage, and at that time heir-apparent to the great expectancies and actual poverty of his father, Sir Arthur Kingston. The haughty baronet, the instant he was made aware of the nature of his son's intimacy with the rector's daughter, packed the young man off to the continent on his travels. The Reverend John Hayley and his beautiful Clara were as proud as the baronet, and extremely indignant that it should be thought either of them wished to entrap or delude Arthur Kingston into an unequal or ineligible marriage. This feeling of pride and resentment aided the success of Mr Gosford's suit, and Clara Hayley, like many other rash, high-noted young ladies, doomed herself to misery, in order to show the world, and Mr Arthur Kingston and his proud father especially, that she had a spirit. The union was

a most unhappy one. One child only, which died in its infancy, was born to them; and after being united somewhat more than two years, a separation, vehemently insisted on by the wife's father, took place; and the unhappily-wedded daughter returned to her parent's roof. Mr Gosford—he had some time before sold out of the army—travelled about the country in search of amusement, and latterly of health (for his unhappy cankerous temper at last affected and broke down his never very robust physical constitution), accompanied for the twelvemonth preceding his death by a young man belonging to the medical profession, of the name of Chilton. Mr and Mrs Gosford had been separated a few days less than three years, when the husband died, at the village of Swords in Ireland, and not far distant from Dublin. The intelligence was first conveyed to the widow by a paragraph in the 'Freeman's Journal,' a Dublin newspaper; and by the following post a letter arrived from Mr Chilton, enclosing a ring which the deceased had requested should be sent to his wife, and a note, dictated, just previous to his death-hour, in which he expressed regret for the past, and admitted that he alone had been to blame for the unhappy separation. A copy of his will, made nearly a twelvemonth previously, was also forwarded, by which he bequeathed his property, amounting to about three hundred pounds per annum, to a distant relative then residing in New Holland. By a memorandum of a subsequent date, Mr Chilton was to have all the money and other personals he might die in actual possession of, after defraying the necessary funeral expenses. This will, Mr Chilton stated, the deceased gentleman had expressed a wish in his last moments to alter, but death had been too sudden for him to be able to give effect to that good, but too long delayed intention.

It cannot be supposed that the long-before practically widowed wife grieved much at the final breaking of the chain which bound her to so ungenial a mate; but as Lady Seyton was entirely silent upon the subject, our supposition can only rest upon the fact, that Arthur Kingston—who had some time previously, in consequence of the death of the Earl of Seyton and his only son, an always weakly child, predeceased a few months by that of his own father, the baronet, succeeded to the earldom and estates—hastened home, on seeing the announcement of Gosford's death in the Dublin paper, from the continent, where he had continued to reside since his compelled departure six years before; and soon afterwards found his way into Devonshire, and so successfully pressed the renewed offer of his hand, that the wedding took place slightly within six months after the decease of Mr Gosford. Life passed brilliantly and happily with the earl and countess—to whom three children (a boy and two girls) were born—till about five months previous to the present time, when the earl, from being caught, when out riding, in a drenching shower of rain, was attacked by fever, and after an acute illness of only two or three days' duration, expired. The present earl was at the time just turned of five years of age.

This blow, we comprehended from the sudden tears which filled the beautiful eyes of the countess as she spoke of the earl's decease, was a severe one. Still, the grief of widowhood must have been greatly assuaged by love for her children, and not inconsiderably, after a while, we may be sure, by the brilliant position in which she was left—as, in addition to being splendidly jointured, she was appointed by her husband's will sole guardian of the young lord her son.

A terrible reverse awaited her. She was sitting with her father the rector, and her still unmarried sister, Jane Hayley, in the drawing-room of Seyton House, when a note was brought to her, signed Edward Chilton, the father of which demanded an immediate and private interview, on, he alleged, the most important business. Lady Seyton remembered the name, and immediately

acceded to the man's request. He announced, in a brusque, insolent tone and manner, that Mr Gosford had not died at the time his death was announced to her, having then only fallen into a state of syncope, from which he had unexpectedly recovered, and had lived six months longer. 'The truth is,' added Chilton, 'that, chancing the other day to be looking over a "peerage," I noticed for the first time the date of your marriage with the late Earl of Seyton, and I have now to inform you that it took place precisely eight days previous to Mr Gosford's death; that it was consequently no marriage at all; and that your son is no more Earl of Seyton than I am.'

This dreadful announcement, as one might expect, completely overcame the countess. She fainted, but not till she had heard and comprehended Chilton's hurried injunctions to secrecy and silence. He rang the bell for assistance, and then left the house. The mental agony of Lady Seyton on recovering consciousness was terrible, and she with great difficulty succeeded in concealing its cause from her anxious and wondering relatives. Another interview with Chilton appeared to confirm the truth of his story beyond doubt or question. He produced a formally-drawn-up document, signed by one Pierce Cunningham, gravedigger of Swords, which set forth that Charles Gosford was buried on the 26th of June 1832, and that the inscription on his tombstone set forth that he had died June 23d of that year. Also a written avowal of Patrick Mullins of Dublin, that he had lettered the stone at the head of the grave of Charles Gosford in Swords burying-ground in 1832, and that its date was, as stated by Pierce Cunningham, June 23, 1832.

'Have you copies of those documents?' asked Mr Flint.

'Yes: I have brought them with me,' the countess replied, and handed them to Mr Flint. 'In my terror and extremity,' continued her ladyship, 'and unguided by counsel—for till now I have not dared to speak upon the subject to any person—I have given this Chilton, at various times, large sums of money: but he is insatiable; and only yesterday—I cannot repeat his audacious proposal: you will find it in this note.'

'Marriage!' exclaimed Mr Flint with a burst. He had read the note over my shoulder. 'The scoundrel!'

My worthy partner was rather excited. The truth was, he had a Clara of his own at home—a dead sister's child, very pretty, just about marriageable, and a good deal resembling, as he told me afterwards, our new and interesting client.

'I would die a thousand deaths rather,' resumed Lady Seyton in a low, tremulous voice, as she let fall her veil. 'Can there,' she added in a still fainter voice, 'be anything done—anything?'

'That depends entirely,' interrupted Mr Flint, 'upon whether this fine story is or is not a fabrication, got up for the purpose of extorting money. It seems to me, I must say, amazingly like one.'

'Do you really think so?' exclaimed the lady with joyful vehemence. The notion that Chilton was perhaps imposing on her credulity and fears seemed not to have struck her before.

'What do you think, Sharp?' said my partner.

I hesitated to give an opinion, as I did not share in the hope entertained by Flint. Detection was so certain, that I doubted if so cunning a person as Chilton appeared to be would have ventured on a fraud so severely punishable. 'Suppose,' I said, avoiding an answer, 'as this note appoints an interview at three o'clock to-day at Seyton House, we meet him there instead of your ladyship? A little talk with the fellow might be serviceable.'

Lady Seyton eagerly agreed to this proposal; and it was arranged that we should be at Seyton House half an hour before the appointed time, in readiness for the gentleman. Lady Seyton left in a hackney-coach,

somewhat relieved, I thought, by having confided the oppressive secret to us, and with a nascent hope slightly flushing her pale, dejected countenance.

The firm of Flint and Sharp had then a long conference together, during which the lady's statement and Mr Chilton's documents were, the reader may be sure, very minutely coned over, analysed, and commented upon. Finally, it was resolved that if the approaching interview, the manner of which we agreed upon, did not prove satisfactory, Mr Flint should immediately proceed to Ireland, and personally ascertain the truth or falsehood of the facts alleged by Chilton.

'Mr Chilton is announced,' said Lady Seyton, hurriedly entering the library in Grosvenor Square, where Mr Flint and myself were seated. 'I need not be present, I think you said?' she added in great tremor.

'Certainly not, madam,' I replied. 'We shall do better alone.'

She retired instantly. Flint rose and stationed himself close by the door. Presently a sounding, confident step was heard along the passage, the library door swung back on its noiseless hinges, and in stalked a man of apparently about thirty-five years of age, tall, genteel, and soldier-looking. He started back on seeing me, recognising, I perceived, my vocation at a glance.

'How is this?' he exclaimed. 'I expected'—

'The Countess of Seyton. True; but her ladyship has deputed me to confer with you on the business mentioned in your note.'

'I shall have nothing to say to you,' he replied abruptly, and turned to leave the room. Mr Flint had shut, and was standing with his back to the door.

'You can't go,' he said in his coolest manner. 'The police are within call.'

'The police! What the devil do you mean?' cried Chilton angrily; but, spite of his assurance, visibly trembling beneath Flint's searching, half-sneering look.

'Nothing very remarkable,' replied that gentleman, 'or unusual in our profession. Come, sit down; we are lawyers; you are a man of business, we know. I daresay we shall soon understand each other.'

Mr Chilton sat down, and moodily awaited what was next to come.

'You are aware,' said Mr Flint, 'that you have rendered yourself liable to transportation?'

'What!' exclaimed Chilton, flashing crimson, and starting to his feet. 'What!'

'To transportation,' continued my imperturbable partner, 'for seven, ten, fourteen years, or for life, at the discretion of the judge; but considering the frequency of the crime of late, I should say there is a strong probability that you will be a *lifer*!'

'What devil's gibberish is this?' exclaimed Chilton, frightened, but still fierce. 'I can prove everything I have said. Mr Gosford, I tell you'—

'Well, well,' interrupted Mr Flint; 'put it in that light how you please; turn it which way you will; it's like the key in Blue Beard, which I daresay you have read of; rub it out on one side, and up it comes on the other. Say, by way of argument, that you have not obtained money by unfounded threats—a crime which the law holds tantamount to highway robbery. You have in that case obtained money for compromising a felony—that of polygamy. An awful position, my good sir, choose which you will.'

Utterly chlopfallen was the lately triumphant man; but he speedily rallied.

'I care not,' he at length said. 'Punish me you may; but the pride of this sham countess and the sham earl will be brought low. And I tell you once for all,' he added, rising at the same time, and speaking in ringing, wrathful tones, 'that I defy you, and will either be handsomely remunerated for silence, or I will at once inform the Honourable James Kingston that he is the true Earl of Seyton.'

'And I tell you,' retorted Flint, 'that if you attempt to leave this room, I will give you into custody at once, and transport you, whatever may be the consequence to others. Come, come, let us have no more nonsense or bluster. We have strong reasons for believing that the story by which you have been extorting money is a fabrication. If it be so, rely upon it we shall detect and punish you. Your only safe course is to make a clean breast of it whilst there is yet time. Out with it, man, at once, and you shall go Scot-free; nay, have a few score pounds more—say a hundred. Be wise in time, I counsel you.'

Chilton hesitated; his white lips quivered. There was something to reveal.

'I cannot,' he muttered, after a considerable pause. 'There is nothing to disclose.'

'You will not! Then your fate be on your own head. I have done with you.'

It was now my turn. 'Come, come,' I said, 'it is useless urging this man further. How much do you expect? The insolent proposal contained in your note is, you well know, out of the question. How much money do you expect for keeping this wretched affair secret? State your terms at once.'

'A thousand per annum,' was the reply, 'and the first year down.'

'Modest, upon my word! But I suppose we must comply,' I wrote out an agreement. 'Will you sign this?'

He ran it over. 'Yes; Lady Seyton, as she calls herself, will take care it never sees the light.'

I withdrew, and in two or three minutes returned with a cheque. 'Her ladyship has no present cash at the banker's,' I said, 'and is obliged to post-date this cheque twelve days.'

The rascal grumbled a good deal; but as there was no help for it, he took the security, signed the agreement, and walked off.

'A sweet nut that for the devil to crack,' observed Mr Flint, looking savagely after him. 'I am in hopes we shall trounce him yet, bravely as he carries it. The cheque of course is not payable to order or bearer?'

'Certainly not; and before twelve days are past, you will have returned from Ireland. The agreement may be, I thought, of use with Cunningham or Mullins. If they have been conspiring together, they will scarcely admire the light in which you can place the arrangement, as affording proof that he means to keep the lion's share of the reward to himself.'

'Exactly. At all events we shall get at the truth, whatever it be.'

The same evening Mr Flint started for Dublin *via* Holyhead.

I received in due course a letter from him dated the day after his arrival there. It was anything but a satisfactory one. The date on the grave-stone had been truly represented, and Mullins who erected it was a highly respectable man. Flint had also seen the gravedigger, but could make nothing out of him. There was no regular register of deaths kept in Swords except that belonging to Cunningham; and the minister who buried Gosford, and who lived at that time in Dublin, had been dead some time. This was disheartening and melancholy enough; and, as if to give our unfortunate client the *coup-de-grace*, Mr Jackson junior marched into the office just after I had read it, to say that, having been referred by Lady Seyton to us for explanations with respect to a statement made by a Mr Edward Chilton to the Honourable James Kingston, for whom they, the Messrs Jackson, were now acting, by which it appeared that the said Honourable James Kingston was, in fact, the true Earl of Seyton, he, Mr Jackson junior, would be happy to hear what I had to say upon the subject! It needed but this. Chilton had, as I feared he would, after finding we had been

consulted, sold his secret, doubtless advantageously, to the heir-at-law. There was still, however, a chance that something favourable might turn up, and as I had no notion of throwing that chance away, I carelessly replied that we had reason to believe Chilton's story was a malicious fabrication, and that we should of course throw on them the onus of judicial proof that Gosford was still alive when the late earl's marriage was solemnised. Finally, however, to please Mr Jackson, who professed to be very anxious, for the lady's sake, to avoid unnecessary éclat, and to arrange the affair as quietly as possible, I agreed to meet him at Lady Seyton's in four days from that time, and hear the evidence upon which he relied. This could not at all events render our position worse; and it was meanwhile agreed that the matter should be kept as far as possible profoundly secret.

Three days passed without any further tidings from Mr Flint, and I vehemently feared that his journey had proved a fruitless one, when, on the evening previous to the day appointed for the conference at Seyton House, a hackney coach drove rapidly up to the office door, and out popped Mr Flint, followed by two strangers, whom he very watchfully escorted into the house. 'Mr Patrick Mullins and Mr Pierce Cunningham,' said Flint as he shook hands with me in a way which, in conjunction with the merry sparkle of his eyes, and the boisterous tone of his voice, assured me all was right. 'Mr Pierce Cunningham will sleep here to-night,' he added; 'so Collins had better engage a bed out.'

Cunningham, an ill-looking lout of a fellow, muttered that he chose 'to sleep at a tavern.'

'Not if I know it, my fine fellow,' rejoined Mr Flint. 'You mean well, I daresay; but I cannot lose sight of you for all that. You either sleep here or at a station-house.'

The man stared with surprise and alarm; but knowing refusal or resistance to be hopeless, sullenly assented to the arrangement, and withdrew to the room appointed for him, vigilantly guarded. For Mr Mullins we engaged a bed at a neighbouring tavern.

Mr Flint's mission had been skilfully and successfully accomplished. He was convinced, by the sullen confusion of manner manifested by Cunningham, that some villainous agency had been at work, and he again waited on Mullins the stone-cutter. 'Who gave you the order for the grave-stone?' he asked. Mr Mullins referred to his book, and answered that he received it by letter. 'Had he got that letter?' 'Very likely,' he replied, 'as he seldom destroyed business papers of any kind.' 'A search was instituted, and finally this letter,' said Mr Flint, 'worth an earl's coronet, torn and dirty as it is, turned up.' This invaluable document, which bore the London post-date of June 23, 1832, ran as follows:—

'ANGELSEA HOTEL, HAYMARKET, LONDON, June 23, 1832.

'SIR—Please to erect a plain tombstone at the head of Charles Gosford, Esquire's grave, who died a few months since at Swords, aged thirty-two years. This is all that need be inscribed upon it. You are referred to Mr Guinness of Sackville Street, Dublin, for payment. Your obedient servant,

EDWARD CHILTON.'

'You see,' continued Flint, 'the fellow had inadvertently left out the date of Gosford's death, merely stating it occurred a few months previously; and Mullins concluded that, in entering the order in his day-book, he must have somehow or other confounded the date of the letter with that of Gosford's decease. Armed with this precious discovery, I again sought Cunningham, and by dint of promises and threats, at last got the truth out of the rascal. It was this: Chilton, who returned to the country from the Cape, where he had resided for three years previously, about two months

ago, having some business to settle in Dublin, went over there, and one day visited Swords, read the inscription on Charles Gosford's grave-stone, and immediately sought out the gravedigger, and asked him if he had any record of that gentleman's burial. Cunningham said he had, and produced his book, by which it appeared that it took place December 24, 1831. "That cannot be," remarked Chilton, and he referred to the head-stone. Cunningham said he had noticed the mistake a few days after it was erected; but thinking it of no consequence, and never having, that he knew of, seen Mr Mullins since, he had said, and indeed thought, nothing about it. To conclude the story—Chilton ultimately, by payment of ten pounds down, and liberal promises for the future, prevailed upon the gravedigger to lend himself to the infamous device the sight of the grave-stone had suggested to his fertile, unscrupulous brain.'

This was indeed a glorious success, and the firm of Flint and Sharp drank the Countess of Seyton's health that evening with great enthusiasm, and gleefully 'thought of the morrow.'

We found the drawing-room of Seyton House occupied by the Honourable James Kingston, his solicitors the Messrs Jackson, Lady Seyton, and her father and sister, to whom she had at length disclosed the source of her disquietude. The children were leaving the apartment as we entered it, and the grief-dimmed eyes of the countess rested sadly upon her bright-eyed boy as he slowly withdrew with his sisters. That look changed to one of wild surprise as it encountered Mr Flint's shining, good-humoured countenance. I was more composed and reserved than my partner, though feeling as vividly as he did the satisfaction of being able not only to dispel Lady Seyton's anguish, but to extinguish the exultation, and trample on the hopes, of the Honourable James Kingston, a stiff, grave, middle-aged piece of hypocritical propriety, who was surveying from out the corners of his affectedly-unobservant eyes the furniture and decorations of the splendid apartment, and hugging himself with the thought that all that was his! Business was immediately proceeded with. Chilton was called in. He repeated his former story *verbatim*, and with much fluency and confidence. He then placed in the hands of Jackson senior the vouchers signed by Cunningham and Mullins. The transient light faded from Lady Seyton's countenance as she turned despairingly, almost accusingly, towards us.

'What answer have you to make to this gentleman's statement, thus corroborated?' demanded Jackson senior.

'Quite a remarkable one,' replied Mr Flint, as he rang the bell. 'Desire the gentlemen in the library to step up,' he added to the footman who answered the summons. In about three minutes he marched Cunningham and Mullins, followed by two police officers. An irrepressible exclamation of terror escaped Chilton, which was immediately echoed by Mr Flint's direction to the police, as he pointed towards the trembling caiff: 'That is your man: secure him.'

A storm of exclamations, questions, remonstrances, instantly broke forth, and it was several minutes before attention could be obtained for the statements of our two Irish witnesses and the reading of the happily-found letter. The effect of the evidence adduced was decisive, electrical. Lady Seyton, as its full significance flashed upon her, screamed with convulsive joy, and I thought must have fainted from excess of emotion. The Reverend John Hayley returned audible thanks to God in a voice quivering with rapture, and Miss Hayley ran out of the apartment, and presently returned with the children, who were immediately half smothered with their mother's ecstatic kisses. All was for a few minutes bewilderment, joy, rapture! Flint persisted to his dying day that Lady Seyton threw her arms

round his neck, and kissed his bald old forehead. This, however, I cannot personally vouch for, as my attention was engaged at the moment by the adverse claimant, the Honourable James Kingston, who exhibited one of the most irresistibly comic, wo-begone, lackadaisical aspects it is possible to conceive. He made a hurried and most undignified exit, and was immediately followed by the discomfited 'family' solicitors. Chilton was conveyed to a station-house, and the next day was fully committed for trial. He was convicted at the next sessions, and sentenced to seven years' transportation; and the 'celebrated' firm of Flint and Sharp derived considerable lustre, and more profit, from this successful stroke of professional dexterity.

## EARLY ENGLISH NATURALISTS.

THE TRADESCANTS—DR ASHMOLE.

To take a retrospective glance at those men who were the pioneers of our advanced state of knowledge as regards the animal kingdom, may be an interesting, and perhaps not altogether an uninteresting amusement for us of the present day. The naturalists and collectors of the olden time—to a few of whom we wish to introduce the reader—were men wise in their generation, although it is customary now to decry them for their credulity. But as they have left behind them full proofs of their zeal, abilities, and industry, and as there can be no doubt that they were formed mentally and physically like ourselves, we may safely conclude that it was not their organs of wonder that were greater than ours, but that their means of obtaining information were less. Taking into consideration the limited geographical extent of commerce, the fables recorded and believed under the *prestige* of the names of the great masters Aristotle and Pliny, the ignorance of comparative anatomy, and the strong bias to mix up natural history with alchemy, astrology, and the materia medica which prevailed in those days, we may suppress the rising sneer at the dragons, griffins, basilisks, and other dire chimeras that we are sure to meet with in the writings of the earlier naturalists. And at the same time we should remember that at least in one instance—the dodo—they, by accurately describing an animal now extinct, and handing down to us its corroboratory head and leg, have given rise to many interesting speculations of our present naturalists respecting not only other comparatively recently extinct animals of which we find the remains, but also with regard to those which, though now denizens of our globe, are yet doomed to disappear before the expanding powers of mankind as certainly as the trees of the primeval forests fall before the axe of the immigrant settler.

The first collection of specimens of natural history worthy to be designated a museum ever made in England was accumulated by John Tradescant, and 'augmented and preserved together' by his son, who was also named John. Their museum, termed in their day Tradescants' Ark, contained not only objects of natural history, but also, a general collection of curiosities, with vegetable substances useful in medicine and the arts. The last items show the highly practical turn of the Tradescants' minds, and how much they were in advance of their age. A museum of a similar description has only very lately been founded in the Royal Gardens at Kew, under the auspices of the scientific and practical Sir W. J. Hooker. Little is known of the Tradescants—just enough, perhaps, to excite curiosity in some, but still sufficient to endear their memories to the respect and veneration of the enthusiastic naturalist, the more so if he has a slight tinge of the antiquary in his composition. John Tradescant, the father, was by birth a Fleming or Hollander, and by profession a gardener. Neither the exact period of his first coming to this country nor that of his death is known; but by a

line\* on the family tombstone, we are led to believe that he was in the service of Queen Elizabeth as gardener during the latter part of her reign; and from his not being mentioned by Ashmole, who was introduced to the Tradescant family in 1650, we may conclude that he died at a good old age previous to that date. His likeness, engraved by Hollar, represents him as a man advanced in years. He was also for some time in the service of Lord Treasurer Salisbury and of Lord Wootton, and subsequently travelled, collecting plants and curiosities, over the greater part of Europe. In 1620 he sailed in an expedition sent against the Algerines, which gave him an opportunity of collecting in Barbary and on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean. Previous to 1629 he settled at South Lambeth, where he founded his museum and botanic garden. John Tradescant, the son, stimulated by a similar zeal for natural science, sailed to Virginia, from whence he returned with many new plants and other curiosities. During their travels the Tradescants collected an immense number of plants, nearly all of which they introduced to the British Flora; and consequently it has been truly said that 'these able men, by their industry, made it manifest (in the very infancy of botanical science) that there is scarcely any plant extant in the known world that will not, with proper care, thrive in this kingdom.' Undoubtedly the energy and perseverance of the Tradescants is worthy of all commendation. The eastern parts of Europe, where the father collected the most of his new plants, were very difficult of access at that time; and Virginia, where the son collected, was then a howling wilderness, peopled by the cruel and savage tribes of the Red Indian. Many plants were justly distinguished by their names; but the improved classification of Linnæus rendered these titles obsolete. The great Swedish naturalist, however, gave to a genus of plants—the spiderworts, introduced from Virginia by John the son—the title of *Tradescantia*, as a well-merited token of respect for the memory of these enterprising men.

In 1656, some years after the death of his father, John, the son and 'survivor,' published a catalogue of the contents of his museum and botanic garden, entitled, 'Musæum Tradescantianum, or a Collection of Rarities Preserved at South Lambeth, near London, by John Tradescant.' This work is embellished with two prints, respectively representing the father and son—eagerly sought after by collectors, the book being very rare. It opens, according to a prevailing custom of that day, with two anagrams, one in Latin, the other in English, 'On John Tradescant, Deceased,' followed by two more of a similar description, addressed 'To John Tradescant the Younger, surviving.' As a specimen of these anagrams may not be uninteresting to the reader, we subjoin the English one, on John the father:—

ON JOHN TRADESCANT, DECEASED.

ANAGRAM.

John Tradescante  
Had innocent artes.  
Can honest art die?  
Artes cannot die.

Nor courts nor shopcrafts were thine arts, but those  
Which Adam studied ere he did transgress:  
The wonders of the creatures, and to dress;  
The world's great garden. Sure the sun we're rose  
Nor couched, but blushed to see thy roof enclose  
More dainties than his orb. CAN death oppress  
Such HONEST ART as this; or make it less?  
No: Fame shall still record it, and expose  
Industrious care to all eternity.  
The body may, and must: ARTES CANNOT DIE.\*

In his preface Tradescant states, that 'about three years agoe (by the perswasion of some friends) I was

\* 'Both gardeners to the Rose and Lilly Queen.'

John Tradescant, the son, was gardener to Charles I., whose queen, Henrietta, being French, is designated by the lily, as the emblem of that nation; the rose, in like manner, would be applicable to Queen Elizabeth.

resolved to take a catalogue of those rarities and curiosities which my father had sedulously collected, and myself with continued diligence have augmented and hitherto preserved together. They then pressed me with that argument: that the enumeration of these rarities (being more for variety than any one place known in Europe could afford) would be an honour to our nation, and a benefit to such ingenious persons as would become further inquirers into the various modes of nature's admirable workes and the curious imitators thereof.

Accordingly, Tradescant, assisted by two friends, began to catalogue his rarities, but met with considerable difficulties, for he says that: 'Presently thereupon my only son dyed, one of my friends fell very sick, and the other into a troublous lawsuit; and at last, when the catalogue was ready, he had to wait ten months for the plates, Mr Hollar being engaged all that time beforehand; this, as well as the great number of prints from Hollar's burin, shows that he had been well employed.

The most startling things in this catalogue are an egg from Turkey, 'given as a dragon's egg, the beak or head of a griffin, two feathers of the phoenix taylor, and a claw of the rock.' We find likewise a specimen of the now extinct dodo, portions of which are preserved in the museums of London, Oxford, and Paris. The quadrupeds are classified after the manner of Pliny—with toes, without any division of the foot, and with the foot cleft in two parts; and further divided into oviporous and viviporous. There are 'divers sortes of strange fishes,' shell creatures, insects, minerals, and outlandish fruits; the 'playable mazer wood,' which, 'being warmed in water, will work to any form'—doubtless gutta percha! Dr Montgomery, who received the gold medal for first bringing this substance before the Society of Arts in 1843, describes it almost in the very words of Tradescant. Coins, medals, and plants complete the catalogue.

The book concludes with a list of the 'Benefactors' to the museum. Here we find the names of King Charles, Queen Mary, Archbishop Laud, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Henry Wootton, William Curteen, Esq., and a number of others. By the term 'benefactors,' we must not assume that 'Tradescant's Ark' was a mere vulgar show-place, where money was taken at the door, similar to some places now that certainly ought not to be so; but that the benefactors were persons who had contributed curiosities of various kinds to the museum. The first line in the anagram—'Nor courts nor shopcrafts were thine arts'—favours our forming this conclusion. At the same time we have good reason to believe that the Tradescants were engaged in business as nurserymen; for Parkinson, in a work produced in 1629, speaking of fruit-trees, observes that 'the choicest for goodness, and rarest for knowledge, are to be had of my very good friend John Tradescant, who hath wonderfully laboured to obtaine all the rarest fruits he can heare of in any place in Christendome, Turkey, yea, or the whole world.'

Another person, whose connection with Tradescant and his museum renders it necessary, must now be introduced to the reader. Elias Ashmole, born at Lichfield in 1617, of parents in the middle class of life, studied the law, and became a solicitor in the Court of Chancery. He was thrice married. Having acquired a considerable fortune by his second wife, Lady Mainwaring, widow of a Sir John Mainwaring, who had been recorder of Reading, he relinquished his profession, and devoted himself to study. He wrote several works on chemistry and alchymy, and a History of the Order of the Garter. He was appointed to the office of Windsor Herald in 1658, called to the bar in 1660, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Oxford in 1669. His diary, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, has been well described as his life written by himself, the most minute particulars being carefully recorded. It is difficult for us of the

present day to imagine such a character as Ashmole in his diary shows himself to have been. To the most consummate zeal and energy for the acquisition of useful knowledge, he united all the credulous fancies of the alchemist and astrologer. An assiduous collector of antiquities, regardless of expense, he yet appears all through life to have had a keen eye for what is vulgarly denominated the main chance, and, moreover, to have been of a very litigious disposition. Though he commenced to study the sciences of botany and anatomy, the arts of seal-engraving, casting in sand, and goldsmiths' work, and the Hebrew language at advanced periods of life—the latter in his thirty-fifth year—yet at the same time we find him the dupe of the most barefaced impostors, listening to 'responses' from a familiar spirit in a 'soft voice,' and being 'told in syllables the true matter of the Philosophers' Stone.' Long after he had received his diploma as a physician, he writes thus:—'I took early this morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove away the ague: Deo Gratias.'

It would have been strange if two such men as Tradescant and Ashmole had not become acquainted with each other; and accordingly we find in the diary of the latter the following entries:—

'June 15, 1650.—Myself, my wife, and Dr Wharton went to visit Mr John Tradescant\* at South Lambeth. May 28, 1651.—I and my wife tabled together this summer at Mr Tradescant's. Sept. 11, 1652.—Young John Tradescant died.'

This 'young John' was the 'only son' mentioned by John Tradescant, the compiler of the 'Museum Tradescantianum,' in the preface to that work; and consequently grandson of the John Tradescant who is described in the same work as 'deceased.' It is requisite that this should be here stated, for, owing to there having been three Tradescants—father, son, and grandson, each named John—considerable error and confusion has crept into the works of several distinguished writers respecting which were the two Tradescants celebrated as botanists and collectors: many stating erroneously that it was the younger two—a few correctly that it was the elder.†

Returning to Ashmole's diary, we find some curious entries:—'Decr. 12, 1659.—Mr Tradescant and his wife told me they had been considering upon whom to bestow their closet of curiosities when they died, and at last had resolved to give it unto me. Decr. 14.—This afternoon they gave their scrivener instructions to draw a deed of gift of the said closet to me. Decr. 16. *Hor. 30 minutes post merid.*—Mr Tradescant and his wife sealed and delivered to me the deed of gift of all his rarities. April 22, 1662.—Mr John Tradescant died. May 30.—This Easter term I preferred a bill in Chancery against Mrs Tradescant for the rarities her husband had settled on me. May 18, 1664.—My cause came to a hearing in Chancery against Mrs Tradescant.'

It is rather startling thus to discover that Ashmole,

\* The different modes of spelling a person's name adopted by himself and his contemporaries, is a curious feature of that day. Parkinson writes Tradescant; we also find in the register of burials in Lambeth Church that the name of an individual is entered as servant of John Tradescin; and in Plattsman's Poems (London, 1682) there are the following lines:—

'Thus John Tradescin starves our weary eyes  
By boxing up his now found rarities.'

† Sir J. Hawkins, in his edition of 'Walton's Complete Angler,' in a note to the place where 'Phaeton' speaks of John Tradescant, and the 'strange creatures collected' by him, erroneously makes it appear that this 'young John,' the grandson, was the person there referred to. Mr Ellis, in his edition (London, 1816), and Sir Harris Nicholas, in a subsequent edition, copy Sir J. Hawkins's erroneous statement. Mr Johnson, in his 'History of English Gardening' (London, 1829), follows the same authority. We may add, that the first edition of the 'Complete Angler' was published in 1653, a year after 'young John's' death. The burial register of Lambeth Church gives the date of his interment September 15, 1652. Further corroboration is unnecessary, though the four first verses on the family tombstone are decisive.

in little more than a month after the death of his friend, preferred a bill in Chancery against that friend's widow. This, however, as before alluded to, was with Ashmole rather a favourite mode of doing business, for, amongst others, he had proceedings in Chancery with even his own wife and uncle. According to his own entry in the diary, by the deed of gift—for which it does not appear that he gave any consideration—he was not to come into possession of the rarities until after they, Tradescant and his wife, died. Probably on this account the cause fell to the ground, for Ashmole does not again allude to it. He and Mrs Tradescant, it seems, also became upon good terms; for we find that when the great fire of 1666 was devastating London, Ashmole removed several boatloads of books, and other effects, from his chambers in the Temple to Mrs Tradescant's house as a place of safety; and in 1669 he mentions paying her a visit, in company with Mr Rose the king's gardener. In 1674 Ashmole came to reside in Lambeth, taking up his residence in a house which adjoined that of Mrs Tradescant; and three nights afterwards he tells us that—'Oct. 5, 1674.—This night Mrs Tradescant was in danger of being robbed, but most strangely prevented. Nov. 26.—Mrs Tradescant being willing to deliver up the rarities to me, I carried several of them to my house. Dec. 1.—I began to move the rest of the rarities to my house at South Lambeth.'

Whether it was the dread of robbers, the anxiety and expense of law proceedings, or any other motive, which caused Mrs Tradescant to give up the rarities, can now be only a matter of conjecture. She and Ashmole continued to live in adjoining houses, but were on very unneighbourly terms. A curious manuscript, preserved in the Bodleian Collection, contains a 'submission,' made by Mrs Tradescant in 1676, before a justice of peace and witnesses, to the effect that she had 'rashly and unadvisedly spoken false and scandalous words and reports against Ashmole.' One of these reports was—'That Ashmole had made a door out of his garden into my orchard, by which he might come into my house as soon as the breath was out of my body, and take away my goods: that the said Mr Ashmole had forced me to deliver up to him my closet of rarities, and that if I had not done it, he would have cut my throat: that he had robbed me of my closet of rarities, and cheated me out of my estate; whereas, in truth, I pressed him to receive the said rarities; and when he intreated me to keep them, I would not hearken, but forced him to take them away, threatening if he did not, I would throw them into the street; and he having at last consented to receive them, I voluntarily helped to remove some of them myself: that I caused a great heap of earth and rubbish to be laid against his garden-wall; and notwithstanding he admonished me to take it away, I told him it should be there in spite of his teeth.'

We must not judge, but certainly our sympathy is more with the defenceless, childless widow, than with the rich and powerful Ashmole, who had by this time become a man that even 'the king delighted to honour.' It seems to us probable that there was truth in both of Mrs Tradescant's statements—that she was willing to give up the rarities, to escape from the annoyances which had been used to compel her to do so. This unpleasant recital draws to a tragical close. Ashmole, in his diary, coolly informs us that—

'April 4, 1678. Hor. 30 minutes ante merid.—My wife told me that Mrs Tradescant was found drowned in her pond. She was drowned the day before about noon, as appeared by some circumstances. April 6.—She was buried in a vault in Lambeth Churchyard, where her husband and her son John had been formerly laid. April 22.—I removed the pictures from Mrs Tradescant's house to mine.'

These were most probably the family pictures which Mrs Tradescant retained to the last. Ashmole subsequently sent them, with the other rarities, to Oxford. There were seven in all—representing John Tradescant the elder with fruits, flowers, &c.; the same after

death; the same, a small three-fourth size; his wife, son, and daughter; John the younger, in his garden, spade in hand; the same with his wife; the same with his friend Tythespa, with a table and shells before them. The word Tythespa is evidently an anagram: who it means we are unable to decipher. We have not seen these paintings, and therefore cannot speak positively; yet we have reason to suspect that the one described as 'after death' is that from whence the print of John Tradescant 'deceased' was taken by Hollar for the Museum Tradescantianum. Grainger, in his curious biography states that he saw a picture at a gentleman's house in Wiltshire not unlike that of the 'deceased' Tradescant, and the inscription was strictly applicable to him; namely—

'Mortuus hand alio quam quo pater ore quiescit  
Quam facile frueris nunc quoque nocte doces.'

These pictures have been—perhaps still are—absurdly described at Oxford as Sir John Tradescant's! I scarcely need say that none of the Tradescants was ever knighted.

Immediately after the death of her husband, Mrs Tradescant\* had erected a handsome monument over his remains and those of her son and father-in-law, and underneath it she was also interred. This curious tomb is of the altar-form. On the east end of it was carved, in bas-relief, the Tradescant arms—three fleur-de-lis, empaled with a lion passant: on the west, a hydra† tearing a human skull: on the south side, ruins of Grecian architecture: and on the north, a crocodile, shells, and Egyptian pyramids. In 1773 a new ledger stone—the old one having been broken—was placed upon the tomb by public subscription; and on this new ledger were cut the following verses, which had been intended for, but by some unknown cause never placed on, the original stone:—

'Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone  
Lie John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son.  
The last died in his spring: the other two  
Lived till they had travelled art and nature through,  
As by their choice collection may appear,  
Of what is rare in land, in seas, in air:  
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)  
A world of wonders in one closet shut.  
These famous antiquarians that had been  
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lilly Queen,  
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when  
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,  
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,  
And change their garden for a paradise.'

Strange to say, these *restorers* omitted the following words, which were on the original stone:—'This monument was erected at the charge of Hester Tradescant, the relict of John Tradescant, late deceased, who was buried on the 25th of April 1662.' Substituting in their stead—

'Erected 1632.

Repaired by Subscription, 1773.'

This tomb is still in good preservation. Though, from the stones on which the bas-reliefs were sculptured being of a soft, calcareous nature, the figures are nearly obliterated; yet the hydra and skull at one end, and the Tradescant arms at the other, can be distinctly traced.

Not quite a year after the death of Mrs Tradescant, Ashmole having obtained a lease, took possession of the house formerly occupied by her and her husband's family, and there he resided until his death. In 1683 he presented the Tradescant collection and his own to the University of Oxford, a building having been erected there for the purpose of containing them. This edifice

\* Mr Loudon, in his 'Encyclopædia of Gardening' (London, 1827, p. 1100), erroneously states that this tomb was erected by Mrs Ashmole.

† It is a swan-shaped, web-footed bird, with breasts like a woman, a tail like a serpent's, and several necks and heads, the beaks resembling a vulture's. Mr Ducarel, a learned antiquary of the last century, suggests that it represents envy. Might it not be intended for Mr Ashmole and his bill in Chancery?

and collection is termed the Ashmolean Museum, 'the name of Tradescant being unjustly sunk in that of Ashmole.' The latter part of his diary is but a dismal list of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' We cannot part with him better than quaint old Anthony à Wood does in his memoir of him in the 'Athenæ Oxonienses.' He says, 'And now, having almost brought him to his last stage, I must take leave to tell the reader that he was the greatest virtuoso and curioso that ever was known or read of in England before his time. Uxor Solis took up its habitation in his breast, and in his bosom the great God did abundantly store up the treasures of all sorts of wisdom and knowledge. Being accounted famous in the faculty of chemistry, he worthily deserved the title of *Mercuriophilus Anglicus*.'

The site of Tradescant's garden was visited in 1749 by the celebrated Sir W. Watson and another member of the Royal Society; and though it had for several years lain waste, and the house empty and 'ruined,' there still remained manifest traces of the founder. Many exotic plants were still alive, notwithstanding they had endured the two great frosts of 1729 and 1740. An *Arbutus*, *Aristolochia*, and *Rhamnus*, were particularly conspicuous from the great size they had attained. The property was subsequently purchased from Ashmole's descendants. Tradescant's house, and the house adjoining, where Ashmole lived previous to Mrs Tradescant's death, are still standing: though much altered, and well plastered and combed, the roofs and chimneys betray the antiquity of these buildings: they are both inhabited. Tradescant's house is now the residence of a wealthy London brewer: it is degraded by a paltry appellation, derived most probably from the peculiar form of its chimneys, while the name of Tradescant, which would have shed a lustre on the building, is in that district almost totally unknown.

Farewell, brave and worthy Tradescants, sire and son! In our boyhood we chanced to read of you; since then, your innocent occupations have been our pleasing pursuits. With all the knowledge that later times hath given to us, we are yet much more ignorant than ye now are. The grand arcanum is now laid open to you. A greater secret than that which friend Ashmole sought—that Philosophers' Stone concerning which no doubt ye ofttimes quaintly twitted him. Albeit unworthy, to me it has been a labour of love to collect and set down whatsoever I could find concerning your doings while on this earth. May we yet meet, not as in a glass of musty records, darkly, but in the glorious sunshine of eternal life!

#### A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE HOT SEASON—IN THE MIST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH—THE BUNGALOW—LIFE IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—STRIKE OF THE COOLIES.

April 29th.—The heat is now very oppressive—thermometer at 90 degrees in our rooms all day. Having been ill, I probably feel more exhausted by the airless warmth around me, from which there is no escaping, than I should have done had I not parted with some of the strength that might have better enabled me to resist it. Mr Black's sick partner has decided on taking a country-house near Barrackpore for the remainder of the hot weather, which he wishes to be able to go to at once, on returning from the Sandheads; and having heard of one he thinks very likely to suit him, Helen, who was deputed to look at it, wished me to accompany her, as a change I should benefit by. It was an exertion to listen to her proposal, a greater exertion to decide upon it; and this being done for me, the greatest exertion of all was to get up and dress for the early drive, all which indisposition was said to prove great relaxation of the system, and the necessity therefore of a counteracting influence. We were oppressed with breathlessness while passing through the town, the gar-

den-houses, and the paddy-fields, but once in the long avenue, we revived. Some of these trees are large and fine, appearing to be at home in the soil, but as we went on, the greater part seemed to be growing up unkindly. All sorts were planted, and left to take their chance, and some have not suited their situation; yet on failing, have not been replaced. Owing to a mistake in the directions given to the coachman, who had gone on half-way the night before with a pair of extra horses, we took a wrong turn, and after travelling a mile over a very rugged road, we found ourselves at a fine public ghaut at the river-side, used as a bathing-place. Numbers of women were returning from their morning ablutions: close by was a small temple, with a crowd of half-naked men about it—priests, we supposed, from their assured looks and a little silver collar they wore. Near this was a beggar squatted on the ground, holding out his hand, demanding rather than intreating charity. It was all so amusing, that we did not regret our lost time, and as we drove back to the turn, we had rice-fields to admire, the young green shoots just sprouting, and a style of ploughing to observe described in the 'Georgics.' The plough had upright handles, which the man who held them seemed to pull down, that the share might throw up the earth before it, spade fashion, time not being valuable, nor fresh soil sought after. We passed also a pretty green pasture-field, in which some of the small cattle of the country were grazing: they were about the size of the largest of our fallow-deer. We had some further trouble before finding out 'the Grove.' Had the owner given his villa an Indian name, the familiar sound would have reached all ears. Of 'the Grove' they made sad bungling; and the plague we had in making our object out indisposed us, I think, to it. Helen very soon decided that it would not suit the firm. We gave it a fair trial, for we spent the day there—a hot day—having brought our tiffin with us, and our books and work. I took a long sleep for once, and gladly heard, on awakening, that the carriage was ready to take us back to Chowringhee. The drive home in the cool of the evening was pleasant after the choking heat of the day.

30th.—At six o'clock this morning expired one of the burra sahibs of Calcutta, an excellent man, with whom Edward and Caroline had dined a few days ago. How rapid here is the progress of disease! How little power does this relaxing climate leave the human frame to struggle against it! In this instance the disease itself—cholera—had been subdued: the attack was slight, and had been taken in time; but there was not sufficient stamina to stand the shock to a naturally delicate constitution. It was always said the patient was consumptive; more likely to live here than at home, provided no accident supervened, but not capable of lingering should such a calamity occur. Certainly the suddenness with which people disappear from their place in this society—a society so constituted, that every individual composing it is well known—makes one shrink from the familiarity with death that is thus forced upon us. We may have sat next at dinner, or talked on the Course with a person to-day whom we hear of as ill to-morrow, dead next day, buried in a few hours. If he recover, we have lost him all the same: he must go home, or to the Straits, or to the Cape, to recover: no one ever recovers here. That constant falling sick and getting well again, so common in England, never happens here, though, as I have mentioned, the amount of deaths in comparison to the population is not greater in the East than in London. I really believe there is less illness, because people take fright, and send for the doctor at once, and he is thus generally able to prevent more mischief, unless a cure be impossible. The thermometer was at 86 degrees this evening, which I attribute to a damp fog sending up a steam that affected me as I was once affected in your conservatory on

entering it one hot July night, just after the plants had been watered. The house is more bearable just now than the outward air: it is always kept closely shut up till the sun is down; but our drive was so oppressive, I cannot think it wise to persevere at this season in what are really mis-called airings. It is the hot weather: to last till the rains, for a month or more yet. The melancholy event of this day set us all talking of the consequent changes; and from one thing to another we got upon the bar and its prospects. The highest income that can at present be made at the Calcutta bar is £7000 per annum. I understand one lawyer makes this; but it requires his combination of advantages to insure it—talents, industry, good health, and long-standing. Who can look forward to such a position? We humbly look for half this good fortune by and by, and must exercise our patience in the meanwhile.

*May 7th.*—Very hot: too much dispirited by the languor thus produced to occupy myself in any way. Writing I find unpleasant; no visiting is going forward; we lounge away our mornings with a book, which we can't always exert ourselves to read; and we try to recruit our frames by a drive on a cooler evening than common. Once or twice I have taken my airing on a sofa near the window, and found it answer. Eating is essential at this time: we can all eat, and drink too, iced beer, or wine and water—nice light French claret, very much perfumed, I call it, though they laugh at me. The offices of the gentlemen in town are very oppressive they tell us. I have been revived to-day by a storm. Rain is just now our greatest luxury; and we had plenty, with some thunder and lightning, early this morning. I actually walked afterwards in the compound; but, truth to say, I am hardly up to moving much; even raising the head or the hands is too fatiguing. I never have recovered that fever!

*11th.*—Think what we have done—a large party of us: taken a country-house fifteen miles off! And here we are established regularly and comfortably at 'the Hive' at Tittighur. Arthur, having a few days of leisure, is with us, so that there is no drawback to the pleasure of the change. All from our house set out this morning at half after five: we went a new way through the Cossitollah, where most of the tradespeople live. It was crowded at that early hour with busy-looking passengers, exhibiting among them a variety of colour such as it is surely unusual to see at once together. Some Arabs were almost fair, tall, and well dressed, and proud in their bearing. There were Chinese, with their very peculiar eyes, and two long locks of plaited hair falling from their heads behind, and trailing on, or certainly touching, the ground, and curious sleeves to their shapeless robes, and pointed turned-up slippers; besides the ordinary mixture of Mussulmans and Hindoos of all shades and castes—some well clothed, some all but naked. Numbers were still sleeping in the thatched porches outside their huts, often without a mat beneath them; while others slumbered peacefully under a mosquito-frame.

Fresh horses were ready for us at Cox's Bungalow, ten miles on; and after five more, we reached our pretty residence about half after seven. I like the place very much indeed. The house is on an admirable plan for this climate—all on one floor, but that floor is raised a good way above the ground, having a sort of half-sunk storey below, which does for offices. The rooms are in a suite, and of good size—two of them are indeed very large. A veranda of some width runs all round, the corners of which are partitioned off as bath-rooms. The thermometer is as high here as at Chowringhee, but the air feels much cooler; perhaps from its freer circulation, and the nearness to the river. We use *tatties* too (coarse blinds made of a kind of grass matted into a frame of bamboo placed outside the window), through which the hot wind blows, cooled in its passage by evaporation—these *tatties* being kept

constantly wet: two men are for ever flinging water over them—the simplest way the operation could be done. So here is my theory of the conservatory waterings directly contradicted! Some delicate persons object to the *tatty*, as hurtful to the chest, fancying the damp air causes rheumatism, or coughs, or ague; it gave us nothing but good spirits. We laughed more this one day than any of us have done for a month; and in the evening, some of us riding, and some of us driving, we went down a shady lane into the park at Barrackpore, and found it where we entered like a dear old bit of English scenery, just fit for gipsies to encamp in. The thatched huts of the natives are quite as picturesque as any tents, and the wild, dark-skinned urchins rolling about on the ground near them filled up the grouping quite correctly. The children here are interesting, lively little creatures, far too animated to degenerate into such tame characters as the men and women they grow up into, without some cause at work beyond climate. One or two of these monkeys called out to us in English 'Good-evening!' and laughed at their own fun as heartily as we did. The river Hoogly is at this part extremely beautiful, making a fine bold sweep of some extent. The opposite bank is pretty, the factory at Serampore, belonging to the Danes, figuring among trees at a little distance; but it is all too flat. The park at Barrackpore has been in some degree rescued from this monotonous level, and an undulating surface, such as nature often exhibits, has here been effected by art. The trees are of many varieties, fine of their kind, and well-disposed: riding under their shade on the green turf by the banks of the river in the pleasant cool of the evening, I asked myself over and over again whether this were India? And I must let you into a secret about this riding. I was riding on a little pony sent to me for trial by a friend—the singing lady—as the fittest exercise for one who cannot get on without some, and has failed in attempts to walk at this season.

The governor-general's house is by no means worthy of such a park and pleasure-ground: it is not at all a fine building outside, though said to be commodious enough within. There are some persons living in it: I did not hear who they were. The burra sahib himself is on a progress up the country. After dinner, not the least tired, we strolled out again.

*12th.*—I have not had such a refreshing sleep for weeks. The air must be cooler here. My room is quite protected from the sun too. I was able to enjoy an hour in the veranda before dressing, and we can occupy ourselves comfortably all the morning behind the *tatties*. This evening I tried my tattoo or pony again, taking another pleasant ride, with a canter on the turf in the park. After dinner we mounted to the roof of the house; a very inviting place on a fine moonlight night, with the cool evening air blowing round it, the noble river at our feet, and overhead such a sky!—so pure, so clear, so brilliant! Wonderfully beautiful are the stars of the eastern sky. The constellations are fuller, the stars of first magnitude more numerous, and their brightness far more vivid than we have been accustomed to witness in the denser atmosphere of the north. But it was off the Cape that the full beauty of the heavens shone on the 'night at sea.' We northerners have no true idea of the splendour of the constellations of the southern hemisphere. I hope you will get the 'map of the sky' I made for you on the voyage. I sent it you with the chart of our daily progress, as I think I must have mentioned in one of my letters to George. I marked down every star as it rose upon our horizon, and after the noontide anxiety was over, the observation taken, I used to long for night, to read the skies again—a good way, I assure you, to beguile the tedium of the sea.

*13th.*—There is something very soothing in this country life. Arthur and I went out—he to walk, and I to

ride—this morning very early, and we talked of home—its fields, and lanes, and woodlands; and agreed that, in order to live to return to them, we must get ourselves horses, and ride. We sauntered by the banks of the river, much amused by the variety of country boats working their way up to Calcutta against the stream, at about the same rate as we were moving—going to market we supposed. And we passed loads of the natives fast asleep under the trees, lying on a mat with a sheet over them. Many were bathing—standing up to their waists in the river, dashing the water with a little brass pot over their heads and shoulders. It is a pity that those of them who wear clothes should not give them an occasional purification, for after all the careful washing of their bodies, on goes the old dirty drapery, redolent of cocoa-nut oil in all its impurity. Here and there was a Mussulman kneeling on his mat, and saying his prayers with his face to the rising sun, every now and then touching the earth with his forehead. What an appetite we had for breakfast! I am sure I should have died had we stayed near Calcutta. In the evening we rode again—a goodly company—slowly out, but quick enough home, for a storm had nearly overtaken us—one that would in two minutes have wetted us to the skin. Our very horses seemed to scent the coming mischief, and started off in a quick canter, which brought us safely in before the dark cloud burst. The rain poured down as if a fountain were playing on the air. We had barely time to make all close, the bearers running to every door and window, before the full sweep of the tempest came rattling round. The thunder was very grand: as usual, one loud clap sharper than all the rest. The atmosphere was quite chilly afterwards. We were glad to keep all the doors of the dining-hall closed, though it is an inner room, the very centre of the house, round which all the others are built; and if lighted, it would have to be lighted from the roof. Darkness is so agreeable here, that it is considered quite sufficient to let in merely as much light as the doors from the outer apartments admit through them. We strolled in the veranda after tea, admiring the lightning, which continued for some time to shoot along the sky in zig-zags, long after both thunder and rain had ceased.

14th.—Walked my pony, with the syce at hand of course, to the ghaut, where lay the little boat which is to take poor Arthur with the tide back to the glare, and the dust, and the heat, and the toil of Calcutta. I declare, if I had known what an Indian barrister's life was to be, I would have voted for a few acres of ground in Ireland or Australia, kept the keys, made the butter—ay, even ironed the clothes—rather than undergo what we have come to. The hot season is depressing beyond any notion you in your temperate climate can form of it. The effects on both mind and body are really most dejecting. But I am out of sorts this morning.

15th.—I was the better of a ride last night with Helen, Mr Black, and the sick partner, across the country, over an open down, reminding me of what? and on, through a little village where they manufacture bamboos, into a wild and pretty lane leading to another plain near the river, in which stands a factory for printing cotton, belonging to Mr Cockerell. It looked like a villa residence—not the least like its Manchester relations. We turned our horses here, and went back to join the carriage on a sheltered spot in the park at Barrackpore, near the Hoogly, where a good military band was playing. A large party was gathered to listen to it, and when, before we left, lamps were placed beside each desk, the effect was quite a surprise to me. Music near the water always sounds well, and lights glimmering through trees upon a moving crowd always show well; so we stayed late, looking and listening, and the long trumpets filled my ears all the way back to the Hive. Edward arrived at dinner. He told me that as yet

Arthur had mercifully escaped the cholera! and that he would be out on Saturday to stay till Monday morning.

17th.—I have got through many books in my pleasant solitary hours here. We brought a good supply with us, for all the new publications come out regularly. There are good libraries in Calcutta, and almost every one has, besides, a private stock, freely lent in all directions.

In the afternoon an incident occurred. The two Coolies who were to serve the tatties, and the one bhectie, who was to serve the Coolies, all struck for higher pay. They saw we had no spare servants, as we had left those we could do without behind in our respective houses, to take care of the furniture and to manage our bazaar, most of our supplies having to be sent out to Tittyghur from Calcutta. There were, besides, the gentlemen to be waited on, the sahibs only getting out to the Hive occasionally. We have therefore no cousmaun here, but we mean now to write for one, to keep these inferior gentry in order. For the present, to terrify evil-doers, Cary, who is the burra madam, will dismiss the agitators. The pay is indeed but small; however, the work is light, and does not occupy the whole day, and it is the usual hire, with which hitherto they have been contented.

#### 'TACTICS FOR THE TIMES.'

SCOT is the name given to a work by Mr Jellinger C. Symons, in reference to the condition and treatment of what are called the 'Dangerous Classes.' We cannot say that the author has been particularly happy in the elucidation of his subject, nor do we see that the title he has adopted is borne out by any distinctly-recognised or practical system of criminal management. The bulk of the volume is, in fact, only a *résumé* of certain Blue-Book statistics, and as such is not without value to the student of social progress. The condition and increase of the criminal classes—in plain terms, the reasons for there being any criminals at all—are circumstances very much beyond the sphere of statistics. The subject is more of a philosophical than statistical nature. A course of deep and unprejudiced reflection on the aspects of society is what alone can throw some glimmerings of light on the great and perplexing question which the statistics of crime present for consideration.

The root of the matter may of course be said to lie in the imperfections of human nature. True as a fundamental proposition; but it is our duty to investigate secondary as well as primary causes, and, if possible, to adopt all practicable means of amelioration. The serious fact revealed by statistics is this:—Crime is increasing in Great Britain in a ratio greater than is warranted by the increase of population. During the last six years crime has increased 12 per cent., while the population has increased only about 7 per cent. Theft is the species of crime in which the increase has been greatest. The most deplorable fact of all is, that the proportion of female criminals is steadily on the increase; as if female demoralisation were one of the marked features of the age. 'In 1847, in the whole of England and Wales, the female criminals bore the following proportion to the male criminals in each of the six classes of offence respectively:—Of offences against the person, the proportion of females to males was 14·2 per cent.; of offences against property with violence, the proportion was 8·7 per cent.; of offences against property without violence, the proportion was 28·9 per cent.; of malicious offences against property, it was 11·4 per cent.; of other offences, the proportion was 16·4 per cent. Thus in these aggregate classes of crime women participate the most largely in common thefts. This would be naturally expected. It would hardly be credited that of all the specific crimes comprised in these general classes, with two exceptions, that in which women have the most largely participated

in proportion to men is murder. Out of seventy-two persons committed for this offence no less than thirty-nine were females. They constitute nearly one-quarter of those committed for attempts to murder. In the class of thefts they form nearly a third of the whole number of receivers of stolen goods—a body who are justly regarded by the law as worse offenders than mere thieves. So true is it that the extremes of vice as well as virtue co-exist in the female character. In the great revolution of France, and again, in that of 1848, the most inhuman atrocities were perpetrated by women. In England there can be little doubt that the criminal mind is quite as strong in women as in men. The lesser number of female offences arises, it is to be feared, chiefly from their lesser power rather than their better disposition. This view derives confirmation from the fact, that wherever women are much employed in masculine pursuits, which tend to increase their power and opportunities of committing offences, the proportion of female to male offenders increases.

The great preponderance of offences of all sorts takes place among criminals between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, such being the season when the passions are strongest, and vice rifest. Mr Symons has collected a vast variety of facts as to the relation borne by locality and occupation to crime; and by way of illustration he presents a number of coloured diagrams, which seem to us more curious than useful. He shows by figures that in the mining district there is the least, and in the metropolitan the most crime. The mining, silk, and agricultural districts are indicated as being below the average; and the cotton, iron, and metropolitan are above the average of crime. We are inclined to think that there lurks some source of fallacy in these and some other details offered by the philanthropic writer before us; and indeed for this belief there is more than suspicion. The agency for detecting and punishing crime is not the same everywhere: in one district the police are numerous and vigilant; in another their force is feeble and desultory. We hear much of the comparative exemption from crime in the rural districts of the country. But in such places there is little temptation to theft, and, besides, not the tenth part of the offences committed in these places is ever brought under magisterial notice; and that for two reasons—first, because the investigation would give trouble; and second, because the party complaining would be a marked man. A clergyman in a rural district tells us that his garden is robbed regularly every year of all its fruit; yet he makes no complaint, for he would only incur popular odium. In a city with a sharp police, if such a crime took place, it would be followed by prompt detection and punishment. A farmer tells us that he often loses poultry by theft; but, he adds, 'What good would it do me to report such losses? I should live in constant war with neighbours by doing so.' And so there is the marvel of rural innocence pretty well accounted for. If it be allowed, however, that the rural districts are on the whole less criminally disposed than the metropolis, and other places of dense population, it may be shrewdly guessed that the difference is ascribable to the absence of opportunity. A youth, however much prone to err, cannot well steal a field, or a tree, or a horse, or a coal-pit, or a steam-engine; but place him amidst crowded streets, with on every side dazzling shop-windows, and thousands of pockets well plenshed with purses and handkerchiefs, to disturb his virtue—and we shall see how soon he falls into transgression. Another element tending to the utter confusion of statistics, is the different aspect in which crimes are viewed. For stealing a turnip, a boy will be sent by one magistrate to prison for a day or two, and by another he will be sent before the assizes, and probably transported. If treated summarily, the case never makes its appearance in criminal returns; if treated

more gravely, it goes to swell a body of statistics. Mr Symons admits the impropriety of this uncertain and capricious mode of dealing with crime:—

'Nothing can exceed the caprice with which sentences are passed, or the wild inconsistency with which they are dealt by different judges. Many of the proceedings in courts are such as would scarcely be credited were they reported verbatim. I shall confine the very few remarks I shall make under this branch of my subject to the verdicts given and the sentences pronounced. A few simple facts will suffice. Two boys were tried the same day at one of our sessions courts last year: the first, aged about sixteen, for obtaining goods under false pretences. He pleaded guilty. Now there can be no doubt that however the law may distinguish between the two offences, that of fraud is one bespeaking far more moral turpitude than that of simple theft: to the dishonesty of the thief must be added the knavery of the liar. It is *per se* a moral offence of much deeper turpitude. The lad in this case happened to have had the advantage of respectable birth and a passable education. One of the magistrates interested himself in his behalf, and whispered to the chairman, who passed sentence nearly as follows:—"I am deeply pained, very deeply pained [*emotion*] to see a youth, the son of respectable parents, who has had the inestimable blessing of a pious and watchful nurture from his cradle upwards [*falling voice*], falling, alas! into the vortex of vice. It is, indeed, a duty—a most distressing duty, I may say—to me to be thus compelled [*sobbing*] to add another wound to the afflicted hearts of your poor unhappy parents, by consigning you to a humiliating punishment, which I earnestly hope and pray may have the effect of rescuing you from a further aberration from the paths of virtue and respectability. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you be imprisoned without hard labour in the common jail [*fresh sobs*] of this city for the space of three weeks!" The other case was that of a poor half-starved and half-clothed lad, younger than the other, who could neither read nor write. He was convicted of picking pockets in a fair. Chairman: "I perceive very clearly indeed that you are a very bad, hardened fellow; I say I perceive that very clearly, for it has not escaped me [*looking very wise*] that you were found with no less than three pocket-handkerchiefs upon you! This convinces me that the present is not your first offence. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you be transported to such place beyond the seas as her Majesty, &c. may appoint, for the term of ten years." Now, every reason given in the first case for a short sentence was a strong ground for a heavy one: the greater the enlightenment, the more unpardonable the guilt. Every fact in the latter case was in favour of lenience: the three handkerchiefs were probably all stolen at the same or nearly the same time, and constituted morally but one offence, with the same pitiable plea of hunger as a palliation. The first was a case for severity, the second for compassion—the treatment they received precisely the reverse. I have seen a woman transported by one judge for ten years for the same offence that I have seen a man let off with two months' imprisonment by another judge. It is a common occurrence, when two courts are sitting, for prisoner's counsel, in a bad case, to manoeuvre to get the trial in one court instead of the other, because it will make all the difference whether his client is transported or not. These things have a bad effect on the public mind, as well as on the prisoners themselves. Justice is less a matter of principle than a lottery, and so it must be while the law allows so much discretion to a body of men many of whom have so little of it to exercise. A prisoner, for instance, who is convicted of having stolen an apple, after a previous conviction of having stolen a pear, is liable to be imprisoned for a day, or transported for life, at the option of the chairman of a quarter sessions!'

The corrupting influence of prisons; and the vast demoralisation caused by intemperance, likewise the mischievous working of the poor-law, are duly dwelt upon by our author; and he concludes with some useful remarks on the want of a better system of general education, and other means of public enlightenment. On government he very properly throws the duty of providing for what is desirable in these respects. Yet he clogs his observations on this point with some remarks that might as well have been spared. Referring to the growing eagerness with which government has been besought to promote education on an extended basis, he adds, 'The working portion of the people themselves are partially alive to their own interest in the matter as well as those above them, and have made, and will make, great sacrifices to obtain education. The rich have been appealed to times out of number, with all the fervour and effect which Christian piety and popular necessities can lend to the urgency of the claim upon their benevolence: there has been no sufficient response.' We feel astonished at the groundlessness of these statements. In the matter of improved elementary education, it is notorious that the working-classes, though the very party to be chiefly benefited, have scarcely made the slightest movement. Occupying their minds with speculative questions bearing but remotely on their welfare, they have left the battle of improved national education to be fought by a section of the middle classes—those whom Mr Symonds cruelly reproaches with having made 'no sufficient response.' So far from the rich having been appealed to in vain, they have taxed themselves in the most incredible sums to promote beneficiary objects of every kind; so much so, that charities supported by voluntary contribution form one of the most remarkable features of British society.

The philosophy of crime remains to be expounded, and we should be glad to see it treated at the length that so important a subject deserves. Here we may only refer to a single particular that would require investigation—Is the increase of crime traceable in any way to the progress of society, as it is at present constituted? In other words, is it a necessary consequence of our existing and prospective condition? The unprejudiced elucidation of this elementary point is of the highest importance. Hitherto certain principles in human society have been taken for granted. For example, individual independence—perfect freedom—is usually considered to be the most valued possession. But as we see myriads who cannot take care of themselves—who habitually neglect to make any provision for the future—who recklessly turn their children adrift on the public—who, from mental imperfection, or some other cause, cannot keep pace, and therefore cannot compete, with their more highly-gifted, or at least more persevering neighbours—and who, being so incompetent, or at all events so unfortunate, fall to be supported through the agency of publicly-levied rates, or by means furtively acquired—the serious question may be propounded, whether individual freedom is really and in every point of view the blessing that it is supposed to be? We would not for an instant entertain the idea of limiting personal liberty, but the consideration that somewhere about £10,000,000 per annum are taken from the public pocket to support paupers and repress or punish criminals in Great Britain, necessarily induces one to think that society, in throwing on every one the duty of self-responsibility, has not hitherto adopted the means, if it has the power, to make each member of the community able to understand and act upon his duty. Therein lies the proximate cause of crime—a cause wholly unappreciable by statistics. Year after year measures are adopted to patch up, not thoroughly amend the system. At one time it is an improved poor-law; at another a better form of police or prison discipline. At this moment the legislature

is invoked to establish and support Industrial Schools; in other words, the public are called on to act *à loco parentis* towards the thousands of unhappy children who are ruthlessly sent into the streets to steal or starve. It seems clear that, according to present arrangements, vast masses either will not or cannot support themselves on principles of honest independence. If this proceeds from want of will, society takes no proper means of compulsion; if from want of ability, it fails to give an efficient instruction. What we would insist on is this: Society, in imposing on every man the duty of self-government and self-dependence, is bound to see that all are, and ever will be, fit for this onerous condition; failing in this particular, it must be prepared to take the consequences—an excruciating pressure of police, prison, and poor-rates, and a not less severe expenditure of feelings. We are, however, going beyond the reasonable bounds of a critique, and must leave the exposition of the subject to those who are inclined to argue it out on a broad and comprehensive scale. Only one word may be added—How humiliating the reflection that civilisation the most refined should not have advanced a step towards the extinction of either pauperism or crime: after all that has been done and attempted, there are the dangerous classes more numerous and as clamant as ever! History is said to be a series of reactions. How curious would it be if society, tortured with slotful or predatory improvidents, were, step by step, to work itself round to something like the mastership and serfdom of the middle ages. And in one respect it has almost arrived at such an issue, for what is the inspector of the poor but a feudal baron acting for the public? and what are paupers and convicted criminals but a species of slaves—men who ungrudgingly sell their birthright for a paltry mess of pottage? Since a notion of this kind cannot possibly be entertained, how much on the score even of safety are we bound to promote such enlarged measures of education as would make tolerably sure that every one, so far as his faculties permitted, should grow up an instructed and independent-minded being.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

### A REGATTA ON THE DEE.

AMONG the amusements of the people, few are more harmless, or less likely to be abused, than regattas. About a boat-race there is as much excitement as about a horse-race, while there is neither the same cruelty nor reckless defiance of danger as are inseparable from a steeple-chase. The competitors are usually men who gain in manly strength and vigour by pulling an oar: few, if any, make the sport a profession like 'horse jockeys'; and whether amateurs, fishermen, or boatmen, the struggle for a prize, and the preparatory practice, are decidedly beneficial. The accessories of a regatta are healthy and attractive. If the weather be good, nothing can be more agreeable than to wander through a pleasant meadow on the shores of a sparkling river whose breast is covered with boats bearing living happy freights, the oars casting up water to gleam in the sunshine, while many-coloured flags wave gaily in the breeze. Bands of music enliven the air both on water and on land; and when tired with walking, a tent, pitched under the shadow of a tree, affords an agreeable retreat. It is true that some people *will* come who ought to stay at home; that others *will* eat and drink more than is good for them; that bets *will* be made, as they are made every day about anything; and that the presence of the police is usually necessary. But where is there a gathering of the people of any country of which the same things may not be said? One or two pockets may be picked; some people may be led home drunk; some may lose money by unfortunate speculations; and others may appear in the police

court next morning; but if regattas are to be objected to because of these things, we must also object to railway stations, lord-mayors' dinners, speculating in railway shares or in corn, and to the keeping of many of those time-honoured festivals that, like Christmas, 'come but once a year.' Some grave old folks who have been 'wild' in their youth (your old saint has usually been a young sinner), shake their wise heads, and speak of the 'bad company to be met with at such places,' just as if bad company could be met only there, and as if every inhabitant of this earth did not lie down to sleep every night in the midst of an untold and unknown mass of sin and sorrow. But how much good company is met? Here is the laughing boy let loose from school but for a holiday; the pale-faced clerk emancipated from his desk for a day; the tradesman who has left his counter; the student who has left his books; the servant-girl with Master John and Miss Fanny; the nurse with the baby; and whole tribes of wondering and merry strangers brought by special trains, not, certainly, from the ends of the earth, but from the ends (*termini* is the polite name) of all the railways of the district. Good company indeed! Why, it is the best of company; sometimes there are peers and peeresses; often members of parliament; and if these are absent, why, then, there are aldermen and town-councillors, who will (as happened in Liverpool not long ago) rather let a council meeting be without a quorum than forego such sports. So true is the remark made once every year by a worthy newspaper editor in the north of England, 'There is, after all, a dash of the savage even in the most civilised men.'

The river Dee at Chester has long been a favourite scene for the display of skill in 'pulling an oar.' It is indeed a pretty and an attractive river. At Chester it is only about a hundred yards broad, and though vessels of considerable burthen come up close to the fine old city walls, yet the river is not navigable for them above a bridge at the termination of one of the principal streets. The prospect from this bridge is delightful. On the west towers the castle, where sentries have kept watch almost without intermission since the days of Hugh Lupus, nephew of William the Conqueror; beyond the castle, in a meadow by the river-side, is the race-course, and near it is a bridge that carries the iron rails across the Dee that connect London with Holyhead; to the east the river winds through a well-cultivated country, though each link of the Dee is not 'worth a king's ransom,' like the links of Forth; the sloping sides of the north bank are covered with pretty villas, well-cultivated gardens, and avenues of venerable trees, while above all appear the old spires of churches, the walls of the city, and quaint old-fashioned-looking houses. At any time the view up the river is pleasing, but on the occasion of a regatta it is extremely lively and interesting. The water is then covered with scores of boats of all descriptions. Here are half-a-dozen small, square, ungainly-looking boats, called 'coracles,' similar to those used by the ancient Britons, and still employed as ferry-barges on this same river. They are made of a kind of wicker-work, over which hides or tarpaulin are drawn; they can seat only one person, and are moved by the action of an oar used perpendicularly in front. They are so light as to be easily carried; and as I saw some of them drawn up on the river bank, they were so like their representations in old drawings, that I should scarcely have been surprised to see an ancient Briton, painted blue, appear and carry one off on his back. Curious, indeed, was it to think that though we are now using leviathan steamboats to cross the Atlantic ferry, yet in crossing this Cambrian Dee we use the same kind of boats as the natives did two thousand years ago.

'I always said,' exclaimed my worthy friend the editor, 'that a dash of the savage remained even in the most civilised men; and look among that crowd of boats, and you will not only see a coracle of the ancient Briton, but a long canoe of the modern South Sea Islander;

and see, it contains one man, a Cestrian, as the Chester people call themselves, who with his paddle—another dash of the savage—is propelling the light canoe at a speed that will cause it to beat any boat on the river.'

The remark was quite correct; the canoe in question was a genuine production of uncivilised man, and had been hollowed out of a single log of wood in some far island of the sea. It skimmed the water like a feather, overtaking and passing many of the heavy and clumsy, but useful fishing-boats, with which the river was crowded. Then there were pleasure-barges, gaudily painted, with high bow and stern, and a roof in the centre, reminding one of the gondolas of Venice, the originator and namer of regattas. They were full of merry people: one in particular was freighted with the band belonging to the Blue-Coat School; and as I looked, the boys were playing 'Rule Britannia,' while the oars kept time to the tune. But one of the barges had undergone a strange mutation; it had been fitted up with a funnel, from which clouds of steam were issuing, and near the helm could be seen an Archimedean screw. Whether the screw was propelled by machinery or by clock-work, I could not make out, but certainly this miniature *Great Britain* 'walked the waters like a thing of life,' making—like all little imitations of the great—much more commotion with her screw than many a larger vessel. On a piece of rising ground a tent was pitched, a band of music stationed, and the committee of management assembled. From this a line stretched across the river, having suspended a bright collection of flags, some of which swept down to the surface of the water. A little lower down, a boat, also decorated with flags, was moored, containing the starter and the umpire; and round this a number of skiffs, entered as competitors, were collected; many of their crews attired in boating costume. Crowds of well-dressed, orderly people lined both banks of the river, and refreshment tents were pitched here and there in pleasant places. The weather was delightful; the sun was not so strong as to make the water dazzling to the eye, and a breeze, just sufficient to stir the flags, was felt.

'I wonder if the river looked anything like this a thousand years ago,' said my friend the editor.

'Of course it did not. What makes you ask?' I said.

'Only because old Camden the historian tells us that all that time ago there was a magnificent regatta on this same river, at this very place, and that the Saxon king of Mercia, of which Chester formed a part, appeared in a beautiful barge, rowed by the kings of Scotland, Cumberland, and Man, and several Welsh princes, to the great joy, says the historian, of all the spectators. Many things have doubtless changed since then, but the substratum of that regatta and of this is the same. The river follows the same course, these Welsh hills look down on us as they looked down on the Saxon king, and the assembled spectators, though their dress and modes of living and thinking might to a great extent differ from ours, yet they were "men of like passions with ourselves." You know that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and it requires very little stretch of imagination to detect in the scene before us, both in its elements, and to some extent in its outward show, pictures of life in the first, the ninth, and the nineteenth centuries, and in England, Venice, and the South Sea Islands.'

'Well, it is a great advantage,' said I, 'to have such a vivid imagination; for my part I believe what I see, and I see that preparations are making for a race.'

According to the 'kerect card' sold by flying stationers on the ground, there were to be eight races, for prizes amounting altogether to about fifty guineas; one was for youths under eighteen years of age, two for mechanics, two for gentlemen amateurs, one for fishermen, one for 'fishermen's pair-oared boats, to be rowed by women,' and one for coracles. The course was to a certain point up the river, and back, a distance of about

two miles; but for the coracles and others the distance was much shorter. The important race was for the Dee stakes—a trial of strength between the mechanics of Chester and Manchester, the latter having lately been victorious on the Tyne; and the amusing race was that with the coracles. Two long, slim, four-oared boats took up their position opposite the starter; a bell was rung to clear the course, and at a signal, off started the boats of the rival cities, each propelled by four oars. The interest excited was great: all eyes followed the quickly-moving boats, watched them at the critical turn, where bad steering would be fatal; and as they came round a bend of the river, there was a shout of delight when it was seen that the Chester boat was in advance; and the applause grew greater as it came nearer, shot past the committee's ground, and a gun fired from the umpire's boat, and the hoisting of the oars of the Chester crew, proclaimed that the race was won—that the mechanics of the Dee had beaten those of the Irwell; not, said the defeated party, because they were stronger or more skilful, but because they had the better boat. The coracle race was most amusing. Nine started: each man held his oar by the middle, the blade immersed in the water, and the handle resting on the right shoulder—motion being produced by circular sweeps, so that the advance was in anything but a straight line. There seemed to be more skill and cool judgment required in this race than in any of the others; for though all the men seemed pretty equally matched for strength, yet it was soon evident they were not so as regarded skill. Some fell sadly behind, and the others advanced very unequally. It was a most ludicrous sight to witness nine men, seated in things little larger than a washing-tub, working assiduously with one oar, propelling their coracles in a zig-zag direction, at the rate of about three miles an hour. 'The yellow oar has it!' 'No; the blue oar will be the winner!' 'Well done, yellow oar!' were some of the exclamations of the crowd, until, after a tough contest, 'the yellow oar' gained the prize.

The other races were less interesting, and about five o'clock the people began to move homewards. Many on the south bank preferred crossing the river in boats to making the circuit necessary to reach the bridge, and the boatmen reaped an abundant harvest of pence. The universal cry rising from the water-side was, 'Now, then, who's for over?' And I and my friend the editor crossed 'over,' thinking that we and all assembled had spent a really pleasant and innocent day at the 'regatta on the Dee.'

#### BERLIN SAND-BOYS.

A lad of eighteen, and one about three years younger, are in possession of a machine made of four boards, nailed together, which has just as good a right to be reckoned among carts as some certain German contrivances have to be called constitutions. Before this vehicle there plops along slowly, with sunken head and projecting boxes, a venerable horse, which has been bought in the market for the sum of two-and-two-pence. The appearance of the owners harmonises well with that of these their animate and inanimate possessions. The sand-boy is lightly attired—that is to say, without coat or boots; but he has a coloured waistcoat—a very coloured one, for it was several coloured waistcoats before it became one: its history, therefore, is the reverse of that of our German fatherland. The waistcoat is almost wholly unbuttoned, and leaves fully displayed a shirt, which perhaps has no very obvious claims to public notice; and the sand-boy also wears what we must call trousers, possibly to prevent the aforesaid shirt from fluttering in the wind, for I have not been able to perceive any other purpose that they answer. If, however, any fair lady should see anything objectionable in them, I must remind her that it is by no means improbable that the sand-boy might, on similar grounds, remonstrate against her costume at the evening party last night. In the early morning, then, the two young commercial gentlemen (the firm of Frits and Co.) are seated in their equipage, and are taking their accustomed way through the Halle Gate to the Kreutzberg; but as soon as they have the town behind

them, they take out two very short pipes, fill them with tobacco, and begin to smoke. The odour emitted by the weed might be thought peculiar, but it cannot be otherwise than agreeable, for it is the produce of their native soil. It burns brightly, however, and sends out into the summer air blue clouds, upon which the smokers are soon borne into the sphere of the ideal.—*Popular Life in Berlin.*

#### O U G H.

We, sailing to review fair England's clough, <sup>1</sup>	ou
With rapid motion dash the waters through,	oo
And in our buoyant bark the seas we plough;	ou
Now down we go, and sink within the trough,	auf
And now we ride on lofty crests, as though	o
To emulate the lightsome, graceful chough;	uff
Each mast was pliant as a living lough,	ou
Withstanding firm the blast, when strong, and rough,	uff
Yet bending to the breeze's gentlest sough. <sup>2</sup>	uff
The hardy sailors could devour a lough <sup>3</sup>	auf
Of horse, nor quarrel though the meat were tough:	uff
Whate'er the fare, they'd neither choke nor cough,	auf
Nor in their drink were they e'er known to hiccough.	up
Salt beef was freely served with liberal clough; <sup>4</sup>	auf
Hard biscuits also, and great 'lumps of dough'; <sup>5</sup>	o
The water, though, was like a fetid sough, <sup>6</sup>	ou
Which, truly, would be scorned of any shough, <sup>7</sup>	ock
Who would prefer, by far, a miry slough. <sup>8</sup>	ou
Joyful we were to reach our port or borough;	o
To cast aside our threadbare, sea-worn slough; <sup>9</sup>	uff
To spend at home a mirthful three years' furlough;	o
To visit once again with joy most thorough	o
Each verdant dale, and hill, each brook, and lough; <sup>10</sup>	ock
And through our merry isle to dance, and laugh,	auf
Recount old tales, and drink good usquebaugh.	au

#### EXPLANATIONS OF SOUNDS.

on	sounds as in sound or house.
oo	... .. coo or woo.
auf	... .. daub or paul.
o	... .. go or no.
uff	... .. buff or cuff.
ock	... .. cock or dock.
aif	... .. after or saff.

#### OF MEANINGS.

- <sup>1</sup> Clough (clon), a cliff.
- <sup>2</sup> Sough (suff), a slight puff of wind.
- <sup>3</sup> Hough (hauff), the joint of the hind-leg.
- <sup>4</sup> Clough (cland), an extra allowance over the full weight.
- <sup>5</sup> Dough (dol), puddings are called by sailors 'lumps of dough,' which is also facetiously pronounced 'duff.'
- <sup>6</sup> Sough (soul), a subterranean drain.
- <sup>7</sup> Shough (shock), a kind of shaggy-haired dog.
- <sup>8</sup> Slough (sloul), a miry place or pool.
- <sup>9</sup> Slough (sluff), a cast-off skin or coat.
- <sup>10</sup> Lough (lock), a large inland piece of water—a lake.

To some of these words, pronounced as ending in *f* and *ck*, the Scots give the guttural sound of *ch*.

#### SAUSAGE POISON.

German sausages are formed of blood, brains, liver, bacon, milk, flour, and bread, thrust with salt and spices into a bladder or intestine, then boiled, and finally smoked. When this last drying process is not efficiently performed, the sausages ferment; they grow soft, and slightly pale in the middle; and in this state they occasion in the bodies of those who eat them a series of remarkable changes, followed by death. The blood and the muscles of a sausage-poisoned man gradually waste; as also do all the other organs and tissues susceptible of putrefaction. The patient suffers a horrible sensation of *drying up*; his saliva becomes viscid; his frame shrinks to the condition of a mummy; he then dies; and his corpse, which is stiff, as if frozen, contains only fat, tendons, bones, and a few other substances incapable of putrefying in the ordinary conditions of the body.—*Quarterly Review.*

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## THE GANG-ROBBERS OF INDIA.

NUMEROUS volumes have appeared on the manners of the English in India, and of the natives with whom they come more immediately in contact; but we know little or nothing of the state of society among the great body of the people. No attempt has been made to describe the moral condition of a country which gives more than 100,000,000 subjects to the crown of England; and no two travellers agree in their hasty guesses at a national character which they are without materials for estimating. The glimpses we obtain, notwithstanding, from time to time, of *portions* of the people, present human nature in a phasis extraordinary enough, one would think, to excite the curiosity both of the learned and the vulgar—extraordinary enough to arm the enterprise of explorers, and afford endless matter for the speculations of philosophers. In this Journal we were the first to raise the veil from the terrific mysteries of thuggee, and exhibit far stranger things in real life than were ever dreamed of in romance; although it was not till the 'Edinburgh Review' followed with the same information that the curiosity of the country was fairly aroused. We have now to present a picture as grand and terrible, though not so revolting, of the Indian crime of *Decoitee*, the details of which are taken from a source not as yet, we believe, open to the other members of the press.

The same individual whose wise, determined, yet humane measures achieved the suppression of thuggee—Lieutenant-Colonel Sleeman, now the Resident at the court of Lucknow—has just brought out a Report, forming a goodly quarto volume, on the Gang-Robbers of India, and from this work we shall gather the information we desire to lay before our readers. Why the Report has not been published, or why, at least, a copy has not been sent to the most widely-circulated journals, we cannot guess. The measures adopted for the suppression of decoitee, however, reflect the highest credit, both upon the government of India and upon their agent Colonel Sleeman; and we have no fear that in making use of our private copy of the book on this occasion, the eminent donor will suppose he has any cause of complaint against us.\*

But it was no part of Colonel Sleeman's task to prepare the mind of his readers for his extraordinary disclosures; and without some knowledge of the historical causes that led to such a state of society—the

existence in our own day, and in a comparatively-civilised country, of many thousand families of robbers by hereditary profession, inhabiting their own villages, and well known both to rulers and people—would more resemble some nightmare dream than a sober reality. In these pages, however, we can only glance at the interesting subject. We can merely request the reader to carry his eye along the line of a history which—so far as our ken extends—began in brigandage, and which shows that the modern decoits are the successors, however unworthy, of the ancient feudal nobles, and have succeeded by inheritance carried down to this day, both to the fear and respect of the nation. It need not be affirmed that the principalities into which India was divided in early times were always at war; but it cannot be said with truth that they were ever at peace. The grand engine of government was a standing army; and the troops, when not employed in public hostilities, were allowed to provide for their subsistence as they best might, without committing depredations *within their own territory*. Thus the whole country, even when there was no international war, was a scene of universal brigandage, and robber and soldier became convertible terms. There was no more idea of dishonour connected with plundering another province in time of peace than with fighting against it in time of war; and the ancient laws of the Hindoos (which are part and parcel of their religion) acknowledged the rights of robbers, and adjusted their shares of the spoil. By these laws the prince was entitled to one-tenth of the booty, even when the bandits had sallied forth on their own adventure; but, on the other hand, he was obliged to restore to the owners the value of any article stolen in his *own dominions*, when the thief could not be found.\*

Such was the condition of the country under Hindoo rule; but when the political system was broken up by the Affghans and Mohammedans, and some of the robber princes had retired across the Aravulli, to found little Rajpoot kingdoms in the oases of the western desert, a change came over the profession of robbery. It would seem that the brigand troops sent forth from their new territory forgot their way back to the desert; for the language of the bordering province of Guzerat, according to Colonel Sleeman, is common to this day to most of the gang-robbers of India. These must, therefore, have pushed out colonies from Guzerat in various directions, and their trade, having lost its stamp of legality, they must have sunk gradually from soldiers into banditti. But in such a country tradition is stronger than law; and the robbers always taking care to follow their ancient plan of committing their depredations at a distance, their neighbours continued to

\* Report on Budhuk, *alias* Begree De-xits, and other Gang-Robbers by Hereditary Profession, and on the Measures adopted by the Government of India for their Suppression. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Sleeman, Bengal Army. Calcutta: J. C. Sherriff, Bengal Military Orphan Press. 1849.

\* See Halhed's 'Code of Gentoo Laws.'

respect them as before in proportion to their valour or success. They were found useful, besides, in the native states, in the feuds between the great landholders, and between them and the agents of the government. Whenever a blow of special daring was to be struck—wherever a political murder of more than ordinary difficulty was to be perpetrated, recourse was had to the arms of the decoits; and for this reason they were so powerfully protected by the Zemindars, that in the Oude territory, as Colonel Sleeman tells us, the power of both the sovereign and the British combined was for a long time unavailing in the attempt to break up their associations. Our author's apology for this kind of connivance—which at various times extended from the head of the native state downwards—is bold and striking:—

'The first nations in Europe,' says he, 'countenanced and supported the Algerine pirates from the same feelings and views. One nation thought that its own ships and merchants would not only be more secure while it countenanced the depredations of these pirates upon the ships and merchants of every other, but would trade with greater advantage in proportion as the losses and sufferings of others were greater; and that it was bound to consult the good of its own merchants, even at the cost of those of all other nations. The idea of the common good of the great family of civilised nations had not then begun to exercise any influence over the conduct of government in Europe, in their relations with these common enemies of mankind; and we must not therefore be either surprised or indignant to find that the native princes of India, and their provincial governors and feudatories, in their conduct towards these bands of professional and hereditary robbers and murderers, regarded the general good of society less than the particular advantage of their own estates and people.'

We shall give one example of the services the decoits were called upon to perform:—Jean Baptiste, the European adventurer in the service of Sindhea, was at the head of a force of 40,000 or 50,000 men, but was held in check by a Boondela adventurer with an army of 100,000, who being out, after the example of Sindhea himself, on a kingdom-taking expedition, threatened to lay waste the Gwalior territory. Under these circumstances, Jean Baptiste determined to take off his opponent by assassination, and wrote to the chief of a robber gang to send him 300 picked men fit for the exploit. The bandit having undertaken the deed, sent some of his men as spies to the camp of the intended victim disguised as religious mendicants, pedlars, &c.; but there appeared to be but little hope of success, the chief being always on the alert, his troops watchful and well-distributed, and 2000 horse going constantly the rounds at night. The spies, however, continued their daily prowling for three months, till at length they learned that although the chief was unapproachable in his own tent, he was in the habit of visiting another less secure. The Boondela had in fact become enamoured of a dancing-girl, who belonged to one of the numerous companies of comedians that follow an Indian camp, and was in the habit of occasionally visiting her in her tent at night.

Information of this circumstance was speedily conveyed to the main body of the bandits, who were in the camp of Jean Baptiste, and their chief, Hunsa, set forth at the head of fifty of his followers, in the ordinary dress of Hindoo soldiers, to bring the adventure

to a conclusion. They hid themselves in a thicket in the neighbourhood of the enemy's camp, till one night their spies brought them intimation of the chief having betaken himself to his mistress's tent, when Hunsa, with twenty of his force, crept as stealthily as cats to the spot. The master-robber entered with four myrmidons behind him. It was the deep middle of the night; and by the light of a lamp in the still tent they saw the Boondela lying fast asleep on a couch, and the girl sitting by his side fanning him. When she saw the assassin, with his gleaming dagger and glittering eyes, advancing out of the shadows of the door, she sprang up on the instant, and tearing the jewels from her person, flung herself upon her knees, offering him imploringly what she supposed had tempted his cupidity. But Hunsa had another prize in view; and commanding silence with a terrible gesture, he strode up to the couch, and plunged his dagger into the heart of his victim. After the deed was done the whole of the party took refuge in the ruins of an old fort, too near the camp to excite suspicion; and from this retreat they saw the next morning troops of cavalry scouring the country in all directions in search of the murderers of their chief.

It will be understood, however, that such deeds as these were not in the ordinary way of their profession. We shall by and by recount some instances of pure robbery, in which lives were taken only in the event of resistance; but in the meantime it will be well to take a more general survey of these formidable robbers and their mode of life. Till the interference of the British government in the manner we shall subsequently relate, they lived chiefly in villages among the hills, ravines, and jungles of the Oude forest. Here they did comparatively little injury; but when located among the rest of the population of the country, they diffused their lawless spirit in a wide circle around them. They bribed the landholders and capitalists, as well as the cultivators and native police; introduced habits of drunkenness and debauchery; and initiated their friends and protectors in perjury, as into a trade. The working-classes of the village in or near which they resided were paid liberally for the most trifling services; the goldsmiths were sure of abundance of the precious metal, and of excellent customers for their jewellery; the shopkeepers, selling at long credit, charged them exorbitant prices; the small capitalists received cent. per cent. for their loans; and the priests had always a liberal share of the plunder divided between themselves and the gods. All classes, in short, profited in a pecuniary point of view, and retrograded in a moral one, by the unwholesome contact.

The decoits, in the meantime, lived the sort of life that was once the fashion in Sherwood Forest: they ate and drank of the best, and spent their spare time in singing, dancing, shooting, and other amusements—and this spare time, after a successful decoitee, lasted for several months. They had no reservation as to food, excepting bullocks, cows, and buffaloes; and they adopted almost all Hindoo castes into their fraternity—but no Mussulman. When travelling—for instance, in an escape from jail—they were supported and passed on by any members of their universally-spread society they chanced to fall in with. This clinging together was a distinctive feature of the gang. If a single member of a family joined in an expedition, all the rest, however numerous, shared in the booty; if a child was born during the journey, that child also shared;

and so likewise did widows and superannuated robbers. The families of imprisoned members were supported; and when one was killed, his widow, besides her subsistence for life, received a sum of money as immediate compensation.

They commenced the profession at eighteen, beginning with theft, and rising to decoitee. Some had a genius for theft; and making large sums by it, were not thought the worse of for adhering to that part of the profession. 'What fear?' said one of them. 'We have money, arms, two, three, and even four wives each; we live in the forests, and change our abodes. The landed proprietors of Oude, where we reside, protect us for the tribute we pay: the decoits have no fear of seizure. They bring up their children as decoits. The tiger's offspring are tigers—the young decoits become decoits. Will they leave their trade? If you were to let me loose after ten years' imprisonment, I would go back to decoitee; and if again seized, again to escape even from the gibbet, I would go back to decoitee. We have nothing to do with thugs—God forbid that! No; we never wish to murder; but if any one resists us, we strike and kill.' The families of the outlaws were always numerous; for as each individual received a share, the practice of adoption (common in India) was had recourse to, and children were bought or stolen on all hands.

The chiefs of the outlaws were esteemed as gentlemen, and invited by the neighbouring aristocracy to their marriages and other ceremonies; yet at home they were in dress, food, and mode of living precisely on a par with the rest of the gang. One of the men, says Colonel Sleeman, 'was on the most easy and friendly terms with the rajah of Nurwar—one of the proudest Rajpoot chiefs in India, who boasted of having in his veins the blood of a long line of kings, and of never having condescended to bow his head to the great Maharajah of the Gwalior state—and with the Karwlee and other reigning princes of the country. He was in manner, person, and language one of the finest old men that I have seen in India, and a bolder and abler leader the Budhuk colonies have never had. In collisions among these turbulent aristocracy, he was long looked up to as a man who could give the victory to whom he pleased, since he could do what no other person among them could—rely entirely upon the courage and devoted fidelity of every man around him in the hour of danger.' A decoit chief having undertaken to assassinate the minister of the Jypoor state, entered his tent for that purpose; but seeing the intended victim asleep, and wholly defenceless, he retired, and left the butchery to meaner hands.

The disguises assumed by the decoits varied according to circumstances and locality. In the valleys of the Ganges and Jumna the carriers of holy water were the most numerous class of people moving about, and theirs was the disguise chosen in such places. South of the Jumna the traffic is almost wholly carried on by means of bullocks, and there the robbers accordingly travestied themselves into brinjars, or bullock-drivers. Sometimes they appeared as pilgrims; sometimes as mourners, carrying the ashes of their deceased relatives to the Ganges; and sometimes as bridegrooms going to fetch their brides, or returning with them to their homes. This multiplicity of disguises once gave rise to a *contre-temps* that greatly amused the decoits. Dressed as Ganges water-carriers, they had attacked a merchant, guarded by armed men, in the midst of the town of Syfoo, and snatched a spoil amounting to many hundred pounds. The guard, however, rallied, and were returning to the fray, when just at the moment a marriage procession entered the town. These the merchants, in the confusion, took to be the disguised robbers, and fell upon them sword in hand; while the strangers, conceiving that so unprovoked an assault could proceed only from decoits, defended themselves with despera-

tion. The brigands in the meantime retired quietly with their spoil, much delighted with the battle, of which they had seen the commencement. When assuming the more ambitious part of pilgrims, the captain enacted the high priest, while the rest were his disciples. They had with them their tents of white, and some of dyed cloth, with numerous buffaloes, cows, goats, sheep, and ponies. They bore a large red flag, embroidered with the figure of the monkey-god, or of the sun and moon, and marched to the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets. Some were clothed, but the bodies of the greater number were covered only with ashes, paint, and a small cloth waistband. On arriving at a village, they sent for the head man to come forth to pay his respects to the high priest, make the customary offering of a small sum of money, and take measures for transporting the effects of the pilgrims to the next village—these holy persons never condescending to carry anything themselves.

'None are all evil,' and it must be mentioned—which we shall do in the words of Colonel Sleeman—that 'these robbers by profession have never been known to offer any other violence or insult to females than to make them give up any gold ornaments that they may have about their persons. In all my inquiries into the character, habits, and conduct of these gangs, I have never found an instance of a female having been otherwise disgraced or insulted by them. They are all Hindoos; and this reverence for the sex pervades all Hindoo society, and is not, like that of Alexander, the favourite hero of history, confined to those of royal descent—it is extended to the females of all grades and all creeds.'

The following is the plan and conduct of an ordinary expedition, taken down from the mouth of one of the banditti:—'After taking the auspices, and studying the omens well, we despatch our *hirowas*, or scouts, to ascertain where treasure is. When they have gained all the requisite information, one or two come and tell us. Our Jemadar assembles his followers, and we set out. When near the place, the Jemadar appoints a certain spot for us to meet in; we provide ourselves with bamboos, on which we fix our spear-heads, which we bring concealed in our clothes with us, and we are then told off in the same way you tell off your *sipahes* on duty—one man for one particular duty, one for another. We then proceed, guard all the lanes and streets leading to the house we attack; and if there is any police guard-house near, send a party to look at that also. After we all perfectly understand the Jemadar's instructions, and every man knows exactly what part he is to perform, the Jemadar gives the word, and we set off for the treasure. We generally proceed as secretly and quietly as possible, until we arrive at the spot, when we make a rush—break open the door of the house in which the treasure is, tear off the lid of the box, or break it open with our *kholeharces* (axes), and shoot or cut down any man that opposes us—place the treasure on the shoulders of a few steady old hands, and retreat, keeping these in our centre. Our detached parties fall in, and we have a covering party in our rear. These, if they hear any pursuers, strike off a little to the right or left, and lying down on the ground, allow them to get in advance of them; on which they then jump up, and attacking our pursuers in their rear, give them a poke or two with their spears, and perhaps cut one or two down: this creates such a panic, that they molest us no further, and we make a long forced march, and burying our treasure, break up into small parties in the morning. All day we remain concealed, and in the evening, after taking up our booty, it is made over in different sums to several parties; and these, taking separate roads, or travelling in parties, proceed home, and it is there divided.' When the expedition was successful, the women of the colony met them on their return, and conducted them into the village, singing and playing on

musical instruments; receiving as a gift a sum of money to purchase sweetmeats.

The decoits, it must be said, were not always honest in their transactions with one another: there is not always honour among thieves. On one occasion a booty that had been concealed was found to be deficient in the sum of 12,000 rupees, and as the suspected men were firm in their denial of having had anything to do with the double robbery, the case was referred to an Oude rajah and his minister. These resolved that the decision of so important a case should be left to the Deity himself; and the trial by ordeal was appointed, in which the accused were to carry a red-hot cannon-ball a certain number of paces in their hands. If their hands were burned, they were to be declared guilty, and to be adjudged to restore the money—if it could be got from them—and to pay a fine to the rajah of 500 rupees. In this case they were found guilty, the hands of two of them having been burned; and one of the persons, eight years afterwards, showing the cicatrice to Colonel Sleeman, remarked that 'the decision of the Deity was a just one.'

The decoits, always before giving up an expedition, placed themselves under the protection of some tutelary deity, whom they propitiated by sacrifices, offerings, and prayers. This deity may be either one of the Hindoo gods, or an ancestral spirit resembling the *lares familiares* of the Romans. It takes some trouble to ascertain which of the ancestors interests himself most in the affairs of his descendants; but an individual in an epileptic fit—who is always supposed to be inspired by one of these spirits—occasionally mentions the name. If there is any doubt on the subject, they throw down some grains of wheat, calling out odd or even, while they repeat the name; and if the number tallies, they are sure of their family deity, and proceed forthwith to sacrifice a goat or other animal in his honour. 'For offerings to the gods,' says one of the decoits, 'we purchase goats, sweet-cakes, and spirits; and having prepared the feast, we throw a handful of the savoury food upon the fire in the name of the gods who have most assisted us; but of the feast so consecrated no female but a virgin can partake. The offering is made through the man who has successfully invoked the god on that particular occasion; and as my god had guided us on this, I was employed to prepare the feast for him, and to throw the offering on the fire. The offering must be taken up before the feast is touched, and put upon the fire, and a little water must be sprinkled upon it. The savoury smell of the food as it burns reaches the nostrils of the god, and delights him.' The favourable omens vouchsafed after prayers are these: a goat shaking its body; a pinch of wheat proving to be of an odd number when taken up and thrown upon a cloth while burning together with frankincense and scented wood to the sound of a shrill trumpet; and finally, the cry of the female jackal on the left. If the goat did not shake its body—if the wheat turned out to be even—if the jackal cried on the right—the god was unfavourable, and it was necessary to abandon or at least postpone the enterprise.

When a decoit is dangerously wounded, a naked sword is placed upon his body, to scare away spirits, who are afraid of such weapons. If he dies, his comrades occupy a day or two in the ceremonial of the funeral pile; or if circumstances render this impossible, they cut off some of the fingers, and if near the Ganges, burn them instead, and throw the ashes into the sacred river. If they are in a different locality at the time, they carry the fingers home to his relations, who send them with due offerings and ceremonies to the Ganges by the hands of the family priests.

Such are the manners of this singular brotherhood. In another paper we propose relating some of their exploits, showing how their colonies have now been broken up and the brigands still at large compelled to

minge with the body of the people, calculating the cost to the government of India of this great national benefit, and estimating the enormous amount of booty known by the authorities to have been obtained by means of Gang-robbery within a small number of years.

L. R.

### LIFE AT SOUTHSEA.

AMONG the varied phases of life in England, is that peculiar to the period when all London, wearied of noise and smoke, of carking care and daily toil, migrates to the bathing-places on the coast—exchanging the roll of countless omnibuses for the deep murmur of the waves, and an atmosphere heavy with sea-coal smoke for the fresh sea-breeze. Since railways have rendered distance of little moment, these annual fittings have become almost universal throughout the kingdom. Not only the toiling man of business, but the fashionable, exhausted by the dissipation of the season; the rich widow; the mammas who possess a superfluity of marriageable daughters—all hasten thither when July closes, and London becomes a desert. It chanced, luckily, that a near relative of mine took me with him in his yacht along the southern coast of England, visiting by the way several of the sea-bathing places; and as a slight sketch of our daily doings will be the best illustration of the subject, we shall beg the reader to accompany us to Southsea, a watering-place which is yearly waxing more popular, from the near residence of the Queen, and the facilities it affords of keeping a yacht in attendance.

The place is peculiar in appearance: it is built on a perfectly flat piece of land running out into the sea, void of trees, of sands, or of aught picturesque, except the view to be obtained from it of the fine roadstead of Spithead, the beautiful Isle of Wight, and the shipping. Neither has it the architectural elegance of Brighton or St Leonards-on-Sea; the houses are generally scattered, and face all points of the compass: there is only one tolerable terrace, the others are mere rows of little mean houses; and the detached dwellings are of all shapes and forms that human caprice could suggest—from a large building in the shape of a huge Chinese tea-poy, to a little one in that of a baronial castle. Our own temporary abode was a good common-sense house, facing the wide piece of ground appropriated to the exercising of the troops of the neighbouring garrison, and consequently commanded a magnificent and unimpeded marine view—of which the reader may obtain some idea by accompanying us on our morning excursion to the bathing machines, on the bright August morning following our arrival.

Our road lay across the common opposite our dwelling. On our right the green slopes and ancient trees of the ramparts of Portsmouth were basking in the sunshine; above them a confused hamper of masts and rigging, and the white banner of St George floating over the batteries, were perceptible; and the occasional sound of a bugle coming clearly and pleasantly on the morning air announced its character as a military station. To the left, close to the beach, and in the shadow, was Southsea castle, a strong fort, old and weather-stained, crowned by the union-jack. Immediately beneath its gray walls a company of soldiers were at drill, their scarlet shell jackets and shining bayonets contrasting well with the sombre building and the dingy worn grass of the common. Right ahead of us was the tutelary genius of the place—the sea—dancing, glittering, and even, we could fancy with Euripides, 'giggling!' in the joyous sunbeams, which moved merrily over it, almost hiding in their dazzling lustre the fleet at Spithead, and the blue island in the background. But when one could look steadily through the blaze of light from sky and water combined, what a magnificent feature that said fleet was in the scene! Old sailors said a finer had never graced the seas since that nautical Hegira 'Nelson's days,' and we, who had unluckily no

recollection of those past glories, were quite of opinion that in appearance at least it could not be excelled. The majestic *St Vincent*, bearing on her stern the emphatic Spartan-like word of her great commander, 'Thus!' headed the fleet she was to lead with an air of quiet power; her tall tapering masts, with all their delicate tracery of shrouds and cordage, clearly defined against the sky, whenever a passing shadow steadied the trembling sunlight round her. Even while we were gazing in admiration, a flash issued from her broadside, followed by a deep booming sound; another and another succeeded, the comrade ships also opening their broadsides. One-and-twenty guns—it was a royal salute. The Queen of England was early afloat; and as the smoke dispersed its graceful volumes, the beautiful *Fairy* was seen cutting her bright and rapid way through the silver waves, till hidden from our sight by the Rooms—a large building to the right—and then, as she entered the harbour, she was greeted by the thundering homage of the batteries of Portsmouth.

By this time we had reached the beach; and finding all the bathing-machines engaged, took refuge beneath the colonnade of the Rooms, till our favourite water-nymph, Peggy Banden, should be at liberty to do her spiriting for us. As bathing-women are a very peculiar and distinct race of feminines, we will amuse ourselves by sketching Peggy, while we wait her leisure. She is Cornish, and comes from Cawsand Bay; her height is some five feet eleven, and she is stout in proportion; her dress a pair of canvas trousers, a canvas petticoat, a jacket, and a black bonnet of no shape in particular. I must, however, except regatta days, when she and her Cornish sisterhood, who have a rowing match with the Portsmouth watermen, wear a peculiar garb. The strength of these Cawsand women equals that of a powerful man; and, accustomed from their childhood to the water, they are unrivalled in managing a boat. At every regatta, as we have said, they challenge the watermen to a rowing match, and are invariably conquerors; owing their victory to their good right hand, and not to any gallantry on the part of their opponents, who dispute the prize with them in serious earnest.

We returned about nine o'clock to breakfast—a meal which in this place of easy *abandon* we took almost *à fresco* before a large open French window, through which the breeze came laden with the perfume of the flowers that bloomed in our little front garden—the fluttering muslin curtains scarcely impeding at all our view of the common and the sea. Pleasant sounds also, as well as sweet scents, came on the balmy air; sometimes a clarion call, or a strain of distant military music; occasionally the rolling round of cannon, as a homeward-bound ship announced her arrival in sight of port by saluting the admiral's flag—a sound sure to draw the gentlemen of the party to the window, telescope in hand, that they might 'make out' the stranger. Breakfast over, we proceeded to the Rooms—the habitual resort of Southsea visitors from morn till eventide. They consist of a good ball-room, card-room, and colonnade facing the sea. In the ball-room, except when used for its legitimate purpose, tables covered with every sort of newspaper and periodical are placed, and are generally surrounded by gentlemen during the morning. One perceives at a glance that the dwellers at a watering-place are a mixed multitude of all castes and professions. At one table a little knot of flag-officers are assembled round a gallant and popular member of their own profession, whose laugh alone speaks volumes for the frank goodness of his heart and happiness of his temper; leaning on his chair is a renowned sea champion, whose oddity at least equals his valour: his hands are not of the cleanest, and his shoes (Heaven save the mark!) are tied with twine, from accidental lack of ribbon! But his brother officers are not of those who, in their own phrase, 'understate the hull on account of the rigging'; and heedless of his neglect of the outer man they treat him with marked deference, though scarcely

with the affectionate regard manifested for the well-dressed as well as gallant sailor by whom he stands.

At one, the different groups return home to luncheon, but reassemble at half-past two, when the attraction of the Rooms is enhanced by the presence of a military band. The gentlemen abandon their papers, and walk up and down the colonnade with the ladies, or level their spy-glasses at the ships at Spithead; itinerant vendors of pincushions made of shells, and of knitted articles, walk round the rails and proffer their wares, among which are specimens, of every shape and form, of the wood of the 'Royal George,' which, with Admiral Kempenfelt,

'And twice four hundred men,'

went down at Spithead even on as calm and sunny a day as that which now shone over us. Great portions of the wreck have been brought up by divers and by explosions; and certainly, if we judge by the multitude of wooden toys fabricated from it, it must be as inexhaustible as the wood of the 'true Cross.'

One meets very pleasant people at the Rooms in the afternoon, and it is sometimes matter of regret when five o'clock sends us home to dress for dinner. On the day to which we are referring, we dined early, as there was a *soirée* at the Rooms, and we had promised to attend it: we were consequently deprived of a pleasure we frequently afterwards enjoyed—that of sitting in the cool twilight on the beach listening to the monotonous murmur of the waves, or the distant 'All's well!' from the fleet. Sunset was announced by a gun from the flag-ship, and the instantaneous disappearance of the flags, as if in homage to the departing day, and then evening gradually closed in; and as the moon was young, we could distinguish in the 'soft obscure' the lights of the Rooms, preparing for the reception of the dancers. We had coffee, and proceeded thither at about half-past nine. We found them crowded with dancers—not, however, of the best caste—just in the zenith of a polka; and as we witnessed their exertions, and felt the atmosphere in which these were called forth, we could not help recalling with a smile the remark once made to us by a grave Oriental, who expressed his wonder 'that such a rich people as the English should do *all their dancing themselves*, instead of hiring people to do it for them.' What would he have thought had he visited Southsea, where dancing is so popular, that people crowd sixty or a hundred into a room some twenty feet square to enjoy the amusement? Although the houses are generally small, every one gives dances; and as a celebrated *dansseuse* was once heard to affirm 'that the perfection of the art is to be able to waltz on the edge of a soup-plate,' we expect that it will reach its acme at Southsea. One lady, who is its decided votary—we may add, by way of parenthesis, that there seems no particular age now for sitting still—constantly invites more guests than could conveniently stand in her apartments. One night, consequently, a number of officers, who arrived late from mess, found it impossible to effect an entrance into the hall, and were waiting on the pavement for the crowd within to 'move on,' when a policeman, scandalised at such a mob collecting, approached and asked 'What they did there?' A wag standing on the curb-stone answered, 'We are out at a party.' In spite of much practice, however, we thought the polka was performed with more spirit than grace, and retired early, intending to rise early, in order to sail round the Isle of Wight in the yacht the next day.

These water excursions are the chief delight of a residence at Southsea. The little voyage round the Isle of Wight, or beyond the Needles, affords glimpses of very picturesque land scenery, as well as such charming sea-rooms, that one could almost consent to the doom of the Flying Dutchman if one's sailing-course were fixed there. It is pleasant to talk to the sailors also, and listen to their quaint graphic 'yarns' about life on the great deep, while one reclines on a seat on deck in the sunshine, and the waves bound beneath the little vessel 'like a steed that knows his rider.'

We landed every evening to dine, and varied our pleasure by occasional land-visits to the 'lions' in the neighbourhood, inspecting the dockyard and its wonders, of which the block machinery appears to us the greatest. The performance of making a block reminded us of one of our sailors' description of the atmospheric—or, as he styled it, *blow-'em-along*—railway: 'a great iron pipe, where they puts you in at one end, and you are sucked out again at t'other, without no trouble whatsoever!' The block is put, a shapeless piece of wood, into the machinery, and falls through into the room below, formed and ready for use! We also went on board the 'Excellent' on a Friday afternoon, and witnessed the gunnery, which was, they assured us, excellent, though the hulk at which they fire does not appear much the worse for the weekly attack made on her. It was really very interesting to see the sailors, on the drums beating to quarters, drop from every aperture of the vessel upon the before-deserted deck, and take their places at the guns in silence and order, working the cannon with wonderful power and velocity. We could very well fancy how Trafalgar was won as we gazed on the mimic sea-fight. For ladies unused to the noise of cannon, the report of the broadside is somewhat startling; nay, we have even detected a start in a male visitor at the first discharge.

We remained at Southsea till the regatta, which the Queen honoured by her presence—and very loyal proved both sun and wind on the occasion; for the former shone brightly, and the latter, which had been so hushed that it was feared the yacht could not sail, rose as the royal standard was hoisted, and swept out its gorgeous folds right cheerily. The sovereign's yacht anchored off the shore near the Rooms, at no great distance from the vessel, decked with countless flags, which acted as umpire and starting-point for the race. Cards were distributed bearing the names and distinguishing flags of the candidates for the gold cup; and bets were taken on them, as upon favourites at Epsom or Newmarket. When the smoke from the thundering salute to the Queen had dispersed, the signal was given by a single gun for the yachts to start, and in a few seconds they glided past with a quiet grace, making their way through the myriads of little vessels and boats that covered the sea, till they gained their appointed course, and became gradually lost to our sight. The beach and common, as well as the vessel-thronged sea, presented an animated picture. Hundreds had assembled to witness this truly national amusement: sailors, soldiers, marines, women, children, Greeks, and Egyptians, in their national costume (the last studying, by permission of government, in our dockyard), covered the common, the varied colours of their attire giving it the appearance of a huge flower-bed. The Rooms were filled inside and upon the roof, as were also the small Ryde steamers hired for the day by parties who wished to see the regatta from the water. These vessels had bands on board; they followed for a while in the wake of the yachts, and then returning close to the shore, added the singularly blended strains of their music to that of the performers at the Rooms, with rather a discordant effect.

The yacht race was followed by those of luggers and other large boats. On the second day the rowing matches take place: they are of all kinds, but the one most interesting to us was that in which our friend Peggy figured as cockswain, and the women of Qawsand beat the men of Portsmouth. The sea spectacle ended by a diversion called 'hunting the squirrel'; a race in the water between swimmers, one of whom is permitted to elude his pursuers by diving, as they are on the point of catching him. Fireworks are displayed in the evening on the common, and a fancy ball closes the festivities. We attended the latter, being resolved to chime in with the 'humours' of the place. It was very like all similar entertainments. We noticed a very fat White Lady of Avenel, from whose appearance we augur well for that ancient house; a

Rebecca, who certainly left little excuse for the Templar's folly; and a lady in many shades of pink, terminating on the forehead with a large shawl brooch of silver, who represented, we were told, 'The Morning Star!' This was the last we saw of the sights of Southsea, and terminates what we believe to be a faithful account of the whole curriculum.

#### WAITING FOR THE POST.

IN the village in which we were at one time residing, there dwelt, in a small cottage commanded by our windows, a lieutenant in the navy on half-pay. We were a child at the time, and one of our amusements was to watch from our playroom the bees that worked in that cottage-garden, and the 'old gentleman'—as we styled him, because his hair was gray—pace with his quick quarter-deck step the little path that divided the flower-beds. It was a neat though very small dwelling, almost shut from view by lilacs and evergreens; the garden was gay with sweet flowers, which might almost be called *domestic* in this age of new buds and blossoms; and it was carefully tended by a young girl—his only daughter—and an old female servant. We noticed every morning that the lieutenant, who was a tall figure, and would have been a handsome and commanding-looking man but for his very great paleness and his stooping, walked briskly to the gate, and holding himself a little more erect than usual, glanced first at the vane, noticing with a sailor's instinct the quarter in which the wind sat; and then turning, gazed anxiously up the village in the direction of the postman's approach till that functionary appeared in sight. Then he would lay his hand nervously on the top of the little garden-gate, half open it, close it again, and finally, as the letter-carrier advanced, hail him with the inquiry, 'Any letter for me to-day, Roger?' If the answer were a 'No,' and such was the ordinary reply, he would turn away with a sigh, and walk slowly back to the house, bending more than ever, and coughing painfully—he had a distressing cough at times: but his daughter would meet him at the door, and pass her arm through his, and lead him in with a gentle affection in the action that was quite intelligible; and though we could not hear her words, we knew she was consoling him. We also were sorry for his disappointment. Sometimes a letter came, and he would take it eagerly, but look at it with a changed countenance, for most frequently it was only one of those large wafered epistles we have since learned to recognise as bills—even then we could be sure it was not the letter which he looked for.

And thus he watched daily for something that never came, all through the bright summer and autumn, and even when the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the cold morning and evening breeze must have been injurious to one in feeble health. At last we missed him from his usual post, and the arrival of the village doctor at the cottage confirmed our fears that he was ill. We never saw him again. A fire glimmered from an upper room, the chamber in which he slept; and at times his daughter's figure passed the window as she moved across it, in her gentle and noiseless task of nursing the dying officer. One morning we did not see the usual blaze from the casement; but the old woman came out and shut the shutters close, and drew down the blinds, and we saw as she re-entered the house that she was weeping. That very morning the postman, Roger, stopped at the little wicket, and rang the bell. He held in his hand a very large, long letter, with words printed outside. The woman-servant answered him, and took the letter, putting her apron to her eyes as he spoke. It was the long-hoped-for, long-expected letter from the Admiralty appointing the old officer to a ship. Alas, it came too late! He who had so long waited in restless anxiety—who had so sickened with disappointed hope—was gone to a world where the weary rest, and man's toil and worth are neither neglected nor forgotten. We

heard afterwards all his sad history, of which there are so many lamentable counterparts. He had gone to sea whilst yet a child, had toiled, suffered, and fought at the period when the very existence of his country depended on the valour of the navy; but then came the peace, and with many another brave man he had found himself on half-pay, alike unrewarded and forgotten. Mr St Quentin—our gentleman who waited for the post—was a widower with one only child, who was his idol. To educate and provide for her had been his great anxiety. How could this be done on his half-pay? It was impossible. True he read hard to become himself her teacher, but there was much he could not impart to her; and with heroic self-denial he placed her at an expensive school, and went himself almost without the common necessities of life to keep her there. Still the heavy burthen thus laid on his slender means obliged him to contract debts, and it was agony to his just and upright spirit when he found it impossible to defray them.

He had used great energy in his endeavours to get employed again, and just before we made his acquaintance, 'waiting for the post,' had received a promise that his services should be remembered. Both promise and fulfillment came too late! The one awoke hopes which, daily deferred, had preyed on the very springs of life, and taxed too sorely a constitution much tried by toil and suffering in youth; the other came when the heart it would have cheered had ceased to feel the joy or sorrow of mortality. His orphan daughter, a pretty gentle creature of seventeen, was left totally destitute—almost friendless. If they had relatives, all communion with them had long ceased; and the utterly desolate and isolated situation of Mary St Quentin was nearly unparalleled. My family, who were of her father's profession, were much affected by it, and took a warm interest in her fortunes. They procured for her the small pension accorded to the orphans of naval or military men, with contributions from several similar funds; and finally received her into our house till she could hear of a situation as governess, for which her dearly-purchased education admirably fitted her.

I remember well the evening she first came among us. How sad and pale she looked in her solemn black dress, and how low and mournful her voice sounded! Poor girl! a rough world was before her; a fiercer and more terrible conflict for her timid nature than contending with the storms and battles in which her father had borne a part. We pitied her greatly, and strove to soothe and cheer her with all our little skill; though we certainly did not adopt the most likely means to achieve our object, when some days afterwards we told her how we had watched her poor father as he waited for the post. Then for the first time since her coming among us we saw her weep; and she murmured, 'If he could only have seen the letter!'

After a time the exertions of her friends procured her a situation, and she left us. How anxiously we then watched for the letter that was to tell us our dear new friend was safe, and well, and comfortable; and it did not tarry! Mary wrote gratefully, and even cheerfully. She had been kindly received; the home in which her lot was cast was a splendid chateau, in which all the comforts and luxuries of life abounded. Moreover, the family treated her as a gentlewoman, and her pupils were clever and well-trained. She was very thankful for the career of toil and seclusion to which circumstances condemned her—very willing to do her duty gladly in that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her. She remained with this family four or five years, passing her occasional holidays with us; and we learned to love her as a sister, and to look up to her for advice, which was ever as wise as it was gentle and affectionate. She was a very sweet creature—so quietly gay, so unselfish, so contented, and so modestly intelligent, that I cannot remember that I have ever met with so perfect a woman. The last holiday she spent with us we saw a change in her however;

and it must have been a great mental change to be perceptible in one so self-possessed and patient. She had grown less attentive to our often exacting wishes; she had become absent and thoughtful—nay, at times a slight irritation was observable in her manner; but that which struck us most was the habit she really appeared to have inherited from her father—of watching for the postman. We remarked how eagerly she listened for his knock—how tremulously she asked for whom the letters were directed—and the painfully-repressed sigh and darkened countenance with which she turned away when there was none for her! As she had finally quitted the family with whom she had so long resided, and was waiting for a new engagement, we thought at first that it was an epistle from some of the quarters in which she had applied for one she was expecting; but that could not be the case, for when she had made a re-engagement, and it was fixed that she was to proceed to the south of France with her future pupils' family, her watching for the post became more evident and more anxious: nay, to us who observed it, absolutely painful. What letter could she expect so nervously? Why was she daily so sadly disappointed? The solution came at last. It was the very morning fixed for her departure for London, where she was to meet her future charge. Her boxes, corded and directed, were in the hall; she stood at the window dressed for her journey weeping bitterly—for she loved us all, and still timidly shrank from strangers—and we were holding each a cold trembling hand, when the servant entered with the letters, 'One for Miss St Quentin.'

She glanced at it, suppressed a faint exclamation, and taking it, her hand trembled so violently that she could scarcely break the seal. But when it was open, and her eye had glanced over the contents, what a sudden change took place in her countenance! She blushed deeply, her lip trembled, and then smiled, and breaking from among us, she sought our mother, and asked to speak to her alone. That letter had changed her destiny. It was a proposal of marriage from a man of good position and fortune, who had won her affections by a thousand acts of attention and tenderness, but had left her uncertain whether he intended to fulfil an only implied promise or not. True he had said something of writing to her, and therefore she had waited for the post with such anxiety, and for so long a time in vain; but there had been good and sufficient reasons for his prolonged silence, and the lady was only too ready to forgive it. She went to town accompanied by my father, arranged to remain in England (finding a substitute as governess for her disappointed employers), and two months afterwards was married in our little village church to one who has made her as happy as it is possible to be in a world of trial and sorrow.

A very singular and painful waiting for the post occurred at Malta some years ago: it was related to us by a person concerned in the affair, and we offer the reader the tale as it was told to us:—

It was St John's Day, a festival highly venerated by the Maltese, who claim the beloved disciple as their patron saint. The English troops quartered in the island were to be reviewed on it, and as is usual, in compliment to the faith of the islanders, the artillery was ordered to fire a salute in honour of the day. It was a yearly custom; but the two officers whose duty it was at this time to see it fulfilled thought it savoured of idolatry, and in the presence of the general and his staff refused to order their men to fire. They were of course put under an arrest for disobedience; but, the circumstances of the case considered, the general in command hesitated how to proceed with them, and at his request the governor of the island wrote to the commander-in-chief at home for instructions in the matter, as it was a case of 'tender conscience.' Some delay of course necessarily occurred in getting a reply, and the anxiety with which the puzzled general and rebellious officers awaited it may be imagined. Day after day did the eyes of the former traverse the bright blue sea,

across which must come the decision of England, and day after day he waited for the post in vain. Foul winds, bad weather, all sorts of causes, stayed the course of the packet—there was no steam conveyance in those days—and before she actually entered Valetta harbour, he to whom the letter had been written, the noble governor, was dead. It was judged expedient that the general should, however, open the commander-in-chief's answer, to prevent further unpleasant delay. Alas, it had been intended for the eye of Lord H—only! The commander-in-chief blamed the general, 'who ought,' he said, 'to have tried and broke the officers on the spot—nothing in a military man could excuse disobedience to orders,' adding with reference to the general (of course without intending that any one but Lord H—should learn his private sentiments), '*but I never had much opinion of that officer!*'

Poor General P—loved and revered his military chief, as all soldiers must. Those words, so singularly presented to his eyes, wounded him deeply. He was at the time suffering from low fever; they completed its work, making an impression on his mind no arguments could remove. He obeyed the orders given; held a court-martial; tried the offenders; dismissed them from the service; and then taking to his bed, sank rapidly, and died before the next post from England could reach the island. 'He never waited for another!'

And now I approach another reminiscence of this common human anxiety, of which I cannot think without deep emotion. We had a young cousin, a fine lad full of spirit and ardour, a midshipman in the royal navy, who was our especial pride and delight. We had no brother, but he supplied the want to us, being, as a child, our constant playmate—as a youth, our merriest and best-loved correspondent. How full of fun, quaint humour, and droll adventures were his letters, and how we used to long for them, especially for that which proclaimed his arrival in the English seas! The period for receiving such an announcement had arrived, for his ship had entered Plymouth harbour; and I can never forget how eagerly I used to wait for the postman, how restlessly I watched him at an opposite door, and how I hated the servant for delaying him by a tardy attention to his knock! No letter came, however; day after day, hour after hour passed, and disappointment became uneasiness and alarm so terrible, that even the sad certainty was at last a relief.

He never wrote again. He had perished in Tampier Bay, and his death had been one of many instances of unrecorded but undoubted heroism. The weather was stormy, but it was necessary to send a boat on shore, and Charles had good-naturedly offered to take the duty of being its officer in the stead of a young and delicate messmate who had been ordered on the service. It upset in the surf: two men and our poor cousin clung to its keel for some minutes; at length it became apparent that one must wait for his hold, or all would perish. Both the seamen were married men, and uttered their natural regret at leaving their children fatherless. The gallant youth (as they afterwards reported when picked up) observed, 'Then my life is less precious than yours: My poor mother, God bless you!' and quitting his hold, perished in the ocean, which by a strange fatality has been the grave of nearly all his family.

Waiting for the post upon the mountains of Western India is recalled by this anecdote to my recollection. I well remember the last time I stood on the heights of Bella Vista, as our ghaat was called, watching the fleet approach of the *tapaul*, or postman. It was near sunset—a glorious hour in all lands, but especially so in the East. A gorgeous canopy of coloured light was above us; beneath the 'everlasting hills,' their tops—for we looked down on the first ranges of ghaats—tipped with gold and crimson; and regal purple, or with blended colours, as if they had caught and detained a portion of the rainbow itself. Here and there bits of jungle were perceptible, from one of

which issued the running courier, whose speed was no bad commentary or explanation of Job's comparison—'My days are swift as a post.' He was a tall, light figure, gaily dressed, and holding a lance with a little glittering flag at the top. He brought letters from the presidency; and some native correspondence was also transmitted through his means. These running posts are occasionally picked off by a tiger in their passage through the jungle; but the journey to our (then) abode was so frequently made, that the wild animals seldom appeared in the route, ceding it tacitly to the lords of creation, and permitting us to receive our letters safely. What joy it was to open one from England! it is really worth a journey to the East to feel this pleasure. The native letters destined for the official personages of the family are singular-looking affairs. They have for envelope a bag of king-cob cloth—a costly fabric of blended silk and gold thread; this is tied carefully with a gold cord, to which is appended a huge seal, as large and thick as a five-shilling piece. Once during our residence in India the homeward post was delayed by the loss of the steamer which bore our despatches to England; they must have been vainly expected for two months, doubtless to the great alarm and anxiety of the public. Some of the mail boxes were, however, recovered from the sunken wreck by means of divers; and our epistles, after visiting the depths of the Red Sea, were safely conveyed to England. Once before, we were told, a similar catastrophe had occurred, but the boxes became so saturated with sea-water, that the addresses of the letters were illegible. It was judged expedient, therefore, to publish as much of their contents as was decipherable, in the Indian papers—under the idea that those to whom they were addressed would recognise their own missives from the context; and a most absurdly-mischievous experiment it proved. Never was such a breach of confidence. All sorts of disagreeable secrets were made out by the gentle public of the presidency. Intimate friends learned how they laughed at, or hated one another; matrimonial schemes were betrayed; the scandal, gossip, and confidential disclosures of the Indian letter-bag making as strange and unpleasant a confusion as if the peninsula had suddenly been converted into Madame de Genlis's 'Palace of Truth.' There was no little alarm when our steamer was lost, lest a similar disclosure should be made; but the world had grown wiser; and those epistles which were illegibly addressed were, we believe, destroyed, unless when relating to commercial interests, and other business.

We hope we have not wearied our gentle reader with this subject, for we have yet another little incident for his ear relative to it, which was told us as a fact by a French lady who knew the person concerned. Some friends of hers residing in the provinces had an only daughter, an heiress, and consequently a desirable match. Her hand was eagerly sought by many suitors, and was at last yielded by her parents to a gentleman of some property who had recently purchased a château in their neighbourhood. His apparent wealth, his high connections, and very elegant manners, had won their favour; and in great delight at the excellent match her daughter was about to make, Mme L— wrote to her friends and relatives to inform them of the approaching happy event. Among these was a lady residing at Marseilles, to whom she described, with all a Frenchwoman's vivacity, the person, manners, &c. of the bridegroom elect. Answers of congratulation and good wishes poured in of course; and Mme L—, who had a secret persuasion that she was an unknown and unhonoured Mme de Sevigné, became so pleased with her increased correspondence, that she made a point of never leaving the house till after the delivery of the post. The Marseilles correspondent was the only one of the number with whom she had communicated who had not replied to her letter. This answer was therefore desired with great eagerness; and Mme L— remembered afterwards, though at the time it awoke no

suspicion in her mind, that the lover always appeared uneasy when she expressed her anxiety on the subject, or her desire to hear from her friend.

The wedding-day arrived; and the bridegroom, manifesting a most flattering impatience for the performance of the ceremony, came early to the house of his affianced, to accompany the family party to the magistrates, where the contract was to be drawn up. But even on that momentous day Mme L—— adhered to her custom of waiting for the post, to the evident rage and even agonized impatience of her destined son-in-law, who urged her with passionate eagerness to proceed at once to the magistrates. The delay proved most serviceable. The post came in due time, and brought a letter from Marseilles. The writer, struck by some slight personal peculiarities which her friend had described, had fancied it possible that the *promesso sposo* was no other than an *escaped galley-slave*, with whom, before his condemnation for a heinous crime, her family had been intimate. She had therefore, in some alarm, caused her husband to make inquiries into the matter, and a sufficient mass of evidence had been collected to justify her suspicion, and cause her to urge inquiry and delay on the part of M. and Mme L——. She suggested, moreover, that the truth might be easily discovered by a personal examination of the gentleman, who, if the same individual, had been branded on the right shoulder. The surprise, horror, and alarm of Mme L—— may be imagined. The contents of the letter were of course instantly communicated by her to her husband, and by him privately to the bridegroom, whom he requested to satisfy his wife's fears by showing him his right shoulder. The request was indignantly refused as an insult to his honour; and convinced of the fact by the agitation and dismay of the culprit, as well as by this refusal, the gentleman gave him at once into the hands of the police, who had no difficulty in finding the fatal mark of infamy. He was indeed an escaped convict, and the wealth with which he had dazzled the good provincials was the spoil of a recent robbery, undertaken by himself and some Parisian accomplices, and so cleverly managed as to have set at naught hitherto the best efforts of the police for its discovery.

We may be sure Mme L—— congratulated herself highly on having, as if by a providential instinct, 'waited for the post.'

#### SLEEPING ON A VOLCANO.

'Don't talk to me about great enterprise and matchless skill, new docks at Liverpool, and a new town at Birkenhead! Sir, the people of these two towns sleep every night on a volcano, and their lives and property could be destroyed just as easily as I strike this match and light this cigar!'

This was said one evening in the commercial room of a cozy, comfortable English inn, by a hearty, ruddy, clear-complexioned old gentleman, who evidently knew not only 'the road' used by those of his trade, but the roads and ways of the world, and mankind at large. I stared at his remark, and after a few puffs of his fragrant Havana, he resumed, 'When you go to Liverpool, and have seen all the wonders of that great town, ask some questions about "the Magazines," and you will soon understand what I mean; but remember this, that the first night you lie down to sleep in Liverpool, think that you are sleeping on the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and you will have a correct idea of your position!'

Having delivered these words in a most *ex cathedra* style, the old gentleman lay back in his chair, and seemed lost in the enjoyment of his cigar. No questions could elicit more from him than a repetition of the advice, to inquire about 'the Magazines,' and of the time-honoured observation, that 'seeing is believing.' With this I had to be content, and kept wondering what kind of magazines they could be.

Liverpool, I knew, had started a 'Roscoe Magazine,' which, like many other attempts in provincial literature, had died a natural death; the other magazines, I also knew, had a considerable circulation in the town; but what any or all of them could have to do with converting a Liverpool bed into a volcanic crater, I could not in the slightest degree comprehend. However, when I got to Liverpool, I asked that first friend of all travellers, the waiter, where 'the Magazines' were.

'Magazines? Yes, sir; over in Cheshire, between Egremont and New Brighton, sir,' said John in his usual rapid way.

'Is it a place, then?' I asked, as my wonder grew.

'Yes, sir—a small place, sir—lots of powder kept there; that's why it's called "the Magazines," sir. Anything more, sir?'

'No more, John—thank you;' and that functionary whisked himself and his white napkin out of the room. 'So they are powder magazines—are they?' thought I to myself: 'then perhaps the old gentleman was not far wrong after all. But if he were right, John the waiter, and the people of Liverpool in general, seem to take the matter very coolly. Nevertheless, I shall go and see how this same place called "the Magazines" looks.'

So I went to the landing-stage at the river-side, and spying among a crowd of steamers one marked 'Egremont and New Brighton,' I stepped on board, and was very soon paddled across the river, and landed on the pier at Egremont for the small sum of twopence. Inquiring my way, I walked leisurely on through pleasant roads containing many delightful groups of houses, the residences of some of the busy denizens of Liverpool. I soon reached the Magazines, which I found to be a quiet, pleasant little hamlet, with neat cottages, well-kept gardens, and healthy children playing about. The remains of an old boat, some oars, one or two nets spread out to dry, and a few good-humoured seafaring men, gave note that fishermen formed part of the population. There were some rather elderly-looking trees, and a few houses which were evidently older than the oldest inhabitant; and near one of them swung a sign-board, almost defaced by time. This is a very innocent volcano, thought I, that allows things to grow so old about it! But when I came to inquire further, I began to feel something like real alarm. Not one hundred yards from the spot where I stood, there were at the time stored up in eight slender brick buildings no less than 17,000 barrels, or nearly 750 tons, of gunpowder! What was there to prevent an explosion? The keeper and his assistants are doubtless careful, trustworthy men; they keep the powder secure under lock and key, never enter the sheds without wearing felt-shoes, and use all due precautions with a success to which even the old time-worn signboard bears witness. But the day was sultry, and I thought of lightning. There was no lightning-conductor—a serious defect. Nor is any watch kept at night; so that the premises might be broken in, and worse than robbery committed. Again, there were fires in almost every one of the neighbouring houses: on the beach immediately below lay about fifty small vessels, between Egremont and New Brighton, nearly all having fires on board; and steamers, with funnels that often sent out fiery sparks as well as smoke, passed and repassed every quarter of an hour within a short distance of the shore. Besides this, the powder is not stationary; for during the last seven years the average of the powder deliveries was 40,472 barrels per annum—that is to say, while the permanent stock remains pretty much the same (about 750 tons), about 800 barrels are deposited, and as many given out, every week. The powder is usually brought from the manufactory in small vessels, each containing from thirty to sixty tons packed in barrels. These vessels are run aground on the beach; at low-water a horse and cart go alongside; the barrels are hoisted from the

ship into the cart, and thus conveyed under a gutta-percha covering to the store over a road partly sand and partly stone. In this transhipment much of the powder is spilt, and but for the carefulness of the men employed many accidents would occur. When the powder has to be delivered, it has of course to be carted, shipped on board a small vessel, and then transhipped to the vessel for which it is intended. The only accident that has occurred was in 1768, when a vessel loading with powder for Africa, by the carelessness of the sailors on board, blew up, and only one of the crew escaped. I thus saw that the powder was really exposed to great risks, and I began to feel somewhat uncomfortable.

If this gunpowder were to explode, what would be the result? Its effects would certainly be felt within a radius of ten miles; and within that radius there lies down to sleep every night about half a million of men, women, and children. Right opposite, and distant only about a mile at the nearest point, are the Liverpool Docks, stretching for five miles along the north bank of the river, and containing (September 1850) 753 vessels—the docks and vessels representing a capital of six or seven millions: behind them are warehouses, banks, and shops, containing untold wealth; railway tunnels, public buildings, and other works of art constructed at enormous expense; and, in fine, one of the greatest and wealthiest cities of the world. On the Cheshire shore is Birkenhead, with twenty-two vessels in its dock; Leacombe, Egremont, New Brighton, Wallasey, Liscard, and other places, containing most valuable property, and densely populated: and these lives and this property are liable to be destroyed by a flash of lightning, or a spark from a chimney, or the deed of an incendiary! No signal, no warning, no time to escape; but quick, sharp, and sudden, like the Lisbon earthquake!

But would such serious effects really follow such an explosion? Let us look at examples. Happily no accident is on record of a kind exactly similar; but two may be mentioned as calculated to give some idea of the result of an explosion. During Sir John Moore's celebrated retreat on Corunna in January 1809, two powder magazines were exploded, in order that their contents might not fall into the hands of the enemy. The first of these was built upon a hill, three miles from the town, and contained 4000 barrels; the second contained a smaller quantity, and was at some distance from the first. These magazines, therefore, at Corunna, were not only at three times the distance from the town that the other magazines are from Liverpool, but they contained only about a fourth of the quantity of powder. In the words of Colonel Napier, 'the inferior one blew up with a terrible noise, which shook the houses in the town; but when the train reached the great store, there seemed a crash like the bursting forth of a volcano. The earth trembled for miles, the rocks were torn from their levels, and the agitated waters rolled the vessels as in a storm; a vast column of smoke and dust, shooting out fiery sparks from its sides, arose perpendicularly and slowly to a great height, and then a shower of stones and fragments of all kinds, bursting out of it with a roaring sound, killed many persons who remained too near the spot. Stillness, slightly interrupted by the lashing of the waves on the shore, succeeded, and the business of the war went on.' Another instance occurred during the present year. On 1st May a fleet of thirty-five government ordnance boats was moored off Raj-Ghaut, in the heart of the city of Benares, in Hindoostan. Fourteen of these were loaded with common shot and shells, and the remainder contained 8000 barrels—being altogether about 150 tons of gunpowder. One of the boats took fire, and the whole exploded. The consequences were most disastrous: the boats were sunk, or blown to pieces, and their crews, numbering about 400, were nearly all killed; the houses in the immediate neigh-

bourhood were thrown down with a fearful crash, and many lives and much property destroyed; three miles inland, the panes of glass in the houses were broken; at a place eighteen miles distant the doors were blown open; and even at the distance of forty miles the shock was severely felt.

This latter catastrophe alarmed the people of Liverpool, particularly those resident in the neighbourhood of the magazines. If such fearful effects were produced at Benares by 150 tons of powder, how much more frightful would the explosion of five times that quantity at Liverpool be! It was an awful subject to speculate on. The more timid in the higher parts of Liverpool detected a slight shaking of their windows even when the gun announcing the arrival of the American mail was fired on the river, while the bolder spirits laughed at all the fears which were expressed, and said that as no accident had occurred hitherto, none would ever occur at all. However, the feeling on the subject became so strong, that the government were memorialised on the subject: a colonel of engineers was sent to inspect the place; and he reported most decidedly in favour of the removal of the magazines to some situation more distant from the town. Dangers in a military point of view were also stated: such as the ease with which an enemy could blow up these magazines in the event of a war. Moreover, should any civil commotion take place, such a store of gunpowder might be used for the most fearful purposes. The result was, that the town-council of Liverpool, to which the magazines belong, have appointed a committee to inquire into the subject, and it is highly probable that they will be removed.

Having seen and heard all that I could, I felt that the old traveller was not wrong, and that nothing but ignorance of the dangerous neighbour, or a boundless sense of security, could make the Liverpool people sleep well. But as I walked on, my apprehensions lessened, and I almost forgot them when, on reaching New Brighton, I found the sands crowded with merry parties of pleasure and health-seeking people, inhaling the fresh breeze blowing from the Irish Sea. By and by I became as indifferent on the subject as the 'oldest inhabitant' of Liverpool, but occasionally I thought I could sleep better if these magazines were further off. So true it is that 'familiarity breeds contempt.'

## NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

### THE HAARLEMME MEER.

It was with no ordinary anticipations that I rode out to the Haarlem Lake one afternoon during my sojourn in Leyden. The *droognaking* (drymaking), to use the local term, of this inland sea was a work so characteristic of the people and the country, so suggestive in the performance, and promising in result, that the hope of becoming an eye-witness of its progress afforded me especial interest. My driver knew no language but his own, and seemed inclined to taciturnity; but as we journeyed on in what his master with an imported appellation had called '*een tilboorce*,' I repeated to him the English names of the trees, which as usual bordered the road-side; and their similarity to the Dutch elicited many expressions of wonder from him. Oak, for instance, is *eik*; beech, *beuk*; elm, *olm*; ash, *esch*; &c. &c. When a mile or so from the town he pointed to a distant smoke, and said, '*Leeghwater stoom-machine*;' this was the object of our drive, about eight miles from Leyden, a distance much increased by the windings of the route. We passed through Warmund, where there is a Roman Catholic college—numbers of the pupils were out walking in the tight-fitting and ungraceful black gowns peculiar to the order, and with scarcely an exception touched their hats as we drove past. Soon afterwards we came to the pleasant, tree-engirdled village of Sassenheim, where we had to leave our vehicle.

and walk two miles along a track in which gates barred the passage for wheeled carriages. Immediately on leaving the main thoroughfare we were ankle deep in the loose sand of what hardly deserved the name even of a by-road, and this I found to be the case wherever I went in Holland: once off the payed turnpike, your travelling becomes of the most toilsome nature. Presently we left the shelter of the trees, and came to broad open meadows traversed by drains and ditches, the latter on either side the route; and when you come near the frequent high gates, instead of climbing over at the risk of sticking fast on their thick coating of tar, you tread the narrow plank carried round the end of the fence which flanks each side of the barrier to the middle of the ditch, thus preventing the passage of quadrupeds, but not that of bipeds. About a mile in our front rose what appeared to be the embrasured keep of some Norman castle, with a circular turret rising in its centre. If the round tower on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh were widened to eight or ten times its present diameter, it would form no inapt representation of the structure in question. A little in advance of it a green bank sloped towards us, on the top of which the sails of two or three schuyts were gliding onwards, impelled seemingly by some mysterious agency. A few minutes more, and the whole was explained. The slope was the dike or embankment of the *ring-vuart*, or ring-canal which surrounds the whole of the meer; and as we ascended to the towing-path we saw the hulls of the vessels to which the sails belonged, and beyond lay the broad expanse of the lake, between which and the opposite bank stood the castellated edifice containing the *stoom-machine*. From what might be likened to Brobdingnagian arrow-slits left in the wall of the building, huge working beams stretched forth, holding a massive chain at their outer extremities, and slowly rising and falling with a plunge and a rush resembling that of the sea sweeping in and out of a rocky cavern. A few houses standing near reminded you of a village of the feudal times nestling under the shelter of the embattled fortress. While I was looking at these objects, my conductor had hailed a ferry-boat, which conveyed us across the canal; and in another minute I had placed M. Simons's letter in the hands of M. Zemel, the resident superintendent. He at once expressed his willingness to show me everything; but as he knew no French or English, and my acquaintance with scientific Dutch was very limited, our communications were anything but fluent; however, I made my eyes do duty for my tongue. On coming to the engine-house I saw that it was erected in a circular basin, which formed, as it were, a moat all round it, some twenty feet wide, and eight or ten deep. At the bottom of this were the eleven pumps—wells they might be called—by which the water was raised; and as the eleven beams rose and fell, the upward drag lifted the water from below with the sounding gush which I had heard at a distance. The machinery being above the lake, it will be understood that there is no fall of a stream; each chain as it rises seems to pull up a mound of water—this is all you see; but the quantity raised is prodigious. Sixty-six cubic metres at every stroke, and six strokes a minute. There is a communication between the basin and the ring-canal along which the water is conveyed, and eventually discharged into the sea at Katwyk.

On entering the building you see a row of furnaces blazing away in the work of generating steam; and passing across the brickwork in which these are imbedded, you come to the engine-room. The machine is similar to those powerful constructions used in Cornwall for the drainage of mines: a large double-cylinder, with a piston-rod a foot in diameter, capped by a huge dish of iron for a 'dead-weight,' to which the inner extremities of the working-beams are attached. Down plunges the mighty mass, as though it would bury itself in the earth; but it comes to a sudden and

momentary pause, and then with a click, as of hammer-strokes, the clank of bars, a hollow rush and cavernous roar, up it goes again for another pause and another descent. Such a sight could not fail to set one thinking of the campaigns of industry, and of the praiseworthy means by which the spirit of labour conquers new territory. To such warfare all wish prosperity.

After a sufficient inspection of the ponderous machinery, we ascended the spiral stair to the top of the edifice. This elevation commands an extensive prospect: on one side, the meer stretching far to the north-east without a visible horizon, the ring-canal enclosing its outline, looking in the extreme distance like a thread of silver; while on the other lay the level Dutch landscape, with the towers and buildings of Leyden and Haarlem in the view, producing a variety in the plain. Looking down from the parapet, the whole arrangement for the pumping process is seen at once. From the foot of the building a broad canal or cut is carried far into the lake, which on this shore is very shallow, and thus feeds the puppets to which the water finds its way by means of culverts. The suction of each stroke was plainly visible in the oscillation of the water for some distance down this cut; but the grand feature consists in the signs of progress as exhibited by the broad margin which now lies between the edge of the water and its ancient boundary. It is from 100 to 200 yards in width, and descends with a gentle slope towards the meer, and consists chiefly of a fine argillaceous deposit, with here and there patches of sand and peat. Such a soil is well adapted for agricultural purposes, and it was hoped that the preliminaries of cultivation might be made upon it in the autumn of the present year.

I did not leave this prospect until all its peculiarities were clear to my mind: it is one to which every day brings a change, and will ere long be among the things that were. On turning to descend, M. Zemel pointed to a curl of smoke near Haarlem. 'That,' said he, 'is the Cruquius, and that one over there'—(directing his finger to the shoreless horizon)—'is the Lynden.' Of the latter—of which more presently—nothing was visible but a foot or two of its chimney, with the dark cloud floating above it. I had said *vaarwel* to the superintendent, when he beckoned me to his house, where he placed a box with a slit in the lid before me. It was the begging-box for the poor. Such opportunities of raising money are never lost sight of in Holland.

We must now make a jump from one side of the lake to the other—from the Leeghwater to the Lynden; and as it is rather a long one, it will afford me time to say a few words touching the history of this same lake of Haarlem. At the beginning of the sixteenth century it covered about 4000 acres, which dimensions it might have retained had the surrounding soil been of a firm nature, or more elevated. There was nothing to shelter it from the fierce gales which swept in from the German Ocean, and the agitated waters were always eating into the land. In 1531 it overwhelmed 3000 acres more; and further encroachments being dreaded, three geometers were appointed to determine the difference of level between the meer and the sea. The latter was found to be the higher of the two by several feet. Here was a double danger; for if, during a storm, the intervening barrier should be broken through, a large tract of country would be submerged, and North Holland become an island. A glance at a map of the Netherlands will show how small is the space which at certain parts of the shore separates the Haarlem Lake from the ocean. According to the popular notion, a subterranean communication existed between the two, and one of the surveyors proposed a scheme for drainage by means of a tunnel, to pass under the sandhills or *dunes* which border the coast. It does not appear, however, that any attempt was made to

realise the project, beyond digging out the encumbered channel of the Rhine at Katwyk in 1572; but this not being properly attended to, was soon again drifted up with sand. A few years later another inundation took place: three villages and several hamlets which stood on the borders of the meer were swallowed up, and again some thousands of acres submerged. In 1641 the water covered 30,000 acres; and it was in this year that Leeghwater, a clever engineer and millwright, published his 'Haarlemmer-Meer Bock.' He had drained the Beemster—a district in North Holland, of which he was a native—and he now proposed to carry off the waters of the Haarlem Lake by means of 160 windmills, at a cost of £300,000. This project seems to have been as little encouraged as the former one; and in 1727 the meer had increased to 35,000 acres. Another scheme—the erection of sluices at Katwyk—was then proposed by Cruquius, who showed that the average encroachment of the lake was more than 100 acres annually. From this time down to the present century numerous plans were put forward for realising the desirable object—that of Cruquius was carried into effect in 1807, when the mouth of the Rhine was embanked, and an efficient discharge for the water provided by means of flood-gates, to be opened only at low water.

This measure checked the evil to some extent, though not effectually; for the meer slowly enlarged until it covered a surface of about seventy square miles. The annual expense of keeping it within bounds by dikes, dams, and sluices, amounted to £5000; a cost which would be likely to increase, as the greater the extent of water the more danger was there to be apprehended from its ravages. One must be somewhat conversant with the history of Holland to judge fully of the suspicion with which the Dutch regard an intractable mass of water within their borders. From the year of grace 516 down to the present time, besides numerous petty inundations, the country has suffered 190 great floods. In one of these the Zuyder Zee was formed, and the northern provinces were submerged as far as the Hanoverian frontier. Villages and towns have been swept away, and hundreds of thousands of the population and of cattle drowned. The last great flood occurred in 1825; and with certain coincidences of wind, tide, and frost, the Dutch territory may be at any time again inundated. One of the special duties of the government consists in providing against these distressing casualties. A body of intelligent engineers—the Waterstaat, or Waterstaff—is kept in pay, and charged with the care and maintenance of all the drainage works in the kingdom. They are trained to a practical knowledge of their profession in the academy at Delft, of which M. Simons is the principal. The arrangements in each district are so comprehensive, that on the slightest appearance of danger, when in spring the swollen waters of the Upper Rhine are seeking to force their way to the sea through the ice-encumbered channels of the Low Countries, a numerous band of engineering officers and labourers assemble with implements to repel it. Supplementary embankments are thrown up with marvellous rapidity, and weak places strengthened by broad layers of interwoven osiers; and in most cases these efforts are successful, and the satisfaction of escape is only equalled by the anxiety of the threatening. Still, it is not desirable to have rivers flowing on the tops of mounds rather than in hollows; nor is it comfortable to reflect that the melting of the snow on the distant Alps may cause you to be drowned in your bed. Hence a reason may be found for the numerous schemes of drainage proposed for the Haarlemmer Meer.

The annual fall of rain in Holland is computed at twenty-five inches, of which twenty-two inches pass off in evaporation, leaving three inches to be drained away, or to swell the existing superabundance. Hence the necessity of constant exertion and outlay. At length

it was considered that the bottom of the meer might be kept in a state fit for cultivation at a cost not greater than that required to keep the water under subjection. The project was revived in 1821 by Baron van Lynden, and ultimately the government was convinced that something must be done. Precedent was not lacking, for the ruling power had before undertaken similar works; and after draining the land, sold it to purchasers, upon whom devolved the charge of maintaining it, sometimes with exemption from taxes during the first ten years. A commission was named in 1837, comprising several members of the Waterstaat, and other individuals interested in the subject; a loan of 8,000,000 of florins was raised, and in 1838 a law sanctioning the scheme passed the Chambers by a large majority. Many of the promoters were for pursuing the usual routine, and draining by means of windmills; but proof having been shown that three steam-engines would do the work of a hundred of the air-machines, it was consequently resolved to employ steam, and the three pumping edifices were named after three of the individuals who had displayed most interest in the undertaking—Leeghwater, Cruquius, and Lynden. The first-named of the three was the first erected. The work was actively begun in 1840, the outfall towards Katwyk was straightened, and the ring-canal constructed. The latter, embracing a circuit of nearly forty miles, was no insignificant part of the labour. Owing to various unforeseen difficulties, the completion of the process has been much slower than was anticipated at the outset.

About a week after this visit to the Leeghwater, I was walking from Haarlem to Amsterdam, and entered a small tavern at Halfwege for refreshment. While drinking my cup of coffee, a young man came in, who, on hearing me speak to the waitress, hailed me as an English compatriot, and informed me that he was machinist at the Lynden, about two miles distant. I told him of what I had seen at the south end of the meer, and showed him the order from M. Simons, on which he became eloquent in praise of that gentleman, declaring him to be the most affable of all the supervisors, and invited me to accompany him forthwith to the engine. I availed myself of his offer two days afterwards, leaving Amsterdam by an early train, and walked from Halfwege to the Lynden. Not being acquainted with the short cuts, the two miles stretched into five, and I had to make a détour through meadows, to get to my destination by a path which skirted the meer. The day was windy, and as I saw how the water dashed against the spongy and turfy margin, it was not difficult to conceive its destructive action in sapping and undermining so unstable a barrier, nor the desirability of prevention. Tall beds of flags grew in the shallows, rustling hoarsely as the gale swept through them; the mad ripple was washing in the reeds; here and there a wild-fowl fluttered and plunged; an old ruinous shed and windmill stood close by, adding to the melancholy character of the scene, which seemed completely isolated, and deserted by the busy life around it. It was one of those places which make a lonely wanderer gloomy.

Having crossed the ferry, I found the young machinist on duty in the engine-room, beguiling his hours of watch by net-making. His explanations gave me the reason why for all that I cared to ask. Here there were not more than eight working beams, but the capacity of the pumps is such as to make them equal to the eleven of the Leeghwater. In this particular the Lynden and Cruquius are alike. The dead-weight resting on the top of the piston-rod was thirty-five tons, and being augmented as the level of the meer falls lower, the load will by and by be doubled. At present the lift is ten feet. There are two 'safety plungers,' one on each side the cylinder, which fill with water as the piston rises, and so prevent a fall of the

ponderous mass in case any portion of the machinery should break. The little bay on which the building stands is dredged from time to time, no canal being necessary, as this part of the lake is deep near the shore. This fact renders the progress of the drainage less apparent than at the Leeghwater, where the shore has a long slope. Numerous patches of black turf are, however, visible; peeping above the surface of the water, they appear to grow larger every day, and thus afford a rough evidence of the diminution of the meer. Everything being favourable, the three machines are kept working night and day, as any one of the pumps may be repaired in case of need without stopping the others. The average depth of the lake at the commencement of the undertaking was twelve feet; of this seven feet have been pumped away, and the remaining five feet will probably be removed before the close of 1851. Draining a pond in Holland is not, however, the same thing as in other countries; it is not enough to pump all the water out, you must keep on pumping, or it will soon be full again. Hence it is that there are 9000 windmills in the kingdom, most of them continually engaged in lifting water from the drains of the low-lying polders! The district now occupied by the Haarlemmer Meer will be traversed by a drain-canal from the Lynden to the Leeghwater; met midway by one from the Cruquius; an arrangement which will maintain it in a sufficiently dry condition, by means perhaps of one of the engines only. As the land is reclaimed, it will be lotted out and sold, and the contributors to the loan derive their remuneration from the proceeds. No compensation is made to those who navigated or fished in the waters; the ring-canal supplies the means of transit. I heard of one case of dispute from M. Beijerinck: the town of Leyden some two centuries ago bought a portion of the water of the meer, and now, as the water is taken away, the authorities claim the bottom on which it rested. Lawyers had been called in to decide the question, and it is to be hoped they will settle it to the satisfaction of both parties.

The view from the top of the building was in most respects a repetition of what I had seen from the Leeghwater. There was the same little miserable pot-house, in front of which the ferry-boat lay moored; a row of small tenements for the engineers and labourers; and the superintendent's house and garden. The latter was well laid out with a thriving plantation of young trees at one side; the more noteworthy when it is remembered that, but a few years ago, the spot was a humid desert. The vicinity of the three machines has now become the locality of a little hamlet. There are Englishmen at each, though I missed them at the Leeghwater; for, as my friend the machinist observed, 'Wherever there is an English-made machine, there must be Englishmen to look after it. There's not a Dutchman in Holland could work one of these engines.' The working-beams, and what may be called grosser parts of the machinery, and the boilers, were made in the country. Two of the latter were undergoing repair. Men were busy inside and out hammering the rivets. 'Ah,' pursued my conductor, 'they are always leaking; they have cost more in repairs than would have bought English boilers that would have stood for years.' Admitting some degree of prejudice in this statement, it is yet true that England ranks highest as fabricator of machinery. Her reputation in this particular is sound. Not so with other matters; and it is painful to hear the complaint, as you frequently do abroad, that English manufacturers seem rather to aim at giving an appearance of value and goodness of quality to the articles they produce than to make them really excellent. Should the great Exhibition of 1851 lead to an abandonment of these suicidal practices, its benefits will be materially increased.

The subordinate employments at the machines are

discharged by natives, and at times a little jealousy breaks out between them and the foreigners. The Dutchman, accustomed to work at a low scale of wages, considers the Englishman to be greatly overpaid when he receives the same amount, or a little more, than he earns at home, and manifests his displeasure by grumbling, or some other mode congenial to the habits of a Hollander. He cherishes an intensity of national feeling, of which my compatriot complained loudly, until I reminded him that he was thereby only showing the strength of his own. Some excuse might be found for him in the want of society and means of recreation; yet, as he said, he 'did pretty well.' In the winter, skating was a capital amusement, and last season he skimmed along the ring-canal, and paid a visit to his acquaintances at the other two machines, and made merry after their fashion. 'After all,' he added, 'I daresay I shall stop in the country when the drainage is finished, for I have a sister married and settled in Amsterdam.'

I walked back to Halfwege by the nearer route—a strip of land between the canal and the meer. Turf-diggers were busy close to the water, eager, apparently, to thrust their spades into the numerous black patches lying a short distance from the shore. Their labours might be considered as first-fruits of the drainage; for when the water was at its former height, it would not have been safe to excavate its barrier. As I turned to take a last look of the Lynden and its adjuncts from another point of view, I thought that to have assisted at the drainage of the Haarlemmer Meer was not less honourable to those engaged, than to have been 'at Austerlitz' was to another sort of combatants. Perhaps we too, here in England, may be permitted to put in a word for ourselves in this respect; for is not the work begun of conquering a new country out of the great estuary of the Wash? and in a few years dwellers in Norfolk and Lincolnshire will see green fields and smiling pastures where now they behold nothing but an arm of the sea.

#### MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

##### RETRENCHMENT.

*George.* Well, my dear aunt, here's the deuce and all to pay. You've got my note, I see, for here you are to find us in a pleasant fix. I don't know what upon earth to do just at present, unless my uncle will help me, though it will all come right at last of course. That poor-rate has swamped us all.

*Mrs Wright.* How is Lucy? Does she know the state of your affairs?

*George.* I suppose she guesses. Money has been scarce enough with us for some time back, to give her a sort of idea that the less we spend of it the better. There was no use in vexing her with gloomy forebodings. Poor soul, she has plague enough with all those children. It is just these cursed poor-laws. I could have weathered it well enough but for them. You haven't an idea of what they are here. You pay next to nothing: with us 'tis five-and-ninepence in the pound, and I understand the new rate to be struck in October will be higher.

*Mrs Wright.* What can make the rate so high with you?

*George.* How should I know? All these idle beggars everywhere, I suppose. Every inch of the country is swarming alive with them—a set of blackguards, living by thieving and every kind of roguery, who are all to be fed now with white bread and butter at the cost of the industrious.

*Mrs Wright.* How did such a wretched population spring up?

*George.* Ask their reverences the priests, who get their good half-crown for coupling every pair of these vagabonds, besides I cannot tell what for every christening afterwards.

*Mrs Wright.* Where could such a set find dwellings?

*George.* Ask the farmers. Didn't they let any one squat on their ground for a pound? And one mud hole erected, up started another: three or four families, too, sheltered in each of these dens of dirt and vice; mobs of filthy little urchins rushing for ever from them, enough to poison the air and frighten every horse upon the road.

*Mrs Wright.* How came the landlord to permit such practices? How was it that any tenant was allowed to show a cabin more on his land than was required to house his labourers? Eh, George?

*George.* Oh, of course I knew where you were coming to all this time. It's my fault! all me! always me! Everything wrong my doing! How, in the name of patience, could I help it? I was not here. I was in Paris; I was on the Rhine; I was in London—Dublin—half over the world! A man is not to stick for ever in one place—might as well be a cabbage! I couldn't be always here; and when my back was turned, they did as they pleased with Tom Kavanagh, a very capital fellow, but a devilish bad agent.

*Mrs Wright.* Why keep him as agent?

*George.* Oh, you see he's a clever fellow: he's good-natured too, and I'm used to him; and, in short, he—I—you see—

*Mrs Wright.* He has lent you money, and you can't repay him?

*George.* I don't exactly know how we stand. I believe he has made advances on the rents. I must look over the accounts some of these days, and then we'll know the worst.

*Mrs Wright.* To come back to the squatters. Though you were not always here, you came home sometimes. Why did you not then see what was going on, and endeavour to set right all you thought was amiss?

*George.* Just as if a man had nothing else to do but to wander about among mud-cabins. When I was here, I came for the hunting: three times a week out with the hounds left little leisure for other things. There were my plantations for the idle days, and the new avenue, and a number of improvements in short, which I am sure you and my uncle, as model landlords, ought to be pleased to hear of. Then Lucy gets low without society; we have always a good deal of company during the winter; and in the summer we were off somewhere; so I'm sure I don't know where you'd find time for all these inspections.

*Mrs Wright.* From not making time, you see, my dear nephew, what you have brought yourself to—not only yourself, but all your neighbours, for we can't separate our individual interest from that of the community. One careless landlord affects the welfare of all. Many careless landlords cause ruin. The poor-rates have only carried out into action the law which binds us all, rich and poor, together, makes us all dependent on each other; and it only presses so heavily on us now because we have hitherto neglected to recognise the principle. \* You pay five-and-ninence out of your pound, dear George, only to relieve the misery you have assisted to create, and you are not quite ruined by this tax, although it is at present excessive. You have four-teen-and-three-pence left.

*George.* Have I, indeed, my dear, wise aunt? Where are all the other taxes?

*Mrs Wright.* At the very outside, the odd two-and-three-pence will pay them; so you still have twelve shillings remaining of your pound, which will go a great way with management these cheap times.

*George.* The deuce I have. More than that is due on mortgages.

*Mrs Wright.* Then it is the mortgages that have swamped you—not the poor-laws. You must have sunk at some time; the poor-rates have only hastened the ruin. Put the saddle on the right horse, dear George: don't accuse the poor-rates; the ruin must have come.

*George.* I didn't borrow all the money: my father

borrowed before me, and my grandfather before him, and my great-grandfather before him, for all that I know. It's deuced hard on me, though, to have to bear all the consequences.

*Mrs Wright.* It is so, even though you lent your own helping hand to it. But you know that so it must be: and these consequences having shown themselves, all that is left for you is to meet them bravely.

*George.* I wish I knew what to do! Poor Lucy! such a gay, light-hearted creature, used to every luxury that wealth could give her—

*Mrs Wright.* Don't fear for Lucy. There are deep, and true, and warm feelings beneath dear Lucy's gaiety, and perhaps her frivolity, which make her deserving of your full confidence. I only regret that you should have till now withheld it, for—

*George.* I never thought, you see, that it would come to a crash. I always expected something would turn up—that at anyrate all would last for my time, for Tom managed somehow to keep us going; besides, I hated the idea of vexing her.

*Mrs Wright.* In fact you never thought at all. You wanted what you must gather now—courage to meet your difficulties—and her— Well, my dear Lucy, do you think you can make a good poor man's wife?

*Lucy.* I will try, dear aunt—I have tried. I have seen for some time that matters were not going well with us; that George was uncomfortable; and I have already made several changes in the household, with a view to a stricter economy. I was never very expensive myself. I am sure a hundred a year paid all my dressmakers' bills; by keeping a skilful maid I can easily reduce this to fifty, for we shall hardly be able to visit so much as we used to do. I have also dismissed the governess, and the housekeeper, and the upper laundry-maid. I did this some weeks ago; and I am quite pleased to find I can rough it so well without them, for I really hardly miss them. I like teaching the children; they are so very happy with me. Nurse acts as housekeeper, which she can very well do, now that baby walks about. We might part with the butler too, I think: keep only one man in the house.

*Mrs Wright.* How many servants do you propose to keep altogether?

*Lucy.* Only one in the nursery besides nurse; one laundry-maid; one housemaid; a kitchen-maid, who can help the others occasionally, as she will have less to do herself than formerly. I ought perhaps to part with the cook; her wages are very high; but she is so first-rate.

*George.* You can't think of parting with the cook, Lucy?—she's equal to any Frenchman.

*Lucy.* No, George, I don't think I can part with the cook, for I really consider a good cook economical: we will therefore keep her, and the footman, and the pantry-boy for dirty work, and my maid, whose needle is invaluable. This will be a great reduction, Aunt Anne?

*Mrs Wright.* Immense, my dear: three servants and the governess dismissed, leaving only nine to pay and feed. Now, George, on your part?

*George.* Really my expenses are so small, I don't in the least know how to reduce them. The agent of course must stay to manage the property, the bailiff to watch my respectable tenantry, the steward to look after the farm. Without a herd we should have but a queer account of the stock, without a gardener no vegetables, without labourers no crops; but I daresay there are some supernumeraries who might be dispensed with.

*Lucy.* Indeed, George, I think there are; particularly as we must live more quietly.

*George.* Well, I'll see about it: send for Doyle and consult with him.

*Mrs Wright.* And your stable, George?

*George.* Oh that costs nothing—horses are kept for nothing now: besides I've none this year almost—sold three. Lucy must have a carriage, though, to take her out.

*Lucy.* The car will do quite well for me. I like the car, and so do the children. I am very fond of a car, I assure you; so you can sell a carriage-horse.

*George.* Very well; I'm sure I've no objection. Sell the carriage too if you don't want it; and then, I should suppose, with so little to look after, Mr Dempsey will hardly require the assistance of that hideous red-headed boy—one of your pets, my dear. We might sell the children's ponies too.

*Lucy.* Oh, George, not the ponies, poor little things! Piers would break his heart if he were to lose his pony.

*George.* I don't want to sell the pony—the pony costs little or nothing. It's you and my aunt that are making all the reductions.

*Mrs Wright.* We'll sell a hunter instead, George.

*George.* Agreed. Three hunters will do very well for me, taking such care of them as Doolan will be sure to do. There's the economy of having such a first-rate groom, though he's monstrous extravagant in some things—'lashings of oats,' as he says himself. But I see no horses turned out in such style as mine; and they are never sick, or lame, or done up; so that I consider him well worth his wages, high as they are, and his meat and ale three times a day. He has never had more than two helpers either, so that my hunting is no very deadly affair. But I'll sell Polcat, with all my heart, for I really don't like her: she balked more than once at a leap. If I only keep three horses, Mr Doolan must do with one helper; so there's a great saving for you.

*Mrs Wright.* Three hunters, one car-horse, one pony, groom, coachman, helper, yard-man, errand-boy! It's a fair establishment yet. What does each horse cost you?

*George.* Nothing but his corn; and what signifies that? It's no price now—I never have to buy an ounce of hay.

*Mrs Wright.* I am afraid you will not find it convenient to buy corn now, cheap as it is; and the hay would be better employed as green grass in feeding bullocks, which would bring money to you. And all those servants! Nephew, you must reduce again!

*George.* I have reduced—given up everything. Lucy might perhaps reduce still more; she seems to like it.

*Lucy.* Suppose we do without the footman?

*George.* And have the door opened by a dirty maid? Waited on at dinner by a maid with a white apron? Indeed, Lucy, I wonder you can suppose I can give up the common decencies of life.

*Lucy.* The cook, then?

*George.* And set me down to boiled mutton and turnips.

*Lucy.* My maid then; though I'm sure I don't know what I shall do without her?

*Mrs Wright.* Lucy, my love, maid, and cook, and footman, and groom, and hunters, all must go! You little know your position, and George wilfully blinds himself to it. He will be wiser when he has considered matters seriously, and has talked them over with his uncle. George, you cannot fully comprehend how you stand.

*George.* Faith, then, I do—extremely unsteady; and what I want of my uncle is to help to prop me up again. He has always ready money; and if he will lend me just what will pay these pressing demands, and leave me a little cash in hands to keep us going, I'll repay him with thanks this time next year.

*Mrs Wright.* Out of what?

*George.* Out of the farm. Haven't I plenty of grazing cattle, a fine stock of my own, all clear profit, besides eight or nine young horses, thoroughbred racers and hunters, for which I expect enormous high prices? I don't mean to take a farthing under one thousand pounds for my Whirligig filly. Besides, I've sent to Sweden for potatoes: I understand they're uncommonly good there; and I shall have such a lot of splendid seed to dispose of next year, when no one else will have a sound potato, that I shall make a perfect fortune.

*Mrs Wright.* My dear nephew, listen calmly to me. From the statement your men of business, by your desire, made to Mr Wright yesterday, you are actually insolvent. You have nothing left to live on but the interest of the money your grandmother secured to your children—four hundred a year—which neither of you, I am afraid, will find it easy to bring your ideas down to. This house must be let, all superfluities sold, and your wisest plan will be to act yourself as your own agent and bailiff.

*George.* Not I indeed! I'll pitch the whole concern to the d—l: carry Lucy abroad somewhere, to add to the dignity of our wandering pauper aristocracy.

*Mrs Wright.* No, George, you won't: not after you have seen and consulted seriously with your uncle. He will help you, you may depend upon it, if you will help yourselves. He will be here to-morrow with money to pay off your establishment, and he will advise you to remain here, where your small income will go farther than it would abroad, provided you have courage to live here as you would there. An idle existence abroad, or a shuffling existence at home, is equally unworthy in your circumstances. By manfully facing your difficulties you will gain the respect of all good men, satisfy your own conscience, and perhaps live to restore to little Piers his inheritance.

#### ASSOCIATIVE CONCERNS.

It is a great mistake to suppose that there is any harm—anything like an assault on the principle of property—in simply associative concerns, such as are now commencing in Paris and London: they are indeed, simply joint-stock companies. The sole question regarding them is, Will they answer as well as concerns consisting of masters and employees? We fear not, but we must acknowledge the greatest interest in seeing the question fairly worked out in experiment.

We learn from the newspapers that, as a reaction from the horrors of what is called the Swating System, a Tailors' Association has been commenced and conducted for the past six months in Castle Street, Holborn. Starting with a borrowed capital of £300, and fourteen men, since increased to twenty-three with six auxiliaries, it has done business to the extent of £2500; and after paying for furniture and fitting-up, rents, taxes, cost of management, and interest on capital, there remains a profit of £220, of which one-third has been distributed. We presume that the men have in the meantime been receiving some allowance for subsistence out of the funds, but on this point no distinct statement is made. The men, however, appear highly satisfied with their progress and prospects, and it is stated that they have started eight other associations in the six months of their existence.

A correspondent of the 'Leader' newspaper gives an account, from personal observation, of a piano-forte-making association which is housed in a garret of one of the meanest streets of Paris. 'Engaged in a manufacture that requires the greatest skill, taste, delicacy of touch, and a considerable knowledge of science, these men have neglected nothing to make their goods the most perfect of their kind; every new invention is introduced, and improvements are added by themselves, so that they might compete with the most celebrated in the trade had they the means to hire a warehouse in some fashionable street where they could expose their goods to the best advantage. As it is, they hold a second rank, and besides their Paris customers, have a considerable export trade. We were shown pianos worth £40 or £50, of the richest tone, for we had opportunity of judging when one of the members entered, and at the request of the *gerant* sat down and played with great taste and considerable execution. By the report which I have before me, it appears that in December 1849 they possessed a capital of more than 16,000*fr.* (£640), of which about 6000*fr.* form a reserve-fund, derived from deductions on the salaries of the members; and the rest

consists of money placed in the funds by the twenty-nine members, at 50*l.* each, of stock, tools, &c. and of profits obtained since March 1840, after deducting the expenses and labour of organization, which involved a period of two unproductive months. They are paid by the piece, and keep the profits for extending their business. Such a result, in so short a period, is an evidence of the superior intelligence with which their affairs have been managed; and yet this association is composed entirely of *working-men*, not a single master having joined them; and when they applied to the government for a portion of the three millions voted to the associations they were refused. . . . With courageous hearts, however, they set to work, some bringing their five or twenty francs, others their tools; some pawning their watches, and others their clothes: and they went without fire in the winter, drank no wine, not even on Sundays; lived upon bread, though working so hard, and, what was worse than all, they made their children live on it too! Thus they deprived themselves of every comfort, and even of the necessities of life, in order to amass the small sum of 300*l.* (L.12), which, with their tools, and the savings of the adherents who worked in private establishments, amounted to about 1000*l.* . . . They hired the miserable rooms I have described; induced a benevolent timber-merchant to let them have the most valuable woods on trust; made a piano, sold it, and with the price were able to make two others: sold them, and made four more; invented, and by friendly mutual criticism, perfected important improvements in the manufacture of pianos, for which they have become so celebrated that they have more orders than they are able to accomplish, having refused an order for fifty-six pianos to be purchased, and one hundred and twenty to be let on hire; and when we visited them, had already engaged more spacious ateliers, to which they intended to remove in a few days.

These, it must be admitted, are curious revelations of the tendencies of the proletarian mind in our days. So far from viewing such institutions with distrust or misliking, we sympathise with the aspirations in which they take their rise, and should certainly be glad to hear of any being decidedly and permanently successful. Men engaged in this manner may at least be expected to live more economically and temperately, having an immediate and pressing motive for saving, which seems to exist only as an exception amongst hiring labourers. The fate of such concerns must, however, be determined by common worldly considerations. One obvious difficulty lies in securing honest management; another in the liability to dissension and insubordination. In our country, the unlimited responsibility of partners is another great obstruction. Finally: if from a failure in trading dexterity, or any similar cause, a few losses be incurred, and men begin to find their gains less than are to be obtained from ordinary masters, then we presume no such society can long hold together.

Even supposing a reasonable success attained, it may be asked, Will the object of such associations be entirely gained?—that is, will hiring labour be extinguished? The six *auxiliaries* in the Tailors' Association is a significant fact. We more than suspect that no such result is in store. It has often occurred to us, that if twenty artisans, working as a copartnership in house-painting, plumbers, building, or any other trade, were to prosper and become possessed of a considerable surplus capital, they would be irresistibly tempted to engage others as servants, and do comparatively little work themselves. In short, they would pass in some degree into the condition of masters, leaving the bulk of the work to be done, as at present, by inferiors, so that no great change after all would be effected in the condition of the mass of the working population. It is possible that this apprehension of ours has been stated before; it may also have been answered. If so, we should like to know what was said on the other side.

It is perhaps scarcely possible for 'masters' to look coolly upon this experiment; but where 'men' are

determined on trying it, we would hope that they will be allowed to do so without opposition. If it proceeds upon a delusion, it will quickly fail, being left to itself. Should, on the contrary, those engaged believe that their plans have met with unfair play, it will only require the longer time to convince them that the eternal laws are against them.

#### A DREAM.

'I waked—she fled—and day brought back my night!'

MERITONIGHT I saw thee yesternight  
Sit near me in thine olden guise;  
The white robes and the palm forgone—  
Weaving, instead of an anaranth crows,  
A web of earthly dyes.

I cried, 'Where hast thou been so long?'  
The mild eyes turned and mutely smiled—  
'Why bid'st thou in those distant lands?  
What is that web within thy hands?'  
—'I work for thee, my child.'

I clasped thee in my arms, and wept:  
I kissed thee oft with passion wild;  
I poured fond questions—tender blame;  
Still thy sole answer was the same—  
'I work for thee, my child.'

'Come forth—walk with me as of old!'  
Thou camest—all silent as before;  
We passed along the churchyard way  
My child-feet trod each Sabbath-day,  
But now tread never more.

I felt thy hand upon my arm,  
Beside me thy meek face I saw;  
Yet in thy gesture, look, and air  
A something more than earth was there,  
That left a nameless awe.

Trampling I said, 'Sad years have passed  
Since thou wert from my heart beguiled;  
Now thou art come, and all shall be  
As was before.' Half-pensively  
Thou answerdest, 'Nay, my child!'

I pleaded sore—'Hast thou forgot  
The love wherewith we loved of old—  
The long sweet days of converse blest,  
The nights' calm slumber on thy breast?  
Art thou to me grown cold?'

Then beamed on me those eyes of heaven  
That woe no more, but ever smiled:  
'I may not leave the happy home  
Wherein I dwell—where till thou come  
I work for thee, my child.'

If from my sight thou passedst then,  
Or if my sob the dream expelled,  
I know not; but in memory clear  
I seem those strange words still to hear—  
'I work for thee, my child.'

Amen—amen! Though lone I stand  
Here in the sight of God and thou,  
I know, if e'er blest souls are given  
To guard beloved ones from heaven,  
Thou dost so 'work' for me!

#### SINGULAR ANIMALCULE.

There are facts and analogies tending to show that a peculiar state of activity may enable infinitesimal quantities of matter powerfully to affect the senses and the health. We eat animalcules by millions in the bloom of a plum, we also inhale them by millions (as Ehrenberg has shown) at every breath, and they neither affect our senses nor do us appreciable harm. Yet there is an animalcule which haunts cascades, sticking by its tail to the rocks or stones over which the water rushes, and which, when put into a vial with above a million times its weight of water, infects the whole mass with a putrid odour so strong as to be offensive at several yards' distance; and this not once, but several times a day, if the water be changed so often.—*Quarterly Review*.

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## THE PROFESSOR.

Our readers are of course aware that every family has its great man, past or present—the brother, cousin, or ancestor who has shed a lustre on the name; the pattern of all the young aspirants, the pride of all the settled ones on the greater or lesser pinnacles of life. It is gaining somewhat higher ground to be the great man of a community, and yet the distinction is pretty nearly as universal. Let us turn to our country's map, and lay our finger on its minutest letters, its obscurest hamlet, we shall find, on inquiry, that it has, or has had, its own 'distinguished native'—by comparison at least, the one richer, braver, wiser, or more fortunate than his fellows; and whatever the world at large may think of the claim, the inhabitants of the locality hold their heads a little higher as they talk of their great man, and believe it shall be said of the place, 'He was born there!'

Now the great man of our town is Professor Jones: he would smile to hear us say so, for never was there a more unpretending, retiring individual; but to our credit be it spoken, although Colonel Munnell has come home from India with a gash across his forehead, and his arm in a sling, and although Alderman Hutchinson has doubled his fortune—lucky man—by a railway hit, and rolls by our windows in his carriage every day; still high, unquestionably high, as those distinguished novelties rank in public estimation, much as they have been followed, and talked about, and lauded, popular opinion turns back, with unwonted fidelity, to its early election, and would account it rank heresy to put any one on a par with Professor Jones.

But this much we must confess, if sure we were slow, slow to discover, to believe in the greatness that had sprung up under our very eyes—it was not until it had been fairly thrust on us by his 'European reputation,' by the voices, the acclamations of learned societies, the honours awarded at home and abroad, that we began to recognise, amidst all the suffrages of pen and of tongue, our own absent fellow-townsmen, Eddy Jones. Could it indeed be possible? The uncouth schoolboy, who used daily to scamper by our windows, his satchel on his back, always a little too late; who would never make a graceful bow or turn out his feet at the dancing-school; who, as an apology for his presence, used always to be introduced as the Hutchinsons' cousin; who went away and came again at the college vacations, always taller and more awkward than ever; roaming off alone in 'the flowing valleys' or on the green hill-side, instead of joining our pic-nics; or else taking our young brothers as companions instead of ourselves: and then, who stayed away as if for good, until he was almost forgotten, allowing us to read of the learned Mr Jones in pamph-

let and in paper, to utter notes of admiration, as for an utter stranger; and then suddenly to return with his honours thick about him, and have a public dinner in the town-hall given to celebrate his arrival, and his health drank with three times three as 'our distinguished townsman, Professor Jones.'

Many of us could hardly believe our eyes and ears, thus offering contradictory evidence: there he was bodily, as pale, as awkward, as shy as ever. That was our Eddy Jones most surely; but how to reconcile this unchanged appearance with his changed position; the visible with the ideal personage of whom we had heard so much—could they indeed be one and the same? Fortunately an opportunity, on the very spot, and at the very critical moment, satisfied every doubt, and furnished the key-stone to a popularity which since then has never wavered.

At the period we are recording—many a long year ago—our dull commercial town, which had remained far behind the rest of the world in the march of intellect, received its first onward impulse in the bequest of a valuable library and museum from one of its citizens who had travelled and thriven in other lands, and, dying far away, sent home those cherished acquisitions, as an abiding token of remembrance, to his native place. Sooth to say, he might have known us better, unless, indeed, he made the gift in a spirit of prescience, to be realised by the event. As it was, many laughed at the 'collection of rubbish;' many grumbled at the expense of providing a building to contain it, and asked 'how would it pay?' and all were at a loss how to secure and arrange it, with just sufficient perception of fitness to know that the dusty unpacked cases were an abiding reproach, when who should arrive but Professor Jones, the very man to obviate the difficulty, and save 'his country's credit.' He willingly undertook the task of arrangement; and warming to his occupation, not only felt interested himself, but exciting an interest in others, offered, while he remained, to give a course of lectures on some of the rare specimens he had taken such trouble to class.

The offer was warmly accepted. Interest indeed—enthusiasm was now the word. Who so proud as we of our public museum, our lecture-room, laboratory, library, botanic garden?—for thus we progressed; while last, not least, our eloquent lecturer won suffrages on all sides, as we have told, and visiting us every summer, renewed his delightful course of instruction thus periodically, until at last it became quite a settled thing; and the rising generation found cause to bless the unpretending hand that had set the wheel in motion, and given them something more interesting to talk of and listen to than the quality of butter and the price of pigs.

Our first experience in the lecture way was a botani-

cal one, to which, as being somewhat within the range of youthful comprehension, we were permitted to go: as to our appreciation even of that subject we cannot now say much, believing our fancy to have been more taken with the visible appliances, the floral specimens, the well-dressed crowd, the lecturer himself, who in private was still to us only Eddy Jones. How well we can remember successively speculating whether he would single us out amidst the long rows of upturned faces—whether he would feel flattered or ashamed at so many starers—whether he noticed them at all—and finally, whether he could overlook the sweet pretty lady who soon caught our wandering gaze, and who, to tell the truth, fully occupied our thoughts during the remainder of the lecture, grievously to the loss of the subject it took! It was her fixed attention to the lecture that first distracted ours; continually our eyes turned to watch if she once looked away, until at last we gave ourselves up without another thought to the pleasurable employment of wandering through the land of conjecture by the light of the loveliest, and at the same time most peculiar countenance we had ever seen.

Reader, it was then the time for frizzed curls and sky-scraping bonnets, and gigot sleeves: closely packed on the benches, and each in the other's way, elbowing and peeping between shoulders and heads, and little folk would have small chance of a view, had it not been for the unobtrusive neighbour seated just at a right angle before us. Think how we must have admired this lovely girl, or, indeed, at first her small straw bonnet—the then quite-exploded cottage shape—untied and partly thrown back, in the eagerness of her attention, and disclosing in front of the vista thus afforded her own peculiarly beautiful profile, with the delicately-formed nose, the short upper lip, scarcely covering the gleaming teeth, and the dark smooth hair, braided plainly over the symmetrical brow. It was evident she had dropped from some other region: she was as different from as she seemed indifferent to the surrounding crowd. With pleased and animated attention, a flush on her clear cheek, and a dawning smile now and then, she followed the subject; but her dark liquid eyes never turned to notice its effect on any one else, never wandered a moment; and we, as we have told, giving ourselves up to conjecture and sundry speculations, felt a longing to change places with the mute assistant peeping from behind the lecturer's shoulder, that we might judge for ourselves of the effect of that fascinated or fascinating glance.

Thus it continued for many a day: many an admiring look besides our own strayed in the direction of the beautiful stranger, but never could we detect a glance in return. If the fair head were bent, or the bright eyes turned aside for a moment, it was but to exchange a smile of gratified intelligence with a seeming attendant—an old lady, dressed in black of the same simple fashion, who always accompanied her as her shadow; or else—but rarely this—when with momentary impatience she looked her surprise at the interruption of a somewhat audible whisper, or the scarcely less audible scribbling, as some fair pirate beside her took notes of the lecturer's words. At last curiosity overcoming the shyness of fourteen, we took courage to inquire who the strange pretty lady might be, and the answer—'Oh, she is granddaughter to old Abrahams the jeweller on the quay!'—at once explained the secret of her singular style of beauty, and demeanour as well as dress, so different from what we were accustomed to see.

She was the granddaughter of a Jew, not a Jewess herself; but still as much apart from our circle and opportunities of seeing her elsewhere as if she had been; for her mother being a Roman Catholic, and permitted to bring up her child in her own religious creed, there was no chance of our seeing her even at church, the only public place which we had been until now allowed to frequent. We found all this out, and what

follows, by degrees: Rachel was an orphan, only lately come from Malta, where her parents had lived and died, and now almost as much secluded from the world as if she had remained in the convent where she had been educated. By her father's will, she resided here under her grandfather's care.

At this time no one seemed to know aught of her beyond the passing glimpse so quickly shrouded, as at the conclusion of each lecture down was drawn the delicate black lace veil, and the large shawl—so gracefully and differently worn from ours—wrapped closely round her retreating figure. Thus she always vanished from her seat near the entrance; there she was always found by the earliest arrival. Our courage never amounted to asking the solution of the problem—how far lecturers indulged themselves in the habit of individualising their audience, or whether Eddy Jones in particular had remarked his fair votary; but fortune favouring us at length, we had an opportunity of judging for ourselves. On one of the closing days, the young lady with her attendant was retiring, as usual, when her attention seemed arrested by a beautiful camellia, one of the specimens which still remained undisturbed in its glass. She paused in passing by, and throwing back her veil with an involuntary word of admiration, called her companion's notice to the brilliant flower as she momentarily bent to admire it and inhale its perfume. We were close behind, and 'now or never' thought we—'Eddy Jones must be a stone if he does not notice the pretty lady now.' And we were right: he did notice her certainly; but the doubt was solved—it was evidently for the first time. Ah, cold-hearted professor! He was in the act of closing one of the volumes to which he had referred during the lecture, when his eye absently rested on the beaming face, scarcely rivalled by the object of its admiration; no one could misunderstand its expression; and immediately, with much politeness, but as if he had been addressing his grandmother, he respectfully informed the young lady she was quite welcome to the specimen she admired, and then hardly noticing her soft word of thanks, resumed his occupation with abstracted air again.

Her animated gesture of delight, as she turned to receive her attendant's nod of acquiescence in her acceptance of the courtesy, might have rewarded the professor's good-nature, had he been looking that way; but no—though with hurried fingers she endeavoured to detach the flower-stalk from a stone to which it had been fastened in order to keep the heavy blossom steady in the glass—he never proffered the slightest assistance, never turned to answer the mute inquiry with which she looked for permission to take all away together; so, evidently interpreting this indifference in the way most convenient at the moment, she hastily wrapped the dripping flower-stalk and its appendage, just as they were, in her embroidered cambric handkerchief, and with a slight inclination of the head—still unnoticed—glided quietly away.

The lectures were ended, the summer waned and went, and we saw or heard no more of the fair Jewess, as we used to call her. Very few were better off in that respect; but from one of those few, one that afterwards knew her well, we have heard the rest. She had become very ill during the winter: it seemed that our chilly and changeable climate did not agree with the daughter of a southern race and clime; or perhaps the total change of position, and want of youthful companionship, was the true cause of those variable spirits and that fading cheek. But the spring returned, and again another summer, and once more the drooping girl revived to the enjoyment of the few simple pleasures her isolated life afforded.

Foremost of all was her delight in flowers, and with grateful gladness she again found herself able to occupy her own little sitting-room, opening into the large garden at the back of the house. Her grandfather had

kindly erected a small conservatory outside her window; he would willingly have indulged and amused her more had he only understood how; but far advanced in life, continually occupied, and uncongenial in his tastes as in his habits, he rarely anticipated what might please the solitary girl, and she was far too gentle and respectful to obtrude her little fancies on his notice: it was only through the occasional intervention of her faithful attendant, Marietta, that she obtained the few recreations—the books and flowers—that she most dearly prized; but society, to speak of it in the usual acceptance of the word, she had none.

She had left her own room after a dreary confinement there, and, still languid from her long illness, was lying on her little sofa beside the glass door opening into the conservatory, inhaling and enjoying the sweet perfume of the flowers, when her grandfather entered the apartment to congratulate her on the move, and pay his usual five minutes' visit before proceeding to the business of the day. Having hurried through his formal routine, 'Do you want anything, Rachel?—do you wish for anything?—do you feel stronger to-day?'—and having received the usual gentle acquiescent replies, he had turned to leave the room, when his eye happened to rest on a small table where she had arranged some treasured playthings of her childish days—as well as a few more recent acquisitions dear to her feelings also—in a sort of tasteful order, calling them her precious things, though apparently of little value to an uninitiated eye.

Some such thought seemed to suggest the half-indulgent smile with which the old jeweller—accustomed to more glittering toys—surveyed poor Rachel's valuables; he was then passing on, when, suddenly pausing with a start, he darted a hawk-like pounce on the object which had attracted his attention, and turning back quickly to the sofa, exclaimed, 'How did you come by this, Rachel dear? How long has it been here? How did I never notice it before?'

Rachel languidly raised herself on one arm as she bent forward to meet her grandfather's extended hand; but the instant her eyes rested on the object it presented, the eloquent blood mounted quickly over neck and brow, and with a half-consciousness of some gone-by feeling that had prompted her to hoard it up, a memory of the innocent delight with which she had placed it among her treasures, she falteringly answered, 'It is only a stone, grandpapa.'

He was too much engrossed with his discovery to notice her embarrassment; though, had he done so, he might have attributed it to a cause of which Rachel little dreamed; and he immediately replied with some impatience, 'A stone! I know that, to be sure; but it is so precious, so remarkable a one, that I require to know how it came into your hands?'

It was now Rachel's turn to feel astonished. Rising hastily from the sofa, with but little trace of her former languor, her late emotion, she took the stone from her grandfather's hand, eagerly inquiring what could he mean; and in the same breath informing him how it had come into her possession; ingenuously adding, that utterly unconscious of its having any intrinsic value, and yet regarding it as a memorial of delightful hours—of those charming lectures which had afforded her the liveliest pleasure she had enjoyed since she came—she had placed it among other dear mementos, precious from their association, as she imagined, to herself alone.

Her grandfather smiled again, but differently, as his eye reverted one moment to Rachel's little collection, then turned with a sparkle of gratified cupidity to the object of real value still resting in her hand. He took it back again, examined it more intently; then muttering to himself, 'This is no childish toy,' without further explanation was leaving the room, when Rachel, laying her hand on his arm, arrested his steps, as she

exclaimed, 'You know, my grandpapa, this does not belong to me: if it has really any value, I fear I have committed a great error, unconsciously, in appropriating it. What is best to be done? How shall we immediately repair my fault?'

'Dear, dear—nonsense, child: what a work about nothing? It is yours to be sure: does any other owner demand it? You have the right of possession, I of discovery, and it is hard if, between both, we may not make it our own. Give it to me, foolish one, and you shall have for yourself a far prettier bauble instead.'

He was again about to leave the room, when Rachel, summoning up her fast-waning strength, replied with unwonted firmness, 'Not so, grandpapa; that cannot be: this must be restored to the rightful owner, wherever he can be found. It is only a question of common honesty: I took it as a worthless stone—as a precious one I must restore it.' And removing it in a decided manner from the old jeweller's hand before he was aware of her intention, she laid it carefully in a little drawing-box on the table beside her; then closing the lid, looked up smilingly as she added, 'Do, dear grandpapa, make inquiries, and find out all about it at once. I shall feel myself a robber until it is safe in the owner's hands again.'

A strange, unpleasant smile succeeded the old man's first look of angry disappointment, as Rachel thus peremptorily shut up the coveted object from his view; and coldly answering, 'I did not expect this from you—you take too much upon you, Rachel!' he turned away without his usual parting caress, and left the room.

Rachel, agitated and overwrought, lay back on the sofa, hardly able for some moments to analyse her position, or comprehend the predicament in which, between her own sense of duty, and her grandfather's strange conduct, she found herself so unexpectedly placed. In deep and painful thought she buried her face in the soft silken cushions, now self-accusing, now endeavouring to recall the exact circumstances attending her appropriation of the stone; then conjecturing whether its value had been ever understood, or if so, why had it been so negligently guarded, or put to such a careless use? Wearied out with these cogitations, she fell fast asleep; and the afternoon sun was shining through the fountain drops and perfumed leaves of the conservatory, when, composed and refreshed, she at length awoke. Her watchful attendant, who had all the while occupied a seat at the far end of the room, monotonously sewing, now approached with Rachel's noonday draught of goats' milk, her favourite beverage, in memory of her far island home; but though the usual hour had long elapsed, the cup was laid down untasted; while Rachel eagerly drew the colour-box towards her, in order to examine the late object of discussion, and judge whether its external appearance were really so commonplace as to justify the blindness with which she had made it her own. She hurriedly opened the box, and raised up the partition; but the bright glow of expectation instantly faded away, and, pale as death, she clasped her hands, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Marietta, who has done this? It is gone!'

Her attendant, who had remained standing close by, threw her arms affectionately round the agitated girl, supporting her sinking figure, and turning back from her brow the rich masses of hair, disordered in sleep; but made no reply. Rachel passionately reiterated her question, adding in the same breath, 'Did you remain in the room—did you watch while I slept?'

'My child knows I never leave her.'

'Then who else has been here? Or is it possible—oh, Marietta, it is not possible you would grieve me by removing that stone?'

A sorrowful shake of the head was the only reply.

'Then who can have done so? You surely must know: I must know too,' and raising herself from the

arms in which she had been resting, and fixing her troubled glance on her companion's face, she added firmly, 'I must know, Marietta: I command you to tell.'

No downcast or evasive look sought to parry the question; with a glance as upright as her own, though still gentle and intreating, Marietta replied, 'Urge me no farther, dear lady: I am already commanded—not to speak!'

'Commanded! and by whom? Who could dare!—But the unfinished sentence died away, the obvious explanation flashing on Rachel's mind even as she made the inquiry; and throwing herself again into Marietta's arms, she hid her burning face on her bosom, and wept bitterly and long.

For a length of time her attendant vainly tried to calm her agitation, making light of the loss, of the value of the missing article, until at last Rachel, impatiently raising her head, silenced those topics of consolation by exclaiming, 'If you love me, Marietta, speak in that way no more. My honour—the honour of our house—is involved. For myself, I may forgive, I may forget that I have been betrayed; but for the sake of all that should be dearest—Yes, Marietta, if you love me, you must contrive to have this matter redressed, or be assured I shall find a way to redress it myself.'

No one could doubt that the lofty determination now expressed in every line of the young girl's countenance—triumphant over weakness, timidity, inexperience—would in some way or other work out its own purpose; and Marietta also recalling the harsher lines that contracted the old jeweller's brow, trembled as she pictured to herself the collision between two natures so kindred in resolution, differing so widely in principle—neither of them likely to deviate from the line of conduct they had laid down. To confess the truth, Marietta could not view the offence in the same aggravated light as her young mistress: her southern ideas of household subjection accorded the most despotic powers to its head; while her notions of property being somewhat more relaxed than those enjoined by our code of laws, she regarded the old man's appropriation of a stone that had remained so long valueless and unclaimed in his house, as quite a venial offence, if not exactly a justifiable act. She expended all her eloquence in endeavouring to impress her young mistress with this view of the case, and in persuading her to throw all the responsibility on her grandfather, whose authority and whose years should entitle him to act as he thought best; but all her arguments were in a moment upset when Rachel, reproachfully turning away, poured out her sorrowing lament that even her tried and loving Marietta should combine against her—should seek to pervert her mind. There was no withstanding those desolate tones; and yielding to affection more than to rectitude, she gave Rachel a solemn promise that she would use all remonstrances, all intreaties with her grandfather, and failing in these, would do her best.

We have said the summer was returned; with it came Professor Jones' annual visit to his native town, and no less eagerly anticipated, his annual course of lectures. This season chemistry was to be the order of the day; and on the morning of the opening lecture the professor was to be seen in the laboratory busily superintending some preparations for the ensuing experiments. The assistant was stupid and awkward, and the professor's patience sorely tried; at last turning to a gentleman who had charge of the mineral section, and who was looking on, he exclaimed, 'By the by, where is Peter Hughes, our assistant last year? I miss him at every turn—he was so obliging and in-

tellectual as indeed all that,' replied Mr Austen gravely; 'his more sterling qualities did not keep pace with these gifts.'

The professor looked up with a glance of surprise; but Mr Austen, giving a slight hem, to indicate that he had already said too much, turned quickly away, and Professor Jones had to endure, as best he could, the blunders of his present assistant until the arrangements were complete; he then, according to his usual habit, turned in to the adjoining room to have a few moments' chat with its occupant while the lecture-room below was gradually filling. There could not have been a greater or a more amusing contrast—their peculiar avocations considered—than those two individuals presented. According to appearances, each should have taken the other's place: the pale, lank face, dark, thoughtful, deep-set eyes, absent air, and gaunt figure of Edward Jones, would have exactly suited our idea of a mineralogist—of one accustomed to dive into nature's more hidden mysteries; while his long, bony, and—shall we say it?—not always spotless fingers, seemed made for groping amidst the dens and caves of the earth. On the other hand, Mr Austen's round little russet cheeks and dapper figure, his prominent bright blue eyes, hardly kept in their sockets by his spectacles, which seemed chiefly worn for that purpose, as he continually glanced above and beneath them; and his movements, ever on the alert, presented an appearance of exuberant health and animation that might well have matched a professor of botany who had studied for his degree on the blithe hill-side.

On this day, however, when rejoined by Professor Jones, he was in the act of walking up and down between the rows of neatly-arranged glass-cases which furnished his particular department with an air of disturbance and discomfort very much at variance with his usual satisfied look in that well-ordered place. Without waiting for a question, he immediately exclaimed, 'So you miss poor Hughes? No wonder I am always put out of sorts when I think of him: he was as a right hand to me, while to his poor sickly mother I believe he was all in all. But what would you have? In a responsible situation such as this, things cannot be overlooked; and confidence once shaken, his usefulness was crippled: in fact there is no getting on with a man you must watch!'

'What is it all about?' inquired the professor with an air of serious interest. 'Is it possible you found reason to withdraw your confidence from Hughes?'

'Just so,' replied Mr Austen in a dry, testy tone; 'at least it was a question between him and myself. We both should have come before the committee; but I indulged his wish in taking the quieter course, and allowed him to resign, without going into a public investigation, where he would have found it impossible to prove himself innocent.'

'Without proving him guilty?' exclaimed Professor Jones reproachfully.

'To my own complete conviction I did; and he, poor devil, voluntarily admitted that, in the face of appearances, all the waters in the channel would not wash him clear. It was just this,' added Mr Austen abruptly, after a moment's thought:—'A piece of quartz, a cat's-eye, brought from Malabar by Colonel Maunsell, and presented by him to the institution, with some pebbles and pieces of ore, mostly trash—this, however, was really a valuable specimen. I was sorting the whole—rejecting some, placing the rest as you see them in that cabinet there, and had laid this particular one aside with my own hands, to be sent to old Abrahams to get cut and polished. Hughes remembers quite well, and admits having got my directions; but when I came to lock up the collection, the cat's-eye was gone. It was excessively awkward. As to Hughes, I confess I should as soon have thought of suspecting myself; but feeling it my duty in the first instance to mention the loss to the donor, he, as he expressed himself—in his rough dragooning way—at once put the saddle on the right horse; accused Peter, who had not a word to say in his

defence, beyond reiterated protestations of innocence; and so, not having the heart to denounce him, I quietly let him go.

'It was a bad business,' said the professor thoughtfully. 'If I could have trusted any man's countenance, it would have been his.'

'Pooh! pooh!' replied Mr Austen impatiently; 'I thought I might have trusted his fingers' ends. But this much is certain—we have not been able to supply his loss. For myself, I no longer trust any one, and am fretted out of my life, with an eye on this corner and an eye on that.'

Professor Jones could not restrain a smile, but his companion continued more testily—'Wait until some of your crucibles are upset, or your apparatus blown up, by that new fellow's awkwardness, and then you will have sympathy for the loss I was compelled to inflict on myself.'

'I have not the least doubt of it, from the specimen I have already had,' replied the professor, laughing, as he ran down stairs, half expecting to find some of Mr Austen's forebodings realised: all was right however, the room already full; and the lecture proceeded without interruption or mishap.—It was over, and the room rapidly thinning, almost empty at last, when two individuals, who had occupied a place near the door, and remained sitting still during the general rush, now quietly rose and approached the table, evidently waiting a disengaged moment to address the lecturer, who was still busied at the opposite side. The instant he turned towards them, the younger figure threw back her veil. It was our friend Rachel; though the pale and agitated face thus revealed was different, indeed, from the bright one that had so completely distracted our youthful attention the summer before. Her companion, Marietta, advancing nearer by a step, in a subdued voice informed the lecturer that her young lady wished to speak to him for a moment; and the quick colour mantling in her cheek at his glance of surprise, making her look like her former self, at once changed it into a slight smile of pleased recognition, as, passing round from behind the table to the benches where they stood, he placed himself in every sense on a level with them, sinking the lecturer in the friend. Rachel, again very pale, and finding her voice somewhat faltering, made a resolute effort, and intending at once to enter on her painful mission, abruptly inquired, 'Do you remember me?'

Had she known more of the world—had he been a more gallant man—each might have felt this a fair opening for a complimentary reply; but they were neither one nor the other, and Edward Jones, seeing that his fair questioner had some earnest purpose at heart, simply answered, 'I think I do—you were at one of the botanical lectures last year.'

One of them! Ah, Professor Jones! But this was not Rachel's thought. Gladly catching at the word, as pointing to the particular day she wished to recall, she replied with renewed animation, 'Yes; and you gave me a beautiful camellia' (the professor nodded his head); 'and fastened to the camellia was a stone.' Here Rachel's voice dropped as low as if the stone had been sinking it; and the professor, somewhat interested and surprised, again bent his head to hear what hung thereby.

'I could not at the moment disengage it; I imagined it was of no value; and I brought it home attached to the flower-stalk, and—I did not throw it away'—She paused, and raising her sweet troubled eyes, seemed to ask Edward Jones could he not guess the rest?

But he, never dreaming to what she would have led him, for want of something better, half-encouragingly reiterated her words, 'There was a stone fastened to the flower?'

'Yes; I hoped you might have remembered—fastened to the stalk, to keep it steady in the glass;' then des-

perately added, 'I discovered only a few days since that it was really a most valuable stone.'

A sudden recollection flashed on the professor's mind, brightening his eyes, and even his sorrowful face, as he now eagerly re-echoed Rachel's words: 'A valuable stone—tied to the flower-stalk, and carried away by you that day? Ah! now I remember all: it must be so. I went into Mr Austen's room with the glass in my hand, and unable to keep the flower steady; while I was talking, took up a stone; he told me 'twas rubbish, and I never looked at it. It must be the one. My dear young lady, I am so delighted, so obliged! You little know what mischief we have done. Where is it? Have you got it here?'

It was now Rachel's turn to colour deeply, then to grow deadly pale, but with courageous heart again she spoke directly to the point:—'My grandfather is a jeweller; it was he accidentally discovered its value: the stone is now in his possession; and I am here to request, if quite at leisure, you will come with me and demand it.'

We have hinted that Edward Jones had never allowed himself much intimacy with feminine ways; but there are feelings common to every human breast; and in the bravely-suppressed emotion, the unspoken words of that brief sentence, he thought he perceived a glimmering of the truth. With a tone of deepest respect he expressed his readiness, his anxiety, to accompany her at once, giving her a brief account of that morning's interview with Mr Austen, and cordially expressing his hope that this might turn out to be the missing stone, and himself the real offender. He gave his arm to Rachel, thus talking rapidly all the while, very contrary to his usual wont, but kindly seeking to relieve her from the embarrassment which he saw had some deeper source than the mere novelty of her position. He was more and more convinced of this as he felt the little hand that rested on his arm tremble now and then, and the graceful footsteps falter from the time they came in sight of the jeweller's shop; and it was only some indefinable feeling quite at variance with his usual matter-of-fact good-nature that restrained him from yielding to the impulse of peeping under his companion's bonnet to ascertain had she grown much paler, or putting his arm round her, lest she should absolutely faint away.

To his surprise, when they reached the decisive spot all this weakness seemed to vanish. Looking up with steadfast eyes and the same elevated expression that had already influenced Marietta, Rachel addressed him in firmer accents than had yet come to her aid: 'This is my grandpapa's house; he may perhaps resent my introducing a stranger; but his anger will pass away—you must not be influenced by it.' As she spoke, she crossed the threshold, and to the old jeweller's evident surprise, stood face to face with him the next moment with her companion, the counter between.

Before he had time to ask a question, or express the astonishment so legibly depicted on his face, Rachel had addressed him in the gentlest tones of her peculiarly melodious voice: 'This is Professor Jones, my grandpapa—the gentleman from whom I told you I received the camellia last year. He has informed me that the stone, attached to it by mistake, was missed, without any clue as to what had become of it; and a worthy person who had those minerals in charge consequently dismissed from his employment. What a pleasure—and here her sweet voice grew more impressive—'what a happiness to be the means of restoring him to his position, at least in the esteem of those who valued him before!'

It is utterly impossible to depict the varied emotions that swept over the Jew's tawny face, now flushed into orange. Anger, astonishment, disappointment, flashed in his eyes, and contracted the harsh lines of his forehead and mouth: as the latter feeling took its turn,

they partially relaxed; and Rachel, whose purposely-lengthened little speech afforded him time to recollect himself, saw, to her infinite relief, that his shrewd sense was prompting him for the present at least to avoid a scene. With a smile nearly akin to a spasm, he turned to Professor Jones, saying, 'You can of course identify the stone?'

'I am not certain of that,' replied the professor frankly. 'I took it myself in a fit of absence—of course not appreciating its value; but numbers in the place can do so—Mr Austen, Peter Hughes, Colonel Maunsell, who brought it from the East. It is a cat's eye—of much value in his estimation at least; and Mr Austen had taken it out of the museum, intending to place it in your hands to polish, when I unluckily laid hold of it, not minding what I was about.'

So there was yet something to be gained by it? This speech decided the old jeweller; he even threw a grateful glance towards Rachel. It seemed never before to have occurred to him that the stone was an object of general interest, sure to be generally recognised, or else he might probably have never thought of making it his own, never resisted Rachel's gentle intreaties, Marietta's more peremptory remonstrances and demands for its restoration. But now, fully appreciating the prompt decisiveness and affectionate discretion that had not only spared his character, but his feelings, in softened mood he turned to his grandchild, and taking the stone out of a little private drawer, placed it in her hand, gently saying, 'It is you who so thoughtfully preserved it, that should have the pleasure of restoring it. We all are indebted to you, my little Rachel; and, sir, will you tell Mr Austen, that if he still desires to intrust it to my workmanship, I shall feel double pleasure in bringing out its perfections for my discreet little granddaughter's sake?'

Professor Jones promised to deliver the message faithfully, and to report the obligation under which the young lady had placed them all; and then Rachel ventured timidly to ask, might she hear of Peter Hughes' restoration to favour: there was certainly a glad look in the professor's eyes as he promised surely to come and tell.

He came, and often; and Rachel's love for flowers was gratified to the utmost by many a rare addition to her conservatory, her herbarium—many a healthful ramble by wood and hill, collecting specimens under the best professional guidance, the good-natured Marietta always close at hand. Many smiled to see the grave and hitherto bashful professor thus brightly accompanied; but let them smile away; it makes no great matter now; for a little bird, doubtless overhearing something in the woodland walks, has whispered in our ears, that unless we look very sharp, our old schoolfellow will steal another march on us before the holidays return again.

#### EFFECT OF VAGUENESS IN MILTON.

ONE of the marked characteristics of Milton's poetry is the success with which he has employed the element of ambiguity in adding terror to his descriptions and increasing their power. The grandeur of some of his most powerful passages is founded on the overwhelming energy with which he introduces images of horror heightened by all the mystery which belongs to supernatural narration.

We may refer to his portrait of Death, where the terror of the picture is immeasurably increased by the ambiguity and indistinctness in which it is enveloped—

—'The other shape,  
If shape it might be called that shape had none  
Indistinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,  
For each seemed either.'

What can be more vague and shadowy than these lines, yet what sublimity pervades the whole picture! There is an element of grandeur in the very indefiniteness of the terms employed which overwhelms and oppresses the mind. The description continues in the same strain—

—'Black it stood as night—  
Fierce as ten furies—terrible as hell!  
And shook a dreadful dart! What seemed its head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.'

Here, again, the utmost indistinctness prevails. No definite image whatever is presented, but a crowd of associations and suggestions are pressed in to add horror to the scene, and bewilder the imagination by the indefiniteness and confusion in which the whole is enshrouded. The description of the onward march of this tyrant is one of powerful energy—

—'From his seat,  
The monster moving, onward came,  
With horrid strides. Hell trembled as he strode!'

The description of the realms of Chaos on the opening of hell-gates, is a further instance of the power with which Milton employs this element of ambiguity in adding terror to the superhuman sights and sounds among which he transports us. No exact detail could convey the horrors which the indistinct intimations of the poet suggest in his description of that

—'Hoary deep! that dark  
Illimitable ocean without bound—  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,  
And time, and place, are lost!'

where

—'Chaos umpire sits—  
Next him, high arbiter,  
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss  
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed  
Confusedly!'

No finished picture could present ideas half so terrible as the rugged outline which the poet draws. His employment of negatives acts like an incantation. He tells us what this abode is not; and as with the touch of a magician's wand, an overwhelming picture is instantly presented to the eye. Again, when he would give us the measure of this dreadful 'deep,' he tells us that the fiend in his passage over, meeting a 'vast vacuity'—

'Drops down ten thousand fathom deep!'

and but for

'The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
Which hurried him as many miles aloft,  
To this hour down had been falling!'

There is another passage which owes its power to the mystery, confusion, and uncertainty of the imagery suggested. Milton is describing the fallen angels travelling through their dismal habitation. Here we find the poet avoiding all minute detail, and giving us only indistinct but gigantic imagery. He does not count the rebel legions—he does not measure the size of their abode; but gives us at once an idea of boundless expansion:—

—'Through many a dark and dreary vale  
They passed, and many a region dolorous;  
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp—  
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death—  
A universe of death!'

Here the imagination is first filled with a sense of immeasurable extension, then a crowd of images rush upon us—all images of terror and desolation—'rocks,

caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,' till we are brought to the climax—'A universe of death!' Yet in this description there is not an idea presented which is not clothed in the utmost vagueness. When we endeavour to picture the 'rocks, caves, dens, and shades of death—a universe of death!' we are lost in uncertainty and confusion; yet it is this very circumstance which, while it wraps the whole in mystery, gives sublimity to the description.

The element of indefiniteness is employed with like effect in the succeeding lines. In this 'universe of death'—

'Where all *Life dies, Death lives*, and nature breeds  
Perverse—all monstrous, all prodigious things  
Abominable, unutterable, and worse  
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived—  
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimaeras dire !'

The crowd of inconceivable, monstrous, unutterable horrors which here rush upon the mind, act more powerfully upon the imagination than the most definite description; and the genius of the poet is shown in this power of calling up such a rush of imagery with a few master-strokes.

The strength of these passages rests on the images presented. But from the nature of the representations, it is difficult to place ourselves so intimately amid the scenes described as to awaken vividly the sensation of terror. The actors and the whole of the imagery are so far removed from human sympathies, and there is so little in them in unison with our nature, that they fail for the most part in producing any strong or self-conscious emotion of fear. The peculiar style of Milton's poetry could perhaps alone have enabled him to carry out the lofty views of his genius. His attempt was not, while surrounded by the associations and incidents of our earthly condition, to amaze us by the ushering in of the supernatural agents whom he introduces in the scene, but we are required to take up our actual abode among them. Apart from the sympathies and the associations of mortals, we are to share the hopes, the fears, the emotions, the agitations, and the fortunes of the supernatural beings who, throughout the earlier part of the poem, are the sole actors in the drama.

In order to enjoy, or even to comprehend, such poetry as this, the mind of the reader must co-operate with that of the writer. An intellectual effort is required on his part which shall bear some proportion to the gigantic feats of the poet himself. With ordinary fictions, where there is any strength or power of description, we have only to surrender ourselves to the illusion in order to become actors or witnesses in the scene. With the poetry of Milton, on the contrary, we share the labours of the poet: our own minds must act throughout in concert with his.

But if Milton's poetry involve more labour on the part of the reader, he is repaid by the elevation to which it raises him, and the bolder range which opens before him. The effort itself, no less than the scenes and associations among which he mingles, is one that will give strength, and tone, and vigour to his whole intellectual nature. Of all the writers who have introduced so largely the agency of supernatural beings, Milton perhaps remains unrivalled. His poetry contains just so much tangible imagery as to present forcible pictures to the imagination, united with that ambiguity and mystery which should characterise description that relates to beings of another world.

In order to awaken our sympathies with beings so wholly removed from our conceptions, it was necessary that they should be invested with somewhat of the attributes of our own nature—that their characters, as well as their forms, should bear some dim resemblance to our own, but magnified into gigantic proportions, and discernible only in their shadowy outlines. If they possessed no features by which we could iden-

tify them with ourselves, it is manifest that we should have no scale by which to judge of their dimensions, or, indeed, any point at all by which they could become conceivable to us. We should soon cease to be interested about beings who differed from our own species in any of its essential attributes; who were incapable, for instance, of the ordinary affections of our nature—hope, desire, anticipation; or who were wholly free from its infirmities—fear, pain, or sorrow. In like manner we should turn with weariness from an order of beings who had nothing in common with us of external form; who were wholly incapable of the same bodily sensations; who had no faculties akin to our own organs of speech, or vision, or hearing, or touch; whose power of perceiving the external world was by a medium wholly differing from our own, and whose mode of communication with each other had nothing in common with our own powers of speech or hearing. Poetry which seeks to awaken any emotion in regard to beings of a higher order than ourselves beyond the simple one of awe or terror, must do so by presenting some picture with which the imagination can grapple; and this picture should bear some general resemblance to our own species. It should be a shadow of ourselves, increased to colossal dimensions, but invested with all the darkness and mystery which a shadow wears. Now this the poetry of Milton does. He transports us into a region which we recognise as wholly removed from the abodes of men, and leads us into communion with beings who, we feel, are not creatures of like flesh and blood with ourselves, but who yet have enough in common with our nature to excite and rivet our attention.

Still, the predominant feelings awakened by this portion of Milton's poetry will be those of awe, wonder, or admiration, rather than any vivid kindling of emotion from an actual participation in the scenes of the drama. Let us take, for instance, the sensation produced by the narration of some battle or terrible catastrophe, in which human beings are the actors and the sufferers, compared with that awakened by Milton's magnificent description of the War of the Angels. In the one case we tremble, as if ourselves present in the scene, and exposed to all the horrors of the conflict; in the other, the situations and the circumstances are so far removed from any to which we have ever known a parallel, that however we may be struck with the gorgeous imagery of the poet, the illusion is not strong enough to awaken that sensation of terror, which the narration of horrors less tremendous, and dangers more familiar, might produce. The whole scenery and imagery, however, are so managed as to present a picture of intense force to the mental eye, yet a picture so far removed from any realities we have ever known, or of which we can conceive, that it fails to produce that partial belief which narrations more homely inspire.

The account of the final overthrow of Satan and his army, and their fall, is another proof of the power which Milton's descriptions acquire from the *indistinctness* of the imagery he employs. He gives us no finished picture; but by a few hasty suggestions, and a rugged sketch of colossal imagery, he furnishes his readers with materials for making out a picture for themselves—faint, indefinite, and overwhelming. On the third day, the victory being still doubtful, Messiah, in his triumphal chariot, achieves the conquest, and the rebel legions are driven to the wall of heaven, which, opening, discloses a wild and horrid deep. Struck with terror, they fall backward; and throw themselves headlong from the verge of heaven into this monstrous gulf:—

'Hell heard the insufferable noise, \* \* \*  
\* \* \* and would have fled  
Affrighted; but that Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations. \* \* \*

Nine days they fell ! Confounded Chaos roared,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall,  
Through his wild anarchy so huge a route  
Encumbered him with ruin !

## THE GANG-ROBBERS OF INDIA.

### CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

FROM the general picture we have drawn of the Indian banditti, our readers will be prepared to find their adventures a little different from those of their brethren in Europe. The German foresters were disciplined bands; and their Schinderhannes, the famous 'robber of the Rhine,' would have made no contemptible captain in regular war; but the object of their expeditions was never of a very ambitious nature; their highest feats being limited to the surprise of a village, the gutting of a house, or an exchange of shots with the military. In India, where the circulating medium consists of the precious metals, and where, therefore, considerable sums are at all times moving about from place to place, guarded by regular troops, through long and dreary routes, or housed in fortified depôts, the operations of professional depredators must be on a scale of commensurate magnitude: the robber must in some degree merge in the soldier—his lying in wait must be exalted to an ambush—and his disguise must take rank as a military stratagem. If we trace him, however, in a few of his actual adventures, it will leave a more distinct picture on the mind than many pages of general description. Let us suppose, then, that the auspices have been taken, and the various preliminary ceremonies performed, and gird up our loins to follow the footsteps of some of those roving bands.

The first party consists of forty men, and their object is the capture of a government remittance of about 12,000 rupees, intended to be sent from Peepole to Goruckpoor. They are armed with ten matchlocks, ten swords, and twenty-five spears; but as the money is to be guarded by several troopers, as well as the escort of sipahces (foot-soldiers), the service will be attended with danger, unless some means can be fallen upon of preventing the horsemen from galloping off to give the alarm. The plan adopted is curious. The route in one place intersected a piece of jungle where the trees were too thick to admit of horsemen leaving the road; and the robbers determined to catch their prize in a net made of strong ropes, crossing the highway in front, carried from tree to tree down the sides, and ready to be extended across in the rear as soon as the treasure-party should be within the fatal enclosure. Having sent out scouts to learn the movements of the prize, they walked slowly through the jungle, and were four days before coming out upon the high road. Here they halted for a day; and on the following evening, having learned that their expected victims were on the march, and close at hand, they fixed their ropes, and placing five men in front, and the rest along the sides of the net, sat down and waited patiently till morning. Their object being money, not life, they had loaded their matchlocks with shot instead of bullets. As the dawn broke slowly, a voice—no doubt of one of the Mussulman troopers—calling upon the name of Allah, intimated the arrival of their prey; and springing up like tigers from their lair as the treasure-bearers, escorted by five troopers and a corporal's party of the 23d regiment, marched into the enclosure, the net was instantly made complete by means of the hind ropes, a fire opened upon the victims from all points of the compass, and the bandits, shouting with excitement, leaped into the bloody arena. In vain the troopers galloped against the ropes, in vain they tried the jungle: the corporal was killed, and some of the others severely wounded; and before they well knew the nature of the attack, the treasure had disappeared, and with it all traces of its captors.

Another party of eighty decoits sallied forth to possess themselves of 26,000 rupees and 400 gold mohurs on their way to the General Treasury at Lucknow. Having received intelligence that the treasure had reached a little fort, and was halted for the night before the gates, surrounded by an escort of thirty of the king of Oude's troops, and protected by two loaded cannon outside the gate, the banditti took their way to the scene of action. They were provided with an iron chain and two large nails; the latter to spike the guns, and the former to fasten the gates, so that the garrison might not be able to come out to the rescue. Just before reaching the fort they disencumbered themselves, as usual, of all superfluous clothes, and the leader having told off his men, each to his proper duty, they advanced to the attack. Twenty of the gang went to chain the gate, and twenty more to spike the guns, while the remaining forty at the same moment threw themselves upon the escort. They killed and wounded four, and carried off the greater part of the rupees, and all the gold, without losing a man.

Another booty of 42,000 rupees was obtained in an attack on a banker's house in the middle of the city of Lucknow. The money was carried safely home to the forest, not one of the robbers having been even hurt in the conflict; but a quarrel between two chiefs, when it came to the division, had disastrous results for the gang. One of them, in revenge, reported the whole affair to the Oude minister, in consequence of which the colony was surprised by a strong force of cavalry and infantry, the treasure recovered, and 200 men, women, and children taken. One of them, a chief named Ruttercam, then an old man, is still alive, and at large on his parole at Lucknow. He is upwards of one hundred years old.

One of the most famous of these daring robbers was called Maherban. It was his plan to travel in great state, with his gang as the attendants of a man of rank; but his success became so much a matter of course, that he appears at one time to have fallen into habits of indolence, so as to draw upon him the reproaches of his wives. 'You have,' said Soojanea, 'been now some ten months without attempting any enterprise worthy your reputation; you are at your ease, and indulging in sports—no doubt very agreeable to you, but without any honour or profit to us; while these your followers, men of illustrious birth and great courage, are suffering from want and anxiety about their families. They have been told of a boat coming from Calcutta laden with Spanish dollars; if you do not wish to go yourself and take it, pray lend us your swords, and we will go, and try what we can do, rather than let your brave followers starve.' Maherban, though deeply stung, yielded to his bandit-queen; and set out on a pilgrimage as a nobleman of high rank, taking the lady with him, carried in a splendid litter in the character of a princess. In four months they returned with about 40,000 Spanish dollars.

This success, and the publicity of his movements, drew upon him a visit from a British officer with a detachment of four companies—but all in vain. Every particular of the advance of the troops was known to the banditti through their scouts; the women, children, and valuables had all been removed; and when the British officer reached the little mud-fort of Maherban, its garrison gave him a volley from the walls on one side, and then made off over the walls on the other side into the jungle. The captors obtained an empty fort, and set in flames a number of empty huts around it, exposed in the meantime to an incessant fire from the thick wood, in which it would have been impossible for the heavily-armed sipahces to act. The troops very properly retired; and they did so just in time; for had they been overtaken in that locality by the night, they must have been decimated by the bullets of the banditti,

who were gathering around them from all quarters of the forest.

Maherban, however, was easily tracked by the state in which he travelled, and he now became more outrageously grand than ever, being escorted by his men, regularly drilled, armed, and accounted as Company's sipahcees. He had emissaries in Calcutta, Benares, Poona, Agra, Delhi, and Lahore, and generally moved in the direction of one or other of these large cities, returning with immense booty. But his career drew to a close. An intelligent British magistrate, instead of warning him by military preparations, affected to suspect the princely party of a wish to evade the payment of customs. Thus the banditti, who would either have defied regular troops, or melted away from before them, suffered themselves to fall, without suspicion, into the power of the police. The greatness of Maherban ended on the gallows, and 160 of his followers were sentenced to confinement, some for life, and others for limited periods.

Our space confines us to the mention of only one other gang-robbery, but we shall select one that is upon a scale not frequent, we presume, even in India. The hero of the exploit was a certain Buckshee, who determined to attack the palace of the ex-Peshwa, who was understood to have accumulated large quantities of gold in his cantonments at Bithore, on the right bank of the Ganges, near the great military station of Cawnpore. Buckshee, as usual, mingling pleasure with business, carried his wife with him, while eighty of his followers moved about the country in small parties in the disguise of Ganges water-carriers. After spending two days with a rajah of his acquaintance not far from the scene of action, the bandit sent home his wife; and the appointed day being arrived, he found his men concentrated, according to appointment, at a place about six miles below Bithore. Here they were joined by some accomplices with a boat containing arms; and on the 24th of January 1833, at ten o'clock at night, they took their way across the Ganges. On reaching the palace, the attack was made in the usual way, with the usual success; eighteen persons who attempted resistance were wounded; and the daring freebooters retired unhurt, with their boat loaded with property, chiefly in gold, to the amount of 253,646 rupees, or £25,364, 12s. Burying a portion of the spoil in a grove on the opposite side of the river, they divided the rest, for the sake of easier carriage, and set out in small parties for their forest home, at a distance of six days' march, taking care to concentrate every evening, that they might pass the night in a body. The females of the colony, who met them in procession, as usual, on their return, received on this great occasion fifteen of the largest gold coins and twenty rupees to purchase sweetmeats and trinkets; and so deadly was the carouse which they held to celebrate the event, that the leader next in rank to Buckshee died of the excess.

The banditti hitherto specially alluded to are termed by Colonel Sleeman Budhuk or Bagree decoits; but another class, wholly unconnected with them, matched their wildest deeds, and even roused the indignation of the former, who looked upon them as interlopers. Both were originally from the Rajpoot states; but the Sansee tribe, as they are called, do not seem to have risen to the *respectability* of the Budhuks. Their plan of operations is as follows:—Taking only their young women with them, and especially those with children at the breast, that they may be the less suspected, they set forth in quest of adventures. On their scouts reaching a town where there is a wealthy shop, such as a money-changer's, fit for their purpose, and from which there are convenient routes for escape, they proceed straight to the temple, and make their poojah. On returning to their camp, a council is held, in which some liquor is spilt upon the ground in honour of Davey, the robbers saying, 'Oh, Davey, mother, if we

succeed in our business, and get a good deal of booty, we will make a grand poojah to you, and offer you a cocoa-nut!' When the jemadar, or captain, has appointed each man to his duty, they set out in the evening for the town; and if no bad omen occur, such as one of them sneezing, and if the police are not alert, they walk openly in, spears in hand; and the chief invoking Mahadeo, and vowing to him a chain of gold in the event of success, they rush into the fated shop. While retiring with their booty, they pray to the deity to send their pursuers in a wrong direction; throw down a rupee or two at any temple, and into any stream they may pass; and if one of their companions has been killed, invoke his spirit to assist them, promising him the offering of a goat and some liquor. The Sansees never strike with the spear when they can avoid it; and if any one of them causes death in a decoitce, he is obliged to make poojah for forgiveness, and to spend some money in liquor among his comrades. They have curious ideas respecting women, who appear to be of great importance in the tribe. If a man quarrel with a woman, the end of her petticoat is as good in her hands as an oaken towel; for if she strike the fellow with it, he immediately loses caste, and is not permitted to perform poojah or assist in burial rites with his comrades. The poojah is a feast prepared in honour of some deity, and eaten with prayers and invocations; the part reserved for the god being thrown into the fire. If any portion of the food should be carried off by a kite before the ceremonial is completed, the omen is inauspicious—the poojah is not accepted.

There are numerous other tribes of decoits, but none of such distinction as the Budhuks and Sansees. The Mussulmans, whose association is rejected by the Hindoo robbers, take to decoitce on their own account, but confine themselves chiefly to the lifting of cattle. Other clans affect only metals, pearls, jewels, &c.; others cut into tents; in short, they parcel out the wealth of the country among them, each taking a separate share. All are professional bandits by hereditary succession; all are protected by the landowners of their own district; and all rob, steal, or murder not only for their own profit, but for that of the god they serve. Some choose the night-time for their adventures; while some consider it *irreligious* to rob between sunset and sunrise. Credulous themselves almost beyond conception, they prey upon the credulity of others. Certain gangs between the Ganges and Jumna, and north of the Ganges, make a hereditary living by assuming the character of religious mendicants, skilled in the art of transmuting metals. 'They contrive,' says our author, 'to get into the confidence of the females of the family, who by degrees make over to them, during the absence of their husbands, all their silver ornaments to be converted into gold. Gold is of course at first given for small portions of silver, as having been so transmuted; but by degrees they get all the silver, and then make off with it. I have sometimes known a dozen families deprived of all their silver ornaments in one night by a single gang of this class in a large town. All had been insinuating themselves into the confidence of different families at the same time; and as secrecy was enjoined upon the females of each family as part of the spell, one family never knew what was being done in the other till the gang decamped. It was necessary that all should be robbed at the same time, as the discovery of the fraud in one family would put all the families of a town on their guard for many years, and it is only after long intervals that they attempt the same fraud in the same town. The exceeding credulity of the people, and particularly of the female part, facilitates such frauds. Not a single person in any town, either Hindoo or Mussulman, doubts the ability of holy mendicants to change copper into silver, and silver into gold.' Another fraud, only known as a rare and surprising circumstance in Europe, is common in

India: that of some member of the gang entering the family in the character of the lost son, or repentant husband, who had vanished years before. This is comparatively easy in such a country, for 'in India members of families are more often lost than in Europe at present, as great numbers of all ages go off every year on distant pilgrimages, through sickly jungles, and amidst eternal snows, in which vast numbers perish in going or returning, without leaving any sign by which their relatives can trace them. It was probably the same in Europe while the rage for pilgrimages to the Holy Land prevailed; and the same frauds may then have prevailed over Christendom.'

It is manifest that the suppression of a crime like decoit must be conducted upon peculiar principles, since there is no conscience, no innate sense of wrongdoing to appeal to. The decoit is neither a vicious nor an irreligious man in the ordinary sense of the term. He follows the profession handed down to him by his ancestors; and he is supported in his goings out and comings in by the gentry of his province and the gods of his worship. His success in robbery is a mark of the favour of the deity; and when unfortunate, he blames only his neglect of religious ordinances. To extirpate this banditti by means of the gallows is impossible; for the children—under the tuition of their mothers—would still grow up into decoits, just as the young of tigers grow into tigers. Under such difficulties, it was fortunate for India that the Company possessed an enlightened agent, whose mind had long before thrown off the prejudices of Europe, and was able to adapt itself to the peculiarities of a wholly different condition of society. In 1839, Colonel Sleeman, who had already in a great measure achieved the suppression of thuggee, undertook officially the suppression of decoit; and proceeding upon a precisely similar plan, he has already so far succeeded, that the principal bandits are in custody, and their gangs broken up and incorporated with the body of the people. The country was parcelled out by Colonel Sleeman among his assistants and himself; and the decoits, closely hemmed in, were induced to surrender not only by menaces, but by assurances of protection, employment, and subsistence. All were required, as a *sine qua non*, to make a full confession of crimes and customs, and to give the names and residence of their associates; and thus a body of information was collected not only necessary for the complete suppression of the system, but highly curious in a literary and philosophical point of view.

'Of those,' says our author, 'who surrendered on a promise of conditional pardon, such as were deemed fit were enlisted into police battalions and establishments, under sanction of government, conveyed in a letter, dated the 24th of May 1843, and, with rare exceptions, have been found exceedingly well fitted for the duties. Dispersed over all India in such establishments, and never in any number together, they are fast losing their exclusive language, which neither they nor their children ever speak, and becoming blended with the rest of society in habit and feeling. There is not a single leader or member of a gang of any note now at large; and the greater part of such as have escaped our pursuit have entered into service, or taken to other honest employments among those to whom their character is unknown; and we are not aware of any gang being at their old trade, or of any colony from whom a gang could be formed. Bengal Proper is beyond my supervision.' The unconditionally-pardoned were located upon an experimental farm in the Gurruckpoor district; but although this has hitherto been successful, there will always be danger from the close association of such persons, with an exclusive language and recollections, and traditions of so exciting a character.

From 1839 to 1847, the number of prisoners taken was 1214. Of these only 14 suffered death; 53 were

transported; 481 imprisoned for life, and the remainder for a limited period. During last year the number taken was 317, and the sentences—death, 4; transportation, 103; imprisonment for life, 29; and for limited periods the remainder.

To estimate the amount taken by plunder throughout India is impossible; but we are able to form some idea of the revenue derived from this trade by the Budhuk decoits. Even this, however, is only an approximation to the truth, since the sum can only comprise the booty taken in such cases as become known to the government: yet this comparatively inconsiderable item amounts, from 1803 up to last year, to the astounding total of 2,501,576 rupees!

The total cost to the government of the united establishment for the suppression of thuggee and decoit is—without including the subsistence of prisoners and other contingent charges—14,000 rupees per month; and to the Oude government, and that of other native states, 10,564 rupees per month. This gives, in round money, a sum of £29,500 spent annually in the suppression of gang-robbery and murder throughout India.

Colonel Sleeman has now served the Company forty years without visiting Europe; and he well remarks, 'it is not very likely that any other public servant will have the opportunities that I have had of being admitted behind the scenes to so familiar an acquaintance with the acts, thoughts, and feelings of the persons who have, for the last half century, taken the most prominent parts in the drama of crime exhibited, or with the views and circumstances which have led to the several legislative enactments passed, and the other measures adopted for the suppression of the evils described. . . . It is seldom that the person first selected by government to superintend measures for the suppression of evils of such great magnitude can hope, in any country, much less in India, to be so long spared and permitted, as I have been, to watch over their progress towards a successful issue; and it is no less seldom that they have in India, after the lapse of such a time, the leisure, the means, or the inclination to draw up such a record, imperfect as it is, as this which I have now the honour to submit, of what was required, what has been done, and what still remains to be done, before the object which government has had in view can be fully attained.' With this we take leave of one of the most remarkable revelations of the present day. L. R.

#### CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

IN the arrangements of society, the trafficker who purchases wholesale, and distributes in retail, has his allowed place. He has often been denounced as a superfluity, seeing that he produces nothing; but the political economist defends him as a useful servant of the public, and therefore entitled to remuneration. This, however, is only the theory. It may be matter for inquiry whether his services are necessary in any particular case; whether the same purposes might not be served more economically in some other way; whether it is necessary that the trafficker should be the capitalist; and whether, from the existing arrangements, there is not a superfluity of human energy as well as capital expended in this way.

Enter any little country-town, and you see a multiplicity of grocers and drapers where one might serve. The worthy traffickers are exceedingly apt to be seen lounging at their shop-doors or the shop-doors of their neighbours. Their days are spent in half or three-fourths idleness, and their evenings in the public-house—a gratification called for to make up for the sufferings

of ennui during the day. These men are accordingly rarely able to make more than the barest living.\* Look along any street in a large town, and how many hat-shops, boot-shops, and grocery-shops are seen in districts where one of each would serve all the purposes of that public convenience which is professed to be served! Here, too, there appears a great misapplication of means, for it seldom happens that each tradesman is fully occupied. Nearly all of them could do thrice the business which they actually do. To condemn any man to a partial idleness or a make-believe occupation cannot be consonant with the principles of political economy. In such circumstances it is impossible that mere shop-keepers, as a class, should be prosperous, and that they are not prosperous as a class is only too certain.

It is to be observed, on the other hand, that Thompson and Jones, pitted against each other on opposite sides of a street as tea-merchants, are respectively prompted by the rivalry to have the best wares at the cheapest rates, and to supply them with the greatest possible amount of civility towards consumers. In that very internecine war of handbills which they carry on against each other, lies the safety of the public. But these advantages are not obtained by the public in an unmixed state. Each tradesman, in order to draw custom into his own peculiar channel, is tempted to lay out large sums in shop-rents, in external decorations, in advertising, in make-believe appearances of various kinds, including that of a flood of goods, some large portion of which must remain on his hands, or be thrust off at a loss. These expenses and losses must, if possible, be compensated. They often are by systems of deception, to the no small damage of purchasers. It is this keen competition, indeed, which has led to the great prevalence of sharpening and swindling by which shop morality is so much disgraced, particularly in large cities.

We may view the matter in another point of view. The business in question is the simple one of distributing among individuals, in small quotidian quantities, the textile fabrics, articles of food, &c. produced by manufacturers and agriculturists, and imported by merchants. To perform this business successfully, it cannot be absolutely necessary to have palace-like shops in prominent and therefore costly situations. Plate-glass windows, young men of smooth and winning tongues, dozens of walking placards impressing the fact, that there is nothing on earth like No. 39 of some place, are not indispensable in order that each gentleman may have his yearly hat, or each lady her winter haberdashery. Manifestly the goods acquire no improvement of quality from coming through so costly an apparatus of distribution. Neither is there the same economical advantage in having two shops where one would serve, that there is in making two ears of corn grow where only one grew before. Every shop in any district beyond the number strictly required for convenience must be a super-expenditure of means and a loss to the community. A few years ago, we knew three towns ten miles apart from each other, and in each of which there was a baker who employed a van in carrying bread to the other two. Now, as there is no witchcraft in baking, here was the unnecessary expense of three vans incurred without benefit to anybody. The business of distribution is thus burthened with enormous expenses beyond what is attended with any advantage, and so far it must be considered as out of harmony with the rules of a true economy.

It may thus be seen that, though the distributor is entitled to his reward, the existing means of distribution may not be unsuceptible of improvement. The evils of the system have led to an attempted cure, in the establishment of shops on a scale of vastness to which our ancestors were strangers. Seeing how difficult it is to obtain such a share of public patronage as may afford a decent subsistence, the trader is driven to setting up a concern occupying half a street, attended by a hundred young men, and selling everything at a small per-centage above cost price, so as merely to afford, after payment of expenses, a tolerable remuneration for the employment of a large capital. It is of course impossible for any small trader to maintain opposition to such an establishment, unless by favour of some special circumstances not likely to be available. The setting up of such establishments, therefore, tends to annihilate that uneconomical system which has been described. The victims retire groaning to places beyond the geographical range of the leviathan shops, or betake themselves to other lines of life. We may commiserate their sufferings, but we cannot prevent them.

If it be true that in such shops the public is supplied with goods at perhaps not more than 5 per cent.—or even, as we have heard, so low, in some instances, as 3 per cent.—of advance upon wholesale prices, and if the expenses of conducting so large a business be so moderate as to render this small margin of profit a sufficient remuneration for the skill, diligence, and capital employed, the economist must admit that, as far as the system goes, an approach has been made to a perfect system of distribution. Another plan has been hit upon by the working-classes in sundry of our large towns: a group of operatives, each of whom requires certain quantities of provisions weekly, combine to keep what is called a Co-operative Store. Into this store, under the care perhaps of a hired official, are received goods at the usual wholesale prices. They are distributed to the members of the society and others at prices somewhat below those demanded for similar articles in ordinary shops, and the profits are of course distributed among the shareholders. Many such concerns appear to serve their purpose, and to prosper. A correspondent of the 'Leader' (newspaper) gives an account of one of some standing in a well-known seat of industry.

'There exists in Rochdale a Co-operative Society whose history is not without public interest. The Equitable Pioneers, for so they style themselves, have two imposing warehouses in operation. They open their stores only at night. All purchases are paid for on delivery; dividends are declared quarterly. It is enrolled according to law, and its object is to improve the social and domestic condition of the members. Five per cent. interest is paid on the shares, and the remaining profits are divided among the purchasers in proportion to the money expended. Its story is simple and instructive.

'In the early part of 1844 there was in Rochdale a strike amongst the handloom flannel weavers; and, as with most other strikes, the benefit derived from it was very small, and of short duration. A few of those who had taken an active part in the struggle saw little hopes of ever getting any permanent advance in their wages, and therefore determined upon making the wages they did receive go as far as they could. They clubbed their money together, and bought what they wanted at cost price, and thus secured to themselves the profits of the retailer. Some of these infantine co-operators attended at the social institution, and desired the assistance of the members. The result was, that, in railway language, an "amalgamation" took place, and one set of poor men united with another: those that were not, strictly speaking, "poor" had not confidence in the scheme. But to work this confederation of poverty, they drew up a few laws, got them

enrolled, divided the town into districts, appointed collectors, who called upon each member every Sunday for his subscription of threepence; and, by a little perseverance, they got faith in each other, and saved L.36! They then took for three years, at L.10 per year, the bottom room of an old warehouse sadly out of repair. Twelve pounds they laid out in its repair, and with L.24, 8s. bought counters, scales, weights, and a few other articles of fixed stock, some meal, flour, and a scanty supply of other humble provisions. They then opened shop three nights in the week, made small profits, and turned the money (which, with contributions and profit, kept increasing) until able to buy larger quantities. All proceeded on the ready-money rule, to which their success is ascribable. When it became generally known amongst the working-class of this town that provisions were sold at the same price as at other shops, and that the customers received from sixteenpence to twentypence in the pound back, candidates for admission rolled in beyond any means of comfortably supplying them.

'Those who distrust the value of co-operative experiments should visit this of Rochdale. It has now been six years in existence. Its property has risen from L.24 to be, on the whole, worth L.2000. Its members are numerous, its profits large, its subscribers increasing; and it gives satisfaction to everybody except the arbitrators, who complained to me that they had been in office six years without having a single thing to do.'

There is certainly no law of any kind against such societies. The propriety of setting them up is entirely a practical question. Can the same amount of goods of equal quantity be distributed in this manner more cheaply than through the medium of small shops? If so, political economy gives them its approbation as a matter of course. In the case of the Rochdale society, the prices of provisions being the same as in other shops, while the members get from sixteen to twentypence in the pound back, we see a case precisely parallel to that of a *mutual*, as distinguished from a *proprietary* life-assuring office; the distinction of the former plan being, that the profits are distributed among the assured, while in the latter they are absorbed by a trading company. Most probably there are advantages of a moral kind also, and these may even exceed the economical benefits. It must be good for working-men to be called together for the adoption of measures for mutual benefit, and to have some little affairs of a public character to conduct. It must advance them as thinking beings, to quote a phrase of Dr Johnson's. Under the ordinary modes of dealing in shops, they are tempted into taking credit, which fixes them as customers, and enables the trader to realise higher profits. But by this co-operative plan, the temptation is the other way. They are led to feel the dignity of ready money. Seeing how much may depend on prudent arrangements for the expenditure of their means, they are induced to reflect on the subject generally, and to bethink them of all available modes of turning their earnings to the best possible advantage. The co-operative plan may not serve well for clothing, where so much depends on taste or caprice; nor for articles of furniture, which are rarely needed. But for daily provisions of all kinds it must be serviceable, so that there is only a decent degree of prudence and thorough good intention in the associating parties.

If Co-operative Societies were to become very prevalent, there would be an end to a large proportion of the small shops of private enterprise. Is not this a hardship to the class of small traders? Doubtless it may be attended with considerable inconvenience; but who can now pretend to set up private against public interests? Arguably, if we are to defend the superseding of hands by machinery, we cannot with any face say that a cumbrous and costly mode of the distribution of the necessities of life among the working-classes is to

be maintained, for the sake of the individuals who have, or think they have, an interest in it. It has been seen already that no man is bound to any particular walk of life. If a little shop, which gave him but a scanty livelihood, fails, he may shift to some other line of exertion, and quickly find it was for his good that he was forced to do so. One thing is clear—every movement which substitutes an economical for an uneconomical mode of performing any part of the business of society is attended by a saving, and consequently an enrichment to society, and in this every one has his share. If the business now executed by a hundred shops of private enterprise could be executed by ten co-operative stores, so as to save nine-tenths of the expenses of business, it would ultimately be good for all that this were done.

By way of a general remark in conclusion, it may be said that there would perhaps be fewer individuals complaining of the smallness of their gains, if there were a more enlightened view of what entitles a man to wages, income, or profits. A handloom weaver will be heard complaining that he labours thirteen hours a day, and yet gets only six shillings a week. Were he to reflect that he is doing only that which a senseless machine can do, he would become aware that he is misapplying a human being, and that his wages are rather the measure of a penalty for his error than of a reward for his industry. A trader will be heard saying, 'I keep close to my shop, I try by all means to attract customers and to secure them, and yet I hardly have enough left over, after payment of expenses, to keep me alive.' Let this man consider whether he is needed in the walk he has entered upon. If he has only set up a shop as a rival to another which he understood to be thriving, in the hope of by and by willing away a little custom from a brother in trade who has not too much, and who alone is sufficient to supply the district, he should bethink him that he is devoting himself to a purpose which society does not desire nor require him to fulfil, and which may therefore be fairly expected to prove barren of good fruits towards himself. It would be better for that man to give himself to the clearing away of wood in Canada, if he cannot readily hit upon any better occupation, for there he would really be serving his kind (consequently entitled to his reward), while here he is not. If, again, a man complains that he cannot obtain a situation—he is willing to do almost anything, but he cannot hear of an opening anywhere—every post seems filled, and he literally can get nothing to do—(such complaints are heard from hundreds every day)—it would be well for that man to consider that there is a limitation to the number of persons requiring assistants or subordinates, and to the number of assistants or subordinates which that limited number of persons requires. Merely to be willing to undertake any kind of duty under an employer is not enough. He should inquire if he and hundreds of others like himself be not standing out as superfluities on the face of the earth, while there are other walks in which they could be at once turned to usefulness, and in which they would become entitled to appropriate rewards. It is incumbent, in short, on all who fancy themselves ill-remunerated by society, to reflect on what they, in the first place, do for society. Do they subserve any broadly useful end towards their fellow-creatures? Are they only willing to do so, if men will trust them with employment, or come to their shops? Do they not too easily calm their consciences under an idle and self-indulgent life, by reflecting that that life is spent in the market-place, where, unluckily, no one will hire them, or buy their goods? It is the fatal error of many, that they wait to be called. Society takes charge of no man. It behoves each to seek out a position for himself, in which he may exercise his faculties and external means for the benefit of society:

and till he has found a position in which he can do a considerable service to his fellow-creatures, he may depend upon it he will be left under all the well-known penalties of premeditated idleness.

### NAMES OF SHIPS.

'EVERY ship has a name,' said the doctor.

'Of course she has,' said the captain. 'There is as much need to name ships as to name babies. The name is the only thing that you landsmen can tell one craft from another by.'

'But did you never consider,' said the doctor, 'that there is something like a principle on which names are given to ships?—that that principle, again, is rooted in the best affections of our nature; that, in fact, the name given to a ship is always a tribute of admiration or love to some person, quality, or thing.'

'I never thought of that before,' said the captain. 'Indeed it is all one to me what the owners call a ship: if she sails well, and is well-formed, I don't care a bad biscuit whether she is called June or Juno—Rapid or Slow!'

'Ah, you are too practical a man, captain, to care much about theories,' said the doctor; 'but what would you say if I could prove to you that the names of ships are given on as fixed principles as those which regulate the trade-winds or the ocean currents?'

'Well, I should like to hear you spin a yarn on that head,' said the captain; 'only you must keep to facts, and not go cruising about after spectres and illusions like the Flying Dutchman or the sea serpent!'

'I'll take care of that. This is a record of facts, is it not?' said the doctor, holding up a copy of the Telegraph containing a list of ships in the docks of Liverpool on that day in September 1850.

'Indeed it is,' said the captain; 'and there are the solid facts themselves. No Flying Dutchmen or sea-serpents there,' and he pointed with great pride to the five miles of docks, crowded with shipping, that could be well seen from the window.

'Very good,' said the doctor. 'There are now about seven hundred ships lying in these docks: every one, as I said before, has a name, and these names have all been given under certain circumstances and for certain reasons. Let us see what these circumstances and reasons are. A man who builds a ship, in choosing a name, has regard either to a person, a place, a thing, or a quality. Now it is natural to suppose that the names of persons will have the preference. Thus his own name, or the name of some of his friends or relations, will be given to the ship; and accordingly we find that about one-fifth of the vessels in these docks bear names of this class—names of men and women unknown to fame, but who doubtless live and die as honest upright men and women—their only monument being the ship, liable to be lost in any storm, and which seldom survives its godfather or godmother long.'

'Very true,' said the captain. 'One ship I commanded was called after the owner himself, and another after his eldest daughter, who dashed in fine style a bottle of wine at the ship when she was launched!'

'Nearly another fifth of the names,' resumed the doctor, 'are Christian names without the surname. All nations seem to follow this practice. We have Mary and Maria, Margaret and Marguerite, John, Jane, Jean and Johanna, Gustave and Gustavus, Matilda and Mathilda; and so on through all the Christian names applied to persons. In many cases these are compounded—such as Anne Jane, Mary Anne, Marie Helena, and many others. Again, though a ship is usually spoken of as in the feminine gender, yet there are no doubt masculine names given to some—Thomas, Tom, Charlie, William, are examples. In some cases an expressive adjective is prefixed to distinguish one from another; as *Bonne Marie* and *La Bella Barbara*.

As if also to show that all these ships were united together in loving, social bands, a Flemish ship is called *Dos Kijos* (Two Sons), four are called *The Brothers*, and two *The Sisters*, while one little French vessel of only seventy-five tons makes the circle complete by taking the name of *Aimable Famille*!'

'Yes; and a very amiable family they all make,' said the captain. 'What can more strikingly illustrate the peace-making of commerce than the recital of these French, Italian, German, and other names? There are vessels from all parts of the world—the stars and stripes from America, the tricolour of France, the Eagle of Prussia and Russia, the yellow banner and green emblazoning of the Brazils—all floating, with many others, in peaceful proximity to that banner under which, I am proud to say, I sail—the brave old Union Jack—the meteor flag of England; that flag

—“Which braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!”

'Well said, captain; but it is you that are getting imaginative now: let us pursue our inquiry. Those personal names I have mentioned, making two-fifths of the whole, contrast strikingly in the numbers with about thirty others given to heroes and other great men; the number in the former case being great, and in the latter small, just because the number of living objects for private friendship is always greater than of dead for public admiration; because, in fact, there are always more Junes and Johns alive to love and esteem, than mighty men and women of past times to remember and respect. It is part of our system of hero-worship to give the names of great men to our ships. Now in this list there is a worthy selection of great names. These Liverpool docks are indeed a little section of the great floating *Walhalla* in which the memory of the departed is preserved. There are Achilles, Socrates, Epaminondas, Miltiades, Leonidas, and Nestor from Grecian times; Cato and Cicero from Roman; Zenobia, queen of Palmyra; Columbus repeated twice; the reformers John Calvin and Martin Luther; the unfortunate Mexican king, Montezuma; Tamerlane the Tartar: and to come to our own days, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Richard Cobden, and Dan O'Connell, Lord Hardinge, and Lord Gough; George Washington, and Henry Clay; Lamartine, Rowland Hill, Lady Franklin, and Grace Darling. Of heathen deities, again, the number is considerable; there are Jupiter, Mars, Vulcan, Juno, Latona, Ceres, and a "New Minerva"; there are Mercury the messenger of the gods, and Iris the messenger of Juno, Hebe, Flora, Aurora, Midas, Endymion, and that

—“Goddess fair and free,  
In heaven yeapt Euphrosyne;”

while there is *Æolus*, with his rude son Boreas and his gentle Zephyr; and the train is brought up by the *Haleyon*, who will pass through any but "*halcyon seas*" ere she arrive at her destination, New Orleans. But if the influence of old mythology in the naming of ships is great, no less striking does the influence of modern novels appear. Is it not one of the strongest evidences of the might and power of the genius of Sir Walter Scott, that seven ships now lying in these docks have obtained their names from him? These are the *Ivanhoe*, *Guy Mannering*, *Woodstock*, *Hazlewood*, *Marmion*, *Lady of the Lake*, and *Magnus Troll*; and in a short time these ships, after battling with the seas, will bear witness to the greatness of "the old man of Abbotsford" in the harbours of Havannah, New York, and Rio Janeiro. Let us now look at the names connected with personal titles: we find, on what may be called the royal side, Emperor, Empress, Monarch, Prince, Queen, Princess, Royal Majesty, and Patriot King; while on the other, or popular side, there are Tribune, Liberator, Freeman, Patriarch, Constitution, and New

Parliament. There is a Tory about to sail for San Francisco; but there is neither Whig, Chartist, nor Radical in the docks. These personal names, then, as it were, resemble a pyramid: you have the broad base formed of private friendship, and you gradually rise with great but not numerous names of gods, heroes, and distinguished men. The substratum will perhaps be forgotten next century, but the superstructure will live for ever.

'But what of the names of places?' said the captain.

'I am just coming to them,' said the doctor. 'In general you will find more system pursued with these than with the others. To digress a little from the present list: though you seldom see a whole fleet called systematically after a certain cluster of great men or heathen gods, yet we have examples of several fleets called after a regular series of places. By places I mean of course not only towns and countries, but seas and rivers. Thus the fleet of steam-ships originally possessed by the West India Mail Company were named after British rivers—such as the Thames, Medway, Avon, Clyde, Forth, Tay, Tweed, &c. Another fleet of steamers belonging to the Dublin Company were named after large towns—such as Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds; and the British line of mail-steamers to New York have "used up" the names of the great continents of the globe, and will perhaps be obliged to take Australia and Polynesia as their next names; while, in like manner, the American line of similar steamers have exhausted the names of the great oceans. But let us look at those now in the Liverpool docks. Of oceans, we have the Atlantic and Pacific; of seas, Marmora and the Mediterranean; and in addition, three ships simply called Ocean. Of countries, we have two Americas, British Empire, Britannia, and Great Britain, England, and Old England, Scotia; Scotland, Franconia, Malabar, Nepal, and Oregon; of islands, Cuba and Ceylon; of towns, three Liverpool, two Manchesters, and one each of Athens, Alexandria, Dublin, Eblana, Edinburgh, Edina, Ely, Lincoln, Yarmouth, Greenock, Geneva, and Surat; of rivers, Elbe, Thames, Danube, Rio Grande, and two Merseys; and of battle-fields, Marathon and Waterloo. Runnymede reminds us of Magna Charta; Cassiterides brings up recollections of Phœnician commerce; and Tara revives our memory of Irish grandeur. Again, we have other names derived from places—such as Ethiope, City of the Sultan, Scythian, American, Belvochee, Buenos Ayrian, Antigua Planter, Buchan Maid, and Wild Irish Girl. Other names drawn from what I may call "sea-sources" are not so numerous as one might expect. Thus we saw that there was not a Neptune; and in all these seven hundred names there are only three Ocean Queens, one Sea-King, one Sea-Nymph, one Mermaid, one Water-Witch, and one Water-Kelpie. The names taken from the sky are also very few, being only five—Planet, Etoile, Hyade, Star, and North Star. To turn now to the qualities indicated by the names, we find that the ships give an admirable account of themselves. About a hundred and fifty have received names of this stamp; and with the exception of two that claim to be called Inconstant and Melancolie, the others divide among themselves all the virtues ever displayed in the character of man. Friendship, Harmony, Unity, Union, and Concordia, are good names; and what sea could run so high, or storm blow so strong, as to wreck Resolution, Energy, Success, Confidence, Rectitude, Integrity, Economy, and Victory? Hope is a favourite name, for it is used four times. There is one Fame, one Choice, one Chance, one New Gift, a Frolic, a Conquest, a Desire, a Trio, and a Salo. Again there are other names no less expressive, and perhaps more appropriate, as Harbinger, Herald, Precursor; Courier, and Courier Intelligent; Ambassador, Envoy, and Visitor; while there are a

Racer and a Rambler; a Defender, a Champion, and a Conqueror; two Rivals, one Competitor, three Gleaners, two Gipsies, one Gipsy Queen, and three Heroines. The qualities of speed, so much prized in ships, are indicated in one Active, three Rapids, a Dart, a Despatch; one Swiftsure, one Express, an Onward, a Speed, and an Urgent; while others take the titles of Intrepid, Lively, Courageous, Radiant, Superb, Vigilant, Adroit, Daring, Laconic, Thrifty, Intrinsic, Reform, Endeavour, Delight, and Excel. The names of animals possessing similar qualities have been chosen: thus we have two Eagles and one Eaglet, two Ospreys, a Raven, a Curlew, a Petrel, a Swallow, a Gannet, a Dove, a Swan, and a Swanette, among birds; a Lion, a Fawn, a Greyhound, a Leveret, a Ferret, and a Chameleon among beasts; a Sword-Fish and a Nautilus among fishes. Among plants, two Laurels, a Magnolia, and a Holly; and among precious stones, a Topaz, Sapphire, and Diamond. Among the miscellaneous names we find three Fairies, one Fairy Queen, a Huntress, and a Tally-Ho; a Tyro, a Vixen, and a Cyclops; St George, St Clair, St Charles, St Andrew, San Giovanni Batista (St John the Baptist); and to conclude, two ships Argo, one of them loading for Stettin on the Baltic Sea, and a Golden Fleece taking in cargo for Pernambuco. This rapid attempt to classify these names,' continued the doctor, 'will, I think, have shown you that even in the naming of ships there are some rules by which men are guided, and often without knowing it.'

'Yes,' said the captain, 'there is, after all, "something in a name." But I must be off to the Prince's Dock; and you, I think, doctor, should now look at the list of your patients, instead of a list of ships' names.'

#### THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

November.

You would hardly believe how fertile a subject of talk the Exhibition is: about its dimensions—about its appearance—how that a considerable portion of its iron columns and glass walls may now be seen above the boarding in Hyde Park—how that the available space within it will comprise nearly 900,000 square feet, of which Manchester claims 10,000, and the United States 80,000—how that the first consignment of foreign goods for show has arrived from Russia—and how that 4000 houses have been taken by enterprising upholsterers and others, to be sublet when the time comes. There will be no lack of beer, for our brewers are preparing double quantities; not an empty corner is to be left in the vaults, to insure that the thirsty multitude who are to throng our streets during next year's hottest months shall have wherewith to quench their thirst and be satisfied. Banbury and Eccles are to be on the alert in matters of cakes, Ormskirk with gingerbread, and Everton with toffee. Let those who are expert in the confection of catables and drinkables, or any other commodity under the sun, now be prepared to show their skill, and let the world see what ingenuity exists in our English Saxondom.

It would please you to see the preparations going on in our chief thoroughfares: in one place a new front with mahogany mouldings and plate-glass is put in; in another the walls are scraped and newly painted from roof to basement; or the doorway is made easier of approach; or interior availabilities are taken advantage of. There is evidently a desire to look respectable in the eyes of strangers. A good many people wish that 1851 were already here; others dread its approach, for they say we shall be overwhelmed with visitors. Relatives, acquaintances, country cousins to the remotest degree, everybody that you have ever known or spoken to, will come to London between May and October of next year. The anticipation to people of timid nerves or restricted hospitality is truly alarming; and for a

certainly spare beds will be at a premium. According to some, England is to be ruined by the mighty glow—or she is to find herself not half so clever as she fondly thinks—or she is to be inoculated with a foreign nationality, and forget her own—or she is to catch the plague, and lose half her population—in short, there are all sorts of rumours, in all sorts of talk, from the bulbous to the slender. It is said that the Crystal Palace itself will not be the least noteworthy part of the Exhibition: already we have songs about it. I send you a couple of stanzas from one which is sung with 'great applause' to the tune of Yankee Doodle:—

'Come all you merry Englishmen,  
Whatever your condition,  
And come and hear a lively song  
About the Exhibition.  
Success to Mister Paxton, for  
Ho is a lad so clever,  
Ho builds a house of iron and glass,  
And may it stand for ever!

There you will see all sorts of things  
Amid congratulations;  
And prove yourselves to be the first  
And cleverest of nations.  
Success, &c. &c.

Now, to change the subject. We are, it is said, to have some further revelations from Lord Rosse's telescope. Faraday, too, has pursued his 'experimental researches' to a most important result—one intimately connected with the grandest manifestations of natural phenomena. The facts and details will shortly be made public through the medium of the Royal Society and the Royal Institution. Then we are to have a new theory of planetary motion from America, as well as a perpetual motion, which has been kept a-going for eighteen months. This reminds me of an 'everlasting mover' which was exhibited some few years ago when I was in the States. It was an elegant combination of brass and steel wheels, fitted within a metallic frame, and placed on a small table in the centre of a room. There was no drapery round the table, nor any apparent attempt at concealment; and the wheels span round so smoothly and silently, that it was a pleasure to watch their seeming self-produced motion. One day, however, a more than usually acute visitor, after a close scrutiny of the apparatus, descended into the lower regions, and after a little search, discovered a stout negro turning a wheel in the cellar, from which the movement was communicated to the 'perpetual' by means of a thin rod passing lengthwise through one of the table legs. The 'dodge' was clever, and not more immoral than the contemporaneous exhibition of an old black woman as Washington's nurse. I was acquainted with one of the speculators in that transaction. The ancient dame was bought in Virginia for thirty dollars; she had never seen the American hero, and knew as little about him as she did of the differential calculus. But I am rambling; and you will perhaps take me to task for attempting to pass off Yankee tricks as London gossip. —*Peccavi.*

The telegraph across the Channel, although interrupted for the present, is to be relaid next spring in such a manner as to insure something like permanence. The wires are to be enclosed in thick cables, and more than one to be sunk, so that derangement of any single line may not break off the means of communication. If all go well, we are promised a sort of *fête* at its opening in May: Louis Napoleon is to be at one end of the wires, and Prince Albert at the other, to exchange friendly greetings in the name of the two nations. Then there is talk of a telegraph under sea to Ireland, and a steam-packet station on the west coast from whence the passage is to be made to Halifax in six days. And again, the project for a wire across the Atlantic is urged, with but little chance of realisation at present. When it is achieved, how wonderful to have the 'Times' publishing on the

5th of March the message delivered by the President to Congress on the 4th! May we all live to see it! And yet more, the actual commencement of the great drainage works for the reclamation of 32,000 acres from the Wash is a subject which engineers and capitalists talk about with no little interest.

Thus much on general matters, and now for a few specialities. The doings of the Académie are of course regarded with due consideration and comment. M. Grange, whose investigations I told you of a short time ago, has made further researches on the subject of goitre. He journeyed to Turin; and on comparing notes with the savans of that city, ascertained the remarkable fact, that a geological map of Piedmont, and a goitre map of the same country, fully confirm his views respecting 'the presence of goitre and cretinism on magnesian formations.' He shows that in the valley of Aosta, where the soil is schistous, with a layer of diluvium, and dominated by metamorphic rocks, goitre is rare; but beyond Bard, where the water becomes purgative, from the large amount of sulphate of magnesia which it contains, goitre and cretinism abound. In the valley of Entremont there is a small district, a sort of oasis, as it were, of mica schist, on which five villages and several hamlets are built, in none of which do the distressing diseases ever appear, while they prevail in the surrounding localities.

Another sanitary fact is related by M. Ancelon. In Mourthe there is a village named Lindre Basse where endemics are constant, appearing as intermittent and typhoid fevers, the latter at intervals of three months; besides which, other affections prevailed, caused by miasmatic influence. Close to the village was a large pond, which was kept full for two years for the breeding of fish, and then emptied, to allow of the land, which had been submerged, being cultivated in the third year; after which it was again refilled, and the process repeated. In the first year of the cycle came the intermittent fevers; in the second, the typhoids; in the third, the miasmatic. The practice was interrupted in 1848-49, when, instead of emptying the pond as usual, the proprietor kept it on the increase, until the whole valley was overspread with water several inches in depth for a distance of about six miles. This change produced an alteration in the development of disease: the miasmatic affections did not appear, but the whole country was infested with intermittent fevers, which seemed to repel or absorb all other complaints; the cholera even stopped at the edge of the marshy land. M. Ancelon considers that the statement of these facts will assist in the study of cause and effect as regards disease.

Of minor matters which have come before the Académie, one is a perpetual motion; another, a new system of ventilation; a third, a hydro-voltaic portable chain battery; a fourth, means for aerial transit without balloons; the employment of birds in the guiding of balloons; and a scheme of a steam balloon from a man at Baltimore. M. Tiffereau proposes a new kind of hour-glass: instead of the two coniform glasses, a straight tube with a graduated scale, so that at any instant the time elapsed since the sand began to run may be known. The utility of the instrument would consist in its measurement of small intervals of time where great exactitude was not required. And a Monsieur Ivichievich, of Wallachia, submits a plan of what he calls 'Pangraphie,' or universal writing—an attempt to have one uniform system for the whole world.

The Montyon prizes for virtue have been given away as heretofore, and 19,000 francs for 'works the most useful to morals.' Among these is one on the 'Spiritual Philosophy of Nature'; two or three on the reciprocal duties of government and people, and of citizens towards each other; on the 'Psychology of Aristotle'; and last, one by a lady, 'The Angels of the Family.'

The prize of 10,000 francs for the best drama has also been awarded. You may remember my telling you that the piece was to be in verse, in five acts, to be printed, published, and acted in France, and to present moral as well as literary merit. All these essentials it seems have been achieved in M. Emile Augier's play of 'Gabrielle.' Seven thousand francs have been given to him; and a medal, value 3000, to M. Autran for his 'Daughter of Eschylus.'

The subject of the poetry prize for 1851 is to be 'La Colonie de Mettray,' offers are made also for the best translations of the classics. The prize of eloquence for 1852 is to be adjudged for the 'Eulogy of Bernardin de St Pierre,' and others in the same year for the best treatises 'On the Influence of Charity in the Roman World in the early Ages of our era, and its Influence on Civil Society,' and 'The Influence Exerted by the Genius and Literature of Italy on that of France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.' Besides these, the prize regularly given for the encouragement of a poor author or artist is advertised as usual.

Among numerous histories of revolutions, philosophies of Socialism, and autobiographies, a 'History of the Protestants in France' has appeared, of which favourable mention is made. Many of its passages would be interesting to Protestants in any part of the world. And, to pass from grave to gay, a Frenchman has published his *Souvenirs of Nottinghamshire*. He describes the beauty of the English landscape as uniform, partaking of the physiognomy of our national character; and remarks of the cottagers who inhabit the 'modest abodes' of Sherwood Forest, that they 'fear Gôd, and hope in him;' and that every day, except Sunday, they keep a fire burning in their chief apartment, so as to be able to offer tea to their friends who visit them. He admires our hedgerow and field-paths, although you cannot have unrestricted range as you saunter from property to property. As he observes, the arrangement is somewhat 'like society: it is liberty amidst forms and laws. Is there a better? Is there any other that will last?' Then he discourses about Robin Hood, the ancient trees and churches, and wonders whether England was really as merry in olden time as ballads say, or whether our poets do not attribute to that age all the cheerfulness and merriment lacking in the present. He believes that if you read 'Ivanhoe' seated under one of the great spreading oaks, of which a few yet remain in the forest, you will be so led back to former days as to fancy the Duke of Portland's keepers some of Robin's famous troop in their Lincoln green—the once sturdy lords of Sherwood. He praises the duke's reclamation of land and agricultural enterprise, and likens him to Boaz among his reapers; and although no Ruth be present, yet is the widow not forgotten. Then he tells how that he went to a *pique-nique* at Wingfield, and was surprised to see the company set about archaeological explorations as a business. 'No one,' he says, 'went aside to muse. A ruin for the English at a *pique-nique* is not a subject of melancholy, but the object of a useful walk, of positive knowledge, which it becomes a duty to acquire, for it concerns the history of the country.' Bravo! Monsieur le Français.

#### A MEDICAL MAN'S MIDNIGHT FRIEND.

A medical gentleman in Plymouth has adopted the excellent plan of fixing a gutta-percha mouthpiece by the side of his bell-handle at the street-door, and attached to the mouthpiece is a long gutta-percha tubing, which reaches to his bed. In the night, when the bell is rung, the tube, which hangs suspended by the bedside, is immediately resorted to, and a conversation is carried on without the necessity of the doctor even rising from his pillow. 'This is a very great convenience, and prevents exposure to a cold atmosphere, which must frequently prove prejudicial to medical men.'—*Plymouth Journal*.

#### ASSOCIATIONS.

Behold the valley in the moonlight sleeping,  
How soothing is its pastoral repose—  
A goodly scene for eyes bedimmed with weeping,  
Ere wearied eyelids on the pillow close.  
She said, 'I know the land is every fair;  
But ah, my childhood's footfall never bounded there!'

Behold the ancient woods in golden glory,  
Seek ye their solitary mystic glades,  
List to the shining river's bubbling story,  
By flowery banks or bowing orchard shades.  
She said, 'Not there I heard the pleading words,  
More thrilling far than song of sweetest woodland birds!'

Behold the ivied tower and mouldering walls,  
From whence the voice of praise ascends on high,  
And chiming bells, whose welcome influence falls  
On pilgrim hearts like music from the sky.  
She said, 'Thrice hallowed be the house of prayer;  
But no beloved dust lies consecrated there!'

Behold the radiant stars are gazing down  
In myriads on the shrouded world beneath,  
While we, lamenting misspent moments flown,  
May ponder mysteries of life and death.  
She said, 'The dove sought rest—no rest it found:  
The ark is still our home, though billows surge around!'

C. A. M. W.

#### BERLIN AT NIGHT.

The sun is setting. People come pouring out of the shops of the Swiss confectioners; the 'Correspondents from Berlin' looking pleased, for they have packed up intelligence enough to furnish matter for the next post for their respective papers; republicans, democrats, socialists, repair to private rooms to finish their discussions; a solitary adherent of absolute monarchy goes home by himself, and takes with him some bon-bons for his wife. Where are these various groups bound for? For the concert—the winter garden—the Italian opera—the French theatre—the mercantile and scientific lectures—the Anti-Champagne Club—the 'Keep-on-your-hat Society'—to the saloons, to the Colosseum, to musical meetings—to polytechnic, statistical, geographical, philological, antiquarian, religious, temperance, social, or benevolent associations. Faint lights are twinkling from garret-windows, where poor mechanics are still hard at work, and will be for hours to come—theatres are brilliantly illuminated—carriages drive through the streets to balls and parties—political toasts are received with three times three—and the night watchman comes out again, calls 'Past ten o'clock,' and sees that on his beat all the street-doors are shut. *Grand'armes* order merry gentlemen to take their cigars out of their mouths—a doctor's carriage drives rapidly past.—'There is some one determined not to die without medical assistance'—here, in this ground-floor dwelling, you can hear a dispute going on about the German Catholics—from others come songs in favour of liberty. Gradually the streets become more and more silent, dark, and lonely; carriages return from parties—eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock strikes—the last hackney-coaches go nodding wearily home to their stables—the last cigar-shops put up their shutters—in the hotels and wine-houses there is still noise, and from afar is heard faintly the music of a serenade; but all else is hushed—everybody goes to bed, and whoever is not kept awake by care and sorrow, goes to sleep, while stars twinkle, and God wakes and watches over all.—*Westminster Review*.

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## AN OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY.

My father, a barrister, who lived in London, but occasionally spending the hot months at Brighton, where he had a villa, used to amuse me with anecdotes about a queer country cousin of his whose hatred of newfangled fashions was apparent even in his schoolboy days, and who had shut himself out from any power of improvement by marrying another cousin quite as queer as himself. My mother kept up a correspondence with Mrs Leighton, however; and although she allowed that the notions of both husband and wife might be somewhat odd and antiquated, she by no means thought them deserving of the remarks her husband so liberally applied to them. On the contrary, she had spent her childhood and early youth at Leighton Grange, and loved every thing and person connected with it; and many a little sketch she drew of its beauties, its seclusion, and the happy peaceful life she had led there, until the death of her father and brothers, soon followed by that of her mother, made way for the next heir, whose son was now the possessor of the estate, and the hero of poor papa's best stories. I have an indistinct remembrance, when a very little girl, of being on a visit with my parents at some great house, and seeing an oldish lady and gentleman called Mr and Mrs Forde Leighton—not that they were *really* old; but his burly frame, and her staid demeanour, formal turban, and plain old-fashioned dress, gave them the general appearance of being so to more eyes than my childish ones. We never visited them, although often most kindly asked to the Grange; but my mother saw no wisdom in calling up unnecessarily the painful impressions every tree, every stone, every spot in that much-loved place would give rise to in her sensitive heart; and my father was always out of his element in the country, or in the society of those who were not, like himself, men of cultivated understanding.

The death and marriage of all my near relatives left me at liberty to select my future place of residence: 'the world was all before me where to choose;' and all the world—my little world at least—were very kind in inviting me to visit them; for although not rich, I was perfectly independent, and of a cheerful disposition. Among others came an invitation from my cousins the Leightons, so cordially and kindly worded, that I accepted it at once, and set out from Milverton Manor in Berkshire, where we were very gay—had private theatricals, concerts, and all the fashions and follies of the day—to go to Walton, near Birmingham, a sort of half-way house en route to Leighton Grange; and here were collected most of the leading spirits of the age; and everything new and surprising in art, literature, science, and mechanics, was talked of familiarly, and

kept one's mind up to the times. From hence I went on twenty miles by railway; but the greater part of my journey I had to post over rough country-roads, every step I took carrying me farther off from the glaring, flaring, whirling, bustling, go-ahead scenes I had lately, indeed I may say always, more or less been living among. It seemed as if I had got into some strange country; for the language was unintelligible, and the habits new, and unlike anything but what I might have read or dreamed of as occurring a century ago.

The narrow lanes, high hedges, and tinkling teams of oxen, 'when down the slope the ponderous wagon rings;' the stupid stare of the smock-frocked peasants; the simple wondering gaze of the quiet inhabitants of the little country towns we passed through, peeping over their high window-blinds, or looking up from their formal gardens—struck me in forcible contrast with the scenes I had so lately mixed with. The sunny quietude of these quaint old-fashioned towns and villages; the red-tiled roofs of their many-windowed houses gleaming through the orchard leaves; the bright brass-knockers, and well-whitened steps; the curious little bits of old architectural display, that age alone saved from being ugly; the pigeon-houses, and summer-houses, and tool-houses, built in every sort of absurd form to show the proprietor's taste; and the fine old trees surrounding the little lowly church, and dotted about the streets—all whispered of the past; all breathed around a feeling of repose; and I seemed to be living in the leaves of some old domestic romance. I alighted at the little bow-windowed inn at Leighton-bury, 'the Blue Bell,' the swinging sign of which represented a bell—a dinner-bell painted bright blue, and ordered horses for Leighton Grange.

'You must be the lady the squire's carriage was to come for; but it is not come, because they did not expect you before to-morrow, ma'am,' said the fat, fresh-coloured landlady, dipping and diving down to the ground every three words she uttered. 'Please to alight, ma'am, and the horses shall be sent for: they are quite handy, ploughing at Alderscroft; and in the meanwhile I hope you'll condescend to take a little of my gooseberry-wine and home-made cake the young ladies praise so much, and madam herself does me sometimes the honour to taste? I know you are a Leighton, or I should not take the liberty of asking you, for fear of a stiff, proud "No, thank you;" but the Leightons have all kind hearts. I served at the Hall till I married, madam; and my aunt was house-keeper there for forty years and more: she died there, too, and the squire put up a stone to her memory. Ah, she knew Miss Mary well, and I remember her also!'

'Is that Miss Mary's daughter?' said a very old

woman, almost bent double. 'God bless you, my child! If you have the kind heart of little Mary whom I nursed, you are welcome to Leighton!' A group had by this time assembled, and 'Miss Mary's child' was welcomed by the grasp of many a horny hand.

Strange! that I should feel at once at home, as it were, in a place I had never before seen—*more* at home than I had ever done in any other during my life. Stranger still that I should never once deem these rustic demonstrations of affection a liberty!—I who had been taught to keep all but properly-introduced people at a distance, and to expect respect from every servant or dependent. But ere I had well time to ask or answer to myself these questions, my maid came to tell me all was ready; and in a few minutes more I was off again, creeping along roads quite as bad as those I had previously traversed, but full of old-world beauty, and redolent of bean-blossoms and May-flowers. An urchin in highlows, and a hat shaped like a boat, had run on to announce the approach of 'Miss Mary's child' by some more direct route; so that when the carriage stopped, the whole family were on the steps to welcome me. The squire, in a red face, green cut-away, and leathern gaiters, set up a view-halloo as soon as my post-chaise turned the corner; Mrs Leighton's benevolent countenance looking no older, and still beaming beneath the well-remembered turban; the tall sons in jackets and the daughters in good gingham gowns, short petticoats, and black leather shoes—all laughing, kissing, shaking hands, and receiving me as if I were indeed one of themselves, advanced to hand, or rather lift me out of the carriage: and surely there is something in being of the same blood, for I at once felt them to be relations, and loved them as such.

'We did not think it possible you could arrive before to-morrow; but your bed is aired, and your room quite ready, Mary, dear!'

We then entered the spacious hall, hung round with rusty armour, modern guns, and old family pictures: the drawing-room opened from it, and was very large, and very low in the roof; full of cabinets, straight-backed chairs, and uncomfortable sofas, spider-legged tables, red silk window-curtains, that drew up in festoons with pulleys, and though last, not least, although it was the 31st of May, a roaring fire!

'The evenings are fresh still,' observed Mrs Leighton.

'Fresh or faint, I like to see a fire at all seasons somewhere or other in the house,' said Ralph, the eldest house and heir.

'Yes,' quing the old squire—

"My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
Oh blithe is the blink o' my ain fireside!"

Good Squire Leighton seldom said anything: he usually sung what he wished to observe; but when no apt verse or line of a song presented itself to his memory, he ended his speech with a '*tolderum teetum* too!'

'Are you very very tired, Cousin Polly?' lisped a pretty little chubby-faced darling in a pinafore.

'A little; but not so very very much. Why do you ask, dear?'

'Cause I want you to see my puppy!' Mr Leighton kept harriers, and occasionally presented a puppy as a plaything.

'No; she must see mine first: I'm the oldest, you know, Lizzy, and my pup's the finest,' observed Master Johnny resolutely.

'And you must see my lamb! such a sweet little beast, it is,' insinuated Cicely, holding up her rosy mouth.

'And my hens! You never saw such lovely hens as mine are!'

'Come with me,' said Harold. 'I'll show you a robin's nest, and the robin sitting! And oh, mamma,' pursued he; 'you know the white duck has been laying away: well, I've found her nest—eleven eggs—only think!'

'There are three calves and a beautiful little foal! Do you like calves or foals best?' asked some one. And then followed tales of horses, and ponies, and dogs, from the boys; of cows and poultry from the girls; and of old women with rheumatism, and young children with measles, interspersed by sundry sporting anecdotes, from the squire, all addressed to *Polly*, as he called me; so that, most fortunately, I could not get one word in to betray my total ignorance upon all these subjects.

Tea came; and such a profusion of hot cakes and honey was eaten, I wondered if they had had any dinner. My room—where, when I went to take off my bonnet, I found a large fire, a feather-bed and sheets toasting at it, and the windows wide open—was now in order. Mansell had unpacked my things, and I retired to rest, too excited and happy to sleep for a long time; and when I did so, I dreamed the proceedings of the previous two days all over again. At six I awoke, and got up, impatient, as the house-agents say, to view the premises.

The mansion was an old irregular pile, covered with vines and creepers, surrounded by a flower garden in terraces and smooth-shaven lawn. The flowers were like the people they belonged to—old fashioned, but healthy, and excellent of their kinds: lilacs, laburnums, pink and white thorns, roses—the finest Windsor roses I ever saw—white lilies in loads, peonies, bachelor's buttons! But I need not pursue the list—it would stretch very far, although no new flowers would find a place; and all was in good order. Beyond were avenues and clumps of magnificent timber—turf that had not been turned up in the memory of man—deer, sheep, cows, and even horses, scattered about feeding steadily, undisturbed by the red-cloaked old women who were gathering sticks under the rookery, where the birds apparently did not think, with the beasts, that red-cloaked old women were of no consequence, for they kept up an everlasting cawing, flying about in an alarmed manner. A cheerful noise it was, and uniting with that from the farm-yard, gave me an idea of peaceful seclusion from a jarring world most soothing to my mind. By and by came chattering children from the village, with bright tin cans, to carry away the skim-milk, which was always distributed: all suddenly silent, and bowing, curtsying, and staring at the stranger. Wherever my eye turned, something was going on of country work; but neither town, village, nor farm was visible from the place where I stood: no glimpse of the world without, at this safe distance from its roar, dispelled the charm. The birds sang in the branches; the bees hummed, hovering over the fresh-opened flowers, still glittering in the morning dew; the geese screamed wildly as they flew to the pond; the turkeys gobbled; and all the poultry, running to be fed by a buxom lass who scattered handfuls of corn among them, calling 'chuck, chuck,' were heard at once, chiming in with equally expressive sounds from the pig-sties, where a boy I heard called William Barton was emptying pailfuls of kitchen refuse and some buttermilk. These joyful morning cries, pigs and all, were to my ears and heart a concord of sweet country sounds, which I would not in the then mood of my mind have exchanged for the notes of Mario and Grisi, combined, as they must be, with the unavoidable accompaniments of smoke, vice, and city uproar. A

rosy maid and apple-cheeked old man now passed, clinking their bright and yet unfilled milkpails, whilst the cows, who knew the sound, ran lowing to meet them; and in three minutes more was active Mary Dairy—to distinguish her from the other Mary in the house, who was laundry-maid—seated on her three-legged stool merrily tugging away, and singing to the tune of the 'Brown Irish Girl' some sentimental ditty, in which I could only distinguish the words, ever and anon, of 'An' now ye see what loove can dow.'

This dream of cheerful calm was interrupted by the squire, who listened to my incoherently-expressed delight with looks of approval, mixed, however, with considerable surprise: he could not in the least comprehend my feelings, having all his life lived in the busy seclusion which so charmed me, a town-bred lady rurally disposed by nature. Had he been forced to leave these familiar scenes, he would then have awakened to their charm, and expressed his regrets probably very poetically, for true unaffected feeling is always, I think, more or less what we term poetical; but things of daily occurrence, even when enjoyed, passed with him unmarked; and I should not be very much surprised to hear that he thought me a little touched in the brain with romance, despite my six-and-thirty summers.

All the family breakfasted together, including Miss Becker and Mr Hope—the stiff, old-maidish governess, and the thoughtful-looking tutor—whose power over their pupils came to a pause in the presence of their parents; for such a lively clatter ensued, from which books, politics, and the usual chit-chat and gossip of society were excluded, that I became absolutely silent in amazement to find that people could talk so much and so happily upon subjects wholly agricultural, horticultural, charitable, and sporting. To be sure much indignation was expended upon one Billy Betelbro, who had been detected in the very act of blowing birds' eggs; but what *could* be expected of the son of such a woman as Betty Betelbro, who had often been suspected, and once convicted, of breaking down fences in order that her cow should trespass upon Farmer Denton's field? Every one looked grave, commented upon such crying instances of family depravity, and looked forward with fear to Billy's future career.

I found I had missed family prayers, which were always said at nine.

'No one is forced to attend,' said Mrs Leighton, 'and they are not long.'

'No,' cried the squire, as he finished his second mutton-chop; 'short and sweet. If I had a donkey that wouldn't go!' sung the jovial gentleman, as he took up a hunting-horn and proceeded to mount a specimen of the animal held for him by a groom. 'I'm just getting the better of a fit of gout, Poll, and can't well bestride my good steed *Marmion*—'

"And so I ride  
Up the green hill-side  
On my old Jerusalem pony, oh!"

hummed he, while another groom came from the stables mounted upon a magnificent horse, and followed by the harriers, and Ralph, Harold, and Johnny on ponies.

As soon as the gentlemen were off, Mrs Leighton and the rest of her young family, who were to have a holiday in honour of my arrival, proceeded to show me the house. Nothing could be simpler than the furniture, more excellent than some few of the paintings, more perfect than the oak-carving. The girls, with the exception of the eldest, who occupied the same room as the governess, remained inhabitants of the old nursery—the same nursery my poor mother had often described to me; and well I recognised every article of furniture: the high press, which contained

in the upper part the books and playthings of the present generation, as it had done those of the former; the lower part holding the basins, soap, and water for washing, which was always kept in large red-painted tin watering-pots, that there might be abundance. And there stood yet the walnut-tree drawers and many-legged table, the nursing-chair, the old pictures that I seemed to know: one of poor mamma herself at ten years of age, smiling innocently, in a blue frock—one of her little sisters in pink, nursing a kitten—while my eldest aunt sat solemnly with a book before her. There were 'The Months' in black frames, below the 'Battle of the Nile,' 'The Landing of the 42d in Egypt,' 'The Pretty Reaper,' and 'The Marquis of Granby,' all hanging in their long-accustomed places—and the old yellow screen pasted over with *ladies* cut from 'La Belle Assemblée,' showing most forcibly the folly of fashion in their crazy-looking costumes, once the reigning mode, and no doubt much admired in their day, absurd as they appear in ours. The high green fender, the clumsy fire-irons, all spoke of other times. The very furniture of the beds was the same as when my mother was young—dark-green moreen, a stronger fabric than that woven in our degenerate modern looms, Mr Leighton affirmed. All the bedrooms were panelled, and smelt sweet—for lavender in sheafs and shocks stood on the toilet-tables, mingled with the quaint ornaments on each high chimney-piece, and lay among large shells, filigree baskets, and odd-shaped jugs and jars. On the floor of one room all sorts of herbs were drying; in another feathers; wool covered the floor of a third, in which the only furniture was a high-plumed bedstead, a mirror, and the picture of a villanous-looking monk; and the fourth, which seemed as if intended for a dressing-room, contained nothing but jelly-cans and potting-dishes, ready for filling when the proper time came. But the great curiosity was the store-room. Such barrels of flour and brown sugar! such rows of sugar-loaves! such boxes of tea, coffee, rice, barley, dried fruit, and spices! such pyramids of sweetmeat pots of all sizes, I could not have imagined without having seen! In one corner was all kinds of crockery, in anticipation of breakages; in another a multiplicity of new brooms, brushes, sieves, twine, and writing-paper. As to the old boxes, old books, old bonnets, old grates, keys, doors, and such things, I need not enumerate them, for they were so tumbled one upon another I could not see half. I saw webs of woollen, linen, cotton fabrics, and piles of newly-scoured blankets in orderly confusion.

'And what are all these low seats for in the middle?'

'Oh, these are such happy seats!' cried little Cicely.

'We use them when fruit is to be picked for preserving, or minced for marmalade, and we always have a holiday; and the sun shines, and there are wasps, and we are so happy!'

The idea of wasps was so connected in the child's mind with the long, light, sunny summer days, when holidays were frequent, and fruit plentiful, that I could quite enter into her feelings, and understand the agreeable recollections the very name of that venomous little insect gave rise to. All the females of the family, high and low, Miss Becker excepted, assisted in these domestic avocations—all were merry and busy, and healthy and happy as ease, kind hearts, and good tempers could make them: no envy, no spite, no rivalry; no petting about dresses not fitting, expected partners not appearing, or dancing with some one else; no fears about not being invited to Lady Darklour's ball or Mrs Trill's concert. No; 'all was sunshine in each little breast.' Whether seven or seventeen, whatever their fortune in later life, they have at least a happy childhood and a placid youth to look back upon; and it is something to have been happy—it is a resting-place to repose the weary heart on. The very servants, sons and daughters of tenants, took

as much interest in everything as did their masters and mistresses, who in their turn felt a hearty good-will towards their dependents: their griefs were pitied, their complaints listened to, their wrongs redressed, their weddings celebrated, their old age provided for, as had ever been the custom in the family of Leighton; and if the honest squire did sometimes apply an epithet more expressive than polite to a stupid assistant, no one thought anything of it. 'Twas master's way—God bless him! The best dogs bark, but they don't bite,' they said. No surly servility followed, any more than open insolence; but the frank respect of their manners remained unaltered—every one knew his place, and no one thought about it. The living was excellent, but not elegant; and all the foundations for the culinary department in profusion—mutton, veal, lamb, and pork were killed at home, and beef also from November till March. All sorts of poultry and game were in plenty; with milk, cream, butter, eggs, vegetables, and common fruit. Mr Leighton both grew and ground his own flour, brewed his own beer, and, except wine and spices, they had everything within themselves. A Sunday newspaper sufficed for news; the squire also took the 'Sporting Magazine,' Mr Hope the 'Quarterly,' and Miss Becker the 'New Monthly'; and these constituted the reading of the family—Miss Becker and Mr Hope finding enough in the extensive but old-fashioned library to occupy their leisure hours. Both these quiet instructors of the younger branches had at one time lived much in the world, which had not used them well; they had also suffered from bad health; but here, in this solitude, their minds and bodies at last rested: they were content and happy; although each possessed the cultivated mind they did not find in their kind-hearted employers or their good-natured pupils. To all of these *lessons* were anything but agreeable, and not, they insisted, very necessary, as the oldest son was of course to succeed his father; the second had a passion for the sea; the next was to be in the army; and the youngest to take a farm under his brother, and marry Lilly Lawson, General Lawson's eleventh daughter. This was confided to me by the urchin himself, a monkey of seven years old; and the pride with which he introduced me to his future bride was truly ludicrous.

This old-fashioned family had a few neighbours with whom they exchanged yearly visits of the usual three days' length—the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day; but the Lawsons being only three miles off—one and a-half as the crow flies indeed—they saw them more frequently: people as worthy, but a little more worldly, than the unsophisticated Leightons—and the young ladies were excellent musicians. But it was no matter to my dear, true-hearted relations whom they entertained or were entertained by—whether it was Lord Earnscliff, or the Duke and Duchess of Derwentwater, or Mr Sherlock Dabb—the same hospitable hand was extended to all, the same good plain dinner provided, at which a fowl with all the chickens roasted round her, reposing upon fried eggs, was a standing and popular dish. Port, sherry, and Madeira—but such as few cellars could boast of—were the only wines, and were presented to each and all alike; and the squire answered the duke's 'courtly speeches, the viscount's hearty jokes, and Mr Sherlock Dabb's elaborately-fine phrases, with the sag-end of an old song, or barring it, his favourite 'tolderum teetum too!' None of the party had what people who lead secluded lives sometimes, and parvenus always have—a *company manner*. Every one (though high rank was acknowledged and revered by the squire, if it was not new) was treated alike, and no one was ever offended, except Mr Dabb; but he took umbrage because the curate, whose brother kept a library, was as much attended to at the Grange as he was himself—he, a man with an estate, and the son of a manufacturer, not a shopkeeper!

The Leightons were always employed either in walking, riding, gardening, visiting the poor, overlooking the labourers and woodcutters. The girls sewed a great deal—plain-work principally when alone, embroidery when they had company staying in the house. In winter they danced among themselves almost every evening, the noble old squire footing it away most vigorously whenever the gout allowed him to do so; whilst his staid and gentle helpmate skated about in a very quaint and original manner when pressed into the service; but she generally preferred playing her sole three tunes, 'Elay Morly,' 'The Triumph,' and 'Because he was a bonnie lad, I bid him kiss and come again'—a merry air, much admired by George IV., who himself performed it with great spirit on the violin. Sometimes they had a round game; sometimes the elders played backgammon or piquet, and the others sat at a distance with their work, jesting among themselves, or tried with Mr Hope the intricacies of chess. I liked the evenings; there was always plenty of light, warmth, space, and good-humour—that was all; and yet these unaccomplished, uncultivated young persons were popular with every one who met them, from their unaffected good-humour and natural good sense. They, however, kept little company upon the whole, and went less out. I was delighted with their combined simplicity and sense, plain yet perfectly self-possessed manner, at first; but, I must confess, after a time I tired of the style of conversation; which, however, seemed always fresh to them: so, bringing out my books, drawing, and music, I spent my mornings in a more intellectual manner. My cousins wondered at my odd love for *lessons*, as they termed these pursuits; and one day, when their father had the gout, and complained of the time passing slowly, I proposed reading aloud while they worked. I saw disapprobation upon every countenance, but, as they afterwards told me, I was so good-humoured, they did not like to disoblige me. I accordingly commenced, but at the very beginning was nearly discouraged. First of all, worthy Mrs Leighton begged my pardon, but she 'must just say one little word to cook, something she had forgotten'—Emily was for ever dropping her scissors or thimble, or searching about for a reel of cotton that had run she did not know where—then Susan wanted to be informed whether she was to backstitch or run this, or cut that bias or straight; and so on. But I persisted; waited, and began again; and by and by all got interested and quiet. By the time I left them—after a happy visit of ten months—one part of the old-fashioned family was borrowing books from their neighbours, others were ransacking the home library, and even the squire himself talked of riding over to the town and getting a book-box or bag sent every month with all the periodical and new publications.

They still take pleasure in country pursuits and active useful employments; but they now enjoy life ten times more than they ever did before; and the old gentleman no longer fears *age* when he can no longer ride. The needle was often relinquished for the pencil by Susan, who took views very accurately. Emily copied descriptive poetry, and tried to write it herself; she also discovered that those who can play dances, may also, with a little extra trouble, execute better music; and her duets with Miss Becker from the modern operas are very creditably performed. They soon lost the idea of *lessons* connected with intellectual employments, and although they never arrived at a pitch of perfection sufficient to entitle them to be considered very clever, or very accomplished young ladies, they can take their part in any conversation, in any society, without disgrace; while they retain their strong love for home, and relish for simple pleasures.

I am now again at Leighton Grange, in order to be present at Susan's bridal, who is to be married to Sir Algernon Cottan; after which, with Emily as brides-

maid, they depart for a tour on the continent. What a wonder, what a pleasure, for their fresh miads! I remain here, nothing loth, to help with Miss Becker and Mr Hope (although they no longer give lessons) to fill up the gap, till a living, still enjoyed by a healthy old man, becomes vacant, and enables them to marry.

### THE SHEFFIELD EXPERIMENT.

IN a wildish tract of country about six miles from Sheffield, there may be observed at the bottom of a slope near the wayside a long plain building, which a stranger will scarcely pass without inquiring for what purpose it has been erected. It is an offshoot of the workhouse of Sheffield, designed to accommodate a set of able-bodied paupers from that establishment. The Sheffield guardians, finding, a few years ago, that oakum-picking, corn-grinding, stone-breaking, and other works conducted in the workhouse were no gain to themselves, while they produced great refractoriness among the inmates, bethought themselves of trying an experiment in the reclamation of waste land. They entered in August 1848 on the possession of the Hollow Meadows farm, consisting of forty-eight acres, for which they were to pay the Duke of Norfolk at the rate of 4s. per acre during a lease of twenty-one years; leasing at the same time two acres for ninety-nine years, on which to erect buildings. It was a rude, stony, boggy territory, surrounded on all hands by moors, and as yet produced nothing of the least value. The Guardians immediately commenced a suite of buildings, including one large eating-room, and a number of dormitories, all in the plainest style, and costing in all about L.800. They draughted out the more refractory paupers with their wives and children, and set them to clearing away stones, making drains, and ultimately the trenching of the ground by the spade.

The process was thus described in the ensuing March:—‘A fence-wall was erected around the two unenclosed sides of the land; main-drains were cut, and in November they began cultivation, with sowing wheat and barley. During rainy days they prepared stone, and assisted in building, and in frosty weather drained and trenched. After removing the top loose stones, they dug deep (about sixteen inches), and turned the soil on to the top; then cut and pulverised it, taking out and burning the wicks or stalks. The subsoil (of sand) was then thrown upon the top of the first dressing, and then manured well, and sown. They finish and sow each day, preparing only what they can get through. The ground is set with corn, barley, turnips, potatoes, and mangold-wurzel, which are doing well. *The crops look greatly superior to any others around.*’\*

There has been since then an average of forty-five men employed at Hollow Meadows. Upwards of 500 heads of families, 250 wives, and 2000 children, have been accommodated there in succession. The paupers have been maintained in much the same way as in the workhouse; only perhaps with a more liberal dispensation of food, for such has been required in consequence of the strong appetites engendered by healthful rustic labour. No difficulty has been found in making the people work: on the contrary, a removal back to the

workhouse has been felt as a punishment, while a removal from the workhouse to the farm has become the premium of good behaviour. A considerable portion of the farm—we do not learn exactly how much—has now been reclaimed, and made to yield oats, potatoes, and turnips. It is believed that the land so reclaimed will, at the end of four years, be fit to be sublet in small lots, at such rates as to yield a good return, and thus go far to repay the cost of supporting the paupers by whom it was improved. While improved land is thus parted with, further quantities of moorland will be taken in hands; and thus it is contemplated that in time a large tract may be reclaimed by that pauper labour which otherwise would rest dormant or be misdirected.

The interesting character of the Sheffield experiment will be generally acknowledged. In workhouses, great difficulty has, in the first place, been experienced in getting work to do; in the second, there has been much inconvenience from the clamours of the poorer class of ratepayers, who find themselves competed with in their humble labours by a set of people whom they assist in supporting. But if pauper labour can be turned to good account in reclaiming waste land, it interferes with no interest of the ratepayers, and it effects a real good to the community, in as far as it is better to have a country fully than partially under cultivation. *The new value put upon the land is so much saved to the ratepayers, after expenses peculiar to the system have been deducted.* There is already, we find, a disposition to try similar experiments in other districts: it is contemplated in Cork, and has been talked of by the parochial boards of both Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Side by side with this experiment is another which has been for some years in progress at Gairloch in Ross-shire. There is a strong analogy between the condition of the English able-bodied labourer out of work, and that of a horde of small Highland tenantry, whose husbandry, since the failure of the potato, has been unable to support them. The Highland proprietor finds his estate occupied by hundreds and by thousands of people who, so far from being able to pay rent, require to be supported by himself, or from some other source. ‘Although,’ to quote a competent authority, ‘the able-bodied unemployed poor have not in Scotland a right to demand relief, parochial boards are authorised by statute to apply, at their discretion, the funds raised by assessment to the temporary relief of the occasional poor, including able-bodied persons who are destitute. There is therefore in every parish a fund, limited only by the ability of the ratepayers, which the parochial board may apply to the relief of destitution among the able-bodied poor.’\* This is as much as to say that the land has to stand good for the support of the multitudes of miserable people who have been allowed to dwell upon it hitherto in that state of half idleness which attends the culture of the potato. It is, in other words, the confiscation of the land for the sake of those accidentally located upon it. Such being the case, some Highland landlords have been endeavouring to get the people deported to America, not merely for this purpose acquitting them of all arrears of rent, but furnishing them with passage-money, provided they will agree to go peaceably.

On one estate, that of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch (a minor), an effort is making to maintain the people as cultivators of the soil according to what is considered as an improved plan. In 1846, a government drainage loan of L.10,000 being obtained, five hundred families were set to work in reclaiming a tract of land hitherto not worthy of a rent of one shilling an acre. In July 1850, it was stated that L.6000 had been expended, and that the people had trenched, drained,

\* Report by a Committee of Inquiry, quoted in a newly-published pamphlet, ‘On the Reclamation of Waste Lands and their Cultivation by Croft Husbandry, considered with a view to the Productive Employment of Destitute Labourers, Paupers, and Criminals. By W. P. Alison, M.D.’ Blackwood: Edinburgh.

\* Letter of Mr. Smyth, secretary to the Scottish Board of Supervision, ‘Edinburgh Evening Courant’ newspaper, Nov. 11, 1850.

and put under crop about a thousand acres. The popularity of the plan was evinced by some townships having latterly petitioned to be put upon the same footing. There has certainly been a great increase of production during the four by-past years, and great improvements in husbandry have been effected. The arrangement contemplated is to settle each family on a lot of from five to seven acres, which it is to cultivate by hand labour; it is thought that, by that mode of culture, and by a careful collection and application of manure (keeping the cow within doors), it will be possible for a family to subsist with some degree of comfort, and pay rent. It is authoritatively stated that those who are industrious and economical already are 'living comfortably'—a novelty in cottage life in the Highlands—and the landlord by such is paid regularly, and with pleasure, in several instances at 10s. per acre. We have learned with pleasure that the uncle and mother of the proprietor use great and incessant personal pains in educating the people into new and improved habits, and that schools under a vigorous administration are maintained as a necessary adjunct of the scheme.

Such are amongst the problems in social and political economy now being worked out in our country, under the impulse of irresistible circumstances. We find a disposition to look upon them as the schemes of a visionary philanthropy, which we think is scarcely just. They are more truly to be regarded as exponents of difficulties which take their rise in the existing system—perhaps are inseparable from it. The patrons of the Sheffield experiment might well say, 'Let things be so adjusted as that there shall be no able-bodied poor, and we shall not need to set them to the working up of waste lands.' The representatives of the proprietor at Gairloch might equally well say, 'Free us of our surplus population, or bring them remunerative work, and we shall be happy to give up our scheme.' The experimenters appear to us deserving of sympathy; and their efforts, in as far as they are well meant, are worthy of applause. It is well, nevertheless, to keep a vigilant eye upon such experiments, lest they should be calculated to increase rather than lighten the evils which have caused them to be set on foot, or lest they should be misconducted so as to have bad effects not necessarily involved in their fundamental plan.

We must confess that we see no theoretical objection whatever to the idea of a Board of Guardians employing any accidental surplus labour which falls into their hands on the reclamation of waste lands, so long as the ordinary alternative is to support the unemployed in idleness or make-believe work. The improved land is at least better than nothing. When we hear, however, of proposals to settle poor people—perhaps the paupers themselves—on three-acre lots of the improved land, we see grounds of reasonable apprehension, for it is a very general opinion, only too well justified, we believe, by facts, that a population of three-acre tenant-farmers (the handloom weavers of the agricultural world) can only produce an extension of pauperism. Here, then, it becomes necessary to call upon the Sheffield Board to consider well what they are about. Such a course is not essential to their plan. They will as readily get one good tenant for the whole forty-eight acres, when so much has been improved, as sixteen paupers for holdings of three acres each. Let them contemplate this step along with the constant taking of fresh moorland on hand for the employment of the paupers, and the objections of the economists will vanish. As for the Gairloch experiment, it is precisely this risk of an increased pauper population which is to be dreaded. The proprietor cannot shift, adjust, and allocate his free tenantry as a Board of Guardians can with a set of paupers, who, in accepting parochial protection, forfeit their independence. It may therefore be found twenty years hence that the

now pressing evil has only been extended. We are willing to hope for a contrary result, and apparently, if a different result be possible, it will be attained by the enlightened management which we see in operation. But in the meantime facts are against a hopeful issue, for no large settlement of small holders or *seuurs* has as yet thriven in Scotland.

After all that has been said with such conflicting conclusions regarding large and small farms, the truth perhaps lies in a composition between the two systems. Were small holdings of various sizes mixed judiciously with large ones, their cultivators would obtain remunerative employment for their spare time from their capitalised neighbours, and there would be a stimulus to good behaviour in the chance afforded to the humblest labourer of rising to be a farmer, and to the small farmers of advancing to greater possessions and ampler means. If, for instance, in the conduct of the Gairloch experiment, the small holdings were undergoing a constant process of agglomeration, and the tenants shifted off (under, of course, suitable temptations) to fresh wastes, a basis would be laid for the realisation of this eclectic plan. We hope that some such course is actually in contemplation.

The pamphlet of Dr Alison, already quoted, adduces, from a great variety of sources, opinions and facts favourable to the *petite culture* or spade husbandry as a means of employing the surplus population. We think he makes out a clear case in favour of this mode of reclaiming waste land as an expedient for obviating a temporary difficulty, as in dealing with paupers and criminals; and in this light his brochure may be recommended to the attention of the public.

## THE PORTRAIT.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

SOME years ago Alexis Verneuil returned to Paris, after spending three years in study at Rome. He was not then the popular artist he is now, nor was he the same calm, well-dressed, and happy-looking individual, who, at ease with all the world, and with more work than he can very well execute, is equally at home in the *salons*, and in his splendid *atelier* in the Rue St Dominique. Alexis returned from Rome pale, moody, and sad. Tall, handsome, and full of talent—having won every prize which he competed for—he, however, on his arrival in the metropolis of the world, as our facetious friends over the water call the capital of France, showed very little disposition to cultivate his art with energy and vigour. He took a room, which served him for study, and bedroom, and parlour; he put up his easel, procured paint and brushes, and prepared for work. But he did scarcely anything. He was poor, and he lived in the most modest manner. He made his own coffee in the morning, and dined in his apartment in the evening on bread and wine, relished by some trifle from a *charentin*. And thus he went on for months. Like all artists in Paris, he was a smoker; and when his first meal was over, he would light his pipe, bury himself in an arm-chair, and placing himself in front of his untouched canvas, would appear to be wrapt in deep thought relative to the subject of his first painting.

But the canvas remained pure and unsullied, and Alexis Verneuil seemed likely to sink into total oblivion of his art. At times, it is true, he would rise, seize his pencil, and approach the easel. His eyes scanned the white surface, and he seemed about to commence. But after a few moments he would heave a deep sigh, dash down the pencil, thrust his hat over his eyes, and go out for a walk, eager, it appeared, to rid himself of unpleasant thoughts. He would select the darkest alleys of the Tuilleries, the most lonely parts of the Champs-Élysées, and parade up and down with the air

of a man who had some deep weight of care upon his mind.

One day, after some hours of promenading, he turned rapidly towards home, crossed the bridge which faces the entrance of the Tuileries gardens, and moving with a quick step, made for the Rue St-Dominique. Suddenly he was checked by a man who placed himself in his path.

'Alexis!' cried the stranger.

'Paul!' replied our friend the painter.

They embraced cordially. They were old companions in the workshop, and had not met for years. Paul took the arm of his friend, and accompanied him to his domicile. The young man was struck by the great change which had taken place in the once jovial Alexis—he who was once the wit of the *atelier*, the eternal story-teller, the indefatigable caricaturist, and the best companion in the world! The total absence of all signs of work, which was plainly visible in the young artist's apartment, was still more surprising; for Verneuil had the reputation of being indefatigably industrious. Paul, however, took no notice, and drew the conversation to Italy, most parts of which Alexis had visited. The young man spoke with evident reluctance of his travels, and after an almost vain attempt at energy, relapsed into his usual state, and spoke in monosyllables.

'Alexis!' suddenly exclaimed Paul roughly, 'I see how it is: you are in love—madly in love—hopelessly in love—and, as usual in such cases, are a lost man.'

'I—in love!' cried Alexis stammering.

'It is of no use denying it: I see it as clearly as I see your despondency and idleness. Why be mysterious with an old friend? Come, speak out, and we Parisians will soon knock the foolish fancy out of your head.'

'Parisian all over,' said Alexis sadly. 'I wish I, too, had retained the light-hearted gaiety, the fickleness and inconstancy, which is the characteristic of our capital; but no! I have changed; and, my dear fellow, I am in love!'

'My good Alexis, you are dull, stupid, lazy, morose, and what better proof do I want? Your word was not wanted to complete the certainty.'

'Say what you will. Since, however, you have found me out, I will confess all. It will lighten my heart, and then at all events I can talk about her.'

'Yes; occasionally. Now I have found you out, I shall come every day to push you to work. But I make a bargain. You shall only talk about *her* for half an hour. I know nothing so dreadful as listening to a lover's talk. It's always the same thing.'

'I will not bore you, my dear Paul. Here, then, is my story. You know the tolerable amount of freedom which exists in some convents in Italy?'

'Peste! a nun?'

'Yes. Well, I took occasion, as an artist, to visit several. About five months back I entered the convent of the Annunziata, in the papal states, in search of pictures. I found an exquisite Madonna in the parlour. The lady abbess was present. I was in ecstasies, and demanded leave to copy it. She appeared flattered, and gave me permission—adding, however, a request that I would supply the place of the absent drawing-master for a few days. I agreed; and having proved my identity and respectability by means of my papers, I was the very next day introduced into the company of about twenty novices and boarders. Some were pretty, some plain—all were interesting; and I confess my first day was spent rather in admiring their young and innocent faces, than in attending to my new duties. But I knew my delicate position, and I did my best to deserve the confidence of the abbess. I pleased her much, it seems, and went away to work at the Madonna in the parlour.'

'But I no longer saw the placid and patient face of Mary: I saw before me a pair of Italian black eyes, a sweet-shaped mouth, a lovely face, that most of all had

struck me among the novices. I dreamt of her that night, and when I saw her a few days after, I was quite prepared to fall in love. In the course of my lesson, and as she happened to be the ablest limner of the lot, I spoke oftenest to her. I discovered that she had a sweet voice and a quick intellect. This decided me. I was quite gone, my dear Paul! Four days passed, during which my whole soul was concentrated on her. I had not an instant's calm repose. I hit upon strange schemes, I built castles in the air, and at last I wrote. Luckily I knew Italian well. I declared my sentiments, told my name and profession, and in my madness begged a return. This letter I placed in my pocket, and then went calmly to my third lesson—I had discovered that the drawing-master had been dismissed—determined to risk all.

'Again I spoke to her, and when I dared, allowed my feelings to peer forth in the intonation of my voice—in my looks. Towards the end of my lesson I had to put forth my hand to guide hers. The abbess was speaking to the priest. I rapidly placed the letter before her, saying, "Take it, as you value my life!" She started, turned pale, and closed her hand. I saved my head. All was quiet as usual, and I continued my lesson.

'The abbess was delighted with my assiduity; and after I had undergone an examination from the confessor of the convent, offered me the place of drawing-master. I accepted, and returned to my fourth lesson with a beating heart. She was there, but how pale, how sad! Her eyes were red with weeping. She never looked at me once during the whole two hours, and never spoke. I, however, by means of the same manoeuvre, gave her a second letter. The next Monday, when I was just about to conclude, and while the abbess was admiring a sketch I had made for my pupils, I placed a third note before the trembling novice. Our hands met, and she thrust mine back, and rose. The letter lay on the desk. I took it up, and went away in despair. When I returned home I took it out. It was an answer to my two first epistles, brief, but delightful.

'She declared that before she saw me she had been resigned to her fate, though placed in a convent to swell the wealth of a male cousin, and having no taste for the life of a nun. I had shown her the dark side of the picture by my warm and passionate words, and by my offer of my hand. It was true that the domestic happiness I painted so vividly might have been hers, and was no doubt far preferable to her gloomy prison; but she must resign herself to what was, and begged me to abandon her to her hopeless fate. Not one word of affection in the whole epistle; but the epistle itself was enough for me.

'I am free. I have no relations. I am five-and-twenty. I resolved to escape with her, and start in life as a married man. In my next letter I offered to wait on the uncle, resign her fortune, and obtain her hand thus. I was answered again. It was impossible. He was a proud, avaricious man, who wanted to conciliate fortune for his son, and the good opinion of the world.

'I will spare you the next two months. Suffice, that at the end of that time Olivia Colonna agreed to fly with me. I was to scale the convent wall, cast a ladder over, and have everything prepared for flight. I trusted a friend and countryman, she a young girl, who agreed to procure the keys of the cells and of the garden. There was little difficulty about this. Evasions were rare, and the portress was easily persuaded into allowing a moonlight stroll when the request was backed by a golden argument. Our last arrangements were made verbally, and the night came round. I and my friend were at our post at eleven o'clock. A hammer and some long iron nails soon brought me to the top of the wall. I saw a figure standing near a tree in the garden. I cast the ladder over, and prepared to descend.

'At that instant out came a stream of people and torches from the convent, as if they had been waiting

for my appearance. The figure, which I could see wore the dress of a novice, and which was advancing towards me, fell. It was too late. The whole house was upon us. Women and men-servants swelled the force. I descended from my elevation, and fled. No time was to be lost. My position was very dangerous. My friend bought my furniture, and I escaped from Rome. Here I am, as much in love as ever, but now utterly hopeless.'

'A very romantic and touching story!' said Paul, in reality much moved by the tone of the young artist. 'But is she so very beautiful? I should like to see her.' 'You shall!' cried Alexis, seizing his painting implements. 'I have found a subject!'

And he immediately began the outline of a face which had ever been present to his memory for five months past. Paul let him work in silence for some time, and then seeing that he was seriously engaged at his task, rose and went away. From that day Alexis never left his portrait, except to take his meals and to smoke a pipe. Paul came every day; but he never made the slightest remark. At the end of three weeks a perfect picture stood upon the easel of the young artist.

'Beautiful in face—beautiful in execution!' said Paul, standing before it. 'It is the sweetest face and the best portrait I have seen for years. Is it like?'

'It is not lovely enough,' said the artist with a sigh.

'Of course not; but you must send it to the Exhibition. It will make you.'

'Never! It shall remain here.'

'Nonsense!' cried Paul; 'it is too late for you to do anything else. I insist on your sending it for approval. If you don't, I'll make you the laughing-stock of every atelier in Paris.'

A month later, the portrait was in the great gallery of the Louvre. For some time, however, it remained unnoticed and unpurchased, and Alexis relapsed into his former sadness. His mind brooded perseveringly upon the one thought which filled his brain.

One evening he sat alone in his small chamber. A scanty repast lay before him. It was untouched: he had forgotten it. Suddenly his bell was pulled sharply; he rose, opened the door, and a tall handsome old man stood before him.

'Monsieur Alexis Verneuil?' said he, bowing.

'Yes, sir. Do me the honour to enter. I beg pardon. Allow me, madame, to show you a light.'

The tall gentleman, who spoke with a strong Italian accent, entered, followed by a lady closely veiled, who sat down in a corner.

'You are the author of No. 1023 in the Exhibition, I believe?' said the stranger rather haughtily.

'I am,' replied Alexis with equal hauteur.

'What price do you set upon it?'

'I value it more than anything I could have in return. It is not for sale, monsieur.'

'How, sir! not for sale? Then why is it in the Exhibition?'

'In the hope of obtaining orders. To say the truth, it went there against my will: I was over-persuaded by a friend.'

'But, sir, name your own price; I must have that picture! I have my reasons for it. Will you take five thousand francs?'

'Five thousand francs is a fortune, sir; but excuse me—I cannot part with that picture.'

'But at least you will give an explanation?' cried the other angrily. 'The fact is, I know the original!'

'You know the original, sir!' exclaimed Alexis rising. 'In mercy tell me—where is she?'

'I should rather ask you, since with you she fled from the convent.'

'With me, monsieur!' cried Alexis, whose excitement was fearful. 'She never left the convent: hence my grief.'

'I am deeply interested in this story. Young man, speak frankly. This lady is equally interested. Speak out, and I will explain to you where she is.'

In breathless haste Alexis told his story.

'I knew it was a mistake!' cried Olivia, throwing off her veil. 'I knew it! Uncle, I draw back my word. Alexis must, and shall, be my husband!'

'Girl,' said the old man sternly, 'remember your solemn promise!'

'Given while I thought Alexis false.'

Olivia then explained that she had in her confusion taken eleven for nine, and had come into the garden at that hour wrapped in a cloak. Aided by her friend, and a ladder used by the gardener, she had climbed the garden-wall, and escaped. After waiting an hour outside the convent, she grew alarmed, and fled. She had her mother's jewels, some money, and the will of her father in a small box. She knew the house of an old nurse. Hither she went, and meeting with a kind reception from the woman and her daughter Rosa, after some difficulty she got out of Rome disguised as a peasant girl, and, accompanied by Rosa as her servant, reached France.

Here she determined to remain, because she was free, and had made up her mind to forget the ungrateful Alexis. She had put her affairs into the hands of an honourable notary, who at once set about procuring her property from the uncle. He, much alarmed, came to Paris, and presented himself before his niece. His own impression was, that Olivia had fled with some unprincipled Frenchman, who had abandoned her on his arrival in France, and he did not believe her story. She, however, solemnly assured him of her veracity, and the old man was convinced. He then proposed a marriage between the cousins. Olivia refused her consent; but on the solemn promise of her uncle to abandon all idea of a convent, agreed to return home. First, however, she determined to visit the gallery of living painters, in the faint hope of finding some trace of Alexis, and of purchasing at least a picture to remember him by.

Both Olivia and her uncle were astounded to find an exact and perfect likeness of Olivia herself in the novice dress. Both eagerly turned to the catalogue, and read the name of Alexis Verneuil. Olivia, still under the impression that the artist had flinched from the decisive step he had himself provoked, asked her uncle to go and see him, and to buy the picture. Pietro Colonna agreed at once, and did not refuse his consent to her accompanying him. In the dress of the day, with a cloak and veil, it would have been difficult to recognise the Italian nun.

Alexis was transported with joy. The old man looked on in moody silence. His plans were overthrown, and as he was not in Italy, it was quite impossible for him to use his authority to get Olivia again immured in a convent. Seeing, therefore, no other way of ending the scene with any credit to himself, he adopted the best plan which, under the circumstances, he could have hit upon.

'Young man,' said he, smiling, 'come and dine with us. I see very well I must make an exchange with you. Take her, but in return I expect to have the picture.'

Alexis could not speak. He turned round, took his hat, offered his arm to Olivia, and mechanically followed the old man down stairs. A carriage awaited them. They drove to the old marquis's hotel. They dined, and after dinner the joyous lovers told each other their several stories over again, and were as delightfully happy as people usually are under such circumstances.

The marriage took place a week later. Paul was present, and was the life of the party. He took all the credit of this happy ending to himself. It was he who had projected the portrait; it was he who had had it sent to the Exhibition. Alexis became happy and independent; but he loved his art, and besides, with the power and

talent to work, he could not bear to be dependent on his wife's fortune. And so Alexis Verneuil became, before long, one of the leading artists of the day, and is so still. But I have often heard him declare, with a happy smile, that he shall never do anything which will bring him such a price as he obtained for *The Portrait*.

#### ANECDOTES OF LONDON.

LONDON does not belong to the Cockneys exclusively, but to the whole kingdom. It is a common centre—a reservoir—a pivot. Its mind is made up of the intelligence of the country, its wealth amassed by the industry of the people, its power delegated by the entire nation; and this mind, wealth, power, are continuously returned through its agency in innumerable ducts to the provinces. It does *not* belong to the Cockneys exclusively: we are not sure, indeed, that they quite understand it. The stokers and engine-men are so much taken up with their steamer, that they do not altogether comprehend steam; and in like manner the Cockneys, bounded by local views, may have only a faint apprehension of the meaning of their metropolis. You never can get their spirits quite out of London in its materiality, which shows that they have no distinct perception of London in its universality.

We do not quarrel, however, with books written avowedly about London. These are always more or less agreeable, and more or less informing, and they are quite as well appreciated in the most distant parts of the country as within the bills of mortality. The last few years have been very prolific in such productions, and we hardly know why we have not noticed some of them as they appeared. Let us now take up the last, as the newest version of things that are never old. Knight, Hunt, Cunningham, and others, have preceded Mr Jesse: so much the better, for we shall no doubt profit by the fact in every page—since even our author himself sets out with the ominous acknowledgment that Cunningham's 'Handbook' is 'the most valuable work on London which has appeared since the days of Stow.'

The plan of the work before us is practically good, though liable to some literary objections. The author walks through London methodically, acting as cicerone to the reader, and giving him the history and associations of each locality they pass through. This is so far advantageous, that the book may be turned up where we please, and consulted like a dictionary: but at the same time it involves the necessity of repetitions—exposing us to be met again and again by the great fire, or the great plague, or the Gordon riots, or to be encountered every now and then by Queen Elizabeth in her ruff, or taken into custody repeatedly by the same lord mayor. This is tiresome to those who like to read straight through, and make an end of one book before tackling with another; but for a parlour-table volume, to be dipped into occasionally either for amusement or information, it is the best plan that could be adopted. The first series—for this is confined to what is called the City—entered doubtless into some general speculations; but here we are strictly confined to the places actually described. Some consideration, however, bestowed on the increase of the metropolis, its inherent expansiveness, and instinctive pursuit of bulk under difficulties, would be a good preparation for the sight-seer's mind; and some hint of the theory of the changes that have travestied the whole city, and turned it inside out in so remarkable a manner, would enable him to wander with greater zest and a more open spirit through those seemingly fabulous nooks where trade gorges itself among the ruins of chivalry, or rage and hunger crouch in the heretofore halls of princes.

We have alluded in a recent article to the terror with

which Queen Elizabeth viewed the increase of London in her time, when Holborn was a rural village, and Charing a solitary place of call on the road to Westminster. This great queen was afraid that if any addition was made to the enormous multitude already congregated in her capital, it would become impossible to govern the inhabitants in serving God and obeying her majesty; likewise that a supply of food, at reasonable prices, for so vast a city would be wholly out of the question; and finally, that from such great numbers of people 'inhabiting in small rooms, whereof many be very poor, and such as must live by begging and worse means, and being heaped up together, and in a sort smothered, with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement, it must needs follow, if any plague or other unusual sickness come among them, it would presently spread through the whole city and confines, and also into all parts of the realm.' All the queen's efforts, however, and all those of her successor, James, were unavailing; and in spite of proclamations and acts of parliament London continued to increase. It now contains a population about equal to that of all Scotland, and is as peaceably governed, and as cheaply and abundantly supplied with food, as the smallest town in the kingdom.

In the time of the maiden queen, stage-coaches and hackney-coaches, which became afterwards necessities to the bulk of the people, were wholly unknown. It was not till 1625 that the first hackney-coaches were seen in London; and in ten years they had increased so much, that King Charles thought it necessary to put a stop to the abuse by an order in council. They appear to have been looked upon with a sort of alarm even by those who took advantage of the convenience they offered; and the government regarded their increasing number with the same kind of indefinite apprehensions which the increasing magnitude of London gave to Elizabeth and James. King Charles declared them to be an encumbrance of the streets, endangering the lives of his subjects, and impeding the passage of provision-carts; and he therefore granted a privilege for establishing a service of sedan-chairs. He afterwards endeavoured to suppress them nearly altogether; and at various times they were limited to a very small number by law. How scared our ancestors would have been had they seen even in a dream the hackney-coaches, cabs, and 'buses of the present day competing with steamboats rushing along the river at a halfpenny a trip!

But our cicerone waits. The travesty of the city in its ancient localities is still more remarkable than the changes we have alluded to. The priory of St Bartholomew, formerly distinguished by its vast extent, its gardens, walks, fish-ponds, and mulberry-trees, is now a portion of the enclosure of Smithfield. Passing from this detestable area under a covered gateway, we enter what remains of the church, being merely its chancel, and are surprised by its massive pillars and graceful arches. 'Surrounded by mean hovels, and by a population of the lowest description, the exterior of the ancient priory, though degraded to strange purposes, is scarcely less interesting than the interior. Beauty and decay meet us at every step. In order to view the noble arches of the ancient cloisters, we must dive into a timber-yard; or if we seek for arched ceilings and fretted cornices, they are to be met with in the apartments of an adjoining public-house; while the old refectory, formerly one of the noblest halls in London, has been converted into a tobacco manufactory. The fine oaken roof of the latter still remains. The exterior of the building has been sadly modernised, and the interior has been subdivided by intermediate roofs and ceilings; but still sufficient remains to recall vividly to our imaginations the days when this noble apartment was the scene of ecclesiastical hospitality, and brilliant with all the splendid paraphernalia of the church of Rome.'

In the neighbourhood of Smithfield, leading from St John Street, a narrow lane conducts to the ancient

\* London and its Celebrities. A Second Series of Literary and Historical Memorials of London. By J. Hensage Jesse. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1850.

gateway of another priory—the once magnificent hospital of the knights of St John. ‘St John’s Gate, with all its interesting associations, has been long since converted into a public-house. When the author of these “Memorials” recently paid a visit to the spot, he was struck by observing a copy of manuscript verses, framed and glazed, hanging up in the taproom, purporting that in that apartment Dr Johnson used to dance attendance on Cave the bookseller. The principal apartment he found hung with tawdry banners and tinsel armour; and on inquiry, was told that it was used as a refectory by a modern order of knights of St John, consisting of tradesmen residing in the neighbourhood, who, entitling themselves Knights of St John of Jerusalem, elect their prior, or grand-master, drink beer and smoke tobacco, and are not too proud to admit strangers to their social board on payment of twopence a-head.’

The region of Finsbury, now occupied by large and handsome houses in Finsbury Square, Finsbury Circus, &c. and by wealthy shops in the Pavement, was, so late as the time of Charles II., a series of fenny pastures known as Moorfields and Fensbury. ‘As far back as the twelfth century, Finsbury and Moorfields were favourite places of recreation for the citizens of London; while centuries afterwards, the cudgel-players and wrestling-matches in Moorfields are severally spoken of by Shadwell and Pepys. Heath tells us, in his “Chronicle,” that from “time out of mind” it had been the scene of wrestling-matches and throwing the bar; and to these sports we may add those of archery, boxing, foot-races, foot-ball, and every kind of manly recreation. It has generally been supposed that skating was first introduced into England by Charles II. and his gay courtiers, who are said to have learned the art during their exile in the Low Countries. There is a curious passage, however, in Fitzstephen—the earliest historian of London—which shows that the art of skating, or at least something very nearly approaching to it, was practised by the citizens of London as early as the twelfth century. Speaking of the pastimes on the ice in Moorfields, he says—“Others there are who are more expert in these amusements: they place certain bones, the leg-bones of animals, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow.” The piece of water on which the citizens of London performed their pastimes is spoken of by Fitzstephen as “the great fen or moor which watereth the walls of the city on the north side.”’

Paternoster Row was a street of eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen, till these were burned out by the great fire. Then came tirewomen busy with the sale of comodes and top-knots; and then booksellers, for interior furnishing and adornment. Change is everywhere. Even the booksellers now cry, Westward, ho! and perhaps in the course of another generation Paternoster Row will have assumed a new character. This famous academy of learning was matched in the sixteenth century by another of a somewhat different description: it was a seminary for the instruction of young thieves in the art of picking pockets, and is thus noticed in a letter addressed to Lord Burghly by Fleetwood the recorder of London:—‘Amongst our travels this one matter tumbled out by the way. One Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant of good credit, having fallen by time into decay, kept an ale-house at Smart’s Key, near Billingsgate; and after, for some misdemeanour, being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a schoolhouse set up to learn young boys to cut-purses; there were hung up two devices: the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk’s bells, and over the top did hang a little

scaring-bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a public hoyster; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged a judicial nipper. N.B.—That a hoyster is a pick-pocket, and a nipper is termed a pick-purse, or a cut-purse.’ This academy still continues to flourish, though in various localities, and with some shades of difference caused by the different manners of the time. The cut-purse, for instance, is obsolete, since people no longer wear their purses at their girdles.

In the middle of last century, Horace Walpole writes that street-robberies in London were so frequent, that ‘people were almost afraid of stirring after it is dark.’ On the very day, says our author, preceding the date of this letter, ‘a proclamation appeared in the London Gazette, offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any offender. Singular as these facts may appear, there is no doubt that, favoured by the ill-lighted and ill-protected state of the streets, highway robberies were committed in the heart of London up to a much later period than we have usually any notion of. Less than half a century ago, a near relative of the author, accompanied by a friend (both of whom are still living to corroborate the fact), were on their way to Ranelagh, when, in Piccadilly, opposite to St James’s Church, the hackney-coach in which they were seated was suddenly stopped, two men with pistols presenting themselves, one at each door, while a third jumped on the box to overawe the coachman. Without the means of defence, they were compelled to satisfy the ruffians by delivering up their watches and money, and, at their departure, drove to the nearest police station to give information of the robbery. Here but little hopes of redress were held out to them. Their tale was listened to as if it had been one of nightly occurrence; and as regarded the evidence of the coachman, they had the satisfaction of learning that very little doubt existed but that he was in league with the robbers.’

This brings us, *volens volens*, to the famous stronghold of thieves at the south end of Saffron Hill, which was an asylum for these artists down to our own time. The Fleet river rolled its nauseous course in the midst; and on this spot the last glimpse was obtained of it a few years ago, when some old houses were pulled down. ‘Here, according to tradition, the notorious Jonathan Wild carried on his crafty and nefarious traffic of plunder and human blood. The black and disgusting-looking stream flowed through a deep and narrow channel, encased on each side with brick, and overhung by miserable-looking dwelling-houses, the abode of poverty and crime. The stronghold of the thieves consisted of two separate habitations, one on each side of the ditch, which were ingeniously contrived with the means of escape, in the event of their being invaded by the myrmidons of the law. On each side of the ditch also was a small aperture in the brickwork, of sufficient size to afford egress for the human body; and accordingly a plank might be readily thrown from one aperture to the other, and as readily withdrawn in the event of pursuit; or, in the last extremity, the culprit could plunge into the ditch, and pursue his course down the murky stream, till either some familiar outlet, or the habitation of some friendly companion in crime, afforded him the means of escape. The principal building, to which we have alluded, was unquestionably of great antiquity. In the reign of George I. it was known as the Red Lion Tavern. Its dark closets, its trap-doors, its sliding panels, and its secret recesses and hiding-places, rendered it no less secure for purposes of robbery and murder, than as a refuge for those who were under the ban of the law. In this house, about twelve years ago, a sailor was robbed, and afterwards flung naked, through one of the apertures which we have described, into the Fleet ditch—a crime for which two men and a woman were subsequently convicted and transported for fourteen years. About the same time,

although the premises were surrounded by the police, a thief made his escape by means of his communications with the neighbouring houses, the inhabitants of which were almost universally either subsistent upon, or friendly to, pillage and crime. At the demolition of these premises, there were found in the cellars, among other mysterious evidences of the dark deeds which had been perpetrated within their walls, numerous human bones, which, there can be little doubt, were those of persons who had met with an untimely end.

After this, we may read with less pain an explanation of the term Press Yard, in connection with the Old Bailey prison. The 'press' was an expedient for compelling prisoners to plead who remained silent; not with the view of saving their lives, but of preventing their property from falling into the hands of the crown. In this case of contumacy, the person was taken to the Press Yard, stretched upon his back, and a heavy weight of iron placed on his chest, and gradually increased till he pleaded or died. A minute account of the execution of Major Strangeways in 1659 by this horrible process is given in 'Knight's London.' In later and more humane times, the compression of the thumb by whipcord was substituted for the iron press; and this torture continued up to 1734—more than a score of years after the 'Spectator' and other elegant works circulated widely among the people.

The church of St Sepulchre, in the neighbourhood of Newgate, played an important part in the ceremonial of executions. The officiating clergyman came to the window of the condemned cell at night, and tolling a handbell, put the miserable wretches within in mind of their approaching end. The same functionary stood on the steps of his church when the mournful procession passed towards Tyburn, and again ringing the bell, repeated an appointed prayer, and called on the spectators to pray likewise. From the same steps, up to the last seventy years, a nosegay was presented to each criminal on this his last journey. 'According to the "Annals of Newgate," it was for many years a custom for the bellman of St Sepulchre's, on the eve of an execution, to proceed under the walls of Newgate, and to repeat the following verses in the hearing of the criminals in the condemned cell:—

"All you that in the condemned cell do lie,  
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.  
Watch all and pray; the hour is drawing near  
When you before the Almighty must appear.  
Examine well yourselves; in time repent;  
That you may not to eternal flames be sent;  
And when St Paul's bell to-morrow tolls,  
The Lord have mercy on your souls!  
Past twelve o'clock!"

It is curious how much of this book, and of all other records and materials of history, is taken up with crime! Every page of the annals of the human race is spotted with blood; and London, as a great congregating centre, has of course an ample share. It is agreeable to turn from St Sepulchre's to the small but graceful church of St Olave in Hart Street, at the west end of Crutched Friars. 'Not the least interesting object in St Olave's Church is a small monument of white marble, surmounted with the bust of a female displaying considerable beauty, and enriched with cherubims, skeletons' heads, palm branches, and other ornaments. This monument is to the memory of Elizabeth, the fair wife of the gossiping, bustling, good-humoured secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, who erected this memorial in testimony of his affection and his grief. To many persons, indeed, the principal charm of St Olave's Church consists in its connection with the personal history of that most entertaining of autobiographers, and the frequent notices of it which occur in his amusing pages. Pepys resided close by in Seething Lane, and St Olave's was his parish church. So little, indeed, has the old building been altered by time, and so graphic are the notices of it which occur in his "Diary," that we almost imagine we see the familiar figure of the smartly-attired secretary in one of the old

oak pews; his fair wife reading out of the same prayer-book with him: her long glossy tresses falling over her shoulders; her eye occasionally casting a furtive glance at the voluptuous-looking satin petticoat of which she had borrowed the idea either from the Duchess of Orleans or Lady Castlemaine; and her pretty face displaying as many of the fashionable black patches of the period as her good-natured husband would allow her to disfigure herself with. The inscription on her monument, in Latin, informs us that she was descended in the female line from the noble family of the Cliffords; that she received her education at the court of France; that her virtues were only equalled by the beauty of her person and the accomplishments of her mind; that she was married at the age of fourteen, and that she died at the age of twenty-nine.

In the same street, till a few years ago, was Whittington's palace, an old mansion so styled in the old leases, and supposed to have been the residence of the famous lord mayor of London. But even here we cannot get rid of crime. 'On pulling down the old mansion, to make room for some contemplated improvements, the following curious discovery was made:—On removing the basement-walls, the workmen came to a small brick chamber, the only opening to which was from the top. On breaking into it, it was found to contain many human bones, mixed with hair, and so disposed of as to afford much reason to believe that the chamber had been the scene of foul play. This impression was still further strengthened by the discovery of a dagger—about twelve inches in length, and with its point broken—-which was found lying among the bones.'

Of such materials are these two volumes—and we may add, every other volume about London—composed. They are all based upon the labours of Stow, who lived close to the pump at Aldgate. Fortunately for the world, this learned tailor gave up his trade, and took to authorcraft; but how did the world requite him? 'Stow,' says Mr D'Israeli in his 'Calamities of Authors,' 'had devoted his life, and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he had travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study; and, seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste: for Spenser the poet visited the library of Stow, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labours of our author. Late in life, worn out with study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, his good-humour did not desert him; for, being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part which formerly he had made so much use of." Many a mile had he wandered, and much had he expended for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stow at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a license to collect alms for himself! "as a recompense for his labour and travel of forty-five years, in setting forth the *Chronicles of England*, and eight years taken up in the *Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*, towards his relief now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employing himself for the service and good of his country." Letters-patent under the great seal were granted. After no penurious commendation of Stow's labours, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England: to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters-patent were to be published by the clergy

from their pulpit. They produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth: one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence!

Letters-patent under the great seal! Who shall sneer after this at the grant recently made to the widow of Waghorn, the opener of the overland route to India?

#### POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.\*

**Warts.**—‘It is a popular belief,’ says Mr Erasmus Wilson, ‘that the blood which flows from warts, when wounded, will cause them to grow on whatever parts of the skin the blood touches; and schoolboys, who love experiments, occasionally adopt this method of transplanting them, but *without success*. Indeed there is no truth in the supposition; and if a fresh crop should be produced around a wart that has been teased by a schoolboy, the fact, when it happens, admits of a more philosophical explanation.† Another idea respecting warts is, that they may be charmed away—an idea, by the by, of considerable antiquity, but one which still prevails, or at least did so not long ago. It was supposed that the wart might be mysteriously transplanted, and then buried. Mr Pettigrew tells us, that in a letter from Mr Hann to the Hon. Robert Boyle, allusion is made to the cure of warts—‘by taking an elder stick, and cutting as many notches in it as there are warts; then rubbing it upon the warts, and burying it in a dunghill.‡ He also says that Gfrose gives for the removal of these excrescences direction ‘to steal a piece of beef from a butcher’s shop, and rub your wart with it; then throw it down the necessary-house, or bury it, and as the beef rots, your warts will decay.§ Fortunately we are now in possession of more effectual means of removing warts, so that the charms may be said to have lost their charm.

**That Blisters not Rising show the Patient to be Dying.**—It is very certain that a blister will not rise on a dead man any more than on a hair trunk; but there is a very ridiculous notion, that if a blister does not rise, it is a proof that the patient is likely to die. I need not say that many circumstances may prevent the operation of a blister; and if we have no better evidence of approaching dissolution than its failure, we are bound to suspect that the blister has been very inefficiently managed.

**That Disease Changes at Particular Periods.**—This is one of those notions which, as we shall have many occasions to remark of others, is partly true and partly false; and perhaps medical men are themselves in some degree divided on the subject. Some complaints undoubtedly observe regular periods; and others, which are less known to do so, may in reality observe a law of periodicity which has yet to be discovered. We do not, therefore, wish to deny the possibility of nature’s operating in this manner, and are far from wishing to circumscribe the limits of natural phenomena by our own information; still, it seems to us that some people make assumptions beyond what the present information on the subject will warrant. ‘My daughter was taken ill at ten this morning; now at ten to-night I expect a change. What do you think, doctor?’ Or another was taken ill on a Friday at six, and the next Friday at six the mother will consider a most critical period. The fact is, every patient has his own reading of the case: one thinks every twelve hours important; another the same hour daily; a third the same day of the

week, or perhaps fortnight; so that these people are not even agreed themselves as to the period.

**Tide.**—Somewhat similar to this idea is that of supposing the ebb and flow of the tide to influence disease. I have known people who are in expectation of the death of a friend look forward to the ebb of the tide as a circumstance likely to determine the event. This notion is alluded to by Shakspeare in his description of Falstaff’s death. It is highly characteristic even to the medical reader. Dame Quickly says, ‘A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any Christian child: ‘a parted even just between twelve and one, e’en at turning o’ the tide; for after, I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers’ ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and ‘a babbled of green fields.’ It is at least a fine and poetical idea, that the retreat of the ocean carries back with it the departing spirit to its final resting-place—to the distant shores where the golden clouds of heaven mingle with the glorious deep. With such an idea, the fisherman, as he watches over his dying child, would listen with secret awe to the distant roar of the retiring waters.

**That a Man has a Rib less than a Woman.**—We should scarcely have imagined that this error could be seriously entertained, had we not been once or twice actually questioned on the subject. The absurdity of such an opinion is so easily demonstrated by inspection of the skeleton, that controversy cannot arise. Whatever Adam’s condition may have been, our fair partners do not now exist at the expense of our ribs.

**That Clever Children will not Live Long.**—Delicate constitutions are not unfrequently associated with precocious minds. With scrupulous and consumptive habits there are often combined states of intellectual brightness which only render more deplorable the untimely death which ensues. This being a subject of general remark, it is not uncommon to regard the early indications of genius with a certain fearful presentiment of a premature fate. Shakspeare says†—

‘So wise, so young, they say do ne’er live long.’

This connection of premature indications of talent and early death is, however, far from being a constant one. A striking instance of the contrary may be mentioned as having occurred in the great Haller. We are almost afraid to relate what is told of his youth, lest we appear to be seeking only for the marvellous. We may say generally, however, that while yet at an early age, he displayed the most extraordinary industry and research, as well as the most brilliant talents; yet he reached a very considerable age.

**Eye of Lunatics.**—There is altogether an extravagant notion about the appearance of lunatics. Some people imagine that an insane man can be detected at once by the appearance of the eye, and feel a sort of disappointment in going through asylums to see the inmates looking like other people. We believe there are persons sufficiently romantic to suppose that all insane women are beautiful. Like Sterne’s Maria, they expect to see them in white, with long dishevelled hair, and perchance a goat, attached by a silken cord, sitting at their sides. Some lunatics have undoubtedly a very curious and characteristic expression—a kind of side glance, with a stealthy pace, and an unmeaning smile continually playing on the countenance; but a great many people with disordered intellects look exactly like their fellow-men, and there is not that particular appearance of the eye which speaks infallibly and at once of the aberration of the mind. It will be conceded, then, at any rate, that the common notion is an extravagant one, and this kind of test altogether fallacious.

**Wind of a Ball.**—Old soldiers are proverbially fond

\* Communicated by Mr James Bower Harrison, surgeon, Brighton, Manchester. See present series, with the same title, to Nos. 246, 266, 286, and 270.

† On the Healthy Skin, p. 293.

‡ Medical Superstitions, p. 71.

§ Ibid. p. 80.

\* King Henry V. Act ii.

† Richard III. Act iii. Scene 1.

of story-telling, and perhaps rival the barbers in this respect. It is natural enough that they should like to recount the deeds they have done; and, as Goldsmith says, 'shoulder the crutch, and show how fields are won.' You ask that poor fellow with the wooden-leg how it was that he lost his limb?—you suppose it was a cannon-ball that struck it. 'Oh dear no, sir; it was from the wind only. The leg was no more touched than your own; the skin all unbroken and unbruised; but the bone crushed and soft. The ball,' he says, 'must have passed close by it.' On this subject even professional men have been in some hesitation; but I will quote the words of a very eminent army surgeon, who has only lately been removed from among us.

Mr Samuel Cooper says,\* 'A cannon-ball, especially when nearly spent, frequently strikes the surface of the body or a limb obliquely, and is reflected without breaking the skin. A soldier may be killed in this way without any appearance of external violence. His comrades suppose, therefore, that he has been killed by the wind of a ball! But the error of this opinion is immediately manifest when it is remembered that cannon-balls often carry away parts of the dress without doing any harm to the person.' Mr Druitt, the author of a valuable little manual of surgery, accounts for these so-called wind-contusions in a similar manner; and quotes the celebrated Baron Larrey in support of his views.

*Shoulder growing Out.*—A very common phrase is that of the shoulder growing out, and no little apprehension is occasioned by it. It is not uncommon to see a projection of the shoulder-blade, and this does indeed appear to non-professional eyes like a direct outward growth of the bone. Such is not, however, the case in reality: the protrusions of the shoulder-blade being the result of a curvature of the spine, which so alters the position of the ribs as to cause the jutting out of the shoulder-blade. The spine, therefore, and not the shoulder, should be the object of solicitude in such cases. This, I have no doubt, is well known to most educated persons; but still just worthy of mention in connection with the correction of these popular errors; for occasionally we meet with quacks who recommend iron plates to press back the bone, and which only bear upon some part of the distempered spine, which is not calculated for such injurious machinery.

*Healing Medicine.*—Many medicines are said to be what is called *healing*. Frequently we are asked whether such and such a medicine be not very healing to the stomach and bowels. Spemaceti was formerly considered as one of this class of medicines, and the spemaceti draught was a favourite remedy in old times with obstetric practitioners.† Shakespeare, in *Hotspur's* description of a fop, makes him say, that

—'the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Is spemaceti for an inward bruise.'

There is less reason, however, to doubt the part of his speech which relates to the 'villanous effects of salt-petre, which many a good tall fellow has destroyed.' The old women will be telling us every now and then that a little linseed-tea would be very healing to the lungs. Persons with notions of this kind seem to me to be very easily satisfied with medical reasoning. They never go on to ask how the effect is produced, or upon what foundation the evidence rests. This brings us to speak of popular credulity in the efficacy of drugs.

*That Medicines find out the Exact Place of the Disease.*  
—Though we are by no means one of those who would underrate the efficacy of medicine, we must confess that the popular belief is in many instances much too favourable. There is a growing spirit in these days, however, to fall into the opposite extreme, which in its

turn is mischievous. The believers in physic are sometimes not content with a general acquiescence in the virtues of drugs, but suppose that the medicine finds its way at once to the particular seat of the disorder—what the chemists would call a sort of *elective affinity* between the physic and the diseased organ. 'Doctor, I feel it working at the complaint. My arm certainly hurts me a good deal more to-night, but I suppose it is the medicine which is "*finding out the disease!*"' The doctor who supports such a view deserves finding out himself. Medicines have undoubtedly more or less influence on particular organs of the body, or at least different organs have different capabilities of eliminating medicines from the body; but to suppose that a medicine pursues a disease like a cat running after a mouse is more amusing than true. The patient will often tell you, however, that since he has taken his bottle, the disease has evidently quitted its old quarters, and is beating a kind of retreat under cover, perhaps, of some artillery of pain.

### HUMPTY DUMPTY.

'Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;  
Humpty Dumpty got a great fall;  
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men,  
Could set Humpty Dumpty on his wall again.'

THESE lines found favour with me even in my nursery. They enunciated, as it were, a myth suitable to my age, dealing with things of the visible world as they were then present, or might be supposed to be present. I received them, therefore, with the deference and sympathy due to the sad fortunes which they celebrated. But I was in no definite communion with their hero, and was utterly unconscious of any moral contained within them. Humpty Dumpty in his palmy days, elate and safe upon his wall, was, to my upturned fancy, an object of reverence and awe. Fallen from his high estate, and weltering in his yolk, his albumen, his chips of shell, and all the other particles, internal and external, that distinguish the egg from the live-born—and under the very shadow of that wall upon whose top he had erewhile basked in the sunshine, or caught the breeze within the hard, minute spiracula of his outward surface—he seemed to me as one whose fate was paralleled by that of Nebuchadnezzar alone. Proud of heart, like him, and self-glorifying, and, like him, not only cast down from his throne and supremacy, but metamorphosed, and his primal shape acknowledging him no more. And then the pathos that lingers round the closing story! Such irremediable mischance!—such, as far as we can discern, unmerited, unprovoked disgrace! And beyond the power of horse or man, of strength or craft, to repair! Though all the royal host, in number beyond the powers of simple arithmetic to express—all the king's horses, and all the king's men, were to be brought to that work! At the conclusion, my heart would ache and my tongue falter. My only refuge from utter disconsolation was in pondering again and again the first line of Humpty Dumpty's history; and again I would fondly place him, in his first metrical integrity, upon that wall on which his biographer reveals him, not only exalted by, but overtopping and crowning it.

But gradually the narration assumed another image and a graver character. It presented itself as a great enigma. The deepening chambers of my brain received and entertained this wondrous verse, fraught with new meaning, pregnant with twin mysteries. And in the solution that presented itself, I learned how little could strength or skill avail to reunite in all their due relations the once-dissevered parts of Humpty Dumpty's marvellous nature—to make it once more a principle of poultry, though in embryo, and unachieved.

And again, another and a riper period came, of deeper

\* *Elements of Surgery*, p. 175.

† See Ramsbotham, p. 189—'Practice of Obstetric Medicine.'

thought and swelling and brightening consciousness. And then I saw unfolded the deep moral that lurks within my nursery rhyme—that legend so long and dearly, but ignorantly loved—a deep moral and a saddening truth, never yet written on the white page of life's early commentaries; but, alas! too often and too plainly manifested in the mournful lessons gathered amid ripening years and withering hopes! Of the verses of our childhood there are doubtless many, bequeathed by wisdom and experience to mankind, that serve well to soothe our infant sorrows, to awaken our young wonder, and unfold to us, in later days, the moral, alas! so plainly confirmed when we have learned by heart, and in the heart's saddest earnest, the true history of life!

And so it is with the fall and partition of Humpty Dumpty. Never believe it to be the mere story of an unhappy man's precipitation; least of all, to be a mere riddle, hard of solution, and unimportant, and perhaps of little meaning when solved. Believe it to be, as truly it is, a gathering up into one of all the images the most appalling—absolute dispersion and dissolution of all the elements of form and matter, but with a sense still left of being and identity, pressing, incubus-like, on a mind, helpless in its suffering, yet restless and hopeless.

The fall of my first Humpty Dumpty—for thou, reader, and I, and all of us, have had, and still have, many Humpty Dumpties thronging around us as monitors or familiars—the fall of my first Humpty Dumpty was a moral fall. I was but newly entering into life, and he was sitting aloft upon a wall, whose foundations I believed were laid, deep and secure, in the perfectibility of our nature, in my full perception of the good, the beautiful, and the true; and because that wall fell, gradually and crumblingly fell—how grievously I care not now to recall—Humpty Dumpty fell too. I have in some measure retraced my steps; I have in some measure learned to look up from my moral fall to the high qualities of others; I have in some measure won back the moral ground I had lost: but my mind can never again trust and believe as once it believed and trusted. I have known too surely in myself, and have seen too much in others, of a dissembled purpose, of a perverted will, and an undisciplined longing. My belief in the purity and singleness of my young and untried systems had failed, and can never, by any craft or power, be again restored, and 'put upon the wall again.' My Humpty Dumpty was thrown down, shattered, and irreparable.

And side by side with the memory of this my moral fall, came thronging back recollections of first loves, of imaginations, trusts, and hopes—recollections now no longer fraught with what would be entitled to the name of grief, so entirely do they belong to the severed associations of early life. But yet they bring back in review the presence of aspirations once indulged, and a consciousness that, fallen and crushed, they can never be set up again by any effort or art, or replaced by any successor akin to themselves. We may again build up hopes with more wisdom, and with more constancy to their object. But the idol which once was on the wall is gone. 'His place knoweth him no more.' We never again can look forth from a tower of strength, like that in which lay enshrined the treasures of the young heart's wealth and worship. A tower it was, on whose top we basked through such bright days, from whence the sun seemed to rise so early, and set so late, that, as in a polar summer, he might almost be said to have shone without remission on affections, which, as they thawed, lost nothing of their brightness or purity; or if for a short space he sank from the earnest gaze that was turned towards him, his setting was still warm with the trust of what the morrow's dawn would bring. The dawn was welcome with the promise of a bright and a glorious noon. It is because of these

associations—because the first can be but once—that this Humpty Dumpty has so greatly fallen.

And now let us view him in another, and a yet darker and sadder form. Methinks I can see him on his wall again; but now I see him as a ghost, or like the column in the desert, casting his shadow far onward into life's path, but casting it on a solitude—a lonely witness of how fair he once was in his 'pride of place,' and how fair was the structure which he once upheld, and how in its fall it made many desolate! And this was when for the first time we knew of death—when for the first time we realised to ourselves what death means, in the wide severance from all we loved, and what he will one day work, in the wide severance from all we have known—from all we are! Death, in its calm immovableness, its mysterious impassiveness! Life has then first learned its sternest lesson. The shadow of death has passed over the principle of life; and we question life concerning death, and death concerning life; and we wonder how it is that once we lived so undoubtingly secure of the enduring energies of our being; and the spectre of death, in mournful triumph and supremacy, haunts the ruins he has made. In the words, the touching words of Raleigh, 'He hath drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride and ambition of man, and covered all over with these two narrow words—*Hic Jacet!*'

There are also many lesser ways wherein Humpty Dumpty can never be set right again: as when the daily annoyances, the petty grievances of riper years, first break in upon the golden repose of life: when we ourselves, our minds, our remembrances, our requirements, our hopes, cease to be a fairy legend set to music, and have become a tale ineffaceably inscribed in sober reflective prose, with a severe moral tacked to it. We may get occasional glimpses of our first estate: some dawn sparkling on its dew—some warmly-tinted sunset may for a brief space recall it—some sound we long, long ago heard played to the dance of those swift-footed hours—some perfume which they crushed from the flowers around them, may again faintly renew it; but, as an unbroken whole, it is past for ever!

I could weep for very vexation when I think on the fallen Humpty Dumpties which lie spread around me; and yet I will not weep: I will rather believe they are only the embodiments of an unavoidable and a wholesome experience—that while we take our stand upon the present, and from it look out upon the past, we may yet gather comfort. The romantic past, the real present, may meet anew, to assuage and brighten—to remind us that we may also look up; but as we once were on that eminence, before we ever had come down upon the plain—a plain presenting in its distance so many dim, glittering images of love, and hope, and trust—our ignorance was bliss. Even our Humpty Dumpties are to us but a remembered song. The wall is accessible no more; but beneath its shadow may yet be found peace and rest.

#### THE TOBACCO INSECT.

NATURE shows herself singularly ingenious in fulfilling the mysterious law imposed upon her by the Supreme Being—namely, reproduction by destruction. She surmounts all difficulties, triumphs over the efforts and precautions of man, and suffers nothing to delay the progress of her operations.

Dr Guérin Méneville, to whose patient minuteness of examination French science owes so much, has discovered a new species of destructive agent existing under the most singular condition. This agent, in the shape of a minute insect, is the cause of considerable loss to the Parisian government, making its appearance in their tobacco-manufactories, living in that narcotic even after it has been submitted to all the usual processes, and notwithstanding the most minute examina-

tion of the dried and triturated leaf. The ravages of this insect have been so extensive in the warehoused tobacco, and above all in the cigars, that the serious attention of the administration has at length been called to the loss caused thereby, with the view of indemnifying themselves for the yearly decrease of revenue occasioned by the number and vigour of these tiny adversaries.

In 1847, M. Guérin Méneville, having received from M. Planché, at that time inspector of the tobacco-manufactories, a sample of pierced and damaged cigars, together with a small collection of insects found in them and in other forms of the prepared tobacco, made a succinct examination of both cigars and insects. In the interior of one of the cigars inspected a living insect was found. This M. Guérin Méneville made the subject of his most minute examination, because he at once perceived that it constituted a new species in the great catalogue of animated beings—a species that has not yet been described in any work on entomology. It is of singular appearance, possessing a short, squat body, a protuberant back, and a head so much bent downwards, that its eyes, of a triangular form, can by no means see before it, but only beneath, as if nature had solely designed them to aid the operations of its sharp and serrated mandibles and antennæ. From the last circumstance, the learned doctor has named his new discovery 'the Catorama,' deriving the appellation from two Greek words, which signify *to see beneath*.

This insect, with its many-jointed antennæ and biforked tongue, is calculated to do immense mischief in the cigar depôts, being three times as large as the *Xyletinus serricornis*—a little coleopteran, met with in the tobacco imported from Louisiana and other parts of North America.

In other fragments of tobacco were found the corpses of the *Elaphidion irroratum*, peculiar to Cuba, and some blatters or kakerlacs, besides a small species of scorpion indigenous to that island. Thus the scientific observer will hereafter be able to ascertain in many instances from whence comes the tobacco submitted to his inspection, though others of these destructive insects, of divers orders and various figures, originally transported from America and the East, have followed man in all his commercial peregrinations, and are to be met with in every country.

All these insects pierce numerous galleries in the tobacco, more especially in its cigar form, depositing therein a granulous substance of an excrementitious nature, and laying their eggs in the holes they form. The ramifications of these galleries, though not sufficiently numerous to spoil the appearance of the cigar, or render it altogether rotten, nevertheless have the effect of admitting the air, and hindering the free draught of the smoke, thereby making the cigar unsuitable for consumption.

But a more serious mischief threatens the smokers than the diminution of material for their favourite pastime. It is well known that many coleoptera possess qualities more or less similar to those of cantharides. Chemical researches would be necessary to ascertain whether the *xyletinus* and the *catorama* have the power of vesication, and to what degree the cantharidine enters into their constitutive principles. Yet incineration certainly modifies these principles; and it is not likely that consumers of tobacco will meet with the same kind of accident that lately befell the director of the school-farm of Vauluse.

Writing in 1849, the recorder of the accident says—'This year the cantharides had scarcely arrived at maturity, when they were deprived of their usual nourishment by the keen frosts occurring in the middle of April, which withered the foliage of the lilacs and ash-trees. Urged by necessity, they fell upon the asparagus plants that had appeared above the surface of the ground. M. Fabre having, along with his friends,

eaten of this asparagus, without being deterred by the strong odour exhaled by the plants, experienced certain disagreeable consequences produced by the taking of the cantharides into the stomach.'

Far be it from us to alarm the moderate smokers of Europe. Admitting the presence of the cantharidine in some of the insects found in tobacco—and further, supposing that combustion does not altogether destroy this property—the principle would exist in too small a dose to cause serious inconvenience, and possibly might even be of benefit to some constitutions. Besides, all the tobacco spoiled by the insects is carefully eliminated; and it is seldom that any but products perfectly intact, and of excellent quality, are delivered for consumption.

#### THE FISHERMAN OF THE HAVANNAH.

We were lying at anchor in the beautiful harbour of the Havannah, in the month of July, in the year of grace 1849, in the stout ship *Dolphin* of Liverpool. I was the only passenger on board, the others having disembarked at Kingston, where we had touched first. We were at anchor inside the Fort; and the delightful perfume of the orange and lemon-trees, and of other tropical fruits, came wafted towards us in the stillness of the evening air. Night is only nominal in tropical climes; in my opinion it is 'the pleasantest part of the day.' The busy bustling city was sunk in repose, and the waters around were still, save where some ravenous shark glided noiselessly through the ethereal blue. I can never forget the delightful serenity of that evening. Among the merchantmen—their white canvas furled on the tapering spars, and their masts reflected against the summer sky—there was lying a Spanish corvette, her crew being all below with the exception of the watch on deck, and the grim sentry in the channels, musket in hand, pacing up and down. Leaning over the taffrail, I was watching the phosphorescent appearance of the water, when I heard a light splash in the direction of the ship's bow. At this time, with the exception of the mate, I was the only person on deck. I walked forward, and leaning over the starboard bow, I saw a man in a little canoe holding on by our cable. 'Hallo, my friend,' cried the mate, who by this time had also perceived the stranger—'hallo, what are you at there?'

'Soy pobre pescador (I am a poor fisherman),' replied a voice in Spanish. 'I am fishing, señores, for something to eat,' he continued, 'and my poor children are waiting hungry at home for me. To-morrow is Sunday, and if I don't catch something, they will be without food; for the last two days have been holidays, and fruit is forbidden.'

'Poor fellow!' exclaimed the worthy mate. 'Here, steward, bring me a piece of salt junk—a good round, mind you—and some biscuit.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' and the steward dived down into the cabin, whence he quickly emerged, bringing the required provisions in a cloth.

The worthy mate took them from him, and hailing the fisherman in Spanish, desired him to come close under the ship's bows. As soon as the poor fisherman did so, the mate lowered the food into his canoe, and the pescador withdrew to his former post. In a few moments we heard a great splashing in his light skiff, and immediately he cried out, 'Oh, señores, I have now enough for my little things for some days.' And away went the poor fellow, after bestowing a thousand blessings—'Sobre los generosos Ingleses!'

We were to set sail for Kingston again on Monday morning, and during Sunday I confined myself to the ship, listening to the tinkling of the convent and chapel bells. At last Monday morning came, and we hoisted our topsails and jib, and fired a gun as a signal to the pilot. Off he came, and we bore slowly out of the harbour. Suddenly I perceived a canoe shoot from the shore, and

approach us rapidly, rowed by a single man: it was full of cocoa-nuts, oranges, yams, and bananas, all ranged round about the solitary occupant. I took the glass to see more closely, and discovered with some surprise the features of the fisherman. In twenty minutes he was alongside, for he was rather impeded by his freight, and we were catching the sea-breeze; and a rope being thrown to him, the grateful fellow sang out for a basket to be lowered. This was quickly done, and having crammed the fruit into it, he cried out, 'Iza—iza (hoist—hoist)! Senores,' exclaimed he, 'wont you accept a little fruit, the produce of my garden, and with it also take the benediction d'un hombre Espanol? Adios, senores!' With a quick stroke of his oars he backed his canoe dexterously, and with a heartfelt shout for 'los marineros Ingleses!' he rowed swiftly to the shore. We hoisted the spanker and flying-jib, and with our sails full bore away for Jamaica.

#### FIRST MEETING OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND BENEDICT.

It was in the beginning of May 1821, when walking in the streets of Berlin with my master and friend, Carl Maria Von Weber, he directed my attention to a boy, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, who, on perceiving the author of Freyschutz, ran towards him, giving a most hearty and friendly greeting. 'Tis Felix Mendelssohn,' said Weber; introducing me at once to the prodigious child, of whose marvellous talent and execution I had already heard so much at Dresden. I shall never forget the impression of that day on beholding that beautiful youth, with his auburn hair clustering in ringlets round his shoulders, the look of his brilliant clear eyes, and the smile of innocence and candour on his lips. He would have it that we should go with him at once to his father's house; but as Weber had to attend a rehearsal, he took me by the hand, and made me run a race till we reached his home. Up he went briskly to the drawing-room, where, finding his mother, he exclaimed, 'Here is a pupil of Weber's, who knows a great deal of his music of the new opera. Pray, mamma, ask him to play it for us;' and so, with an irresistible impetuosity, he pushed me to the pianoforte, and made me remain there until I had exhausted all the store of my recollections. On my next visit I found him seated on a footstool before a small table, writing with great earnestness some music. On my asking what he was about, he replied gravely, 'I am finishing my new quartet for piano and stringed instruments.' It was his first quartet in C minor, published afterwards as opus 1. But whilst I was lost in admiration and astonishment at beholding the work of a master written by the hand of a boy, all at once he sprang up from his seat, and in his playful manner ran to the pianoforte, performing note for note all the music from Freyschutz, which three or four days previously he had heard me play, and asking, 'How do you like this chorus?' 'What do you think of this air?' 'Do you not admire this overture?' and so on. Then forgetting quartets and Weber, down we went into the garden, he clearing high hedges with a leap, running, singing, or climbing up the trees like a squirrel—the very image of health and happiness. If I have dwelt on this first meeting with Mendelssohn, it is because much of his subsequent greatness is referable to the perfect moral and physical education he received at the hands of his parents, seconded by the most carefully chosen masters.—*Benedict's Sketch of the Life and Works of Mendelssohn.*

#### GARDEN ROBBERING IN AMERICA.

There is unhappily a very serious objection to cultivating fruit in our village gardens: fruit-stealing is a very common crime in this part of the world; and the standard of principle on such subjects is as low as it well can be in our rural communities. Property of this kind is almost without protection among us; there are laws on the subject, but these are never enforced; and of course people are not willing to throw away money, and time, and thought, to raise fruit for those who might easily raise it for themselves, if they would take the pains to do so. There can be no doubt that this state of things is a serious obstacle to the cultivation of choice fruit in our villages; heretofore would be in a much higher condition here if it were not for this evil. But the impunity with which boys,

and men too, are allowed to commit thefts of this kind, is really a painful picture, for it must inevitably lead to increased a spirit of dishonesty throughout the community. It is the same case with flowers. Many people seem to consider them as public property, though cultivated at private expense. It was but the other day that we saw a little girl, one of the village Sunday-scholars, moreover, put her hand within the railing of a garden and break off several very fine plants, whose growth the owner had been watching with care and interest for many weeks, and which had just opened to reward his pains.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

#### THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Along the smooth and slender wires

The sleepless heralds run,

Fast as the clear and living rays

Go streaming from the sun.

No puls or flashes, heard or seen,

Their wondrous flight betray;

And yet their words are strongly felt

In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,

Can check their rapid course;

They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage—

The rough wave's sweeping force:

In the long night of ruin and wrath,

As in the blaze of day,

They rush, with news of weal or woe,

To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne

On that electric cord,

Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves

The Christian's life and Lord—

Of him who, taught, in smiles and tears,

With fervent lips to pray,

Maintains high converse here on earth

With bright worlds far away.

Ay! though nor outward wish is breathed,

Nor outward answer given,

The sighing of that humble heart

Is known and felt in heaven:

Those long frail wires may bend and break,

Those viewless heralds stray,

But Faith's least word shall reach the throne

Of God, though far away.

#### NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to *settled fair*. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to settled fair when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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## THE EAST WIND.

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I a' lo'e the west;  
For here the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lass that I lo'e best.

The inhabitants of this country sympathise with Burns in his preference for the west wind, though few perhaps for the same reason. The truth is, that the east wind, which is the general alternative of the west, is the plague of our island—not so violent as the tornado, or so scorching as the sirocco, but a pertinacious and oft-recurring grievance, alike injurious to animal and vegetable life. Burns himself, though the slave of love from all points of the compass, would have felt it incongruous to have brought a sigh from the east; and not even the voice of Wilson could have reconciled a Scottish audience to the couplet—

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly lo'e the east.

A shiver would have gone through the concert-room; and a perception of the ridiculous, mingled with recollections of toothache and rheumatism, would have made the audience 'grin horrible a ghastly smile.'

Having been for a long time a victim of this pestilential afflatus, I have for some years past been collecting facts connected with it, in order to communicate them to the public. In doing this, I have little hope of effecting anything on the principle of the knowledge of a disease being half the cure. I may, however, be able to show that persons are frequently affected by it who are not aware of the malady which afflicts them. They may thus be prevented from having recourse to remedies which are hopeless, and be relieved from the dread of the restlessness and melancholy it inspires, by the thought that they will be relieved by a change of wind. I communicate these observations also with a sort of rueful sympathy, as I have a decidedly friendly feeling towards those who recognise the horrors of the east wind in the same way as myself, and who can trace it in all its bearings on the mind and body. I must mention also, that in pursuing this subject I am addressing myself to the better part of the human kind—to the delicate, the sensitive, the poetical. I have little toleration for those who are not alive to the evil influence. They may be as sensible and moral as Samuel Johnson himself, who denied the influence of atmosphere on the state of the body; but so far as my observation goes, they are not the porcelain of human nature.

Why a stream of atmospheric air from the east should be more pestiferous than one from the west, is

a question which I do not pretend to solve. I have endeavoured to have it answered by my medical attendant, who generally waives the subject by a vague reference to the influence of the German Ocean, or of the bleak plains of Tartary.\* But is it not possible to detect what is the nature of that poison which lurks in its breath? In those days of triumphant science it might be analysed; and no essay would better deserve reward and honours than the one which threw light on this subject. If you bottled the east and west wind separately, and introduced flies into each, sure I am that the occidental fly would outlive the oriental one. The certainty of the lethal notion of the east wind being thus scientifically established, there might be a testing analysis of the contents of these bottles. It may be said, indeed, that though the bad qualities of the east wind were ascertained, what would it profit? What medical skill could puff back such a quantity of vapour, or infuse into such a volume of air any modifying principle? True indeed; but might not the chamber of the invalid be disinfected by some chemical agency, and rendered grateful to sensitive lungs? A fco, as Pistol says, for medicine, if it cannot shield me from this deadly foe. I am loath to speak disparagingly of so learned and respectable a body as our medical men; but I cannot help saying that their indifference on this subject reminds me that the east wind in this country is the doctor's best friend. When the wind is from other points, you will meet them at times, as you do other professional people, in reading-rooms, or on the street; but let there be a continuation of easterly, and you see their carriages scudding in all directions.

Towards the end of March, invalids begin to scent it in the morning air. They are restless during the night, a dull pain broods over the back part of the head, the mouth becomes parched, and they look out for a confirmation of their fears to the direction of the smoke from the chimneys. They dress with a millstone hanging on their hearts, ere they contemplate the discharge of their daily duties; and after a languid breakfast, walk abroad to be insulted by some friend of an iron frame congratulating them on the bracing nature of the morning. Day after day rolls on, and the eastern fiend increases in strength. About the middle of April, when nature has thrown her verdant mantle over hill and valley, and when the unwary invalid is tempted to 'treat his lungs with air,' the insidious spirit begins to pour through the tempting sunshine his leperous distilment. With a sort of malicious joy he grins through the sunbeams of May, and then revels in

\* Meteorologists, I am told, now speak of it as 'the polar current,' which has at least the merit of being quite as unintelligible.

all his strength! The young, tempted by the bright atmosphere, venture out in their summer clothing—light-coloured inexpressibles, and straw bonnets decorated with flowers, are seen on our promenades. But shivering limbs and aching heads are there; bleared eyes and blue noses; shooting-pains through the breast, and coughs and sneezes. The stout gentleman is unable to draw his gloves over his raw and swollen hands; and from the want of circulation, the fingers of the fair have no power to bestow their charity. But who can wonder at this? Let the promenader cast his eyes on the trees which shade the walk, and he will perceive the young leaves on their eastern side as black as the leaf of the cigars whiffing around him. What infatuation, then, is it in middle age to expose itself to such a draught! Yet we have seen on Princes Street elderly spinsters and nabobs attempting to brave the blast. About this time the roll of doctors' carriages through the streets of the New Town of Edinburgh is incessant. Hackney-coaches draw up in succession at dentists' doors, unburthening agonized mortals with heads encased in mufflers of flannel. Figures hurry from house to house, on pressing business, with handkerchiefs at mouth or respirators. Judges drop like numbed bees from the bench, advocates are hoarse, and the law becomes lengthier than ever. The favourite doctor's church is deserted: influenza—eldest daughter of east wind—holds him down; and the old ladies are 'loud in their wail.' Concerts are postponed: the prima-donna loses a few notes, and denounces the climate of Caledonia. Singing-masters growl like bears; tenor voices become barytones, and barytones bass. Soirées turn out failures; the distinguee and the performer are absent, and there is but a sprinkling of the fair among the male monstrosities, who of course convert the affair into a vulgar potation. To the great joy of the young, the masters of schools, falling in with the humour of the time, assume their nightcaps, and give a few holidays, which afford their pupils a fair chance of disease. Then hooping-cough and measles seize on the juniors, and desolate whole benches. The triumph of East Wind is complete! The doctor and the undertaker have it all their own way: hearses take the place of hackney-coaches; the grave-digger crows like chanticleer; and the cemetery is the place of business!

Long before this consummation, however, the experienced, if they can afford to do so, have left Edinburgh, and flown for shelter. Some, who are but slightly affected, are content to retire behind the shield of Arthur's Seat: others go farther back to Morning-side; but those who suffer most hasten to throw the Ochils between them and the blast, or the range of hills that bound the upper part of the Tweed. There, at Bridge of Allan, Innerleithen, or Moffat, they live in Elysian fields, waiting the retiring of the enemy whose absence makes the Scottish metropolis 'so glorious in the summer months.' Yet, as with demon spite, when we think him gone for the season, will he make a raid on the coast some day in June, suddenly freezing up our open pores, and wiping with his icy hand the perspiration from our brows. The setting sun itself sinks down with affright as it beholds him beckoning up from the German Ocean whole volumes of vapour, milder the wheat, and pouring on the Lothians legions of the Hessian fly!

Some will maintain that many of these horrors are exaggerated, and that the generality never experience any discomfort from this wind. But such sceptics have never inquired into the subject. I have remarked its effects on many who were not aware of the influence under which they suffered. On looking back to the days of my youth, I have yet a vivid recollection of seasons of despondency which, I have now no doubt, arose from this unknown influence. The changing spirits' rise and fall, complained of by many of my friends, I

have at once accounted for by a reference to the direction of the wind. To the same source I have often traced the cold reception, the pert reply, the rude contradiction on the part of others. I have it on good authority that children in schools are much more restless and unmanageable during the prevalence of an east wind. The *laxx* then whistle about with fearful activity; for the teacher is also under its atrabilious influence, viewing the innocent though irritable community around him as a set of fiendish imps conspiring against his authority and peace of mind. It is then that they 'learn to trace the day's disaster in his morning face.' Infants scream incessantly under its influence, and impatient nurses endeavour to shake them into silence, with as much success as if they were shaking a watchman's rattle.

The east wind on the continent cannot be so pernicious as with us; for I have remarked that the foreigners resident among us moan most piteously during the spring months, looking upbraidingly at the natives, as if we were accountable for an element as uncertain as themselves. The Frenchman's mercury sinks out of sight, and his impatience of everything British becomes almost unpolite. Sighing over the fender in his tasseled cap, he watches with suspicion the opening of doors, and utters volleys of amphibious exclamations if he discovers that the windows are not hermetically closed. If obliged to venture out, he will spend his last shilling on a hackney-coach. I have seen a Frenchman resisting the enemy with an umbrella, thus raising up his *paraphrasie* as a public testimony against the inhospitality of our climate. The German becomes a perfect bear under its influence, and growls at the English people, without any consideration for their connection with his own race. And as for those who are in one sense foreigners—our own countrymen who have been fanned in the luxurious East—their disgust of their native clime is undisguised. Ensnared in their club-houses, they venture to cast a timid glance from the curtained window, waiting for an interval or change to escape to the continent. It has occurred to some that the immense pile of iron and glass now rearing in London might, after its main purpose has been served, be converted into a number of apartments of different climates, thus serving as a retreat for the numerous foreigners resident among us, and especially for the great numbers of East Indians, whose traditional riches might enable them to purchase and keep up such an establishment. But I would remind these speculators that heat alone cannot extract the beam from this pestilence: were such the case, the hotheouses of our millionaires would long ere now have been found a refuge from this direful dispensation.

There is to me a beautiful propriety in the expression, 'our political atmosphere,' arising from the conviction that public commotions are sometimes dependent on the state of the wind. Lamartine, in his history of the Girondins, states that the crisis of one of the most eventful days of the French Revolution was partly owing to the irritability of mind produced by an easterly wind. Perhaps not one of the multitude engaged in that day's proceedings suspected the power which impelled them into such frightful activity. It would be curious and instructive to note the coincidence of insurrections, conspiracies, and revolts with the direction of the wind. I have no doubt that, as in the case mentioned by Lamartine, there is a connection; and our observatories might thus come to be useful indices of the political crisis. The authority of a Shakespeare, then, will not reconcile us to the words, 'the idle wind which I respect not.' The east wind will make itself respected and feared too. It affects us individually and socially. From its exacerbating tendency, it were well that public deliberative bodies should meet as little as possible during its reign. The breaking up of parliament at Easter is a judicious

custom; but the recess should be longer, for I have remarked that the discussions, just after being resumed, are attended with much vituperation. It were to be desired also that the ecclesiastical Assembly of Scotland should eschew the month of May for their meeting. It would be going too far to say that the postponement of the term of meeting would have prevented the Disruption; but there is no doubt that the breath of the Assembly would thereby have been considerably sweetened.

Having thus thrown out a few suggestions touching on the public good, as connected with this national visitation, it may be proper that I conclude this notice with some practical hints to those individuals who are its victims:—During the months of spring, be very watchful in your intercourse with society. Think well before you make a reply, and reserve your sarcasm for summer. A quarrel on a day of east wind avoid with care; though dead-cut on the public walk, forget it. Make no complaint to those who are not labouring under the same calamity, otherwise you will be considered imbecile or affected. Should jealousy distract you, mistrust seize you, and a whole legion of the blues reel around you, gather hope from the changing direction of the smoke blowing from your neighbours' chimney-pots. In short, before taking any decisive step at this season, I would say, 'Look to the weathercock!'

#### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

This institution has now been long enough in existence to enable us to judge of its future fortunes, and we think our readers will have no hesitation, after reading the following sketch of its history, to pronounce the experiment successful. During the twelve years which have elapsed since its charter was granted by Queen Victoria, it has affiliated twenty-eight colleges and fifty-seven medical institutions: the entire number of graduates approaches 600. Above eighty degrees, obtained during the academical year, were publicly conferred in May last; the matriculation list of the present year exceeds 200; and its senatorial ranks have been recently joined by men of no less note than Sir James Graham, Mr Grote, Mr Hallam, Mr Cornewall Lewis, Mr Macaulay, Lord Montagu, and Lord Overstone. These facts sufficiently prove energy, and the last is some evidence of its taking the right direction.

The University of London is *not* the institution in Gower Street; neither is it King's College in the Strand. They are simply colleges connected with it. The university itself is a totally distinct body—distinct even, with scarcely an exception, in the members composing it, and differing also in other important particulars from the older universities in England.

Our readers will remember the strong desire felt in England in 1827 for a university which should be open to all religious persuasions. On the faith of large subscription lists, and addresses to the throne from the Guildhall of London and the House of Commons, the Gower Street establishment was founded at an expense of nearly £100,000, with the design of being incorporated as a university. This design was eventually abandoned, in consequence of communications with the government, and another body was chartered as 'The London University,' with power to the crown to make further appointments at pleasure. The same charter secured to the Gower Street body (which about the same time accepted a charter as 'University College'), and to King's College, the right to send candidates for examination, and provided for the affiliation of further colleges by the Royal Sign Manual, or by consent of the senate itself, subject to the approval of the secretary of state.

The object of the charter was stated to be 'for the encouragement of a regular and liberal course of edu-

cation among all classes and denominations of her Majesty's subjects, without any distinction whatever;' and the Senate was authorised, 'after examination,' to confer degrees in any department of art, literature, or science, except theology. It was further empowered to appoint and remove examiners and other officers, to receive fees from candidates for degrees, the amounts of which, and the general regulations of the university, were left to its arrangement, subject in certain cases to the approval of the home secretary. The visitatorial power is reserved to the crown.

The original members of the Senate consisted of the Earl of Burlington as chancellor; Sir John Lubbock, vice-chancellor; the bishops of Chichester, Durham, Norwich, and St Davids (then Mr Thirlwall), Professor Airy, Mr Ames, Dr Arnold, Mr Austin, Admiral Beaufort, Mr Dalton, Mr Empson, Rev. J. S. Henslow, Mr J. Shaw Lefevre, Mr Senior, Dr Jerrard, Mr Sheepshanks, Mr Walker, and Mr Warburton: while on the medical side appear the names of Dr Arnott, Mr Bacot, Dr Billing, Mr Brande, Sir James Clarke, Sir Philip Cramp-ton, Mr Faraday, Sir Stephen Hammick, Dr Hewett, Dr Hodgkin, Mr Kiernan, Dr Locock, Sir James MacGrigor, Mr Pennington, Dr Quain, Mr Ridout, Dr Roget, and Dr Sims. Of these our readers will recognise some as removed by death. A few had retired from the active participation in senatorial duty, to which, with but one or two exceptions, the members appear to have from first to last devoted themselves. The over-proportion of medical members resulting from these losses has been greatly redressed by the late appointments.

Part of Somerset House was assigned to the use of the Senate, including two large rooms running through the entire front of the building, used for the examinations. It was also intimated, that until the university should be in receipt of an income from fees, the necessary funds should be provided for by the annual 'votes.' Under this arrangement, the university has been annually in receipt of the public money to an amount exceeding during the first year £5000, but since gradually reduced to about £3500, the balance being made up by the increase of fees. In this respect the university does not differ materially from Oxford or Cambridge, each of which receives about £2000 annually from the same source. The Queen's Colleges lately founded in Ireland have an outfit of £100,000, with a permanent revenue of £30,000 secured to them by act of parliament.

The duty imposed on the Senate was no less than rivalry with Oxford and Cambridge. Faith would be broken with the public, if, after making due deduction for the prestige of the older universities, the degrees of London could be said to be materially less valuable than theirs. The claim was indisputably either for admission to the national universities, or to one as good. The list of names we have given guarantees the adequacy of the Senate to its duties. An intimate knowledge of their early proceedings, and a view of the result, satisfies us that all was done that men could do in the discharge of their functions.

They had so to apply the funds placed at their disposal as to attract numerous candidates by prizes; and examiners of recognised as well as actual ability by adequate remuneration. They had to form a curriculum *de novo* in studies which the older universities neglected, and one carefully avoiding their mistakes and their incompleteness in the studies of their favour. They had, lastly, to make due provision for the testing efficacy of their examinations.

They appropriated about £1800 annually to scholarships, medals, and prizes: the bulk of the remainder they applied for the remuneration of examiners in arts, law, and medicine. At Cambridge, the honour of the post is found sufficient to attract candidates of undoubted qualification. In the circumstances of London

it was judged wiser to encourage them by a somewhat high salary, and a position practically permanent.

Acting upon two words in their charter, 'after examination' (which, it will be seen, preclude *honorary* degrees, and create a broad distinction between London and its predecessors), the Senate gave nothing without examination, and increased the difficulty with each degree taken. If there be an exception to this rule, it is undoubtedly in the medical faculty. The M.D. examination is, we believe, treated as a practical one; it is certainly easier than that for the M.B. (Bachelor of Medicine), and is so regarded by the candidates.

One year was well spent by the Senate in framing their curriculum. The members were prepared for this duty by their personal acquaintance with the systems in use at the elder British universities and medical corporations. Lord Palmerston's good offices also procured them information as to the course pursued in universities abroad. A parliamentary 'Blue Book,' printed in 1839, attests the sedulous anxiety with which every part of this curriculum was discussed. Although subsequent experience has led to occasional alteration in details, it remains essentially the same as at first drawn up. It is an honourable testimony to their patience, comprehensive knowledge, clear perception, and, resulting from all, courage. If they had laid down their offices on the close of this performance, they would have still deserved well of every friend of learning.

Our readers will find the curriculum printed at length in the 'University Calendar,' which has now been published annually since 1843. We can only state here some of its more noticeable features.

Oxford has been styled the Classical University, Cambridge the Mathematical: in neither until recently, nor in Oxford now, is there anything done for law or medicine. Cambridge, we are glad to say, has gathered up its skirts, and followed London in its career of improvement, as far probably as its opportunities admit.

At London all these faculties are treated with equal regard. The L.L.B. is not a back-door degree—taken as an excuse for the loss of the B.A.—the candidate must have taken his B.A. two years before he can apply for it. The medical examinations are the severest in the world. For the M.B. degree two examinations must be passed, comprising together the entire range of medical study. The candidate is expected to prove for every branch of medical practice a qualification higher than that demanded for any by either of the three great London corporations—the Apothecaries' Hall, the College of Surgeons, or the College of Physicians.

The best proofs of this are to be found in the evidence on the Medical Registration Bill, taken before the House of Commons. The superiority of the university examinations, 'admitting not of comparison, but of contrast,' was insisted on by the witnesses for the Senate and the graduates, and admitted by all the witnesses afterwards examined, and not once questioned throughout the whole proceedings.

The old distinction between Oxford and Cambridge implies a too exclusive attention in both to one class of subjects—a remark which the improvements now in progress have not rendered inapplicable. It is true that to qualify for a degree, some mathematics must be read at Oxford, and some classics at Cambridge; but in neither is the *quantum sufficit* for a degree evidence of real acquaintance with the subject. Indeed, as to both studies, a high authority, Dr Whewell, has recently spoken of a 'poll' degree as simply a proof that the candidate has not disgraced himself; and a 'poll' degree is taken by a full half of the men. The risk, therefore, to the ordinary men is of not doing enough. The 'honours' men, on the other hand, are in danger

of having one set of their mental faculties cultivated out of all proportion to the rest—of becoming not well-trained scholars, but mere mathematicians, or mere classics. We are not saying this is always the result; but this is the danger.

The London Senate has carefully guarded against starvation, and against one-sided growth. Their candidate is required, first, to matriculate; that is, he must pass an examination comprising—1. The simple problems of arithmetic, and algebra, and the first book of Euclid; 2. The usual branches of natural philosophy as popularly treated; 3. Chemistry; 4. One Greek and Latin book of the easier class, the grammatical structure of the English language, and the History of England to the end of the seventeenth century. If he shows a competent knowledge in three out of four of these (the option lying between chemistry and natural philosophy), he may proceed for honours to examinations, which, for youths between sixteen and eighteen, leave little to be desired on the score of severity. Two years afterwards he may present himself for the B.A. examination, in which he is required to show a 'competent knowledge in all' of four branches, including mathematics and natural philosophy, classics, animal physiology, and logic and moral philosophy. Classics includes, besides the usual subjects, French or German, and modern English history. Mathematics is on much the same plan as at Cambridge. In logic and moral philosophy the text-books are Whately, Butler, and Paley. In all these subjects the student must pass as well as he must do in any at Oxford or Cambridge. If successful, he may try for honours, and may now select any one or more of the departments. Two years afterwards he may present himself for the M.A. degree, the examination in which is understood to be equivalent to that of B.A. in honours; and may again select any or all of the three branches—classics, mathematics, philosophy.

In one point the London men have given the cut direct to the older systems. It has been said of Oxford men, and of the King's men at Cambridge, that some of them will hardly be able to translate a passage from the 'Spectator' into decent grammatical Latin, while in the mechanical facility of making verses they will rival Virgil himself. At London the candidate is expected to be fully conversant with the structure of the metres; but actual verse-making is never heard of.

It might perhaps be supposed that the selection as Senators, with three exceptions, of professed members of the Established Church was not precisely the way to gain the confidence of 'all denominations without any distinction whatever.' The facts, however, are, that of the twenty-eight colleges in arts, two only—King's and Queen's of Birmingham—belong to the Church; two others, at Sheffield and Taunton, are new foundations of the Wesleyan body; University College, Manchester New College, and the Presbyterian College at Caermarthen, open their doors to all who come to them. Nine colleges, three of which are in Ireland, belong to the Catholics. Among these the names of St Cuthbert's, Ushaw, Stonyhurst, Prior Park, and Downside, will be readily recognised. The remaining twelve are connected with the Baptist and Congregational persuasions. Of these, Homerton and Highbury have lately merged in the New College at St John's Wood. Some of the rest are situated at Bristol, Spring Hill near Birmingham, Stepney, Manchester, Plymouth, Airedale, and Rotherham.

Of the medical institutions Scotland furnishes five; Ireland nineteen, most of which are in Dublin; and the remainder comprise all the chief medical schools in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, York, and other principal towns in England.

To this large list, which has been increasing annually to its present number, must now be added, by virtue of a supplemental charter granted last year, the univer-

sities of the United Kingdom. Men of all creeds may now study together at Oxford or Cambridge, and receive degrees at London. This, though far, indeed, from what we desire, is a step in the right direction, on which we heartily express our congratulations.

Over the colleges the university has no jurisdiction. They make their own arrangements; only that such of their students as come up to the university examinations must present certificates from the authorities of their college of two years' studentship, and of good conduct.

Of the graduates there are now on the calendar 306 B.A.'s, of which the large majority have taken honours. Twenty-five only have passed on to the M.A. degree; 30 have passed the LL.B. examination; and 4 are LL.D.'s. The medical faculty presents a list of 81 doctors and 103 bachelors.

In their several connections, these degrees have been fully recognised by the public. Great numbers of the graduates in arts are engaged in the ministries of their respective denominations. Of the medical graduates very few have not obtained some post of public importance. Indeed the various honours have been won, as it was intended they should be, by men of all creeds. The sole 'double-first' is of the Jewish persuasion; another is an M.A. medallist—as is also a Cambridge senior wrangler; the single LL.D. medallist is a Protestant dissenter; three Mohammedans from India have carried back medical honours; one of the law scholars is now Commissioner of Encumbered Estates in Ireland; another LL.B., with black blood in his veins, is chief judge at Sierra Leone. But time would fail us to pursue the list farther.

The constitution of the Senate renders it theoretically a pure despotism, requiring only in certain cases the approval of the home secretary to give validity to its regulations. In practice, however, it is much influenced by the representations or the known feeling of the colleges and the graduates. For the latter, University College stipulated, on giving up its claim to a university charter, an equality of civil privileges with Oxford and Cambridge—a principle recognised by the then government, even to the extent of parliamentary interference to effect it. The readers of the medical journals are aware that the graduates have powerfully withstood the Registration Bill of 1848. They are, in fact, regularly organized, having their annual meetings of the whole body, attended from all parts of the country, and their permanent committee, which is recognised by the Senate, at the Home Office, and by the colleges. Their object is to obtain some defined share in the government of the university—a point in the present propriety of which there appears to be some difference of opinion, which we shall not here discuss. We heartily bid the university go on and prosper, and the graduates increase and multiply.

#### THE DISMAL SWAMP.

It was on a cold morning of February that we entered the crazy machine which performs the duty of a 'stage' between Norfolk, Virginia, and Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Our journey for more than half the distance lay along the range of the Dismal Swamp, 'The Great Dismal,' as the Yankees call it; the road and the fine canal which connects the Elizabeth and the Pasquotank rivers (and through them Chesapeake Bay and Albemarle Sound) running side by side. On the canal—which is partially fed by Drummond's Lake, the beautiful piece of water immortalised by Moore—were numbers of barges, laden and being laden with cypress shingles, the best American substitutes for our roofing-slates, and of which this swamp is the great producer; but there was a strange absence of the lively bustle of free labour. The slaves employed in the loading and

navigation seemed spiritless, and the white men who supervised them lounged idly about, apparently unable for any exertion but the national chewing and spitting. The road was monotonous; no change of scenery enlivened it; the canal and tall dark cypresses flanked our right, and wild waste-looking corn-fields or tangled bushes our left. Much of this region is taken up with pine barrens and morasses, but the Dismal Swamp is the most extraordinary phenomenon of the kind yet known; there is nothing else in the world to be compared with it. It lies in about equal portions in the two states above-mentioned, and covers as great an extent as some English counties, being forty miles in length, and twenty-five in breadth: a railway, supported on piles, is led along the northern margin.

On first approaching it, at about nine miles from Norfolk, its melancholy characteristics immediately strike you. Wherever the soil is most marshy, there the two sorts of cypress, juniper and red cedar, grow in great abundance, sending down long and thick tap-roots into the spongy ground. The dried portions are covered with several species of oaks and pines, some of them of immense size. Besides these, the undergrowth forms an almost impervious thicket of dense ferns, reeds, and canes, with long rank grass, the haunt of bears and wolves. The grass is so much relished by cattle, that the people who live in the neighbourhood turn their live-stock out to feed, under the lead of two or three old cows with bells on their necks, to insure their being found again in the wild solitudes. No better green food, it is said, can anywhere be met with than the canes when young. It was almost a relief to step into the miserable dining-room of the half-way house, even though our appetite was too fastidious to be tempted by the bacon and hominy prepared for the travellers. Having requested a glass of water, some of a pale-red hue was brought. We found it to taste strongly of the roots and berries of the junipers which grow so thickly in the swamp, and colour all the water. It possesses a certain medicinal property, and is much relished by the natives, who find it wholesome. Wherever you dig, water is met with even in the driest spots; and along the banks of the canal, at about three feet below the surface, it flows through in a continual stream. From some cause hitherto unexplained, fever and ague and bilious complaints are much less prevalent in the swamp than in other parts of the country. At length the tedious forty miles were accomplished, and we entered Elizabeth City; but how can we describe its aqualid dwellings, its dreary streets, its seemingly disease-stricken inhabitants? Frame houses, raised on piles two or three feet high, affording beneath a comfortable retreat for the family pigs and geese, and surrounded by gardens, in which little grew save Indian corn (now but the ruined ragged stem), cabbages with naked stalks a yard above ground, and the fetid Jamson (Jamestown)\* weed; a few miserable 'stores'; a red-brick bank; three churches—Episcopal, Methodist, and Baptist; a public school; and an hotel, the piazza of which was at all hours filled with 'loafers,' drinking, swearing, and gambling—these were the characteristics of the 'city' where twelve hundred souls are content to linger, until pleurisy or fever consigns them to their resting-places within the dilapidated fence that encloses the dismal, neglected burial-ground. In the environs there were some houses which exhibited comfort, and even elegance: the inmates of these were the only exceptions to the otherwise universal personification of poverty, idleness, and ignorance. Alas for a slave-ridden land! Where food is cheap, and the climate enervating, the possession of a half-dozen black brethren is a life-lease of selfish indolence—few who can just live will strive for more. Thus to leave wealth to a child, is but too often to enable him to waste his prime in profligacy, and to

\* Jamson is a Yankee corruption of Jamestown.

hasten on old age, of which the best remembrances will be but of evil not done.

For the first time we were dwelling where slavery was a 'domestic institution'; the negroes around us and many others had kind owners, were happy-looking, well-fed, and well-clothed, but the greater portion were as degraded as human beings among *soi-disant* Christians can be imagined. But where the masters are unprincipled and cruel towards each other, can the servants be other than trampled on? Thus, shortly before our arrival, a white man who was suspected by his neighbours of encouraging the slaves to steal from their masters, by buying everything they offered for sale, was seized, seated for hours on a rail, with live poultry tied around his throat, ducked, tarred, and feathered, and only released when more than half dead. This barbarity was 'Lynch law,' exercised on a 'free-born' fellow-townsmen. Can we then wonder if such a punishment as the following be inflicted on an offending black? A slave struck with a whip the son of a white man; the enraged father demanded that he should be permitted to take satisfaction for himself, under penalty of shooting the owner of the culprit. The master was fain to consent, and the poor wretch was dragged on board a vessel in the river, and 'bucked.' This is a fearful punishment, administered with a paddle bored half through with a number of holes. These holes raise large blisters; a certain count of blows is given with the bored side of the paddle, and the remainder with the smooth side, by which the blisters are broken, and the sufferer remains perfectly raw. This, we were assured, is a not unfrequent chastisement, inhuman as it is. The Great Swamp is supposed to afford concealment to upwards of a thousand runaway slaves, who glean a miserable living within its gloomy recesses, though many are believed to be secretly supplied with food by friends more fortunate in their owners than were the fugitives, or who, with less courage, 'despairing longer life away,' rather than risk the certain pains of a vain attempt to flee.

In our visits to the farms in the neighbourhood, we invariably found, whatever the weather, every door open, and an immense fire of huge logs blazing in a chimney-place as capacious as those we loved in 'merrie England in the olden time.' We could never understand by what process of reasoning the Carolinians justified this no distinction of seasons, for even in the sunny south an open door seemed to us superfluous during a 'cold snap,' and in summer the very thought of a fireside would have stifled us. The common room usually contained a four-posted bed, hung profusely with cotton drapery, and covered with a specimen of feminine taste and industry—a patchwork quilt, the passion of American women. Not one of the dull unimaginative things of scraps, such as we manufacture in England, but a complicated, thousand-tinted pattern, distinguished by the euphonious title of 'wild-geese,' 'Turkey's-tail,' or the 'piccaninnies!' The ceiling was generally festooned with the dried quarters of peaches and apples, threaded on strings like beads, and with great hanks of yarn of the housewife's spinning. Close at hand stood the busy wheel, saddles for both sexes occupied a corner, and rifles were always somewhere in sight. 'Gunning,' indeed, in the southern states is a sport in which all ages of 'men-folk' delight. Often did we tremble to see the dangerous 'tube' grasped by childhood's tender hand, and shudder when, with precocious cruelty, the gentle eye brightened with the hope of prey, and marked its bloody aim.

By the farmers' wives we were told many wonderful tales of the devastations committed by the bears and wild animals of the swamp and forest—even 'cattle-beasts and critters' (Anglice, cows and horses), they assured us, were oftentimes carried off. None of these stories, however, were very well authenticated; and therefore, with many other local traditions of wolves, 'painted,' alligators, and hoop-snakes, we granted them no place in our note-book. The 'cattle-beasts'

are most diminutive, and give little and poor milk: butter was a scarce and dear article of food; beef neither cheap nor good; but how often we thought of England and merry Christmas when we purchased fine plump turkeys three for a dollar, and geese twenty-five cents a-piece! Partridges were hawked from door to door at four for sixpence, and Robin Redbreasts—so plentiful and fat, that all the boys were shooting them—we had for the asking. Poor Robins! we sighed as we picked your tiny bones, for we remembered the days when, for sake of the sweet 'Babes in the Wood,' we would have rather laid you under the primrose and violet, and watered your grave with our tears!

Among our various excursions, was one to witness something of the process of making tar, the great staple of North Carolina. The country through which we passed was forest, sand, or swamp, and the 'plantations' few and far between, but that any were to be found in so desolate a region was our unceasing surprise. We were amused by an anecdote of a 'northerner,' who, travelling through the lowlands, stopped at a log-cabin by the dreary roadside.

'Friend,' said he to the lounging owner, 'you seem to have a barren location?'

'I reckon so,' replied the Carolinian.

'You raise plenty of corn, I guess?'

'I makes no corn.'

'Sweet potatoes, then?'

'A poor chance o' potatoes.'

'You raise a good supply of pork, I suppose?'

'I raises no pork.'

'Plenty of game in the woods, I guess?'

'A small chance of game here, stranger.'

'Catch fish?'

'No fish here.'

'You have good water, then?'

'The water is mighty bad.'

'In the name of reason,' cried the Yankee, 'why do you stay here?'

'Why, stranger, there's a right smart chance of lightwood!'

This lightwood is the heart of the long-leaved pine, and is perfectly saturated with turpentine: immense quantities are consumed for kindling fires, and when riven into long splinters, it serves as a substitute for candles, and from this use of it is its name derived. Lightwood is, in fact, a link which binds many a dweller in this part of the country to his home; and it is with the greatest reluctance that they can be tempted to migrate to districts which, though more fertile, have none of the ignitable commodity. But greatly as it contributes to the comfort of the poor Carolinian, its chief value consists in its producing the principal export of the state; from it is extracted the tar with which North Carolina supplies so many lands. The wood is cut into lengths of three or four feet, and split small; an excavation is made in a clayey or hard soil, of a circular form, and descending gradually from the circumference to the centre: outside of this a pit is dug, communicating with it by means of a drain; the wood is piled in until it has assumed a regular sugar-loaf shape; it is then covered with turf, and ignited. This is a 'tar kiln.' As the wood chars, the pitch descends into the drain, and is thence conveyed to the pit, from which it is baled into barrels. These, when filled, are worth about a dollar a-piece on the spot. Returning from this strange scene, picturesque from the busy stir of the dusky labourers amid the gloom of the pine forest, we stopped to bait our horses at a planter's who raised for the market little besides the pea-nut, a fruit supplied by these 'low-country' regions to all Yankeedom. The plant is cultivated in hills or ridges, and resembles somewhat the garden pea; but the nut grows beneath the soil, and is picked by hand from the roots. An acre will produce from thirty to seventy bushels; and we heard of planters who raised upwards of a thousand bushels a year.

We could not be so near the celebrated swamp without going where one loves to fancy that still

'The lover and maid so true,  
Are seen in the hour of midnight damp  
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
And paddle their white canoes!—

and one bright day we rowed along the narrow feeding-stream, of about six miles in length, which leads from the central basin. The tall dark cypresses met high above us, and the juniper bushes brushed us as we passed; but no venomous reptile fell from the boughs into our boat, no 'she-wolf stirred in the brake' to the monotonous chants of the 'gangs' of negroes chopping shingles in the clearings: we floated smoothly along without adventure, and soon found ourselves on the bosom of the lake. Emerging from the confined and gloomy avenue on to the broad expanse of pellucid waters seems at first almost like enchantment; and some who have made the trip describe the contrast as being equal to 'fairy land.' But soon the feeling creeps over you that this is not a spot which the airy elves would choose for their revels: it is not one of nature's playgrounds. This sheet of water, which lies about the centre of the swamp, is seven miles long and five wide; the shores are precipitous, and in some places the depth fifteen feet. Thus when the water sinks, no sloping bank appears; nothing but the wall of dark-coloured peat, which all around throws forth vegetation

— 'direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom,  
Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary tomb.'

It was a strangely solemn scene, and our spirits fell lower and lower as we surveyed it; even the sunny sky failed to cheer, and we smiled not once until we found ourselves again on the sandy road, and saw our portly coachman, 'Follo,' waiting to drive us home to dinner.

#### THE DUC DE TOUR LA ROCHE.

'I WILL pay your account to-morrow: I have no time to look it over to-day, for I must go in search of lodgings for my aunt, who may arrive to-morrow, or to-day—indeed at any hour,' said I to my tinman, who was bowing over a long bill he had just presented.

'If madame votre tante likes calm and solitude, I can tell you of a charming appartement.'

'Where?'

'Behind my *magasin*, belonging to my landlord, Monsieur Hippolyte.'

'But you live in the *grande rue*, in the midst of noise and bustle. My aunt is aged, and an invalid, and requires quiet, seclusion, and a garden if possible.'

'Then,' answered honest La Brochette with a flourish, 'the apartment I destine for the respected and suffering relative of madame will exactly suit: permit me only to have the honour of showing it to you.'

'Je le veux bien, mon ami; but I fear your ideas of solitude and mine are not quite alike.' Accordingly I set out, M. la Brochette following, and talking all the time.

'The baker, the fruiterer, and the humble individual who has the honour of addressing madame, occupy the premises facing the street; the house of Monsieur Hippolyte is behind. This arch leads to his own private door. The bakehouse is, you see, on one side of the court, the stable and the porter's lodge dividing it from the court behind my habitation, where there is a separate entrance to the lodging in question, close to my back shop, where I work at the rough parts of my trade—tink, tink—clink, clink! There you may hear me singing and pursuing my honest industry from six in the morning till dusk.'

The appearance of the courts was not inviting. Carts and bakers' barrows stood on one side, old pots and pans on the other. The doors were dirty, the windows dusty: the whole had a neglected appearance; and but for the fear of disobliging the poor man, who seemed so anxious to serve me, and who, in the Parisian wilderness, claimed me as a *compatriote*, because I had lived eight years in Normandy, where he was born, I should have turned away without attempting a nearer investigation of what was the most wretched-looking place I had ever beheld.

'Here we are,' cried he, advancing to the door: 'here we are—pan, pan, pan! Madame Butterini will shortly appear. Ah, madame,' as the dame in question—as broad as she was long, which, however, was very short—opened the door, 'here I present to you Mécistis Smeeth, a member of one of the greatest families in England, who wishes (induced by my representations) to view your charming *appartement*: it is to let, I think?'

'Oui, monsieur. Entrez, madame.'

I found myself in a small entrance-hall, which led to a smaller kitchen, containing a *fourneau*, a sink, and just room to turn round in.

'It is not in order, and the window, which looks to the court, is dirty; but soyez tranquille; it shall be fitted up superbly,' observed madame. She then opened a door, and we entered a neat, small, light room, looking out on an extensive and very pretty garden, with a charming alley of lime-trees, and a magnificent show of both fruit and flowers. This pleased me very much: a bedroom, containing every French requisite for comfort, on the right, and a spacious *salon* on the left, both looking on the garden, and all opening from each other, charmed me still more. The smiling landlady and grinning tinman, who eagerly watched my countenance, reading there that I was satisfied, exultingly displayed its attractions; and after a few necessary preliminaries were adjusted—*mon compatriote* assisting me by remarking that few would choose to bury themselves so far from the world—we came to terms; and parted, she to air and prepare, and I to hasten to meet my aunt at Paris, where I expected to find her arrived.

She was, like myself, shocked at the first aspect, although pleased with the rooms when she reached them, and perfectly delighted with the garden. Next to her *salon* was the bedroom and bookroom of Madame Butterini, the widow of an Italian music-teacher; and in the storey above the abode of M. Hippolyte himself, an old bachelor, who owned the whole of the premises aforesaid. The rooms on the ground-floor were consacrés, madame said, to bulbous roots, a billiard-table, plants, and garden tools.

'Oh what a fine noble-looking old man!' cried my aunt, Mrs Latewood, gazing out of the window.

'Mais oui,' replied Madame Butterini; 'but he is not noble. He was a baker, and has retired from business, selling it to Chaudreau, who has, with Monsieur la Brochette and Madame Jeannot, the fruitière, all the part to the street and in the courts. He is almost as eccentric as an Englishman: seldom goes out of his garden, hates talking, and reads, reads, reads, when the weather is bad—just the time one likes best to talk.'

'Are you his daughter?'

'Ei donc, madame!' answered the little fat tub of a woman, looking, however, delighted. 'Monsieur is a bachelor—I am his housekeeper, and the widow of the

Vicomte Butterini,' answered she with a flood of tears. 'Le pauvre cher homme: he was forty-one years older than myself, and so helpless and cross with age and infirmity, that I miss him every hour of the day; but Monsieur Hippolyte, though he gives no trouble, and is good, one never hears and seldom sees him, which is very wearisome.'

'How many servants have you? I must look out for one; but in the meanwhile will pay for any extra trouble I may give yours.'

'I have none, nor has Monsieur Hippolyte. I employ the femme du concierge to do what is requisite for us both. I act as cook myself; and all coarse work is done by Marie.'

'Then what am I to do?'

'Oh, she can easily manage your affairs also and cook for you: her pot-au-feu is excellent, tender, and well-tasted; put down at ten, ready at six. You never hear Marie's pot-au-feu, going bubble-bubble! No; hers simmers slowly, tic—tic—tic! I taught her! La Basette well knows how to make her pot-au-feu good.'

'La Basette! What an odd name!'

'Called so in France because she is a short woman—very different from a little woman.'

'Ah!' said my aunt, not knowing what other answer to make.

'Look at my head, my hands, my feet—all in proportion: I sit as low as I stand. Were I not fat, I should be very slender. The Bassettes, on the other hand, have long bodies, and short limbs, and jump down from their seats when they rise. I never heard any monsieur admire a Basette; but pour les petites femmes! I can speak; but will not. No—no! modesty enhances merit.'

'I can easily believe,' said my aunt laughing, 'that you have had admirers in your day.'

'I cannot deny it, madame. Why should I? Yes! and have them yet—so say the messieurs.'

My aunt, not being able easily to believe *this*, was silent, and then pursuing the original subject—'I live very simply, and have no doubt, if she has only the time, Marie will have the talent to please me.'

'Oh, be easy; she has both time and talent pour la cuisine: makes a capital roux; will whip you up a soufflée very soon; and can even arrange un rosbif de mouton!'

'Well,' pursued Mrs Latewood, beginning to weary of the amusement afforded her by her loquacious landlady, 'let her try for one week at any rate.'

Marie, with, notwithstanding the contempt with which Madame Butterini treated her personal charms, had captivated a lame old soldier blind of an eye, was clean, active, clever, and good-tempered, and did very well; for my aunt was regular in her habits, plain in her diet, and gave little to do. She thought the vicomtesse very vulgar, and better fitted for the position she occupied than that to which she laid claim; but she appeared extremely obliging and good-natured; and when her black, bright, beautiful hair was arranged at noon by the hairdresser, and the tight-fitting gown put on at the same time, that she might sit down with M. Hippolyte to eat the breakfast she had assisted to cook, she absolutely looked like the daughter of the fat bundle of soiled linen, with her hair about her ears, who had been with Marie *romping* about the house from soon after six to that hour when she commenced her rôle as vicomtesse, conversing sentimentally, and lamenting with tears—*always* with tears, for a Frenchwoman has them at command, and, moreover, understands the

art of letting them fall gracefully, so as to enhance rather than detract from her charms—the death of 'mon mari, le pauvre cher homme, who was so cross and troublesome, he kept her from ever feeling dull.'

If M. Hippolyte looked like a gentleman in his garden costume, he resembled something more than 'a squire of high degree' when dressed in his Sunday's clothes. Many a prince looked less prince-like, and yet he was but a retired tradesman. He went to early mass; and on his return back to his beloved garden, to walk or work. I had meant to be condescending, and to speak; but when he bowed proudly, and passed on, I felt I dared not take the liberty to say one word. By seeing us day after day, however, reading or walking in the garden like himself, he became apprivoisé, as it were, and several times approached us, and displayed a fine flower, entering into the history of its culture; and in time, though by very slow degrees, we became very great friends; and he did not, we observed, treat us in the cold, proud, silent, and reserved manner which was so apparent in his communications with all others who spoke with him. He never by any chance mentioned his past history, even in regard to his trade; his conversation turned chiefly upon *present* politics, new discoveries, or the literature of the day. He asked questions about England and English habits; but whenever we went back at all, or touched on the first French Revolution, he became silent, and soon after, on some pretence, retired. Madame la Vicomtesse, with her coroneted spoons, forks, and pocket-handkerchiefs, could not help showing that she felt the baker her superior; and he as evidently, although he always addressed her kindly, looked upon her merely as a good-natured sort of vulgar person, useful to himself.

'Does Monsieur Hippolyte ever see company?' asked I: 'has he no friends—no relatives?'

'Mais oui; he gives two dinners every year; but he has no relations, I believe, and is intimate with no one—so eccentric, always is too busy to see any one who calls, but has charming manners when in society. I sit at his table, and then, instead of Jaqueline, he addresses me with the profound respect proper to my rank, as Madame la Vicomtesse Butterini; so I have nothing to complain of.'

'And who are those he usually entertains?'

'Chiefly tradespeople, the descendants of the baker with whom he studied his trade. He has a beautiful salon, as you have seen, to which our usual dining-room serves as anteroom; and we take down the bed, and dine in his bedroom upon these occasions; except, indeed, when there are no lodgers; then we are more magnificent, and dine in madame's sitting-room.'

'Pray,' answered my aunt, 'the next time there is an entertainment, use it still.'

'Monsieur Hippolyte is so polite, he would not hear of such an arrangement.'

'You can manage it very easily, by persuading him to stay in the garden till the last minute, and then dress in your room. When dinner is announced, it will be too late, you know, for any objections.'

Some time after this conversation, Madame Butterini announced with great solemnity that 'Monsieur Hippolyte allait recevoir le six,' and this was an excuse for everything being mistimed, everybody dirty, and everything in confusion for a week previous. M. Hippolyte, however, was quite unconcerned; he lived in his garden and greenhouse; but Madame Butterini bustled about for twenty, and had dressmakers and milliners by the dozen settling the important affair of her toilet. One morning, while sitting with Mrs Latewood, we were alarmed by a tremendous uproar, and I thought it was to turn out an everlasting quarrel with Marie and her little dog Bellebel—a *basette*, like herself—what would be called a turnspit in England, whose barks were loud and constant.

It was only that the lady was discontented with the

way her gown fitted, and feared it could not be remedied. She screamed, and wept, and literally danced with passion, and made herself so bilious by the outbreak, that the party had to be put off four days. I was curious to see the toilet that had occasioned so much noise and grief, suffering and inconvenience; but the *tout-ensemble* was very simple—a rich purple silk made nearly up to the throat, loose pelerine and cuffs, cameo brooch, bracelets, and comb; gloves, shoes, stockings, and pocket-handkerchief, new and handsome: that was all—proving completely the truth of what French ladies are constantly repeating, '*La simplicité est charmante, et il n'y a rien de si difficile!*' The lady, when dressed, and, as she allowed, '*contente de moi-même,*' observed that the dinner must now be thought of, and the fourneau prepared for reheating. As she spoke, a rattling in the court was heard, and upon looking out, I perceived three small covered carts escorted by three white-capped cooks, each cook *casseroles* in hand. These contained the whole dinner, wines, and everything else required; all was exquisitely dressed, soon heated again, and served up hot and hot—a hired waiter, Marie, and her husband, assisting in administering to the wants of the guests, whom we heard very merry and happy. After dinner they retired to the garden, where, under the lime-trees, they found an elegant dessert, served up with *café* and *chasse* and all requisites; while chess-tables, backgammon-table, *trou-madame* tables, and various games, swings, &c. were placed here and there, and everywhere, that all might amuse themselves *selon leurs fantaisies*—M. Hippolyte howling, and talking, and going from one to another, like a king in the presence-chamber.

The men looked like what they were, and their overdone manners betrayed their origin: the women were better, so far as looks went: but well, and simply, and fashionably attired as they certainly were from their hair to their shoe-tie, they wore their clothes as if to be dressed was not an every-day affair—in short, they were pretty women, and, upon the whole, good actresses, but not ladies.

Next day was one of confusion and importance; things had to be put in their accustomed places. The baker sent the *vicontesse* out to pay his bills, and returned to the garden, where I saw him working away as placidly as usual when I called at my aunt's on my way to Paris, where I was to accompany my sister to a ball at the Embassy, and remain all night.

Upon my return home I found a note from Mrs Latewood, begging to see me immediately, and I accordingly hurried off to her house. 'Ah,' cried she as soon as she saw me, 'poor Monsieur Hippolyte has broken his leg! No one was at home: Madame Butterini had gone to her cousin's at Neuilly, and Marie was out somewhere. I was writing at this table, and thought I heard a groaning, but paid no particular attention to it, imagining it was a noise caused by some machine: at last I got up to look out of the window, and there saw poor Monsieur Hippolyte lying upon the ground, as if dead. I went for La Brochette and Marie: we conveyed him to bed, sent for the surgeon, who set the leg, and gave him a composing draught; but I fear, from what Doctor Laudoy says, it will be a long time before he recovers the use of it.' It was indeed sad news. Poor, peaceable, kind old man, who lived in his garden. What a privation for him in every way!

Nothing could equal poor Madame Butterini's self-reproaches and sorrow for being absent: she nursed him most assiduously, and soon all fever and danger were past; but he was ordered to remain upon his back without moving, and very tiresome it must have been; but his patience was inexhaustible—his cheerful resignation worthy of a martyr. He read a great deal, and occasionally permitted an acquaintance to sit and talk half an hour by his bedside. Mrs Latewood often went;

but she spoke French with too much difficulty to amuse either the sufferer or herself as much as each wished.

'I am going for one of *les bonnes sœurs* to sit with Monsieur Hippolyte in my absence,' said Madame Butterini one morning; 'for I must go to Paris to-day, and cannot be back under three hours. *Le pauvre cher homme* does not want much; but he must have his *tisane* and his soup; and so some one must be beside him.' By a sudden impulse I offered my services, which the old man accepted, looking at the same time very much pleased. So behold me seated by the bedside of the quondam baker, warming his soup, sweetening his *tisane*, and feeling rather honoured than disgraced by being permitted to do so. I can scarcely tell how the conversation led to it; but it did lead very naturally to M. Hippolyte's telling me his history, 'which,' said he, 'never have I spoken of to any one before; but it seems as if it would take a load off my mind to relate it to one who can feel for, and, I think, understand me:—'

'My name is Palamede de Tour la Roche. I was the third son of the Duc de Tour la Roche, who, with his wife, eldest son, and daughter, perished in the Revolution in '93. The earliest thing I remember was living in the Hôtel Tour la Roche in great luxury and splendour—"the curled darling" of my beautiful mother, and the spoiled pet and plaything of all the house and all the company who came to it. My youth took no heed of passing events; but one evening our hôtel was attacked, and from that day to this I saw no more of my father and brothers—but my mother and sister continued to live as before, only they were now continually weeping, clasping me to their bosoms in passionate fondness, and never going out of the great gates. Everything was changed: we had no longer any servants except an old woman, her daughter, and a lame son, with whom I played in the garden, undisturbed by the cries which reached us there, because I attached no ideas that I can remember to them, and I was told not to be frightened, for it was only wicked, drunken people shouting. When I inquired after my papa, and Henri, and Philippe—they were called unexpectedly to England, and would be back again one of these days, was the answer, which contented me. Although full eleven years old, my mind had been kept so much under, and I had lived so entirely in the perfumed atmosphere of the drawing-room—where, being little of my age, people forgot it, and made a plaything of me—that many a boy of seven or eight knew more of the world than I did.

'One night, after being some time in bed, I was awakened by a terrible noise in the house, and loud voices, and lights glancing in the court. I felt greatly frightened, but did not dare to move; in a little time it ceased entirely, and, childlike, I again sunk to slumber. I lay awake long next morning. I remember singing to myself, and wondering why old Marotte did not, as usual, come to dress me; so at last I got up, and went into my mother's room. Everything there was in disorder, and neither mother, sister, nor servant to be seen. I cried bitterly, and ran from room to room, searching in every corner in vain. All was silent. My passionate cries of "Maman! Maman! Louise! Louise!" remained unanswered; and the doors were fastened or locked, all but the one which led out of a small chamber into the garden, that had probably been overlooked. At last they opened, and such a rabble came pouring in, that I was frightened to death, and could scarcely make use of my trembling limbs to convey me to the garden, where I crept into a very thick bush, and remained happily unseen. There I sat, I suppose, for hours: I heard sounds of revelry, of quarrelling, and breaking, and gun-firing; saw furniture thrown out of the windows—furniture I knew so well! and people with bloody hands and faces standing at them. I think I must have fainted. When I

recovered my senses, however, it was getting quite dusk; so, when the coast was pretty clear, I stole out into the street, and wandering away towards the Champs Elysées, lay down under a tree, and slept—forgetting grief, terror, hunger, and cold, in the dreamless sleep of innocent childhood—the last I was ever to know—for the scenes that I witnessed the day following “my early bloom of heart destroyed.” When I stood up, and saw where I was, and the events of the preceding evening crowded to my confused mind, a sort of madness, I suppose, seized me; I thought I was in my little gilded bed in my own alcove at home, and was dreaming a frightful dream, not uncommon to children who have been indulging in pastry or rich dishes. I therefore quietly turned my steps towards the hôtel, expecting there to find things as usual. I can scarcely tell what images passed through my brain, but the full horror of my helpless situation did not break upon me until I found myself before the well-known *porte cochère*, which was shut. Then I knew it was no dream, and that all was real; and from that hour to this I have never entered my father's house—never seen him, my brothers, my sister: my mother I saw once more—on the scaffold!

Here the poor old man, whose voice had faltered two or three times, stopped and sobbed audibly.

“Pray,” said I, “do not go on, my dear Monsieur de Tour la Roche.”

“Do not call me by that dear name: I cannot bear it. No; I called myself Hippolyte after one of our footmen: I could not bear to hear the name my darling mother addressed me by profaned by the lips that surrounded me afterwards. But to proceed!”

“Oh no; pray spare yourself.”

“On the contrary, it is a relief to my long-pent-up grief:—I had for some time lived in the streets, subsisting upon chance; and I was standing on a heap of rubbish, just where the corner-house on the left-hand side of the Rue Royale now stands, looking at the guillotine doing its dreadful work. A man, a woman, mounted, and their heads fell; two other women, coarsely attired, stood waiting; one turned—Oh God! it was my mother!—my gentle, timid, kind, darling mother! Timid and gentle no longer, she looked calm and cold, moved resolutely, looking for one moment up to Heaven, and said words I would now give my life-blood to hear. My blood curdled, my heart stopped, as I heard the rattle and clap of the descending guillotine. “Maman! maman!” I shrieked. It was over! “Encore une autre!” shouted a fierce man beside me. “Maman! maman!” “Wring the neck of that little aristocrat!” cried the mob. The man advanced, as I hoped to kill me at once, but he only grasped me fast, saying, “No, I shall take him home, pour le tuer à mon aise.” Death I wished for; but torture!—I fainted; and when I came to myself, I was in an unfrequented street, still tightly held by the man. “Don't be afraid, my child—I shan't hurt you; but never, as you value your life, whisper your name: if you do—here he swore a terrific oath—I will kill you cruelly. Now come with me. You shall sleep with mon petit Pierre: call yourself Achille, Hercule, Hippolyte—what you please, if not your own name.” Hippolyte, then, and Hippolyte I have been ever since—Jean Hippolyte when I signed my name. The house he carried me to was wretched, dark, and dirty; the food given coarse, but plentiful; and here I grovelled, moody, and nearly mad, for more than a year, wandering through the streets idle and in rags, seldom speaking, unless forced, lest I should inadvertently betray myself. At last this man, whose name was Jean Leroux, told me he had obtained employment for both Pierre and me in a boulangerie. We were clothed somewhat more decently, and sent about with bread to different parts of the neighbourhood, and employed in various little ways at first,

sweeping out the shop, ovens, &c.; but by degrees we made progress. As I could both read and write, which Pierre could not do, and he was also naturally a slow indolent boy, I was preferred before him; but he was not ill-natured, and bore me no malice. I grew up healthy enough, and tall; got forward at my trade, and soon made money. I served also seven years under the Emperor, and brought away, besides my laurels, two trifling wounds. Upon my return, still keeping my secret, which, however, there was now no longer danger in discovering, I commenced a search for my elder brother Philippe, of whose death I have never heard; but without success; although I ascertained that my father and Henri had been guillotined, and that my poor sister had been massacred in the streets. I recommenced my former business, and worked early and late to make enough to enable me to live in peace and seclusion, waiting anxiously, but I hope patiently, until He who in his wisdom has thought fit to afflict me, shall take me to those realms where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes. I built this house back from those which line the street: passages and kitchens look into the courts; but I never go near those parts except at an early hour to mass. I live in my garden, and with my books. Monsieur Butterini—who never assumed the title his wife is so proud of, although he had an undoubted right to bear it, poor man—married the daughter of the person at whose house he lodged before taking up his abode in mine, as a matter of economy, for she saved him a seamstress, a nurse, and a servant. She is vain, weak, and vulgar, as you see, but has ever been correct in her conduct, attentive to him while he lived, as she now is to me, in return for my allowing her to retain two of the rooms she before occupied, money enough to dress upon in the meantime, and a small annuity when I die. The people whom I occasionally entertain, and to whom I shall leave the little wealth I possess, are the families of Jean Leroux's children and those of my first master; but I feel still, as I have ever felt, that I am of noble birth. When my will is read, all will then know that a De Tour la Roche has baked their bread, but not until then. It has been a great relief to my mind to tell all this to you, madame; and if Philippe or his descendants should be in England, promise that you will seek them out, and speak to them of me, and perhaps even yet some of my own blood will pray over my grave!

I was deeply impressed by this melancholy history; and afterwards spent many an hour with the old man in his garden, where he always welcomed me with a smile, and talked unreservedly, sometimes even cheerfully. He recovered his fall entirely, and lived several years afterwards, but last winter died of bronchitis. Many know parts of this story now, and I see no reason why I should not relate the sad tale as he himself told it to me. Some worldly-wise people may say why he did not take his proper title, and move in his proper sphere, when he could do so; but I can very easily comprehend his feelings. His heart was almost broken; he took no pleasure in this world nor in the things of this world, except those by which he could ‘look up through nature unto nature's God.’ What were the vanities of life to him? Obtaining his estate and title—the first of which would have been difficult, if not impossible—would only have hindered his desire of leading the life of calm unpretending seclusion which pleased him best; and, besides this, he was impressed with the idea that Philippe, who was the rightful Duc de Tour la Roche, or his children, were in existence somewhere.\* He was in no want of money, having made by his own exertions more than enough for his moderate requirements: no, nor of the world's respect. All respected him for his integrity and charity;

\* It has been satisfactorily ascertained since that he died many years ago at Vienna unmarried.

and his air and manner in themselves were sufficient to impress those who came in contact with him, even while they knew he was but a retired tradesman. I can understand it all perfectly. Some of those who chance to read this paper may possibly have seen his tomb at Père la Chaise: but they will not find the name of Tour la Roche, for that of course is fictitious.

#### POLICE STATISTICS OF MANCHESTER.

CAPTAIN EDWARD WILLIS, the chief constable of Manchester, presents to the Watch Committee under whom he acts a yearly document, containing 'criminal and miscellaneous statistical returns of the Manchester police.' This document embodies no fewer than ninety-three tables full of 'facts and figures,' that illustrate in a remarkable way the social and moral economy of that greatest of all manufacturing towns. No labour seems to be spared in order to make these returns as complete as it is possible for statistics to be, and the greater part embrace comparisons extending back over several of the immediately preceding years. The volume (for volume it is) for 1849 was laid before the Watch Committee on 6th June of this year, and has since been printed; and from it we propose to select and arrange some facts which cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive.

The municipal borough of Manchester contains no fewer than seven townships, that, before the days of the steam-engine and tall chimneys, were separated from each other by green fields, but which have since thrown out so many *tentacula* in the shape of long streets to embrace each other, that all have grown into one great mass of human habitations, with no lines of demarcation save painted boards put up at the corner or in the middle of a street. The neighbouring borough of Salford, though divided from Manchester by a river only about a third of the width of the Thames at London Bridge, still maintains an independent character, and to it of course the statistics of Captain Willis have no reference. These seven townships to which we have referred contain an area of 4260 statute acres, the proportion of this occupied by Manchester proper being about one-third. On 31st December 1849 there stood on this area 56,907 buildings, of which about four-fifths were used exclusively as dwelling-houses. The practice of separating the shop from the house does not seem to find much favour in Manchester, for it is stated that while 5376 shops were used also as dwelling-houses, only 751 shops were not so used. The number of mills is of course very considerable. Of cotton-mills there are 102, silk 6, worsted 3, and small-ware 18. As the printing of calico requires a much greater supply of water than can be conveniently procured in Manchester, we find that of print-works there are only 7. There are 35 dye-works, 15 hat manufactories, 49 establishments for the construction of machinery, 38 foundries, 4 lead and 3 paper works, 23 saw and 11 corn mills, and 752 miscellaneous workshops in various trades and manufactures. The greater part of these establishments use steam-power. In the return now before us, the extent of that power, or the number of persons employed, is not stated, but in the report for 1848 such particulars are given, applicable to December in that year. From it we learn that the steam-power employed in 251 mills, dye-works, foundries, &c. was to the extent of 8994 horses, and the number of workpeople 45,480; in 149 other establishments the steam-power used was equal to 2052 horses; thus making the total power exerted every day by the machinery of Manchester driven by steam equal to nearly 11,000 horses. In the cotton, silk, and woollen mills the average horse-power to each was 60, and the average number of workpeople engaged 252; while in the foundries, machine-shops, &c. where there is more of skilled labour, the proportions were 11 and 85. The

raw material and the manufactured goods of Manchester are stored in 1608 warehouses, many of which are large massive buildings, with even some little attempt at ornament. The town is lighted from four gas stations; it has ten public markets, and no fewer than 120 slaughter-houses. Paupers are lodged in 8 workhouses, houseless wanderers in 1 night asylum, and the diseased in 9 hospitals and infirmaries. There are 6 of those new and useful establishments—baths and washhouses, 7 railway stations, 12 banks, 102 places of worship (the same as the number of cotton-mills), and 173 breweries and distilleries. The number of private and public schools is returned as 366; but many schools are included in the number of dwelling-houses, &c. so that they are really more numerous. The rapidity with which all these buildings are increasing may be judged of from the fact, that during 1849 there were erected 962 new dwelling-houses, 124 new shops, 5 new warehouses, 3 new cotton-mills, 2 breweries, a church and a school, together with other edifices—making a total of 1133 new buildings erected in one year. Builders are never idle in Manchester; for in addition to the above, there were in process of erection on 31st December 1849, 209 dwelling-houses and several other edifices—making a total of 247. Many of the shops and dwelling-houses are of course erected on speculation; but they do not seem to stand long before obtaining tenants—for of the 962 dwelling-houses and 124 shops erected and completed in 1849, 690 of the former, and 89 of the latter, were in use at the end of the year. All the other buildings being for the most part erected to order, were in use except two—one being a workshop, and the other classed under the head 'miscellaneous.' A clearer idea of the great progress that Manchester is now making may perhaps be obtained from the increase in the annual value of property during the last few years. The annual value in 1841 was estimated at L.841,064; in 1846 at L.1,061,273; and in 1849 at L.1,156,373. In the 'Pictorial History of Lancashire,' it is stated that in Chorlton, one of the townships forming the borough of Manchester, an old hall and the estate adjoining it were sold in 1644 for L.300, and at the close of the last century the same property was resold for L.60,000. Its value must now be immensely increased.

The population that eat, drink, work, and sleep on these four thousand and odd acres was on 31st December 1849, 302,182; in 1841 it was 235,607. Of this population 278,875 reside in dwelling-houses, and 20,399 in cellars—the remaining 2908 being found in the following public establishments: workhouses 1900, hospitals 220, cavalry barracks 374, charity schools 190, night asylum 90, penitentiary 62, police station 27, model lodging-houses 30, and servants' home 15. The population residing in cellars has diminished one-tenth during the last five years. Another curious feature appears in one of the tables: in proportion as the numbers contained in the public buildings, workhouses, &c. increase, so do the numbers of uninhabited dwelling-houses increase. In 1848, for example, 3473 dwelling-houses were uninhabited, and in 1849 the number was 2498; but in the former year the public buildings contained 3775, and in the latter 2908 persons.

The police force which has to watch so much property and so many lives, numbers 468, of whom 22 are supernumeraries—their cost to the ratepayers being about L.25,000 per annum. Of this number, excluding supernumeraries, 82 are Irish, 7 Scotch, and 7 Welsh—the remainder being English. Two-thirds only are married. Their average height is 5 feet 9½ inches, and their average age 31 years and 5 months. These are minute particulars; but the tables before us contain others more minute still—such as the periods of service of each rank, the promotions and dismissals during the year, &c. The fines inflicted on the force during the last seven years amounted to L.1131, and the rewards

and gratuities paid to them out of this sum amounted to L.840, and L.100 in addition were taken to form a library and news-room. Bad conduct is thus made to reward good deeds. There is, besides, a 'relief or superannuation fund,' to which the men subscribe, and which shows a good balance in hand of nearly L.2000.

Let us now look at the crimes and offences of which the police have to take cognisance. The total number of persons taken into custody during 1849 was 3331 males and 1856 females—being about 1600 less than in 1848, a year of considerable excitement among all classes, and during which 58 persons were apprehended in Manchester alone for sedition, conspiracy, and rioting. About one-fourth of the offences arose from persons getting drunk, and becoming either 'incapable' or creating a breach of the peace. The facilities for getting drunk in Manchester are very numerous, as indeed they are in every large town. We have already seen that there are 71 more breweries and distilleries than places of worship, and from one of the tables we find that the number of public and beer houses is 1710, of which 96 have music as an attraction for customers. Of the persons apprehended for drunkenness, about half of the incapables, and a fourth of the disorderlies, were discharged, the remainder being fined, but none committed for trial. But the disgrace and the fine were not all that followed the drunkenness. During 1849, 775 robberies from the person were committed, and 210 of the persons thus robbed were drunk at the time. Of these robberies, 79 were effected in public and beer houses, and 522 in the streets. The value of the property stolen was L.2673, and of that recovered only L.488—leaving a gain to the thieves of L.2185. Again, from the incapables L.393, 4s. 5d. were taken by the police, and restored to them when sober. The amount so taken and restored has been gradually decreasing every year: in 1843 it was L.2472, and in 1845 it was L.1617. If people get so drunk as to be unable to take care of their money, they can have little reason to complain if it should be stolen. In truth, the vices of the honest call into play the vices of the dishonest, and doubtless often make thieves by leading them into irresistible temptation.

If, on the other hand, we look at the robberies from shops, dwelling-houses, &c. we shall find that many arise from the carelessness of the owners. The offences against property committed without violence were 1349; and those committed with violence, by breaking into houses, &c. were only 129. Among the former were 35 cases of embezzlement, and 78 of larceny, by servants; but 16 of the former, and 32 of the latter, were discharged by the magistrates, and of those committed for trial 4 were acquitted. The total number of felonies reported to the police was 4601; the amount or value stolen being L.8511, of which L.2909 were recovered; so that not half of the offenders were detected, nor half the money recovered. Of these felonies nearly one half arose from premises being left insecure, or property unprotected. Thus in 734 cases, where L.568 were stolen, the doors of the premises had been left open, almost inviting thieves to walk in; 483 cases were of goods exposed for sale—as, for example, hanging at shop doors, within the grasp of every passer-by; 348 were of tools, glass, fittings, &c. taken from unoccupied or unfinished premises; 244 were of linen, &c. exposed to dry; and 177 were from carts, carriages, market-places, boats, &c. The actual number of what may be called planned and premeditated robberies was comparatively small. But the temptations held out by the public to robbers are greater than even these statements would lead us to suppose; for no less than 8545 houses, shops, &c. containing property or lives, were found by the police to be insecure and unsafe, from doors and windows being left unfastened, or from gas and fires being left burning in premises where no one resided. Again, 135 of the felonies were from the persons of

children allowed to go about without sufficient protection. This will not be surprising when it is stated that during last year 4400 children were reported to the police as having been lost, in consequence of a proper watch not having been kept over them. They were all found again, however—2601 by the parents, and the remainder by the police. During the last seven years no fewer than 26,569 children have been so lost and found. People who never look below, and seldom even at, the surface of things, talk about the want of poetry in the present generation; but what a subject for a poem is here! The plain fact that looks so solid in Captain Willis's tables represents something more than figures: it represents thousands of anxious fathers and thousands of mothers, like Rachel of old, 'weeping for their children,' and at last comforted by the appearance of a blue-coated policeman—rough to evil doers, but tender to lost infants—bringing home the wearied and tearful wanderers to their arms. On the other hand, what an indictment could be run up against that abstraction to which nobody will confess he belongs—the public; containing charges of carelessness and neglect which make robberies easy, and robbers plentiful—for where many are tempted, some are sure to fall, and pure innocence is perhaps more common in this world than tried virtue!

Let us see what bearing age, education, position in life, and regular employment, have upon the crimes and offences of Manchester. Of the total number apprehended, 248 were under fifteen years of age: of these 175 could neither read nor write, and only two could read and write well; 19 were under ten years of age, and 5 of them were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned for periods varying from one to six months. Their offences were stealing from houses and from the person. What other crimes *could* they commit? Of those above fifteen years of age, 1432 could neither read nor write, 1978 could do so very imperfectly, 215 could read and write well, and only 4 had had superior instruction. The offences of the last of these were—assault on a police constable, for which the offender was summarily convicted; two were cases of wilful damage; and one of embezzlement; but all three were discharged by the magistrates. Those who could 'read and write well' supplied 19 of the 35 cases of embezzlement, and 4 of the 15 cases of forgery, 67 of the drunk cases, 42 of the common assaults, and 1 out of 7 cases of manslaughter. The classes who could neither read nor write, or do so imperfectly, supplied all the cases (4) of murder, rape (2), bigamy (2), child-desertion (2), child-stealing (1), assaults by cutting and maiming (16), obstructing police constables (12), burglary (37), robberies by force (38), attempting to commit suicide (4), gambling (72), and illicit distillation, &c. (31). In these crimes (certainly the worst in the list) none of those who could read and write well, or had superior instruction, were implicated. Rough as such a test must always be of any person's education, yet this statement is sufficient to prove that crime and ignorance, as a general rule, are as inseparable as the Siamese Twins. Again, almost every trade has a representative amongst the offenders. Those classed as factory hands, 571 in number, are chiefly charged with vagrancy, larceny, assaults, and, in a less degree than others, with drunkenness. Mechanics (including smiths, joiners, masons, &c.) are chiefly charged with common assaults, with being drunk and disorderly, &c.; shoemakers and tailors the same; dressmakers and charwomen with wilful damage and larceny; labourers, 627 in number, with assaults, larceny, being drunk, &c.; sweeps and boatmen seem rather noted for burglary; clerks for embezzlement; female servants for larceny; and hawkers for vagrancy, gambling, and drunkenness. The four cases of murder are charged against a labourer, a smith, a dyer, and a coachman; the two of bigamy against labourers; and the seven of manslaughter

against two weavers, a labourer, two coachmen, a porter, and a mason. Of the total number of offenders, 1616, or more than one-third, are made up of persons who are either reputed thieves or prostitutes, or who follow no trade.

The state of employment shows very clearly how much crime flows from idleness. Of these 4687 persons, 3070 were out of work at the time of their apprehension. The trades in which the number employed exceeded those unemployed were the following:—Engineers, joiners and sawyers, curriers, saddlers, calico printers, fustian cutters, hatters, porters and packers, clerks, engravers, gardeners, feat-dealers, sweeps, and boatmen. The only learned profession that appears is the medical, 11 surgeons being embraced in the list, of whom 4 were in and 7 were out of practice. The latter in all probability were students. Of the persons apprehended, 3336 were English, 1184 Irish, 94 Scotch, 49 Welsh, and 24 foreigners. Half of the cases of murder were by Irish, and one-third of the assaults: one-fourth of the Scotch cases, one-third of the Welsh, and one-sixth of the foreign, were for being drunk.

Among the miscellaneous information we find the following curious facts:—1122 chimneys were reported to have been on fire during 1849, and the owners fined altogether to the extent of L.60; the number of dogs found at large was 1655, and the owners of 1510 were fined, in the aggregate, L.200—an average of little less than half-a-crown for each animal; 10 female servants were summoned for cleaning windows from the outside—five were excused, one not proven, and four were fined 6s. 6d.; 14 people for shaking carpets in the street were fined 15s. 6d.; 174 head of cattle were found straying in the streets, and impounded, realising in fines L.35; 3940 dwelling and 316 lodging houses were visited by the sanitary inspector—the number found clean when visited was 1201; of the remainder, 2385 were cleansed by the occupiers, and 70 at the cost of the public. The number of fires in Manchester during 1849 was 120, destroying property to the extent of L.66,504, and only 77 of the 120 buildings were insured. There are ten fire-engines with watery names, and the fire-brigade consists of fifty-one men.

Our space prevents us from quoting further. In conclusion, we would only refer to the great diminution that appears to have taken place in crimes and offences during the last ten years: in 1840 the number of persons taken into custody was 12,417; in 1845 it was 9635; and in 1849, 4687. This speaks well for the efficiency of the police and the progressive improvement of the people.

#### A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

FANCY FAIR—SERAMPORE—GARDEN REACH—MORE GAITIES—  
BANYAN-TREE—HINDOO TEMPLE.

*May 23d.*—We had some excellent music to-night in the park, and a larger crowd than usual to hear it, several spare bungalows being occupied for the moment by people flying from the heat of Calcutta. It is a pretty scene—a well-chosen spot, under trees, near the river. A large circular frame is set up to hold the desks, hung round with lamps, lighted long before we think of leaving, as darkness comes on so quickly without any twilight. The musicians stand before their desks, in their neat white dresses. Many carriages, and many horsemen, and some horsewomen, form the listening group, besides a mob of natives. These last are certainly lovers of a better style of music than they are accustomed to listen to among themselves. We found a large increase to our family and feminine dinner-party awaiting us at home. Several buggies were slowly wheeling away from the door, which had brought our gentlemen with some friends out for a holiday. They told us the result of the fancy fair:

the rubbish sold best. Many beautifully-manufactured articles, the materials costly, and the workmanship tedious and difficult, hardly fetched the value of the original outlay. But Cary's balls for the babies went for a rupee a piece: the dolls in costume were all bought up in the lump by a rich Parsee for quite a fancy price. A whole stall of trumpery was swept off without examination by another; and my sketches brought from five rupees to twenty each. Five or six thousand rupees were realised—about equivalent to as many hundred pounds. We hope much good may be done with such a sum; it will go a great way among the poor in this country, where the wants of the people are so few, and so very cheaply supplied.

*25th.*—A half storm to-day, which slightly interfered with some work we had entered on. All the ladies, the two most active ayahs, a dixie, and a carpenter, were constructing a room—I can't say building, for the term would be incorrect, and making would hardly describe our labours. We have done the job remarkably well—so well, that we are going to set to work to another. Our tools were very simple—needles, thread, and tacks; our materials—bamboos and calico, by means of which we have partitioned off an excellent dressing-room. There is little that people cannot do when they set about it, even in this country, provided the sun be behind a cloud. One of the servants killed a snake close to the veranda where we were stitching—a long, dark, ugly creature, the first I had seen, for these hateful reptiles are not common; and being fortunately of retired habits, they seldom obtrude their unwelcome company upon our elevated species; also they are said to be timid, and generally to slink away when discovered, unless attacked. The natives are very dexterous in despatching them warily.

*28th.*—A storm in right earnest after a day or two of threatening. It lasted four hours. Nobody from Calcutta came near us, as the thunder gave its first sharp clap so late as four o'clock; a timely warning, which would prevent any one trying the road. These storms are wonderfully grand—quite terrific; and the rain falls with such force, and in such quantity, that a thorough wetting is the consequence of being out under it even for a few minutes. The air felt very chilly the whole evening afterwards.

*29th.*—A delicious morning after the storm. The air cool, not damp; all looking fresh, and feeling fresh; and the grass in the fields, and the trees, and the shrubs, and the flowers in the compound quite brilliant. We had all the children out with us for an hour or two playing merrily at active games. This evening another storm is brewing.

*June 1st.*—We walked in the park to look at the elephants and the rhinoceroses, and returned by a fish-pond, where the servants of a native of rank were busy fishing. They threw in the nets very gracefully. The fisherman walks into the water up to his waist, carrying his net, which is flat and circular, and about five feet in diameter. As he moves forward, he coils it carefully, till every part is equally and regularly twisted; he then holds the coil up over his head at the full stretch of his two arms, and with a dexterous jerk he casts it before him, so that it uncoils, and lies for a moment spread out its full size upon the water, till the weight pressing towards the middle, carries it down in the shape of a bag.

*5th.*—This day began the little rains; we really felt it almost cold. We have had to take to shawls, and to shut up the rooms. The constant pattering appeared quite disagreeable. In short, we were not to be pleased when it came with what we had all been longing for. It is raw and uncomfortable certainly, and dark, and noisy, and everything we touch is clammy; and the ayahs are preparing pans of charcoal, to be placed within large, open, square cases of bamboo, upon which all our clothes are to be hung to dry before we can put

them on—shawls, and shoes, and gowns, and coats, as well as linen.

10th.—Took a boat this morning, Arthur being here, and crossed over—a small party of us—to inspect the Danish settlement at Serampore. These river-boats are very simply constructed: bamboo and cocoa-nut supply all the materials of the rude rigging. The sails are made of a cloth woven from the fibre-like rind of the nut, and the cordage is twisted out of the same, rudely enough, but answering the purpose. We visited the college here, on purpose to view an uncommon sort of staircase, the steps of which are of wrought-iron, and the banisters of brass, supported by pillars, but very dingy from neglect, we supposed: too dingy to strike me as handsome. The building itself is fine, though the rooms are not good inside. The compound is very prettily laid out like a college garden at Oxford. It was a private missionary establishment, and it once had many pupils; but all is at a stand-still now since the deaths of the founders. There is a printing-press in it; and there was a library, and lecture-rooms, and class-rooms, long disused. As far as we can learn, there has been little progress made as yet in converting to Christianity either Mussulmans or Hindoos. It is unwise to force these matters: the people are not yet ready for such improvement—not capable at present of comprehending the sublimity of doctrines which in no way appeal to the senses. Many of the proselytes, baptised young, and systematically well taught, forget all they have learned, and return to paganism on returning to their own homes. Others lose all idea of any religion; laugh openly at their own superstitions, secretly at what they call ours. One of the jokes at a great Hindoo festival, quite lately, was carrying about, and then burning, the effigy of a Christian missionary. Yet those of the intelligent natives who are not priests are well aware of the good these devoted men accomplish by spreading the light of education among poor ignorant beings. Would it not be better for this generation to be content with this first great step—give good milk first, as a preparation for the strong meat to follow, since they are not able for the best food now? Intellect must be cultivated to a certain degree before it can comprehend the simplest reasoning, to a high degree before it can produce the courage necessary to make a true convert: those easily made are as easily unmade. Also habits must be altered, tastes must be elevated, before a character sunk in selfish sensuality can be sufficiently purified to feel the holiness of the Gospel. And, after all, what will precept do without example? The good missionaries must be able to point to the fruits of their doctrines, as shown in the lives and the characters of their own people, before they will succeed in eradicating the prejudices and changing the customs of an ancient faith.

15th.—Whose birthday is this? How do these stages in the march of time appear to mark its progress, recalling feelings, thoughts, actions of many a long past hour! At this distance these five-days make a melancholly impression, for it is recollection only which fills them; and so, for fear of weakening what it should be our aim to strengthen, I will walk these sadder sensations off by the river-side, where it is very pleasant now in the intervals of the showers to wander, thankful that we are all well, though parted. It is fortunate for me that the slighter rains of this season admit of my taking the constant exercise on foot necessary for my health now that I have lost my pony. It was only a loan, and it has been reclaimed. This is of less consequence during these watery months, as the pelts of rain come on so suddenly, it is best to keep near the house, and so within reach of shelter, or to take the air in a carriage, which can be closed in a moment, the big drops which sometimes fall first being of a size that would soon wet through a light cloth habit.

20th.—Nothing would suit Cary but to go to Calcutta yesterday to a ball all the way out at Garden Reach. It was a heavy morning, and rained at intervals the whole day; yet she would set out, as she had sent word to her husband to expect her. A note from her just received gives the following account of her pleasure trip:—A down-pour detained her two hours at the governor-general's stables—the real half-way station, which she had got leave to use: she had neither book nor work with her. Hired horses were to carry her on; and one of them tired, and the other had to try to do the work of both, and to drag his reluctant yokefellow on step by step. So, after a tedious battle, she stopped in the road, sent the refractory animal back with his syce, and waited there in her carriage, now become a sort of vapour bath, till a better steed arrived. With this attempt she got on pretty well, the sky clearing a little till she nearly reached the town, when such rivers of rain began to pour down, that in five minutes it became one plunge, not through a brook, but through a lake, all the rest of the way to her own house; and she was thoroughly exhausted on arriving. What must the men and horses have been? The men had their oiled-cloth overalls on fortunately—very queer disguises made to envelop the whole person, including the head and face: two glass eyes are fixed in the part which covers the face for the wearer to see through, and very extraordinary a carriage looks with these singularly-attired attendants, so many of them hanging on it. It reminds me of those old Spanish prints my grandmother had, representing the processions at an *auto da fe*, which used so to frighten me as a child. Nothing daunted by the ill success of her travels, Cary dressed and went to the ball, which was of course so far a failure, that out of the two hundred and fifty people invited, only eighty courageous individuals came, none from any distance save one attempting such a mad proceeding. Ladies were especially scarce, the venturesome few were therefore in great requisition, overpowered by flattering assiduities, and so quite in spirits; and the mistress of the mansion exerting herself by incessant attentions to the few to make up for the want of the many, we were assured that the party turned out delightfully agreeable, quite worth all it cost, and that the supper was most particularly enjoyed by such as had been in no condition to eat much dinner.

Helen and Mary and I had a musical evening, and made ourselves so happy, we were quite glad we had stayed at home. They are getting up some songs for a concert Mr Black means to give. I am to accompany all the singers; so, each in our own department, we have plenty to do in our retirement against our return to a gayer position.

22d.—Mr Black and three more of the performers arrive this evening for a series of rehearsals, Edward and Caroline remaining at Chowringhee for the present, on account of numerous dinner-parties. The great heats being over, we don't expect to see much more of that gay pair. One of these parties is made for the purpose of eating up the scraps of the ball-supper: it is represented as having been exceedingly pleasant. Excuses are never wanting for originating these meetings: it is a never-ending round of gaieties in this sociable place, except during the most exhausting weeks of the hot weather. I cannot think company-dinners, or balls either, agreeable in the rainy season more than in the hot one; for when the rain does fall, it is so very heavy, pouring down in an unceasing torrent, as if a reservoir had opened in the sky. I observed last night that the paddy-fields on each side of the road, where on Wednesday not a drop of water was to be seen, were completely flooded. This was entirely produced by the rain: there is no connection with tanks or springs, or even with the river; but there was great anxiety shown on the part of the people to

prevent the water from dispersing after the clouds had burst over the fields: they were all busy closing up any way by which it could escape, the young rice-plants springing up luxuriantly under this irrigation. The grass everywhere is beautifully green now. There appeared to be none before the rains began; the country was as a desert, except for the trees; the ground mere baked clay. It is on grass roots that the horses are partly fed during the dry months; roots dug up by the men called somewhat fantastically grass-cutters. Now the country is a garden, risen up as if by magic; so rapidly do heat and moisture act upon vegetation.

24th.—A clear sky and drier air encouraged us to cross the river in one of those little odd boats again, to admire at leisure a fine specimen of the banyan-tree standing in a little grove. At first it did not strike me as so very large, which often happens in these cases. I remember the same sort of disappointment when I first saw Stonehenge. But when we went up, and stood under its shade, in the midst of two or three dozen dependent stems growing down from its many branches, which they thus support by taking root in the ground, while forming a singularly curious colonnade, I soon found my mind correcting the error of my eye, and the really immense stretch of tree began to grow on me in all its extent. The profusion of this veteran's progeny, still attached to him, yet fixed by roots of their own all round him, each in itself now become a vigorous stem as big as our ordinary timber-trees, but remaining thus clustered under the wide shadow of one far-spreading head, is no unapt emblem of a Hindoo family, which thus, in all its branches, hangs on together. The peepul is the only other tree I have yet heard of with this same tendency to send its offsets down; and they do not descend in the peepul from the branches, but from the stem itself; thus giving the trunk the appearance of a number of rods bound together as they cluster round the parent within.

After satisfying our curiosity under the banyan, we continued our walk along the fine terrace by the river side, Arthur holding a chittray over us, as the sun was, even at this season, and at this late afternoon hour, powerful. A Brahmin from a neighbouring temple attended us for a short way, and then begged of us to look inside this rather shabby piece of architecture, built of the small crumbling bricks of the country. He never noticed that we wore our shoes, but slipping his feet out of his own, he entered the holy precincts, and ushered us straight into the only one of the five chambers, each under its own cupola, which was on this day open. A very miserable idol—a mere shapeless stone—was set up in it. Another temple of more pretension was close at hand, and near it the humble cabin of this poor priest, about which grew a small wild flower of the pea tribe, of a fine bright-red colour, that peeped out prettily from the green around. We pursued our way to the flourishing factory at Serampore, conducted by Mr Williams, where silk handkerchiefs are dyed and stamped, and got there in time to see the unloading of a boat bringing in these goods in the rough, neatly done up in bales. When landed, they are carried up the steps of the ghaut, and packed into little carts drawn by the small oxen used for draught, and so conveyed to the mat-huts composing the factory. Several of the cattle were decorated about the head with wreaths of the wild flowers we had been admiring. All Mr Williams's premises are uncommonly tidy for this part of the world, where cleanliness and order by no means prevail. The grass of the compound was closely shaven, with the carefulness observable on an English lawn, and on it were laid the pieces of handkerchiefs, as in a bleachfield—this being a necessary part of the process. The flower garden here is charming; I should have liked to wander amongst its brilliant borders for an hour. Such a contrast it all was to the old Danish settlement adjoining, which may have been

in its day a cheerful place, but is now almost deserted. We made a great sensation walking through its nearly empty streets, all looking the more desolate from its being the happy evening hour when those who can make a point of getting out into the cooler air after the fatiguing heat of the day. At these ruined doorways we saw no one. Returning to the boat, we allowed ourselves to glide down the stream with the current homewards, the boatmen resting on their oars, all still around till the boom of the military band in the park reached us through the darkening air.

#### THE CZAR AND THE SPA.

It happened about a hundred and fifty years ago that the famous Peter, who united the trade of a carpenter to the profession of czar of Russia, felt himself unwell while staying at the village of Spa. The autocratic workman, with a happy anticipation of Priessnitz and Claridge, drank freely of the water of a neighbouring spring. Eight days afterwards he sent for the burgo-master and the magistrates, and addressed them nearly in these words:—'Gentlemen, I was ill; but thanks to free libations of your sparkling fountain, I am now quite well. I owe you much.'—Here the czar thrust his hand into the pocket of the coarse jerkin which he wore; and the civic dignitaries, having extended their open palms—'I owe you much,' continued the czar; 'and I wish to present you with a durable testimony of my gratitude. In forty-eight hours you shall have it.' One may easily fancy what castles in the air were built by the expectant functionaries. At length they were told that the august convalescent had given orders to procure the hardest stone which the district would afford; and the following morning four strong Muscovites were seen bearing a slab, on which was inscribed these words—

'I was ill: I drank: I was cured.'

(Signed) PETER, Czar of Russia.

'Place this stone over your fountain, or, if you prefer it, place your fountain under this stone,' said the czar kindly, 'and hereafter you will thank me for it.' Ere many years had elapsed, all Europe knew the waters of Spa; and the demand for it became so enormous, that the worthy burgo-master and his colleagues were forced to discover five new springs in the neighbourhood. The name of Spa was also extended to mineral springs throughout the world.

#### NAVIGATION BETWEEN THE THAMES AND ISLE OF WIGHT.

An abstract, comprising a period of seven years, from the commencement of 1837 to the end of 1843, of the loss of shipping and life, and of the casualties to which vessels are subject in the navigation between the Thames and the Isle of Wight, was made a few years ago from the authentic records of Lloyd's, by which it appears that 1375 vessels suffered more or less. Of this number 316 were totally wrecked, 56 with loss of life. Among the vessels lost in 1842 and 1843 were those splendid Indian-men the *Reliance* and *Conqueror*. Nearly every soul on board these fine ships, amounting to little short of two hundred, perished; they were driven on shore near Boulogne. In the latter year, too, the ship *Burhampootee*, with emigrants from London for New South Wales, was, a few hours after leaving the Thames, utterly wrecked near Margate, on which occasion the people on board had a hairbreadth escape with their lives, losing nearly all they had. The loss of the *Amphitrite* is too recent to be forgotten: she was riding at anchor in the Downs, was driven out by violent weather, and totally wrecked near Calais; she had on board between one hundred and two hundred female convicts bound to Australia, all of whom, with the whole of the crew, were drowned, and the vessel scattered in fragments on the shore.

#### NEW REMEDY FOR SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.

In the first instance, I applied the extract of ginger, which was rubbed for five or ten minutes over the whole forehead, with the view of acting upon the branches of

the fifth pair of nerves. Afterwards, I substituted a concentrated tincture of ginger, of the strength of one part of ginger to two parts of spirit of wine, decolorised by animal charcoal. The success of this application was remarkable. In many cases it had the effects of doubling the length of vision. In some persons I found the iris was not much dilated, but very torpid. In these cases I applied the concentrated tincture of pepper, made of the same strength, and in the same manner, as the tincture of ginger. This I used until I observed that the iris had obtained a greater power of contraction and dilatation, after which I had again recourse to the tincture of ginger.—*Dr Turnbull in the Lancet.*

### THE AURORA ON THE CLYDE.

SEPTEMBER 1850.

Ah me! how heavily the night comes down!

Heavily—heavily:

Fade the curved shores—the blue hills' serried throng—

The darkening tides we oared with light and song—

Joy melts from earth, as sunshine from the sky,

And Patience, with sad eye,

Takes up her staff, and drops her withered crown.

Our frail boat heaves upon the heaving river,

Wearily—wearily:

The flickering shore-lights come and go by fits;

Towering from wave to sky, dusk Silence sits—

Death at her feet—above, infinity—

Between, borne restless by,

Our various-freighted bark, like life, floats ever.

Ah, pale, sad hour! too early night, that falls

Drearly—dearly—

Come not so fast! Return—return, bright day,

Kind voices, smiles—clear mountains, sunny bay!

In vain! life's dial cannot backward fly:

The dark time draweth nigh.

Hearken, my soul! When earth's sounds cease, God calls.

Light—light, on the black river! Lo, it gleams

Solemnly—solemnly:

Like troops of pale ghosts on their pensive march,

Treading the far heavens in a luminous arch,

Each after each—phantasms serene and high

Of that eternity

Where all earth's keenest griefs grow dim as dreams.

Drink in the glory, oh my bruised soul,

Silently—silently:

Gaze—till is lulled all pain, all vain desires.

See how that radiant bow of pillared fires

Spans the dark hills like dawn, until they lie

In soft tranquillity,

And all night's ghastly shades asunder roll.

Again—again! the vision changes fast,

Gloriously—gloriously.

That was heaven's gate with its light-glimmering road,

But this is heaven—the tented throne of God!

Hung with flame curtains of celestial dye

That wave perpetually;

While to and fro the winged angels haste.

I see no more the stream, the boat that moves

Mournfully—mournfully,

And we who sit, prisoned in troublous clay.

It is not night, it is immortal day,

Where God's sole presence fills the immensity,

And each, His servant high,

For ever praises and for ever loves.

Oh soul, forget the weight that drags thee down

Deathfully—deathfully!

Know thyself! As this radiance wraps thee round,

Let it melt off the chains that long have bound

Thy strength! Stand free before thy God, and cry,

Oh Father, here am I!

Give to me as thou wilt—first cross, then crown!

### A NEW FIRE ALARM.

'An opportunity,' says the *Critic*, 'was afforded us recently of witnessing a new and ingenious contrivance for giving alarm in case of fire. It is the invention of a gentleman named Robinson, of Great Queen Street, Westminster, and consists of a series of gutta-percha strings, which are intended to be so fixed throughout the different compartments of a house or warehouse, that they shall communicate with a bell attached to the outer-door. These strings of gutta-percha are made to intersect each other in various directions, so that the application of fire to any part of them will cause them to break, and thus make the bell ring by depriving it of the support it receives from being in close contact with the street-door. The principle is a very simple one, and if adopted in warehouses and other large establishments, where a person might be employed to adjust the apparatus, may prove advantageous.'

### INSTANCE OF SUPPRESSION OF INSTINCT.

A hen belonging to Mr St John Hewitt, of Sudden Farm, near Burbage, Wilts, hatched a brood, among which was one duckling: the mother took good care to keep her little family away from the dangerous precincts of the pond, so that duckey never had any opportunity of making acquaintance with the element in which its species are generally so much at home. In due time the foundling grew to duck's estate, without ever having been into the water, and the peculiarity of the circumstance excited attention. At last one of the boys caught this 'small unwashed,' and carried it to the pond, to experimentally upon its habits, and give it its first swim, when, singular to say, the little creature which had so long been educated and trained to a faith in dry land, refused to enter the water; and when thrown in, it fluttered out in the most awkward hurry and the most trembling dismay, and could never again be persuaded to approach the treacherous element from which it appeared to flatter itself it had had such a lucky escape.—*New Monthly Belle Assemblée.*

### ECONOMY OF STEAM-POWER.

In Mr McNicoll's timber-yard and saw-mill at Liverpool, steam-power has been applied to work the travelling-crane used to convey the timber about the yard. Each crane, when worked by hand, required four men, whereas the steam-crane is worked by a man and a boy only, and does double the work, the wages being about £330 per annum in one case, and £67 in the other. The steam-machine will carry 13 logs of timber, weighing together 19½ tons, one at a time, from one end of the yard to the other, a distance of 100 feet, in twenty-six minutes, at a cost of less than sixpence.—*The Artisan.*

### SNAIL-FEEDING.

Ulm, a town of Wirtemberg, on the left bank of the Danube, has a trade in linen and floor-cloth; but the most remarkable of its productions are snails, which are here in great quantities for various markets in Germany and Austria, but especially for that of Vienna, where they are esteemed a great delicacy after having been fed upon strawberries.—*Art Journal.*

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## SKETCHES (FROM NATURE) IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

"'FROM nature!' Is that quite right?" whispers, or would whisper, a grave young voice, to which, despite its youth, I listen oftener than the world in general or its owner herself imagines. 'Yes, my dear, quite right: since I shall paint nothing ill of my unknown sitters, and as no one precisely knows his own likeness, possibly none of them may ever recognise theirs.'

I took a journey. When, where, or under what circumstances, is of no moment to the reader; and I shall explain just as much as I choose, and no more. It was a journey that lasted 'from morn till dewy eve,' even in the swift-winged Express of one of our rapidest railway lines. How I glory in an express train! It is, of all things on earth, likeliest to a soul's travelling. The 'horse with wings,' of Imogen's fond longing, was surely a foreshadowing of it. How delicious to feel ourselves borne almost like thought to our desire! to see the bridges and trim stations dash by! to cease counting the quick-coming milestones, and idly watch the brownish line of the rocky cuttings, or the poppy-beds on the embankments gleaming past in a flash of crimson, while the distant landscape keeps changing like a panorama, and county melts in county, each one bringing us nearer to our hope and our delight! So much for a happy travelling! On the other hand, with what a sense of blessed exhaustion do we lean back, on some weary journeys, shut our eyes, and hear nothing but the dull whiz of the engine as it goes flying on, whirling us, we care little whither, even if it were

'Anywhere—anywhere, out of the world.'

Of either of these pictures the reader may make me the heroine as he pleases.

For myself, I commenced the journey with nothing heroic about me at all. Fancy a quiet little woman lying dreamily in a corner of the carriage, and never looking up for, at least one hundred miles, and you have my likeness complete. I had one only fellow-traveller, a gentleman. Now, though too old and ordinary to have any prudish alarms, I own I dislike a railway *tête-à-tête*. It generally produces either a stupid silence, or conversation which is often wearisome, because felt to be a necessary courtesy. But on this journey, for many hours no such reflections crossed my dulled thoughts; I just saw there was a 'thing' in a coat near me, and no more.

After a while I opened my eyes, looked out of the window mechanically, and saw that the long cool morning shadows had melted into the brightness of noon. Turning back, 'I was ware' (as the knights

express it in my beloved *Morte d'Arthur*) of two kindly, but rather curious hazel eyes fixed on me.

'Would you like a newspaper?' The voice was half-polite, half-blunt, and the quick blush of boyish shyness rose to the brown cheek of my travelling companion, who, I now noticed, was, or seemed to be, a 'sailor laddie' of about eighteen. Despite the careless dress, and the rough, though not coarsely-formed hands, there was an unmistakable air of 'a gentleman's son' about the boy. I looked at the fair hair curling under the tarpaulin hat; the merry, tanned face; the necktie, sailor fashion, and my heart warmed to the laddie. It was no wonder *that day*, God knows! The sailor little thought how, regarding him with dimmed eyes, I saw sitting there, not him, but one whose face to me is now, and will be ever, young, as it was when I ceased to see it any more on earth. This and other feelings made me still rather silent towards my companion, who, after exchanging with me various *courtesies de voyage*, subsided into a boyish restlessness, and alternately peered out of the windows at the risk of his neck, held colloquies with guards and porters on every possible opportunity, or beguiled the time in consuming the most Titanic sandwiches that ever allayed a nautical appetite. Occasionally, my young friend settled himself to a quiet doze in the corner, and then I amused myself with contemplating his face, for I must confess that all the world is to me an animated picture-gallery.

He was a handsome lad—very! Above all, he had one of those rarely-shaped mouths wherein the olden Greek model seems revived; and I have such a weakness for a beautiful mouth! This was to me a perfect study. In fancy I saw it, baby-like, on the maternal breast; boy-like, dimpling with fun, or compressed in passion, for there was a high spirit about the lad too; and then I speculated as to how it would look when the youth grew a man, and learnt to smile upon other faces than his mother's. It would smile many a heart away, that I knew!

Thus I filled my thoughts, most thankful that they could be so filled, with interest about this boy. I wove round him a perfect romance; and when he told me his destination—the same as my own—I, tender-hearted simpleton, feeling sure that he was a young sailor coming home, bestowed on him an imaginary mother and sisters; and putting myself in the place of either, fairly wept (aside, of course) when I looked at the laddie, and conjured up the meeting that would be that night at —.

We had speeded across shire after shire, and morning had become afternoon, when our quiet railway carriage was invaded by a host of fellow-voyagers. First were

lifted in, staring about with frightened looks, two little children, boys apparently, though at that anomalous age when sex is almost indistinguishable. After them came a stalwart nurse, with a Scotch tongue, and a handsome, rather Highland-looking face. Last, after having first carefully noted that the children were safe, and then bidden a rather hasty good-by to an elderly dame and an awkward young man, there entered a lady. I thought at first that she was the mother of the young fry, so anxious did she appear about them; but on a second glance, her face, though not exactly young, and rather worn, had not about it the indescribable look of matronhood, which can never be mistaken. Also, as she took the younger boy on her knee, and tried to hush him to rest, there was an out-looking, half-sorrowful restlessness in her eyes—such as one never sees in those of any mother when watching her slumbering child. The very consciousness of motherhood gives a sense of content and rest.

No, she was not the mother; I felt that even before I saw her ringless left hand. She must be an elder sister—governess—or most likely an aunt. Yes, she was the aunt. Why was it that, hearing the little ones call her so, a sudden pain smote my heart, and once more, but for very shame, I could have turned away my face and wept? Reader, you cannot guess the reason, and you need not be told. You know at least as much of me as you do of your next neighbour at a dinner party, or your pleasant companion on a journey, in whose breast some unconscious word or look of yours may call up a tide of thought or memory, while you both are as little aware of one another's real natures, or feelings, or histories, as if you belonged to two separate worlds; and each man living is to himself a world, moving on in his own orbit, intermingling with, yet distinct from, all his fellows, and able to draw light alone from the One unchanging Sun.

Phaw! I am 'at my old lones' again. I must be rational, not sentimental. Well, it took an awful time to dispose of our new fellow-travellers, for your infantocracy is the most absolute government under the sun. Behold us now—the children, aunt, and nurse, filling one seat, while I sat fronting them, having on either side my friend the young sailor, and another newcomer, a dark, bilious-looking gentleman of forty, who eyed our opposite neighbours with dislike and suspicion. So we travelled on for another hundred miles (we count by hundreds in this express), none of us making any efforts at acquaintanceship. But I—who ever walk through the world with my eyes open, thinking decidedly that 'the noblest study of mankind is man'—did not fail to make a few sketches for my mental commonplace book.

I watched the children with delight, drinking in large draughts of infantile beauty, for they were at the age when every motion is grace. The elder was a boy of five or six, delicate-featured, with a precocious gravity, even like sadness, in his look. It was the sort of face that makes one instinctively turn round to gaze once more, and gazing, to speculate on the child's future; not knowing but in the mysteries of those thoughtful baby-eyes lies dawning the spirit of a poet, a lover of science, or a philosopher. This child was apparently the aunt's pet. He sat on her lap, and looked about gravely, though with some slight hesitation, till he apparently became satisfied with his novel position. But the younger one still cowered, in

the centre seat, with a half-frightened, half-pouting air, which made me think him not nearly so pretty as his brother, until the Highland nurse took him in her arms. Then he looked up to her with such a smile! The fat, rosy cheeks dimpled all over; the brown eyes literally seemed to float in radiance; I never saw a child's face so waken into almost angelic beauty. From that moment the 'wee thing' was my darling!

I watched him both in his sleeping and waking moods for another half-hour, my glance taking in also the nurse's face, which bent over him full of tenderness and pride. She was a good study too. Looking at her, there came into my mind many a tale of Highland fidelity lasting a whole lifetime. I could understand it as I beheld these two. I felt a strange, half-envious sensation to see how the 'bonnie bairn' nestled in her breast, where probably he had rested night and day ever since his birth; how she bent her hard features into comical grimaces, to amuse her pet of three years' old, and patted his little fat knees with her brown great hands. It was no use—I could not resist any longer. I took the plump rosy fingers in mine, and began to talk to the child; but I could not gain from the shy little elf any more information than that his name was Johnnie, and his brother's Willie; after which communication, which the nurse politely but coldly confirmed, my wee sweetheart subsided again behind his 'mammie's' plaid, and silence once more spread itself over our railway carriage.

Heaven only knows how long it might have lasted, and we fellow-travellers have gone on eating our hearts out in most uncomfortable and uncourteous dumbness, had it not been for the blessed interposition of a storm of rain, which came dripping in a tiny cascade from the top of the carriage.

'Bless my soul!' cried the bilious gentleman; 'this is unpleasant—very! It must be looked to. Hallo there!' But shouting to the guard of an express train, then going sixty miles an hour, and with no hope of a stoppage within a county or two at least, is rather a work of supererogation. So the irascible gentleman found it easier to stop the leak himself, which he tried to do with most heterogeneous articles selected from his pocket, such as lucifer-matches, cigar-ends, fragments of torn letters, &c.; but in vain. The waterspout continued, though less than before, and it would drip upon wee Johnnie however he was placed. So I took off my plaid, and wrapped the child doubly and trebly, from which safe shelter he contemplated the waterfall with infinite satisfaction; and somehow, in our combined efforts against our watery foe, we all grew sociable together.

My dark-looking neighbour began to converse with me most affably and confidentially; and the phrase introduced within five minutes, and repeated every other five, 'When I was in India,' enlightened me as to his character and standing in the world. Nevertheless, becoming more explicit, he gave me his whole history from the cradle upwards, with sketches of his present life, and portraits of his family, including what seemed the great man among them, 'My cousin, Sir ———, the ———'. But hold! for the baronet is known far and wide in Indian story, and I must not trespass on the sanctities of private life.

While we talked, my black-bearded neighbour and I, the young aunt opposite sat quiet and grave, occasionally putting in a word when addressed by the Indian officer, who did not seem to take her fancy any more than he did mine, though I responded to his courtesy as was due. But there was a certain coarseness in his aspect, and a selfish military dogmatism—(ah, I hate soldiers!)—in all he said. And he had scowled so on the poor innocent children when first they entered the carriage, and were made of such importance by aunt and nurse, that I somehow had taken a dislike to him. However, it was apparently

not mutual, so I did the agreeable to the best of my power.

Now, too, woke up the dormant powers of my sailor laddie. I discovered him in the act of making friends with wee Johnnie by means of various baby-tricks—the sure road to a child's favour. Johnnie, after looking deliciously shy—the darling!—for a minute or two, began to respond to the young sailor's attention, and very soon the whole carriageful was amused by a game of play between the two. I do love to see a youth or a young man fond of children: it argues a simple innocence of mind, and a feminine gentleness, which in manhood is so beautiful. My sailor laddie rose ten degrees in my estimation. I thought he looked handsomer than ever, especially his exquisite mouth, while leaning over smiling to the child, or coaxing wee Johnnie to his arms, in which he at last triumphantly succeeded.

'You seem to understand amusing children: have you brothers and sisters of your own?' I asked.

'Oh yes, plenty!' and he laughed merrily, and suffered Johnnie, now transformed into a most boisterous little king, to take all sorts of liberties with his hair and his neckerchief. He seemed quite in his element, bless him! I felt sure he was as good as he was handsome—was my sailor laddie!

All the while the Indian looked on, sometimes condescending to a grim smile. The aunt smiled too, but rather pensively; and when Johnnie wished to draw his delicate-looking elder brother into his rather rough play, she came to the rescue of the gentle, half-reluctant Willie.

'He likes to be quiet—he is soon tired,' she said to me. 'They are neither of them very strong.'

'Yet Johnnie at least appears a sturdy little fellow—a thorough Scotch laddie: is he not so?'

'His father was Scotch.'

'And his mother?'

'She was an Englishwoman.'

*Was!*—I could not help repeating the word she had twice used, with, I suppose, a look of inquiry, for she answered—'The children are orphans: both their father and mother have been dead these two years and more.'

More than two years. Then the youngest must have been a mere babe. What a picture of life was opened up to me! With what different eyes did I now look on the two children, and on the youthful aunt—for she *was* young. I found that out when, in talking, her grave face began to change. She was even pretty, especially when her loving eyes rested on her protégés. I felt sure that here was another of those stories of female self-devotion of which the world never hears, and never will, until the day when peals the divine sentence—'*Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of all these little ones, thou hast done it unto me.*'

And when, tired with play, the two children crept to the arms of aunt and nurse, I began to frame for them a whole history both of past and future. I thought of the lost parents: of the mother especially, probably dying that saddest of all deaths—that which, in giving one life, resigns another. How keen must have been the pang in leaving those two babes to the bitter world! Then I turned and looked at the young creature who had assumed a mother's place and a mother's duties, and it seemed to me that her face was one of those in which one can read a story. She might be of the number of 'old maids,' made such by their own will, governed by some sad fate; and if so, blessed was she, who had so many holy cares to occupy her solitary youth—so many hopes of even filial gratitude to comfort her declining years.

'Rain still—how very annoying!' grumbled the military gentleman, breaking upon my musings in his anxiety to point out the scenery of a most lauded lake-country, which, however, is to this day to me a blank picture of mist, and cold, and down-pouring rain. And

then my polite companion hinted, with a covert, self-satisfied smile, that when he came next to this region, in a few weeks more, it would be a happier excursion than the present—in fact a bridal trip.

A comical communication this! But as I think we should travel by railway as we ought to do through life, making ourselves as agreeable as possible, and creating as many interests as we can by the way, I repressed my inclination to laugh, or to condemn the bridegroom's rather too great unreserve, and congratulated heartily this illustrious member of the H. E. I. C.'s service; upon which he told me the whole course of his wooing, and how he and his new wife were shortly to proceed to India, where I suppose they both are by this time; and if this page should ever meet his eye, I hope my fellow-traveller will accept the good wishes of his friend the unsuspected author.

Hours went on, dragging heavily enough. Towards nightfall the children grew very weary and restless, and then it was beautiful to see the unity that had grown among us fellow-travellers, and how we all combined to amuse the little creatures whom fate had given to our care for a day. I made my little basket of dainties—owed to kindness too deeply felt to be named here—into a general feast, wherein Johnnie especially gloried; the young sailor spent his time in contriving an infinitude of cats'-cradles, and even the Indian jumped out in the pouring rain to purchase gingerbread cakes, which, I suppose, were his panacea for all infantile woes. Yet he turned out not such an ogre after all, worthy man! and as his journey drew near its close—it was some hours shorter than the rest of us had to traverse—his sallow face lighted up into a positively benevolent expression. These lovely, lovable children were creeping into even his hard heart. And when, in perfect despair of amusement, Johnnie had gone the round of every knee in the carriage except his, I heard to my amazement the grim officer say, in the most mellifluous tone he could assume—'Wouldn't the little fellow come to me?'

And the little fellow, being now of most adventurous mood, did come. At first our dark-visaged friend looked as uncomfortable and awkward as if he had got a young tiger on his knee; but soon Johnnie's winning ways conquered all. The fat baby hand began pulling his stiff grizzled hair, where probably a child's hand had never played before; the innocent eyes looking up and laughing, brought into his harsh-lined, worldly face a softness that it probably had not known for years. I never saw such a transformation!

At last our East Indian neared his destination. Lingeringly he put down wee Johnnie, and began to search for his carpet-bag. He bade us all a cordial adieu, then took the child again and looked at him wistfully for a minute. Perhaps—for there is a warm, tender corner in every man's heart—perhaps some softened feeling came across the mind of the bridegroom expectant, and he thought of the time when he, too, might have a 'bonnie bairn' on his knee, and his rough life might merge into the gentle charities of home. However that was, I saw—yes, indeed I did—a tear on his eyelash: he kissed the child once, twice, hastily jumped out of the carriage, and we saw him no more.

Night soon fell upon us now wearied fellow-travellers. We ceased trying to entertain one another, or looking out at the country, and the carriage windows were closed lest the damp evening air might harm the sleeping children. 'We are always obliged to take such care of them,' the young aunt said. Even she at last dozed, and so did the sailor laddie in the corner. I only was wakeful; for alas! the temporary interests of the journey ceasing, I had forgotten my companions, and was sinking back into myself—a dreary thing always. We had come now into a region I knew: sharp and clear against the fading sunset rose the out-

line of the — Hills, with the young moon floating above their peaks, just as it had done one evening a year ago. A year?—say rather a life—for it seemed thus long. I steadily turned my eyes away, and looked back into the carriage, where beside me Johnnie lay asleep. I cannot—or else I will not—tell the feeling that came over me as I looked at his dimpled face, his thickly-curling hair of the colour I love, and the heavy lashes that hid his sweet brown eyes, which oftentimes during the journey had made me almost start with their strange, clear, un-childlike gaze. If, as I kissed him, a tear dropped over him, it would not harm him—my bonnie boy! *Mine!*—truly I must have been dreaming; and it was well the train stopped, to bring the little old woman to her right mind.

I shall never see Willie nor Johnnie more—never! They may grow up to be men—great and honoured perhaps—if, as in wee Johnnie at least, one may read the soul of genius even in a child's eyes. But I shall never know it: to me they are only Willie and Johnnie, for I did not hear their worldly name. Or it may be—though Heaven forbid!—that the young aunt's anxious guardianship was half-prophetic—that they may never grow old in the harsh world, but remain eternally children in the family above. However, and wherever their fate be, God bless them!

#### POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

*Lightening before Death.*—Not unfrequently long periods of delirium or maniacal excitement have shut out from anxious friends the consoling but painful intercourse of the death-chamber. Sometimes a sudden gleam of returning reason will light up the darkness of these aberrations, and admit the last farewell and dying look of affection which dwell for ever in the heart. Who has not felt a something of the supernatural in these timely revisiting of the mind in those who are about to part with time and all who loved them? Nurses, who love the mysterious, delight in stories of this kind, and call this return of the mind a '*lightening before death*;' thus likening it to the throes of a dying flame, which for a moment shed a sickly illumination around, but only to make the succeeding darkness more apparent and appalling.

That the mind is thus often temporarily restored, is a fact continually brought before us, and one which is far from being so mysterious as it may at first sight appear. Sir Henry Hallford, in a collection of essays, which were read before the College of Physicians, has alluded to the subject, and gives an explanation which appears to me sufficiently satisfactory. He is speaking of the necessity of cautiously estimating symptoms of apparent improvement in the latter stages of disease; and mentions the following instance:—

'A young gentleman of family, about twenty-five years of age, took cold whilst under the influence of mercury. The disease increased daily, until it was accompanied at last by so much fever and delirium, as made it necessary to use not only the most powerful medicines, but also personal restraint. At length, after three days of incessant exertion, during which he never slept for an instant, he ceased to rave, and was calm and collected. His perception of external objects became correct, and they no longer distressed him, and he asked pressingly if it were possible that he could live? On being answered tenderly, but not in a way calculated to deceive, that it was probable he might not, he dictated most affectionate communications to his friends abroad, recollected some claims upon his purse, "set his house in order," and died the following night." This appearance of a favourable change, Sir Henry Hallford ingeniously ascribes to the failure of

strength, and the consequent 'mitigated influence of the action of the heart upon the brain.'

The restoration of intellect immediately before death, or even the quiet and thoughtful exercise of the mind which sometimes precedes dissolution, seem, in the excited state in which we usually contemplate them, as almost given for prophetic purposes. Sir Henry Hallford brings forward much classical matter to show that the ancients regarded in this light the words of the dying. These I shall pass over; but I may just mention two quotations which he makes from Shakspeare, and which will be perhaps more readily intelligible than many of the other learned authorities which he quotes. When Hotspur is mortally wounded, he exclaims—

—'Oh, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue!'

Again, in Richard II., Old John of Gaunt, in his dying moments, says—

'Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,  
And thus expiring do foretell of him—  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last!'

*Scrofula.*—Though names in reality cannot alter the things which they represent, and, as the great poet says, 'the rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' yet it seems that the public are not of opinion that a disease is equally acceptable under one name as under another. Now, in practice among the higher classes of society, very many cases of scrofulous disease occur; but we be to the medical man who is so unguarded as to make use of the word *scrofula*! 'Oh,' they would immediately say, 'you are quite mistaken, sir: there is nothing scrofulous in our family, I can assure you!' and this would be accompanied with a feeling of affront which nothing could afterwards remove. Do such persons know what is meant by scrofula, or are they afraid of a name? You may tell them that their friends are of weak, poor constitutions—of constitutions incapable of healthy action; that they are consumptive, the subjects of diseased joints, or enlarged glands, but never scrofulous. It must be owned the name is not a very pleasant one, for it is derived from the scientific name of the hog—'*Sus scrofa*'—from some fancied resemblance to the diseases of this animal. Scrofula has some claims, however, to be viewed as a fashionable complaint, for it is called 'the king's evil;' and you all know that the royal touch was considered a potent remedy. Thus in '*Macbeth*'—

'*Malcolm.*—Comes the king forth, I pray you!  
'*Doctor.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure.'

I do not say that medical men should be over-ready to make use of a term which is connected with so many unfortunate cases of disease; but where the case is confirmed and decided, should it be altogether a forbidden term? A perfectly honest medical man is by no means always the best received, and many clever practitioners, who are successful in their profession, are as much so from their tact in discriminating character, and adapting themselves to the fancies and peculiarities of their patients, as to the abilities which they may possess or the information they have gained; but yet we will hope that honesty and truth will be discovered, at least by some, the approbation of whom will outweigh a whole theatre of others.

*Vinegar—Fat People.*—There is a popular notion that vinegar will make people thin; and probably some who are ambitious of being more than ordinarily genteel may actually take it with this view. In the '*Gulstonian Lectures*,' delivered by Dr Thomas King Chambers, May 1850, the subject is corpulency, and Dr Chambers casually alludes to this idea about vine-

gar. 'Vinegar has been employed,' says he, 'by those who are foolish enough to practise upon themselves; but as it produces thinness only by injuring the digestive organs, the benefit is not worth the price paid for it; and no medical man would ever advise the use of such a remedy.' Somewhat similar is the administration of gin to stop the growth; and I think a like explanation may be given of its action, if in reality it have any.

Dr Chambers does, however, mention one remedy, which, along with exercise and regimen, he thinks might be serviceable in excessive corpulency—namely, a solution of potass (*liquor potassæ*). He supposes that this would unite with the fat, so as to form a kind of saponaceous compound. Sir Benjamin Brodie has recommended the same medicine for fatty tumours. I must content myself, however, with denying the efficacy of vinegar, and leave the more strictly medical questions for decision in individual cases.

*Slow Poisons.*—The subject of slow poisoning is one with respect to which there has been considerable superstition. Beck tells us that in Italy it was formerly believed that poisons were invented for destroying life at any given period. Of course poisons might be given in small quantities, from time to time, so as to impair health, and eventually cause death; but this is not the idea which is commonly entertained on this point. That some poisons will operate long after the period of their administration or application, is proved by the fact, that the *virus* of hydrophobia is capable of remaining so long in a latent condition. It is said that the period of incubation, as it is called, varies from six weeks to eighteen months. We know of no poisons, however, which can determine death at particular and precise periods. The ancients are supposed to have given considerable attention to this subject, but no doubt much fiction is mixed up with these accounts. Professor Beckman tells us that Theophrastus speaks of a poison prepared from aconite which could be moderated in such a manner as to have effect in two or three months, or at the end of a year or two years.

Some of the slow poisons of the ancients were given as hair-powders, and contained preparations of lead, which were thus gradually introduced into the system. These were called, I think, by the French the *Poudres de Succession*, and for a very obvious reason. A great deal, however, which we read about the slow poisons is exaggerated, or altogether erroneous, especially what relates to their determining death at remote but precise periods. It is probable that many of these stories have originated in the then prevailing doctrines of anathemas and witchcraft.

*Shingles.*—The term shingles is one in common use. It appears to be a corruption of the Latin word *cingula*, which means a girdle. This complaint (the shingles) consists in a vesicular eruption, which breaks out generally about the waist, and, I believe, mostly on the right side. The spots come out in clusters, so as in time to form a kind of half belt; and there is a vulgar error, that if the eruption completes the circle, it is fatal. In Bailey's Dictionary, under the name Shingles, the writer gives the following definition:—'A disease: a spreading inflammation about the waist, which kills the patient if it gets quite round.' Fortunately this is not the case; but the complaint *does* seldom get quite round. It is altogether a curious affection, being preceded by darting pains, which continue for a long time, and are a good deal puzzling until the appearance of the eruption. The patient is perhaps anxious about these pains; but when the eruption shows itself, and you tell him it is the *shingles*, he is quite content; so that, after all, there is in physic, as I have said, a great deal in a name.

*Soothing Syrup.*—I cannot here avoid alluding to a practice of rubbing children's gums with preparations which profess to allay the irritation of teething. I think

the statements made respecting these syrups are peculiarly calculated to mislead, as they are intended to make it appear that the action of the medicine is entirely a local one. For my part I cannot but conceive that if such remedies have any effect at all, they operate in no other manner than that of producing a narcotic influence on the brain. Consequently they are to be classed in a category of medicines all of which are decidedly improper for domestic use. Many parents who are averse to the employment of professed anodyne medicines for infants, still think that there can be no harm in soothing the gums with what they consider merely topical applications. It would be well, however, for such persons to bear in mind that the gums and mouths of children, at a very early age, present active absorbent surfaces, and that medicines rubbed on such parts must either be totally useless or highly prejudicial. I have heard it said by mothers of considerable observation and experience that the use of some of these quack medicines in the nursery is of great utility. I am far from denying that anodynes may not be occasionally useful; but they should never be given at the discretion of any but properly-educated medical men, and only in those cases in which it seems that they cannot be dispensed with.

*Monomania.*—The public, and, I rather think, some medical men also, have what appear to me to be erroneous notions respecting monomania. Monomania, as the word implies, is madness on one particular subject; and it is often thought that if the patient can be set right on that particular subject, a cure will be effected. There is a story, and a very good one too, in the 'Diary of a Late Physician,' which, if I remember it rightly, turns on this idea. A man is represented as imagining his head to be placed on his shoulders the wrong way. For this insane idea a physician is consulted, who hits upon an expedient which is attended with the happiest results. The physician enters into his patient's conceit, condoles with him on his misfortune, and assures him that nothing but a severe operation can possibly rescue him from his calamity. The operation is no other than that of turning his head back to its right place. A room is accordingly darkened, and by the aid of an electric shock he is made to suppose that his head is wrenched round to its former position. His dress, which he had worn to correspond to his own notions, being at the same time set straight. This completely disabuses him of his delusion, and he rises a changed man. The story is called the 'Turned Head.' It is rather too bad to spoil a good story, and especially as it is the only funny one in a remarkably pathetic book; yet truth must be told. It must be owned that a lunatic will often manifest his insanity principally, or even solely, upon one topic; but I think it will be found that the subject in question is the one in which he is chiefly interested, and that if he could succeed in diverting his mind from it, the insanity would show itself on the next topic which interested him. It is not, in point of fact, the dwelling on the individual topic or single subject which constitutes the disease, but the habit of the mind to dwell morbidly on whatever interests the most. If you convince a man who fancies himself a tea-urn that he is altogether under a misapprehension, he will probably tell you on your next visit that he finds you are quite right in what you said: he knows now that he is not a tea-urn at all, but a sugar-basin, and will be obliged to you to keep at a respectful distance, lest you break him into pieces.

It is true that patients may continue saying the same things for years; but this is only the pertinacious manifestation of a wrong bias of mind, which bias is capable of showing itself in divers forms. Pinel mentions cases where a dominant idea has lasted twenty or thirty years.

The minds of people who have these peculiar dominant ideas, I think, would be generally found not correct

on others, if scrupulously examined; and in this opinion I find I am borne out by the late able Dr Pritchard. The wrong notion is not, then, as some people imagine, a mere single error, but an indication of a faulty direction of mind, which, as I have said, might manifest itself in various ways, and is probably more or less incorrect in all. People tell, however, the most remarkable stories about these monomaniacs, and even make them out to be the wisest of all people when the subject of their insanity is not broached.

In Aubrey's 'Lives and Letters of Eminent Men,' a curious instance is mentioned of this supposed monomania. Speaking of the celebrated James Harrington, the political writer, he says, 'His durance in prison was the cause of deliration or madness, which was not outrageous, for he would discourse rationally enough, and he was very facetious company; but he grew to have a fancy that his perspiration turned to flies, and sometimes to bees; and he had a *versatile* timber-house built in Mr Hart's garden, opposite to St James's Park, to try the experiment. He would turn it to the sun, and sit towards it; then he had his fox-tails to chase away and massacre all the flies and bees that were to be found there, and then shut his chasses. Now this experiment was only to be tried in warm weather, and some flies would lie so close in the crannies and the cloth with which the place was hung, that they would not presently show themselves. A quarter of an hour after, perhaps, a fly, or two, or more, might be drawn out of the lurking-places by the warmth, and then he would cry out, "Do you not see it is evident that these come from me?" "Twas the strangest sort of madness that ever I found in any one. Talk of anything else, his discourse would be very ingenious and pleasant.' The writer goes on to say—'He married his old sweetheart, Mrs Daynell, a comely and discreet lady'—which is certainly a good ending of the story.

*Compound Fracture.*—Medical men speak of fractures as simple and compound; and a common misunderstanding arises from this mode of expression, which it may not be amiss to point out. The error to which I allude is this—that a simple fracture is supposed to be a fracture in one place, and a compound fracture a fracture of a bone in two or more places. This is not, however, the meaning of the terms as they are employed in medical writings. Surgeons consider those fractures alone to be compound in which an external wound communicates with the bone—the injury not being simply the fracture of a bone, but a fracture compounded with an external injury. It must be confessed that the term is not a good one, inasmuch as it so naturally leads to misapprehension. The term complicated would be better, which I believe to be used in France.

*Tongue-tied.*—Beneath the tongue is a little fold of membrane, which is significantly called the bridle of the tongue (*frenum lingue*)—very useful, by the by, if it were really so. In some few instances it would appear to be so short, as to interfere with the free motions of the tongue, and it has been customary to divide it with a pair of scissors—an operation, however, which requires some care, as there are blood-vessels in the neighbourhood which have to be avoided (the lingual arteries). It is said by Professor Burns, who is an authority on subjects of this nature, that 'he has not seen two children in all his practice who really required the operation.' In cases where a child is able to suck, the operation does not appear to be necessary.

A late surgeon of Manchester, who, by the way, was a man of great information and extensive experience, was in the habit of amusing himself with the fears of nurses in this respect. When a child was brought to him with the professed intention of having the bridle of the tongue cut, he would smilingly ask whether it was a female infant. 'Oh,' he would say, in case of an affirmative reply, 'take your child away; I won't have anything to do with it. A woman who does not talk will be nervous indeed!' It seems, then, that though the

bridle of the tongue is sometimes too small, the defect is far from being so common as is generally imagined. It may at least be considered as an error of exaggeration, worth being mentioned as such.

### BRITTON THE TOPOGRAPHER.

A YEAR or two ago some of the archæological people bethought them that a testimonial was due to Mr John Britton, the well-known author of several topographical and antiquarian writings, of creditable research and respectable ability; and, accordingly, contributions have been raised, and a considerable sum of money got together, for the purpose. It happens, moreover, that the character of the testimonial is more than commonly appropriate. On being consulted with respect to the application of the fund, Mr Britton, with a sensible disdain for the customary trinkets, expressed a wish that the money might be devoted to the publication of a narrative of his personal life and labours, which he undertook to write, and which he trusted would prove interesting to large numbers of his countrymen, and might possibly stimulate and encourage some to honourable exertion. A portion of this autobiography\* has been lately published, and the author is understood to be now engaged upon the remainder. Mr Britton has entered upon the eightieth year of his age, but, as he is a comparatively hale and vigorous old man, it is hoped that he will live to complete his work. From the pages already issued the following particulars have been collected:—

John Britton was born in Wiltshire, at the small village of Kington, on the 7th of July 1771. His father was at once maltster, shopkeeper, small farmer, and baker; and up to a certain time of life he appears to have been prosperous and successful in his several pursuits. We are given to understand, however, that he was mainly indebted for his success to the oversight and prudence of Mrs Britton. As, in progress of years, she came to be more and more engaged with the charge of an increasing family, her husband's affairs became proportionably perplexed, and issued finally in 'complete and distressing ruin.' The household was broken up, and the harassed and afflicted wife died prematurely of what is called a broken heart, leaving two of her youngest children to the care of a daughter only sixteen years of age, who, with some scanty remains of furniture, continued to hold possession of the paternal dwelling.

'In part of my boyish days,' says Mr Britton, 'Kington had no resident squire, clergyman, or person above the rank of farmer, or village tradesman. There were ten agriculturists, who kept horses, cows, and sheep, and about the same number of tradesmen, or "dealers and chapmen;" but I do not think that there was a newspaper or magazine purchased by one of the inhabitants before the year 1780, when the London riots were talked about, and wondered at. Five or six years afterwards, the "Lady's Magazine" was taken in by one of the farmer's daughters, and lent by her to my sister Elizabeth, who was fond of reading. One of the Bath papers was afterwards introduced to the village, and created an epoch—food for the gossip of the whole village. Farmer Robbins, our opposite neighbour, and Thomas, alias Tommy Collard, an old bachelor, both of whom seemed to live upon tittle-tattle, were the bearers and special messengers of all such news as they could comprehend and talk about through the whole extent of Kington; retelling it by pieces and scraps at the carpenter's, the tailor's, and the blacksmith's shops. At each of these houses they would devote about an hour to social converse, or rather to colloquy; for the tradesmen, if employed on work, continued their occu-

\* 'The Autobiography of John Britton.' Portion of Part I., with Appendix.

pation, and rarely interrupted the talkers with anything beyond—"Well, well!"—"Indeed!"—"Is it true?"—"Strange!"—"What! in foreign parts?"—"That Lun-nun is a mortal queer place!"—"Well, I shall never see at, nor any o' the papishes." Roman Catholics and devils were synonymous terms at Kington, and in many other country villages. I have often accompanied my old news-friends in their daily rounds, and listened with intense curiosity to their narratives. Mr Robbins was aged, occupied a small dairy farm, which required but a very small portion of his time, and Mr Collard lived upon a small annuity of about £30, and was called gentleman.'

Mr Britton describes himself as being in his youth 'ever active, inquisitive, emulous, ambitious, and sensitive, whether in play, at school, or at work.' It has been matter of regret with him, however, that he found no one to direct his natural tendencies into any 'right and laudable course.' This was not owing to a lack of teachers, for he appears to have been put under the charge of a greater number than could ordinarily be provided for lads in a similar situation. He informs us that he was placed first under a schoolmistress, and then, 'with some intervals, under four successive masters,' all of whom, he says, were 'wholly unfitted for the arduous and important task' of instructing their pupils in the common elements of useful knowledge. They were 'completely ignorant of science, of literature, and of manners, and consequently could not impart either to their pupils.' These pedagogues are worth glancing at, as being several independent specimens of a class now fast becoming extinct in England; though here and there, in odd out-of-the-way places, one may perhaps encounter a few of their representatives. The first was a Baptist preacher of the name of Moseley, whose spiritual performances (which took place in a sort of dog-hutch of a chapel) were regularly attended by his scholars; but the secular instruction which he was qualified to impart was extremely trivial. His next master was a Mr Sparrow, who is described as being 'very unlike the Baptist; for he could write a good hand, knew the common rules of arithmetic, and could measure and calculate the acreage of a piece of land. He could also engrave ciphers and crests on silver spoons, and he even painted a White Horse, and a White Swan, for certain sign-boards.' With this gentleman young Britton tarried for about two years as a boarder, and made very respectable progress under his tuition; but the father, probably finding school-bills inconvenient, summoned him home, and kept him there in idleness for the next twelvemonth. Subsequently, he was placed with a Mr Stratton, 'a dull, plodding, illiterate man,' whose wife, however, was a parson's daughter, and, according to the pupil, possessed of manners and attainments superior to the station which she occupied. 'School,' says he, 'was always delightful to me, and its succession of tasks and duties was easily and rapidly performed. The smell of new paper, a new copy-book, and any other novelties, were always exhilarating.' The indifferent character of the instruction which he meanwhile received may be observed from what he adds in the next sentence:—"I do not remember to have seen a dictionary before I visited London in my seventeenth year. Geography, history, and books of instructive amusement, were unknown in that part of the country, nor did I ever hear of such periodicals as newspapers or magazines before I was fourteen."

Thus imperfectly furnished with intellectual capital, John Britton, at the age of thirteen, quitted school entirely, being required by his mother to assist in making bread, and in attending to the farm. He began now to understand a little of the weariness and dreariness of uncongenial labour. He had to rise at four o'clock in the morning, do his part 'towards converting a bag of flour into good and unadulterated bread,' and then afterwards to carry some of it out on horseback

to the villages and farmhouses in the neighbourhood. Then, on returning, he had to groom and feed his pony, to see to the wants of the general live-stock on the premises, and to perform a variety of odd and irregular duties connected with the household and the business. Being the general servitor and fetch-and-carry drudge of the establishment, he had little time to call his own.

In his seventeenth year, through the agency of an uncle who had a situation in the Chancery Office, Britton was removed to London, and 'provided for' by being apprenticed for six years to a tavern-keeper in Clerkenwell. His employment was a melancholy and monotonous routine, presenting nothing whatever to interest him, or to call forth any of the powers or capabilities of mind or disposition. He worked all day long in a dark cellar, at the dull labour of bottling and corking wine. Accustomed to the free, fresh air of the country, his health soon became affected, and, as may be easily conceived, he was very miserable. Only for one solitary half-hour in the morning, between seven and eight o'clock, had he liberty to walk forth from his uncheerful cave of drudgery, to look at the fog-obscured sky, and to breathe the open air in the dingy and unwholesome streets. In the course of his brief perambulations, however, he made discovery of a couple of book-stalls in the neighbourhood, and thenceforth they became the objects of almost daily visitation—dim shrines of knowledge, where the sick yet eager spirit paused for frequent worship. By reading at these book-stalls, and now and then purchasing a stray volume out of his scanty pocket-money, to be perused at intervals—not of leisure,' as he says, 'but of time abstracted from systematic duties,' and which he was obliged to make up for by extra exertion afterwards—he contrived to pick up a quantity of miscellaneous information, and to run through a variety of books on general literature, natural science, and theology.

And so the weary years crept round—dull beyond the common sense of dullness, and yet not without a certain, if unconscious, benefit to the painstaking and humble student. Nor let it be supposed that even the galling routine of 'bottling and corking wine' was altogether without its uses. There was doubtless a wholesome discipline to be gathered from it: it was an occupation that constantly exercised some unostentatious virtues—patience, self-denial, resignation to the necessary; a foil to the brighter prospects which youthful hope would be continually shadowing forth as the possible possessions of future years. Its lack of leisure rendered the casual moments of relaxation precious; time came to have a value and an importance to the mind of the young worker which an unlimited command of it would never have disclosed. Thus he learned the power of diligence, the worth of the present hour, the restraint of self; and taking courage from his successes in the pursuit of information, gathered also hope in the likelihood that he might some day rise out of his lowliness into an improved and more tolerable existence. Towards the end of his apprenticeship he became acquainted with a person who had influence enough to introduce him to two gentlemen connected with the profession of literature—the Rev. Dr Trusler, and the Rev. Dr Towers. They were neither of them very illustrious ornaments of their craft, but, as men of letters, they naturally obtained a wondrous deal of reverence from Britton. Shut out from intercourse with cultivated and intelligent society, and deriving his main delight from reading, he came to attach an undue importance to the personalities of authors. An author was to him a sort of mystical personification: to see one visibly in the flesh, and to hold any kind of converse with him, was an exaltation and a privilege like being admitted to communion with the immortal. What spiritual edification he derived from Drs Towers and Trusler is not made known to us, though, judging

from their published productions, one would conclude that it was not very significant.

The young cellarman's years of bondage in the Jerusalem Tavern having at length terminated, he found himself a free denizen of the universe, with the whole world to range in. What could seem more reasonable than that he should now sally forth to reacquaint himself with country scenes in Wiltshire? He accordingly set forth on his independent locomotives—that is to say, he made the pilgrimage on foot; saw such of his relations as remained there; and even extended his journey onwards into Devonshire, to the distance of 216 miles from London. And here it behoves us to relate that John had not escaped that malady which usually befalls a youth emerging from his teens—that pleasant insanity which is understood when a man is said to be in love. The damsel whose fascinations had bewildered him was lady's-maid to the wife of his late master, and endowed with charms more than usually bewitching. John was deeply smitten, and made love to her with an unlimited frankness and sincerity. It was no dallying, hesitating passion, entertained for mere amusement, but a downright, resolute, infatuated affair, like the rage of drunkenness, or the delirium of scarlet fever. For the last two years of his apprenticeship he courted her with a romantic steadfastness that bordered on the sublime, and which even the damsel herself could but imperfectly comprehend. The family, perceiving his passion, put their veto upon its further progress. Worse than that, they sent the little charmer home to Devonshire, to reconsider the state of her affections among her friends. It was to visit her, and to exchange pledges with her of an everlasting and exquisite attachment; that John journeyed into that interesting county. When he arrived, the young lady received him coldly. She declared that she did not think of changing her condition, and recommended him to think no more about her. All that long journey of 216 miles, performed with so much weariness and chafings of the feet, did not touch her sympathies, or kindle in her feeble heart either admiration or compassion. The lover saw that he had engaged in a foolish enterprise, and leaped to the conclusion that there is no constancy in woman. 'Disconsolate, and almost deranged,' he returned to his inn, to brood over his blighted prospects, and to entertain the thought of possible consumption and an early death. All the brightness of the world was utterly extinguished, and he felt himself an alien and an outcast on the earth.

In this dismal state of mind he directed his now unelastic footsteps towards London. On the way, he sometimes attempted to beguile his wretchedness by reading; but neither in Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' nor in Chesterfield's 'Principles of Politeness,' nor in the poems of Oliver Goldsmith, could he find anything either of delight or consolation. It was all vanity; and there was no remaining balm or gladness under the sun. Sometimes, as he journeyed on in deep dejection, he meditated, like Hamlet, the awful question of 'To be, or not to be?' but without coming very near to anything like a tragic conclusion. In his deep perplexity he drank a great many '*glasses of rum and milk!*' (a favourite beverage of his) 'in the hope that it would banish care, and exhilarate the spirits.' And let no sentimentalist be offended or incredulous when he hears that this 'medicinal' application had a very serviceable effect. He nevertheless arrived in London in a very piteous plight. He was almost shoeless, penniless, and shirtless; and his abject poverty had even compelled him to change a crown-piece, and sell a pair of silver knee-buckles which his poor mother had given him years before at parting. Then there was a period through which he suffered from want of work—a season of hardships and privations, and of the bitterest discontent. After a time, however, Britton obtained employment as cellarman at

the London Tavern—an irksome and slavish situation, and full of inevitable discomforts; but being at least a refuge from the perils of starvation, it was gladly and thankfully accepted. He afterwards became engaged in the twofold capacity of 'clerk and cellarman' to a bustling widow in Smithfield, 'whose cajoling and bland language flattered his youthful vanity.' She complacently called him 'Sir,' and affected to regard him as a confidential clerk, but meanwhile kept him in a disagreeable state of anxiety and suspense by making him responsible, out of his scanty wages, for every bad shilling and light guinea taken in the establishment. During this engagement, as we are informed, he 'lodged with a tinman in Smithfield Bars, having a bedroom about nine feet by seven, for which he paid eighteenpence a week.' The tinman was a devout Huntingdonian, or follower of that wonderful fanatic, William Huntington, S. S., or 'Sinner Saved;' but it would appear that his young lodger was nowise edified by his conversation or devotions.

The drudgery and dullness of a cellarman's employments were always extremely unpleasant to young Britton, and therefore, in course of time, he began to look about him, with the design of obtaining some more congenial engagement. Among his personal qualifications he had a moderate gift of penmanship, and in seeking to turn it to account, he procured a situation in an attorney's office in Gray's Inn. His wages ('dignified with the name of salary') were but fifteen shillings a week; but the employment was more agreeable than his previous occupations; and as Mr Simpson, his employer, had little business, he found abundant time for reading; although he confesses that the books in which he was then most interested were of rather a frivolous description. He remained three years with Mr Simpson; and during the whole time, it was his custom to dine at an eating-house in Great Turnstile, Holborn, 'on very cheap and moderate fare; the cost of the meal, with beer, being seldom more than ninepence.' The parlour of this establishment appears to have been frequented by a few remarkable characters; amongst whom, it may be mentioned, was the Chevalier d'Eon, famous in traditional gossip for his assumption of female garments, after having been distinguished in the masculine character as a soldier and diplomatist; and Sir Charles Dinely, Bart., one of the 'Poor Knights of Windsor,' illustrious for his 'matrimonial mania,' and other simple eccentricities. At times, when his finances permitted him, Britton frequented free-and-easies, odd fellows' and spouting clubs; but his expenses, he informs us, never exceeded sixpence a night at any of these associations of smokers, drinkers, and convivialists. For the rest he continued to live in 'poor and obscure lodgings,' at about eighteenpence a week, and 'often read in bed during the winter evenings, because he could not afford a fire.'

The death of Mr Simpson, in 1798, threw him for a while out of employment. There were 'some weeks of inquiry and suspense;' but he subsequently obtained a situation in the office of Messrs Parker and Wix, solicitors, of Greville Street, Hatton Garden, at the improved salary of twenty shillings a week. Here he became acquainted with a young gentleman, who was professedly 'reading for the bar,' under the direction of Mr Parker, but 'whose volatility of temperament and poetical mind could not be induced to take an interest or find amusement in the dull technicalities and prolix verbiage of law-books.' Instead of studying Blackstone, or any of the illustrious bores of legal learning, he preferred to rush into premature oratory at debating clubs, and to cultivate an inclination for amateur theatricals. Finding Britton to be an intelligent young man, and interested in the pursuits of literature, he admitted him into close friendship, and they became for a time inseparable companions. They attended together most of the various spouting clubs and de-

bating societies with which the metropolis then abounded, and each in his way gained a measure of distinction among the members. Britton was no great orator, but he was in the habit of giving comic recitations, which, he tells us, were often received 'with vociferous and clamorous applause.' He was a regular member of the 'School of Eloquence,' in Old Change, Cheapside, where a number of young men assembled once a-week to emulate the displays of Cicero and Demosthenes. We are informed that it was a frequent habit with the speakers to invoke the 'shade' of the latter orator; and in satirical allusion to this propensity, Mr R. A. Davenport, who has since become a rather voluminous author, gave out the following lines as the motto of a Philippic which he threatened to write on the oratorical proceedings of the 'School of Eloquence':—

*'Shade of Demosthenes! couldst thou but view  
This ranting, blundering, language-murdering crew,  
Much should I wonder if, in furious ire,  
Thou didst not kick them to their sooty sire.'*

At this point the autobiography is suspended. The real 'life-history' is yet to come. The uses of such a narrative may be various. Its main service, however, is to show us a man emerging gradually from an embarrassed and obscure environment, and rising by his own energies and industry to a creditable and even distinguished position in his generation. It will reveal to us the power of a steady purpose, and how a man need nowise be the slave of vicissitudes and impediments, but is invested with capabilities for overruling them to his own ends. It affords an illustration of the effectualness of pains-taking and regular application, of fixed and resolute devotion to an object. From the humblest beginnings this man has advanced, in the face of many obstacles, to the accomplishment of serviceable and substantial works. He is in many respects a fit exemplar to persons of the most ordinary endeavours, whose aims in life are anyway obstructed, and whose success depends upon the exercise of their personal abilities and a prompt and rightful use of their opportunities. All men are not bound to become authors, but every man may profit by the contemplation of that patient effort, and untiring diligence, by which this man's life has been distinguished. The same qualities which he has manifested in literature may be exercised as effectually in other directions, and produce results as valuable in the practical and every-day pursuits of life.

For the information of such readers as are not acquainted with Mr Britton's writings, it may be mentioned that they consist principally of industrious compilations on topographical and antiquarian subjects, and are distinguished among productions of their class for great accuracy and clearness. His earliest work was the 'Beauties of Wiltshire,' of which the first volume was published in 1801; and his latest (excepting the Autobiography) is 'Junius Elucidated,' which appeared in 1848. Mr Britton has thus been constantly before the public as an author for nearly fifty years. To a work of considerable magnitude, called the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' and on which the publishers are reported to have expended £50,000, he contributed a description and general account of Bedfordshire; and afterwards added the history of his native county, besides a number of other articles. In 1814 was published his 'History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury,' which was followed by a series of other works descriptive of most of the cathedral churches in the country. These works are commonly considered important contributions to the antiquarian literature of the times, and are more attractive in perusal than is usual with such productions. Besides the above, Mr Britton is the author of many other books on biography, anti-

quities, and the fine arts, which cannot be enumerated here, on account of their number and variety. In all his writings there is great explicitness, fair method, and the results of laborious research. In mere literary qualities he can scarcely be said to have attained much eminence, though his compositions display a degree of taste, and a comparative felicity of expression and arrangement, by no means common in the class of publications to which most of his works belong. His most prominent characteristics have been described by one of his friends as being 'an enthusiastic ardour in investigation, a liberality of sentiment, an honesty in acknowledging obligations to others, and the strictest accuracy of reference.' 'These are qualities,' he adds, 'of which any author might be proud, and in these it may be confidently asserted that John Britton is not surpassed by any writer.'

#### REFORM OF DRUNKENNESS.

A LOCAL association, established for this purpose, is under our attention. In its deliberations up to the present time, two plans or proposals are announced—to raise the price of spirits by a shilling of additional duty, and to reduce the number of public-houses. We find a general inclination to believe that there is little virtue in these plans, and that the demon of intemperance can only be effectually put down by other means. It has been tolerably well ascertained by the Excise, that were the duty on spirits raised but one shilling a gallon, illicit distillation would be recommenced. If this be true, we should, instead of effecting a cure, only be raising a new disease. As to the suppression of public-houses, we can have no doubt that some good may be done in this way. Grant that a public-house has any legitimate end in view at all—that is, that it affords needful refreshment within the bounds of temperance—still it must also act in all circumstances as a temptation to those who, but for its presence, might not have thought of such indulgences. It is also a commercial interest. The landlord, in order to advance his trade, is exceedingly apt to get up raffles, shooting matches, and other attractions, and thus brings to his house many who otherwise would not have thought of leaving their own quiet homes. Therefore we believe that a more rigid restriction upon the number of public-houses is calculated to prevent much evil of this kind. It is, however, equally clear to us, that where a corrupt drink-loving population exists, the suppression of public-houses will do little to mend the matter. Drink becomes in these circumstances obtainable in private houses. It has even been found that men would go about the streets, with a bottle and measure under their coats, selling spirits in retired corners, and thus evading the government license as well as the efforts of philanthropical reformers.

Before we can hope to suggest effectual cures for drunkenness, it appears to us necessary to ascertain what it is which leads certain portions of the community to the excessive or imprudent use of liquor. Little reflection brings before us the fact, that men of enlightened and reflecting minds, who go on in their course with peace and hopefulness, who have a love of pure domestic pleasures, and tastes for what is elegant and refined, rarely are fond of drink; while, on the other hand, men of sensual and grovelling nature—men at suits with fortune, or who are subjected to some constantly-harassing evil from which they have no hope of escape—men who are debarr'd by their circumstances from purer pleasures and stimuli—are very apt to

betake themselves to the public-house. It is to a greater degree than is generally imagined a question of taste. Formerly, "gentlemen" drank much—"gentlemen" were then unenlightened and unrefined, had little taste for reading, or for works of art, or for music: the coarse enjoyments of the tavern were congenial to such natures. Now the upper and middle classes are pervaded by superior tastes, and their use of liquor has declined till it has ceased to wear the appearance of a vice. Even amongst them, however, it is always found that drinking is in pretty fair proportion to grossness of character, or to some of those accidents of fortune which may be called the casual provocatives. Setting aside these minor causes—if this be a true view of the chief cause, it follows that the propensity can only be effectually allayed by measures which tend to subject all to the same reforms which, during the last sixty years, have befallen the upper and middle classes. We consider this as further made clear by the reform which is actually going on among the humbler classes. Is there such a change?—can such an idea be reconciled with the vast amount of intemperance which notoriously prevails among working-people? We answer in the affirmative to both questions. Even while large portions of the base of society are perhaps become more dissolute than ever, there is at this moment, amongst small traders and those described as operatives, a large and constantly increasing number of men of respectably temperate habits. It is the fair and proper result of the agencies which have been at work for many years to diffuse enlightenment and refinement in those circles—the schoolmaster-in-chief. Much is also owing to the improved social and political economy of the working-people. Professional skill, general intelligence, diligence, and sobriety, are now in general surer of effecting promotion than they used to be. There are increased temptations to saving. Wages go farther in procuring the comforts and elegancies of life. The skilled mechanic begins to see that he may live as rationally and comfortably upon his means as the little tradesman, or even certain orders of the clergy. There is a spirit of progress in the mass, often allied to fantastic and deceitful notions, but still useful as an inspiration elevating above material and immediate things. The cheap tract and periodical has, we hope, its allowed place amongst the improving agencies. Besides all others, it would be unpardonable to overlook the locomotive-engine and the omnibus, by which breathings of fresh air and rural recreations are brought within the means of so many to whom they would otherwise be denied. By all of these means together a reform is going on below the middle grade of society, and that, we venture to say, rapidly.

Now if we are to walk in this movement by the light of experience, and we know of no light which is steadier or safer, the true means of promoting the reform of drunkenness is—to promote those intellectual conditions, those refined pleasures, that spirit of hopeful progress, which have already been found incompatible with the vice. We deprecate other plans, such as the suggested increase of spirit duties and frantic wholesale onslaughts upon public-houses, as calculated to mislead the public mind from the right means, and to end in disappointment, and perhaps despair, in many whose continued energies on this subject it is very desirable to have. Attack the disease in the vitals which it pervades, not in the skin which vents its humours. Suffer secular education to come to all, and in all its force. Promote pure and recreative amusements. Favour the lecture-room and the reading-room. Further all arrangements which inspire hope and self-respect among the humble. Act as if you yourself believed there was a God over all, and that, all being his child-

dren, every man is your brother, and you are in some degree concerned for his welfare. By such means we might hope in a few years to see a further reduction of the Master Vice of the age, and little of it left anywhere but at the very base of the social pyramid.

#### TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A THEATRE.

'How happy all those people look going to the play!' exclaimed, one afternoon about sixty years ago, a boy of twelve years old. He was standing in the window of a house in one of the principal streets of Rouen, and was watching with longing eyes a crowd of persons entering the theatre, which stood exactly opposite.

Seated at a table behind him were two elderly gentlemen, conversing and taking their wine after dinner.

'Oh how happy they are!' repeated the child with a deep sigh.

'Adrian,' said one of the gentlemen, 'if you want to amuse yourself, you must go a little further off; for Monsieur Broche and I are talking on matters of business, and cannot be disturbed.'

'But, papa,' replied Adrian in a doleful voice, 'I'm not amusing myself; I was only saying how happy people are that can go to the play.'

His father smiled. 'Then you think it would make you very happy to go there?'

'Oh yes, papa!'

'Well, Adrian, if Monsieur Broche is pleased with you—'

'Pleased with him!' interrupted the other gentleman; 'indeed I am not. Master Adrian is exceedingly idle and heedless; he confuses his notes, mistakes flats for sharps, and sharps for flats, and can scarcely remember the difference between a minim and a quaver. Do you know how he employs his time instead of practising the lessons I give him? He composes—actually composes music of his own!'

'Well, well, Monsieur Broche,' said the indulgent father, 'I hope in future he will be more attentive. And now, Adrian,' he continued, turning to his son, 'if you will promise me to study your music-lessons attentively, to mark the time and the expression, and not to displease Monsieur Broche, who takes so much pains to instruct you, I will give you money to go to-night to the theatre.'

Adrian bounded with joy. 'Oh yes indeed,' he cried, 'I'll be very good, very attentive!'

'Here, then,' said his father, giving him a silver piece of fifteen sous, 'go and amuse yourself. I cannot myself accompany you, but you will be able to go and return in safety.'

'To be sure, papa,' replied Adrian, drawing himself up proudly: 'I'm not a child now, you know: I'm twelve years old!'

'Here, boy,' said Monsieur Broche; 'take these three sous, and buy yourself a cake to eat between the acts.'

Scarcely waiting to thank either his father or tutor, Adrian seized his hat, and the next moment was in the street.

'Now,' thought he, 'I will buy my cake first.'

As he was entering the shop, he paused, and looking at his money, said to himself, 'Oh if I only had enough to go two nights instead of one!' But it would not do; reckon it ever so often, he could only make out eighteen sous; and two tickets would cost thirty.

A bright idea struck him. 'Here,' thought he, 'I have fifteen sous to admit me to-night, and who will make me leave the theatre? No one, I suppose. I will stay there all night and to-morrow, and then, when the evening performance begins, I shall be ready to see it. But then I shall want something to eat more solid than a cake. I'll buy two sous' worth of bread; and then, what shall I get for the other?'

Just then a fruit-woman passing, cried out, 'Buy my walnuts: twelve walnuts for a sou!'

'The very thing for me,' thought Adrian; and having purchased both bread and nuts, he entered the theatre, got his ticket, and placed himself on a front bench in the pit. It was the first time he had been there, so everything seemed new and enchanting—the well-dressed people in the boxes, the decorations of the house, the green curtain, even the smell of oil from the lamps—all were delightful. But when the play began, his ecstasy knew no bounds—the actors and actresses, the music, the yellow sunset and the white moon-rise, the green trees and the blue sea—all seemed a portion of fairyland; and the best of it was, that he felt secure of two nights' enjoyment. There he was in possession of the pit, and he might select whatever portion of it he pleased for dining and sleeping in!

At length the performance was ended: it seemed to Adrian as if it had lasted only a few minutes, when he was roused from his blissful reverie by the voice of a gentleman who was passing out, 'Are you not coming, my little man?'

'Not yet, sir, thank you,' replied Adrian politely.

'Ah, I suppose you are waiting for your papa to fetch you?' said the gentleman, whom Adrian's pretty and intelligent countenance had attracted.

The boy was silent, not wishing either to tell an untruth or to betray his secret; so with a friendly nod the gentleman left him.

A few attendants were still walking about the boxes, seeing if anything had been dropped or forgotten there, but they soon retired; the lights were extinguished, the doors locked, and our little adventurer found himself alone in the large dark theatre.

Adrian's first feeling was one of pride and exultation that his project had succeeded so far; his second was a species of nervousness, not unlike fear, as he thought of the strange loneliness of his position. However, he was determined to make the best of it, so, stretching himself at full length along a bench, he soon fell fast asleep.

Next morning, when Adrian awoke, he could not at first recollect where he was, nor why his little, soft, white-curtained bed was exchanged for a hard wooden bench; but presently the delightful thought of the second play recurred, and he stood up and stretched his cramped limbs. Just then he thought of his father—his mother had been long dead—and he felt great misgivings when he reflected on the probable disquietude his kind parent would feel when his son did not come, as usual, to embrace him that morning. Adrian tried to stifle the voice of conscience, which told him pretty loudly that he had acted wrong; and he said to himself—'Perhaps papa will go out early, as he sometimes does, and not return to dinner, and then he will not learn my absence. As to Monsieur Broche, I daresay he will scold me finely; but I don't much mind his displeasure: I shall have seen two plays instead of one. When I'm a man, I'll be either an actor, or an author, or a musical composer—no matter what, so that I can go every night to the theatre.'

In the midst of these reflections our young hero began to feel hungry; but he had scarcely commenced operations on his bread and nuts, when he was interrupted by a noise of screeching pulleys; then the curtain rose, and by the light of two or three tallow-candles on the stage Adrian distinguished several men. They were mechanics, who came to arrange the scenery and decorations, and every moment Adrian feared they would discover him. He dared not stir, and, despite of the hunger that tormented him, he was afraid to eat. At length he ventured to bite a morsel off his bread, and with the point of his penknife to open a nut; but in doing so he could not avoid making a slight rustling noise.

'There are rats in the pit!' remarked one of the men.

Adrian trembled from head to foot; nevertheless, favoured by the darkness, he managed to nibble his food, trying to make as little noise as possible. All his precautions, however, did not prevent the workmen from repeating now and then—'There must be rats in the pit!'

At length the weary day, during which Adrian was tortured with hunger, thirst, and the constrained attitude he was forced to assume, drew to a close, and with unspeakable joy he saw the workmen depart, and the hour for the play approach. Delighted with the success of his stratagem, he chose the best place in the front of the pit, and seated himself in it.

But, alas! the door opened with a creaking noise, and two men armed with long brushes entered and advanced towards Adrian. In one moment he dived beneath the bench, and concealed himself; but the terrible brushes approached, and he had only time to escape beneath the second row. Then, when he found himself enveloped in a suffocating cloud of dust, he began to repent of his escapade, but it was too late; still pursued by the remorseless brushes, he crept on from bench to bench, until at length he reached the very last. The next moment the rough bristles grazed his cheek, and one of the sweepers stooping down, exclaimed to his companion, 'Hollo! there's something here!'

'I claim my share!' cried the other.

'I protest,' said the other, 'tis a child's leg!' And he roughly dragged out our unlucky little hero; pale and trembling from head to foot.

'Don't hurt me, pray!' sobbed Adrian.

'What make you here, you little scoundrel?'

Adrian told them the exact truth, and finished by imploring them to allow him to remain and witness the play, which no doubt he had earned pretty dearly. But, deaf to his entreaties, the men laughed, and taking him by the arm, led him into the lobby. Fancy his chagrin to see at the very moment of his exit the doors open, and a crowd of spectators rush in.

'Oh pray please do let me remain!' he cried, clasping his little hands with an imploring gesture.

'Hold your tongue, and walk on,' replied the sweepers.

At that moment two gentlemen who had just come in uttered an exclamation of joy, and one of them, running up to Adrian, caught him in his arms and embraced him, saying, 'Ah, my child, what anxiety you have caused me!'

'You shall be well punished, naughty boy,' added the other.

In a few minutes the father, the son, and M. Broche were quietly at home. Instead of the amusement which Adrian had promised himself, he received a severe admonition, and was sent to bed after a supper of bread and water—a punishment which, indeed, he had well deserved, for causing so much uneasiness to his fond father, and also for the dishonourable intention of defrauding the theatre of the price of the second representation.

As this boy grew older, however, he became both wise and good, and in after-years was known in the musical world as the celebrated Adrian Bouldieu. His love for the drama amounted to a passion. After his adventure in the theatre, his favourite amusement was composing little operas, and trying to represent them in his own bedroom. The furniture answered for scenery and decorations, and he, in his own person, represented both orchestra and actors. In one piece he wanted to introduce the rising and setting of the sun, and for this purpose hit on a notable expedient: he placed a lighted candle beneath his hat—that was night; then the hat rose by degrees, so very slowly, indeed, that it usually caught fire, and blazed up, which formed a most satisfactory and effective substitute for the light of noonday.

When nineteen years old, he composed the music

of an opera—for which a young friend of his, also an inhabitant of Rouen, wrote words—and it had such success in their native town, that old M. Broche advised Adrian to offer it for representation in Paris. The young man did not desire anything better. Poor in worldly goods, but rich in hopeful aspirations, he arrived in the gay, rich capital, and there disappointment awaited him.

His piece, although containing many happy ideas, was inartistic in its style and execution, and suffered besides from being inefficiently performed. The young artist perceived that he must recommence his musical education, and study the style recently introduced by Méhul and Cherubini. He was not discouraged, although he had no money, and the Conservatoire did not then exist. He gained a scanty livelihood by tuning pianos; and whenever, by strict economy in his food, he found himself possessed of thirty sous, he used to go to the theatre, in order to study those masterpieces which he was destined afterwards to excel.

The house of Erard was at that period the general rendezvous in Paris of distinguished men. Boildieu's talent and gentlemanly appearance gained him access to it, and there he met the celebrated singer Garat. The queen's singer, as Garat was then, chose Adrian to accompany him in public, and the young man's fame was soon widely spread. He produced several admirable operas in rapid succession, and took his place in the first rank of French composers.

The Conservatoire was established, and Boildieu named one of the professors. In 1803 he quitted Paris to accept an offer made him by the emperor of Russia: it was that of becoming director of the choir in the imperial chapel. During an eight years' sojourn in St Petersburg, Boildieu produced several operas, which established his renown; and in 1811, when he returned to Paris, he enriched the repertory of the Opera-Comique with many more. In 1824 appeared his masterpiece, 'La Dame Blanche'; and in 1829 his last work, 'Les Deux Nuits.' From that time Boildieu, being attacked by an affection of the larynx, was forced to suspend his labours. He commenced the music of an opera, for which words were composed by Eugene Scribe, but he lived to finish only the first act.

Adrian Boildieu, the rival first of Grétry, and afterwards of Rossini, expired on the 10th of October 1834, at the age of fifty-nine years.

#### MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

*Mr Tyrrell.* I'm proud to see ye, my lady; an' 'tis welcome ye are to my poor little place. An' how's his honour?

*Mrs Wright.* Finely, thank you, Tyrrell; quite recovered, indeed, and out again.

*Mr T.* Well, long life to him, an' to yerself, an' all the family, an' long may yez reign; for the poor will lose good friends whin yez lave us, an' so all the country says. I was wishing greatly to see ye, my lady, for these is awful times what's fell on us: I'm a'most bet wid him. Corn at seven shillin's, or six-an'-sixpence, I'm credibly informed a man sould at last market-day. How's the tinints to make the rint? Sure man alive can't do no more than I iver an' always am doing, from sunrise to sunset, I may say, an' more, strivin' an' strooglin', an' niver a ha'p'orth the better of all my endeavurin': just consider now what's on the land. Rent-cess, rent-charge, poor-rate, an' a heavy family to kepe up, an' a bare thirty acres to do it on.

*Mrs W.* The poor-rate neither you nor I can help. It is settled that we must pay it. I allow that it presses very unequally upon us—on Mr Wright, and

all of you his tenants particularly—because we have not one pauper receiving relief upon all our property; but people cannot be allowed to die of hunger, you know, though they do not exactly belong to us.

*Mr T.* Well, indeed, I suppose not, though it's a mighty hardship on thim that's inclined to industry to have to support the idlers, an' they none o' their own aither.

*Mrs W.* It is a tax that will get lighter year by year. Paupers do not live long in poorhouses, and emigration is much relieving us: it is increasing too, rather than diminishing.

*Mr T.* Why, thin, I don't know, my lady; there's a powerful number lavin' the counthry certainly. The best that's in it.

*Mrs W.* Rent-charge the land has always been subject to in one shape or another. It is no heavy sum now: and all we buy, being as cheap as all we sell, I cannot see that either this tax or the county-cess is a heavier burthen than it used to be. The county-cess, too, is returned to you with increased value.

*Mr T.* Returned, my lady; as how? The divil a pinny ivir I see again once it's left me.

*Mrs W.* Don't you? What do you think of the better road, saving the wear and tear of cars and horses, and the time of men? The bridge, that makes the crossing safe at every season? The doctor, who attends the sick—skill and medicine freely spent upon you? The fever hospital, rescuing you from the ruin that used to spread wherever that dreadful visitation lighted? The police, without whose watchful care we could hardly live in security? Believe me, the few shillings you so grudgingly give in county-cess are laid out to good interest.

*Mr T.* I'm obleeged to ye, my lady, for insensung me into such particulars. Not a know do we know of what they done with that or anything; but it's a great dale of money we do be racked for one way or another, let alone the rint.

*Mrs W.* Which should come first—value given for value received—and which alone you and I have any business with, as it is the only matter we have the power to arrange. You pay too high a rent for your farm.

*Mr T.* Long life to ye, my lady! I do; an' all the neighbours says the same, an' feels it thirselves: an' we have been spakin' of makin' application to his honour to consider the times, an' sec can he make us any reduction.

*Mrs W.* I said you paid too much for your farm. I did not say you paid too much for your land.

*Mr T.* Sure where's the differ?

*Mrs W.* I'll show you. How many acres do you hold?

*Mr T.* Thirty, or all as one—all to a perch or a perch an' a-half, an' two cross-roads, an' the river measured in on me, an' all a bog in the bottom, an' torminted wid furze on the hill—nineteen shillin's an acre.

*Mrs W.* Nineteen shillings the Irish acre—equal to, say fifteen the statute acre.

*Mr T.* Well, I darsay nigh hand.

*Mrs W.* Three market towns within five miles, and a railway within seven.

*Mr T.* Sorra much good them railways done us as yet at laste. I never seen one yet; nor doesn't much frauint the country markets aither. There's mighty little doing a'most anywhere.

*Mrs W.* You have thirty acres you say?

*Mr T.* Barrin' a perch or so. An' thim roads, an' the river.

*Mrs W.* And you pay rent for the roads and the river?

*Mr T.* Faix an' I do. May the blessin's attind ye!

*Mrs W.* And you pay for this rubbishy bit at your

door here I suppose? Half an acre at the least of perfectly useless ground!

*Mr T.* (*Scratching his head.*) I believe I do thin'.

*Mrs W.* Nine - and - sixpence a year you make Mr Wright a present of out of your pocket, or rather out of the rest of your ground.

*Mr T.* Well, thin, now, I never reckoned that away.

*Mrs W.* I believe not. How many fields have you on your thirty-acre farm?

*Mr T.* Bedad I believe myself don't rightly know. There's the Furzy Field—bad luck to it any how—an' the Fox-cover Field, an' the Stony Field, an' the Green Loan, an' the Rushy Park—

*Mrs W.* In all seventeen fields. I know them well; each surrounded by a high hedge, or ditch you call it, eleven feet wide at the least at bottom, and more where there is a gripe on the one side—fourteen or fifteen I may call it then. Did you ever calculate how much ground is taken up with these ditches? You pay for it all; and what does it produce you? A ragged thorn-hedge, or a scourging furze one, and weeds enough to overrun all the land in the neighbourhood!

*Mr T.* Begor, my lady, but you've a quare way wid ye! Bedad an' I niver thought I was paying for thim ould ditches!

*Mrs W.* And for the great double-ditches, too—the mearn ditches on either hand of you. Twenty-two feet in the clear, you know.

*Mr T.* The devil an inch less; but what 'ou'd I do widout thim, and the neighbours' cattle trespassing for ever?

*Mrs W.* I wonder how much useless land you pay for in that double-ditch between you and your neighbours, and all those cross-ditches: two or three good acres you may depend upon it. If you would put three of your fields together, and take away half of the mearn ditches, for a beginning, and leave no waste corners, and cultivate this rubbishy half-acre, you would find your profits greater.

*Mr T.* Bedad, thin, I believe it 'ud make a fine calff-park, an' save the little gossoon I do be obliged to hire to look after thim beasts, an' kape thim from hurtin' thimselves along wid the big cattle.

*Mrs W.* The rent would get wonderfully lighter, Tyrrell, without any reduction from the landlord. Then if the Stony Field were stoned, and the Furzy Field were stubbed, and the Rushy Field were drained—

*Mr T.* Sure his honour charges for the draining!

*Mrs W.* But if the draining will give you five shillings' worth where you get but one now, you can afford to pay another shilling for a clear profit of three; or say it is less, still you will make of it.

*Mr T.* You've wonderful sinse now to be sure, my lady. If I could be sartin, maybe I wouldn't have stood out so stout agin it.

*Mrs W.* I told you at the time you were foolish; for you would have been employed on your own land, and been paid for your labour, and would thus have had money to buy provisions with all the spring without touching what you had for rent.

*Mr T.* That's the ruination of the whole of us. It's the buying breaks us. The loss of the potatoes done it: there niver was sitch a misfortune befell the country!

*Mrs W.* It was desolation.

*Mr T.* The height of it. An' not one year; but five years, one after the other. No one could stand it.

*Mrs W.* If I can get dry-foot along the bawn, we'll go and see your wife. How is she?

*Mr T.* Only very middlin'. She does be destroyed wid cramps—takes her on the sudden, an' kills her outright. Well, thin, I'm ashamed of my life; I niver made the little pathway after promising. I do be so busy; an' that's an oogly spot. Wait, my lady, there's only one hinge on the door of the stable. There

now, I'll lay it across. Well, I will make that pathway, plase God, after the weight of the work is over.

*Mrs W.* I am sorry to find you still suffering, Mrs Tyrrell. I had hoped you were better. Are you very ill?

*Mrs T.* Why, thin, nothing else, Lady Wright, my jewel—sufferin', an' mournin', an' wearin' away. But the Lord is good, glory be to his name! an' he'll rimember to make thair bed aisy in the next world that has thair trials in this. I'm not complaining.

*Mrs W.* The fine weather will improve you: perhaps you are not quite so bad as you fancy. I can hardly see to judge myself how you are looking.

*Mrs T.* The childer bruk the winder throwing stones in thair spoorts, an' himself stuffed up the place wid straw, it was so mighty cold. There's light enough comes down the chimley for all that I've stringth to do.

*Mrs W.* Yes, and from the roof too: it is quite full of holes.

*Mrs T.* For want of the bit of tatch. He's heavy rinted, my lady, an' has to strive to make it late an' airy, and has no time to tatch; an' I'm a'most worse than no use to him. Praises to his name that seen fit to lay his hand so heavy on us—Ochone! But I'm not complaining—glory be to God!

*Mr T.* She's wonderful bad entirely, the poor ould creature; an' niver stops, but sitting there saying her bades, an' sorrowin' for the changes that has fell upon us that onced had full an' plinty about us. Oh the potatoes was a great loss!

*Mrs T.* The greatest of losses!—the greatest of losses!

*Mrs W.* They don't look well even this year.

*Mr T.* By no manes. In this hilly pairt they're not gone as yet; but it's on thim: the drouth has kep it back; but they're no size—never growed since the stalk first blackened; an' they're saft, an' they're thin-skinned. There's none can tell how soon they may go on us.

*Mrs W.* They never were a certain crop.

*Mr T.* Never. Iver an' always we'd be afeared something might happen thim. But these last five years bates all.

*Mrs T.* Ochone—ochone! All praises to his name—amin!

*Mrs W.* In the old times, I don't think people trusted so much to them. Did your father, now, sow such a breadth of them as you have lying black all about you?

*Mrs T.* His father! Thim was the times! In this cupboard—bare enough this day—the good whaiten cake, an' the little cool of butter, an' the bag o' male, an' the bit o' bacon, the dacent woman his mother never wanted. Many a blessed bit wid sugar or honey on it she give me, an' I a young slip of a girl passing her door. I'm not complaining: times is changed.

*Mrs W.* The late Mrs Tyrrell was an active stirring woman—was she not?

*Mr T.* A fine housekeeping woman, God rest her soul! that brought up eleven of us to folly her industrious ways, an' all a'most done well but only me; an' we wor' comfortable too while she had her health, an' the potatoes thruve wid us. But sickness an' poverty crushes the spirits.

*Mrs T.* Mick, avourneen, don't be complaining; we be to bear it, an' does, thanks an' praises to his holy name!

*Mrs W.* It is our duty to bear it, Mrs Tyrrell; but it is also our duty not to sink under it. Providence has afflicted our country with a grievous famine. The food of the people has been destroyed. Now our part is to consider how we are to repair this evil.

*Mr T.* There's no repairin' it, my lady. It's no use strivin'. Haven't we, year after year, contrived, an'

saved, an' left ourselves bare of all else, strivin' to gather what would buy the seed for one more trial? An' all no use. One saison came on us worse than another. Now you'd wonder to see the people that went ragged, an' naked, an' hungry, wid ne'er a sod of turf for fire, nor more than able just to kape body an' soul together, never in all their straits brought to break the pound they'd kep for seed in hopes to bring the crap round agin. In coorse they wor ruined, an' done their best.

*Mrs W.* Why stick so perseveringly to the potato? Why persist in depending on so uncertain a crop?

*Mrs T.* They was so aisy handled, my lady—no trouble in life; just wash an' bile the pot, an' no more about it. An' satisfactory: we never feel'd we had a right good meal since the miss come on them.

*Mrs W.* Can you think you throve with them? The old times, you acknowledge, were more plentiful than these, and people then did not live entirely on potatoes. Alone, they are not a fitting food; there is really not sufficient nourishment in them to keep up the strength of mind or body; besides, the casiness of their preparation encourages indolent habits. That you may give up trusting to them, they have been taken from you; and it appears to me that instead of vain attempts to revive an uncertain crop, it would be wiser to cultivate those which will not fail you. Try to fill the cupboard again. This can't be done by sitting over the ashes. Changed times require changed ways. I will send you down glass for the window; and do you rise up and work for bread and meat, and forget the potato!

#### THE DOG AND DEER OF THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

MANY of our Edinburgh citizens will remember a beautiful deer which, many years ago, accompanied the Forty-Second Highlanders, and how thousands in Princes Street were wont to admire the stately step, the proud and haughty toss of the antlers, and the mild, and we may almost say benignant, eye of this singularly-placed animal. Few persons, however, thought of inquiring into the history of this denizen of the hills, or how it came to pass that an animal naturally shy to an extraordinary degree, should have been so tamed as to take evident delight in military array; and the martial music of a Highland regiment. Still fewer, immersed in their city life, were acquainted with the amazing swiftness, the keen scent, and the daring bravery of the stag; whose qualities, indeed, might be taken as a type of those of the distinguished regiment to which it became attached. The French could abide the charge of our cavalry; they had some sort of understanding of such a mode of warfare; indeed, to do them justice, they were both skilful and brave in the use and knowledge of arms. But the deadly charge of the Highlanders was a puzzler both to their science and courage, and they could by no effort face the forests of cold steel—the bristling bayonets of the killed clans. Among these regiments none suffered more—excepting, perhaps, the Ninety-Second—than the regiment which afterwards adopted the deer as a living memorial of their mountain fastnesses; and a dog likewise, which became attached to, and for years accompanied, the same regiment, may be supposed to symbol the fidelity so strikingly characteristic of the Highlanders.

Both the animals adopted by the regiment made their appearance in the ranks about the year 1832 at St Ema, in Malta. The deer was presented by a friend of one of the officers, and the dog belonged originally to an officer of the navy, who happened to dine at the mess. The latter animal, from that very night, formed a strong

attachment for the officers and men of the Forty-Second; no commands or enticements could induce him to quit the corporate object of his affection, and his master at length, yielding to a determination he could not conquer, presented the animal, which was of the noble Newfoundland breed, to the regiment. The attachment very soon became mutual, and thereafter the dog would follow no one who did not wear the uniform and belong to the corps. The men subscribed a trifle each, with which a handsome collar was provided for their friend, inscribed 'Regimental Dog, Forty-Second Royal Highlanders.' They gave him the name of 'Peter,' and it was a strange and notable day in the calendar of the soldiers when Peter and the deer, who were strongly attached to each other, did not appear on parade. Peter, it may be supposed, was a great frequenter of the cook-house, where a luxurious bone, together with a pat on the head, and a word or two of recognition, was his daily dole from the cooks—with one exception. When this churlish person officiated, Peter was frequently obliged to retire minus his rations, and sometimes even with blows instead—a kind of treatment which he could by no means reconcile with the respect due to him as the faithful adherent of so distinguished a corps. At any time when Peter happened to meet the delinquent, he was seen just to give a look over his head and a wag with his tail, and walk off, as much as to say, 'I have a crow to pluck with you.' By and by the season of bathing parades came round, and he used to accompany the soldiers in the mornings in such recreations, and was generally the first to take the water, and the last to leave it: he wished to see all safe. He knew his own power in this element, as well as his enemy's power out of it; and it was with a savage joy he saw one day the churlish cook trust himself to the waves. Peter instantly swam towards him, and pulled him down under the water, and would doubtless have drowned him, had not some of the soldiers come to the rescue. A still more curious exercise of his instinct is related of his residence at Fort Neuf in Malta, which is situated to the north of Corfu, and the entrance to which is a subterranean passage of considerable length. Beyond the mouth of this cavern Peter was in the habit of ranging to the distance of thirty-two feet, and as the hour of recall approached, would there sit with eyes intent and ears erect waiting the return of the soldiers. When the trumpet sounded, he showed evidences of some excitement and anxiety; and at the last note went at once to the right-about, and, as fast as his legs could carry him, made for the entrance, and was in a few seconds in the interior of the fort. The reason he went no farther than the thirty-two feet was apparently a consciousness that he had *no pass*, without which the men, he observed, were not permitted to exceed the boundary! That Peter actually understood this regulation was firmly believed both by the non-commissioned officers and soldiers.

The police at Malta, especially at Corfu, are very particular with respect to dogs in warm weather. They may be seen almost daily going about with carts, on which are set up wooden skreens garnished with hooks, such as butchers use for suspending meat; and it is no uncommon thing to see from nine to a dozen canine corpses suspended from these hooks. Peter, it may be imagined, had a great horror of this ghastly show; and indeed he made many narrow escapes from the dog-hangmen. The regimental collar, however, was put on him, and every precaution used by the men to prevent his being destroyed. He was still allowed to go at large, but was always observed to look with a suspicious and uneasy eye at the death-cart.

Both the dog and the deer preferred to abide by the head of the regiment in and out of quarters. They always remained with the band. The men composing the band have generally quarters apart from the other soldiers, this being more convenient

for their musical studies and practice. Peter, although he would follow any of the soldiers in their Highland dress out of doors, generally preferred the quarters of the band; and should one-half or a part of the regiment be stationed at one place, and the other at another, whenever they separated on the road to their respective quarters, Peter would give a wistful look from one to the other, but invariably follow the party which was accompanied by the band. The same was the case with the stag. He likewise took up his quarters with the band, and followed closely behind them on the march. This individual was in the habit of going into the rooms of his friends for a biscuit, of which he was very fond; but if the article had received the contamination of the men's breath, he would at once reject it. Experiments were tried by concealing the biscuit that had been breathed upon, and then presenting it as a fresh one; but the instinct of the deer was not to be deceived. Latterly, this animal became extremely irritable, and if a stranger attempted to pass between the band and the main body of the regiment, he attacked the offender with his antlers. The combativeness of Peter was mingled in a remarkable manner with prudence. Being once attacked by a mastiff of greatly superior size and strength, he fled for upwards of a mile before his enemy, till he came to his own ground at the entrance of the fort; he then turned to bay, and gave his adversary effectual battle.

One day in 1834, while the deer was grazing and eating herbs on the top of Fort Neuf, situated to the north of Corfu, a cat in the vicinity, startled perhaps by the appearance of the animal, bristled up as puss does to a dog. On this slight alarm the deer was seized with a sudden panic, and with one bound sprung over the precipice—a height of two hundred feet—and was killed on the spot. It was remarkable that its friend the dog, although not immediately on the spot, rushed to the battlements instantly, and barked and yelled most piteously. The death of Peter, which occurred in 1837, was also of a tragical kind. He chanced to snarl at an officer (who had ill-used him previously) on his entrance into Edinburgh Castle, of which the two-legged creature took advantage, and ordered him to be shot. This was accordingly done; and so poor Peter, in the inexorable course of military law, fell by the arms of the men who had so long been his kind comrades, and who continue to lament him to this hour.

#### 'ASSOCIATIVE CONCERNS.'

TO THE EDITORS OF CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

London, November 25, 1850.

SIRS—I have been desired by the Council of the 'Society for Promoting Working-men's Associations' to thank you for the article in your number of last Saturday (November 23d) headed 'Associative Concerns.' As you have in that article hit upon several of the difficulties which lie at the root of all co-operative undertakings, and have expressed a wish to hear what has been said in answer to such difficulties, we hope that you may perhaps think it worth while to insert this letter in your Journal.

Your first point is—'the difficulty of securing honest management.' Our method of meeting this difficulty is simply, to have the accounts of each association audited weekly by a competent person, and to require the manager of each association to give security (either by means of the Guarantee Society, or otherwise) for the amount which he is likely to have power over at any one time. We do not of course mean to say that those precautions will do more than diminish the chances of dishonesty; and we are well convinced that one or two instances of dishonesty in the management (even should our precautions save the associations harmless as respects money) would in all probability ruin all the associations which have been established; for they must stand

on moral grounds if at all; but at the same time we hope that the chances of dishonesty are less than would have been anticipated. Not one single instance has occurred in the case of the manager of any association connected with us as yet, and they are now eight in number.

Your second point is—'the liability to dissension and insubordination.' Of course no set of rules, however perfect, can purify men's hearts, and enforce brotherly love and self-sacrifice. We therefore do not mean to say that our rules will do more than enable men, who try to work them honestly, to avoid many causes of dispute which would arise if they had them not. I think you will admit this when you have read the rules; I have ordered a copy of them, and of our other publications, to be forwarded to you. No man who is not prepared for self-sacrifice, and for casting aside mean and petty jealousy, has a right to enter an association. He will only do unmixed evil to the body and to himself. We have found this to be so in several instances; but, on the whole, our experience of the internal working of the associations has increased our confidence in the principle, that men working together for mutual profit will live more lovingly, and submit themselves more truly, than they do under the present system.

I shall not notice your next objection—'the unlimited responsibility of partners in this country.' The subject is too large to be treated of in a letter; and all persons competent to judge appear now to agree that the law must soon be changed in this respect, at least so far as those combinations of capitalists and working-men are concerned, which are now becoming numerous, and which are at present out of the protection of the law, or have had to be forced into the strait-waistcoat of a Friendly Society or Chartered Company—to their grievous detriment in most instances.

You next suggest that such a society could not hold together, if, in consequence of losses, or from other causes, the members could not realise as high wages or allowances as an ordinary master would give. Experience alone can answer this doubt. We are not yet of sufficient age to do so. It would seem probable, however, that an association of workmen under the supposed circumstances would fail and break up if they had come together for the sake of what they could get. But they would not fail and break up, but would draw more closely together, if they had come together to carry out a principle. Many of the Paris associations paid (by universal consent of the members) only three, four, and five francs a week for wages during many months: and the men who accepted these starvation-wages were, as they have since proved themselves, first-rate workmen.

Lastly, you ask, 'Will hiring labour be extinguished?'—the great question I admit—and you ask for an explanation of the fact, that there are *auxiliaries* at the Tailors' Association already. In answer, I beg to call your attention to Article 3d of our Constitution. You will see that it runs thus—'No hired workman shall be employed without giving to him the same rate of wages as an associate would be entitled to for similar work in the shape of allowance, and (unless he be dismissed for misconduct) a certain sum in lieu of profits, to be fixed by the association, or, in case of dispute, by the Central Board.'

'No new associate can be received until he has been employed as a probationer for a period, whether consecutive or otherwise, to be fixed from time to time by each association with the sanction of the Central Board.'

'All hired workmen shall be remunerated as probationers, and shall be entitled, at their option, to be considered as probationers.'

These regulations, which must be adopted by every association in connection with us, will, we hope, do away with the difficulty you suggest. As yet, we have found them work satisfactorily.

In conclusion, I would merely correct your statement as to the locality of the Tailors' Association: it is at 34 Great Castle Street, Oxford Street—not Holborn; and inform you that the members of that association have

received allowances for subsistence equal, as they inform me, to the usual run of wages, besides realising the profit which you mention, or something near that sum. I beg to remain, sir, your obedient servant,

ONE OF THE COUNCIL OF PROMOTERS.

#### WRITING IN BOMBAY.

Perhaps there is no place in the world in which a greater variety of the human race is to be found than we have here, and yet the sources from whence all appear to derive a maintenance are fewer, and the occupations less diversified, than in any town in Great Britain containing a population equal to one-third of that of Bombay. First of all, the European members of this community are rapidly increasing. The merchants, artificers, and tradesmen of this class are comparatively few in number, and for the vast majority there appears to be but one means of subsistence—writing, writing, writing! and wo to him who cannot turn out a fair copy! for this is what is here meant by *writing*. Secondly, the Indo-Britons are numerically an important class. Not a single merchant nor respectable shopkeeper amongst them. There are a few artificers and tradesmen, but the vast majority are employed in the public offices writing, writing, writing; and if any diversity of occupation should ever take place amongst them, it will be by copying, *alias*, writing! The third class, which comes most into competition with the other two, are the Purvoes, or legitimate scribes of the country. Many of these are excellent copyists, good accountants, and very passable book-keepers. As every genuine Hindoo is expected to follow the trade of his ancestors, the Purvoe is early taught to exercise his opening talents, and look for his future support in writing, writing, writing; in short, he may be said to be born, to live, and to die—writing! The last, and perhaps the most influential of the four classes, is the Parsees, whose omnifarious occupations leave a comparatively smaller number of this class to contend for the palm of scribeship than either of the other three; yet in nearly all the public and private offices of Bombay there are Parsees who manage to live by the all-absorbing occupation of *writing*. In short, an overwhelming majority of all the young men educated in Bombay, whether in our colleges, public schools, or private seminaries, have no other means of subsistence to look forward to but that of writing. It is evident that the public offices of government cannot find employment for a greater number of hands than they now have; nor is there any prospect of the commerce of Bombay ever flourishing to such an extent as to hold out any reasonable hopes of the mercantile community being able to employ such a number of writers as are being manufactured in our educational establishments. Even now the supply is so much greater than the demand, that a good native copyist thinks himself fortunate in being able to obtain a situation of twenty-five to thirty rupees a month. Upon this he can manage to live and to support a large family. Not so the European or Indo-British copyist. They would starve upon what the other could live comfortably; and yet, in many cases, the labours of the one may be as valuable to the employer as those of the other.—*Bombay Gazette*.

#### A FLUE OF FLUES.

In course of operations in the Tamar Silver Lead Mines, on the borders of Devon and Cornwall, it became latterly essential either to erect a powerful steam-engine at the foot of a subterranean inclined plane, 2000 feet in length, and running right below the river, which flows over the mine, to a perpendicular depth of 80 feet below its bed; or, failing that, to shut up the mine, and throw 1500 people out of employment. It was therefore determined to adopt the former alternative, and a twenty-horse-power steam-engine, one of the patent combined hydraulic engines from Walker's manufactory at Oliver's Yard, City Road, was accordingly fitted up at that depth. Flues were of course requisite, and it was found advantageous to conduct these across to the furthest band of the mine, and in a series of horizontal levels, united by per-

pendicular shafts, so that the flue in sections rises like a flight of stairs to the surface. The flue is no less than two miles long and upwards, probably the longest flue in the world. The result was quite successful.—*Builder*.

#### THE LADY ANNE.

THE Lady Anne hath fixed her gaze upon the leaden sky,  
A bright flush mantles o'er her cheek, yet death lurks in her eye;  
And she will see but once again the young spring flow'rets bloom,  
For when the summer roses fade, they'll fade upon her tomb.

Roses never more will be  
Gathered, Ladye Anne, by thee.

The Ladye Anne she listeneth to sadly-chiming bells,  
Chiming in the ivied tower down mid the brakes and dells.

Perchance she thinketh of the hours when she was wont to play  
With fawns and conies 'mong the ferns throughout the summer day.

Slow and sad those bells will be  
Tolling, Ladye Anne, for thee.

The Ladye Anne is passing fair, and she hath wealth and fame,  
And youth and all earth's choicest gifts adorn her ancient name;  
And yet she grieveth not to leave her heritage below,  
Nor casts a fond and lingering look upon the glittering show.

Earthly joys have ceased to be  
Cherished, Lady Anne, by thee.

The Ladye Anne doth recognise an awful Presence nigh,  
A shadow dread her footsteps tracks with stern fidelity;  
Yet with a placid smile she greets the ghastly cold embrace,  
Though oft an icy breath dispels the bright flush from her face.

Death himself appears to be  
Welcome, Ladye Anne, to thee.

The Ladye Anne hath been beloved, and she hath loved again—

'Tis a tale of lamentation sung unto a holy strain;  
For one stands on the unknown shore, and beckons her to come,

And share the eternal Sabbaths of a glorious starry home.  
Home on earth no more to be  
Rest, oh Lady Anne, for thee!

C. A. M. W.

#### BERLIN PUBLIC VALET.

There is one going into that lodging-house who has nine masters—one literary gentleman, two lawyers, two *Hofrathes*, one student, two barons, and one tradesman—for whom he performs more or less of the services of a valet. When he merely brushes clothes and cleans shoes, he receives a consideration of rather more than 2s. per month; and when he runs on errands, perhaps two or three times that sum; and besides this, Heaven sends him odd jobs and presents here and there, so that as his claims on life are not exorbitant, he is cheerful and content, and seldom in want of money, as the young baron to whom he is now going always is.—*Westminster Review*.

#### 'CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE'—JUKES' PATENT.

Having received numerous letters of inquiry on this subject, bearing reference to a paragraph in No. 354, we beg to refer our correspondents to the proprietors, Messrs Surmon and Co., Canal Bridge, New North Road, London.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## THE MONKEY 'AT HOME.'

THE careworn manikins, in fantastic dresses, met with in the society of men wearing earrings and carrying barrel-organs, or the snug, nut-cracking inmates of Zoological Gardens, give a very poor idea of what the monkey is 'at home.' Quadrumanity, to be studied with advantage, must be seen in its native forests, leading the easy vagabond existence it has enjoyed for countless generations: there only are all its faculties called into full play. The monkey in captivity is no more the monkey at home than the overfed pauper is the enterprising Englishman: to be out of the reach of want or danger, is to have no motive for exertion—a condition equally injurious to men and monkeys.

In the wide-spread forests of India the monkey has duties and conditions attached to his existence which the poor captive knows nothing of. As an individual, he must search for his own food, and keep a sharp look-out that neither tigers, leopards, nor pythons make a meal of him; he must look after his wife and child, and protect or warn them of similar dangers; and then, as a member of a community more or less extensive, he must be prepared to defend the common hunting-ground against the incursions of alien tribes. His information, too, is extensive: he is well acquainted with all the vegetable productions of the country; he has even an idea of the rotation of crops; he knows that at such a time, and in such a place, the juicy calyx of the mohwa blossom will just be in season; that the mangoes in another place will be beginning to be edible; he knows where the most extensive and least-protected fields of sugar-cane are to be met with; and when the dry weather has set in, and water seems to have disappeared from the face of the country, he knows where the quick freshes are.

There are people who profess an utter want of sympathy with monkeys. 'Nasty, disgusting caricatures of humanity,' they say: for my part I never could feel or imagine disgust at their drolleries, and I don't think my pride was ever hurt by the caricature: on the contrary, I have always felt great pleasure in studying monkey character wherever I could find an opportunity.

I shall never forget my surprise when, for the first time, I saw monkeys at home. After a weary uncomfortable night of jolting, I opened the shutters of my palanquin, in the dim gray light of an Indian day-break, and on the roadside, not six yards from me, were about a score of monkeys, with such an air of self-possessed freedom about them, that I felt rather abashed at meeting, in negligee costume, the gaze of so many respectable aborigines. Some were sitting

on the grass inhaling the fresh breeze of the morning, others were sauntering about; and *all* had that indescribable air of citizenship about them that made me feel that I was the only stranger. The old fellows were ugly enough; but the females, particularly such as had babies at the breast, had a kindly look of maternity about them which it was impossible to avoid liking. As the day wore on, I was getting deeper into the jungle, and there were legions of monkeys. Sometimes I encountered a party of between thirty and forty seated in the middle of the road, and looking at the advancing cortege of my palanquin, just as a group of villagers regard a coach-and-six when it happens to disturb the quiet of their every-day existence. Sometimes my route lay through the centre of a village, and here again the monkeys seemed as much at home as in the forest, wandering about from one house-top to another, and crossing the streets with the easy familiarity of inhabitants. Curious it was, too, to behold a crowd of naked children running about under the shadow of a mango-grove, and, almost jostling them, a party of young monkeys chasing each other through the chequered shade; or at the root of some big tree, to come upon three or four native women, seated the one behind the other, each engaged in scrutinising her neighbour's head; and a little farther on, an old monkey lying on his back, with his legs stretched out in the sun, and another overhauling him with that look of serious responsibility which only a monkey can express when engaged in such a pursuit.

From the many religious traditions connected with their monkeys, the natives of Hindoostan are averse from killing or injuring them, even when forbearance costs them dear. The consequence of this immunity is a degree of reckless impudence on the part of the monkeys that would never be tolerated elsewhere. They crowd together on the roofs of the bazaars, and if the shopkeepers be not on the watch, they make no scruple of helping themselves (without a thought of payment) to all the edibles they can lay their hands on.

The only means of keeping them at a distance, is to cover the roof of the shop with the branches of a small thorny shrub, the barbed prickles of which cling to the flesh like fish-hooks. While living in a bungalow which overlooked one of these bazaars, I on one occasion witnessed a ludicrous case of monkey thieving. On a roof fronting a sweetmeat shop reclined a large red-hipped bandar. He pretended to be asleep, but every now and then raised his head to get a glimpse at the piles of sweetmeats below. It was of no use; the mehtai-walla was sitting beside his merchandise smoking his hubbly-bubble, a well-seasoned specimen of bambúsa in his right hand, and looking most per-

tinaciously wide-awake. Both monkey and mehtai-walla remained in the same relative position for a good half-hour, and I was getting tired of watching, when the artful dodger got up, and yawning and stretching himself, as if he had just awakened from a long nap, he walked off to the ridge of a house a few yards distant from his old position. To amuse himself, he began fumbling with the end of his tail, and 'made believe' he was tying knots on it. He scratched the small of his back, and stole sly looks over his shoulder at the sweetmeat stall; but it would not do. The mehtai-walla sat cross-legged on his *charpaie* (bedstead), and smoked as if he were getting a wrinkle out of every whiff, and had occasion just then for an unusual amount of knowingness.

The bandar was evidently disconcerted: he walked a few paces farther off, and after beating about for some time, he started a certain insect somewhere in his left flank, and was soon engaged in an animated but rather protracted hunt. He had just marked the game down in the hollow of his left arm-pit, when the mehtai-walla laid down his pipe: the bandar was instantly all attention. The mehtai-walla got up, and began adjusting his cummerbund; the bandar went down on all-fours, and stood at gaze. The mehtai-walla took up his pipe, and turned towards the door of his back-room for a fresh supply of tamacoo. The bandar stole back to his old position, and as soon as the mehtai-walla was out of sight, he cleared the street at a bound, and commenced cramming his cheek-pouches from a pile of saccharine dainties. In his haste, however, the bandar had overlooked a cloud of hornets, which were regaling themselves from the same store. The suddenness of the attack alone prevented them from wreaking instant vengeance on the intruder; but before he had time to regain the roof, they were at him, stinging him like an evil conscience. Off flew the terrified bandar, smashing and scattering the tiles as he went. In his frantic efforts to escape his pursuers, he got on a roof covered with the thorn bushes; and in endeavouring to shake one branch off, he soon covered himself with a thicket of them. Turn, bleeding, and unable to move, he spurted out the stolen property from his cheek-pouches, and barking hoarsely through the bushes, he sat a picture of helpless misery and remorse. The rumble of dislocated tiles without, and the fall of broken plaster within, brought out a crowd of natives to the street. These were soon joined by the mehtai-walla, who came running with his turban half unwound, and streaming a couple of yards behind him. All joined in laughing heartily at the discomfited thief; but, thief as he was, he was still a monkey, and, as such, entitled to the respect and veneration of all pious Hindoos; so two natives got upon the roof, and with much difficulty divested the involuntary porcupine of his fixings, when he limped off to a neighbouring grove, resolving, we may hope, never to do the like again.

I was brought into frequent contact with the Indian monkeys, from having to clear and bring under cultivation a large tract of jungle land. While the trees were being cut down, the monkeys appeared to enjoy the spectacle very much, and crowds of them were generally to be seen on the skirts of the clearings, chattering at the piles of blazing timber. They were much perplexed on one occasion, when the woodcutters accidentally cut off from the rest of the forest the patch of jungle where they had congregated; and as the men worked in close order all round, the poor monkeys were completely hemmed in. For a while they were evidently unconscious of what had occurred, and continued screeching and scolding at the advancing woodcutters. By degrees, however, the real state of affairs began to dawn upon them, and then it was curious to watch the gradually growing terror they evinced: the noise and chattering by degrees became hushed; and as tree after tree fell, they crept in silence to the

centre of their fast-narrowing retreat. Although, a few minutes before, the place seemed crowded with them, not a monkey could be seen, but now and then an anxious little face peering cautiously through some fork in the upper branches. It was only when half-a-dozen *tangies* (native axes) began to ring on the last tree left to them, that an old monkey came cautiously down the bole, with a look of alarmed curiosity in his face, to ascertain what was going on; and in a short time the lower branches were crowded with the 'elders of the tribe,' evidently consulting on the serious position of affairs. Partly in the way of expostulation, but chiefly, I suspect, to keep their courage up, a chorus of barking was begun, which, as the danger became more imminent, got gradually intermingled with screams, until the tree began to totter to its base, when the pent-up horror discharged itself in a shrieking torrent of long tails and grinning faces—upsetting the natives who stood in their way, streaming across the fallen trees, and betaking themselves once more to the forest.

Although a good deal shier of me than they were of the natives, I found no difficulty in getting within a few yards of them; and when I lay still among the brushwood, they gambolled round me with as much freedom as if I had been one of themselves.

This happy understanding, however, did not last long, and we soon began to wage bitter war on each other. The *casus belli* was a field of sugar-cane I had planted in the newly-cleared jungle. 'Every beast of the field' seemed leagued against this devoted patch of sugar-cane. The wild elephant came and browsed in it—the jungle hogs rooted it up and munched it at their leisure—the jackals gnawed the stalks into squash—and the wild deer ate the tops of the young plants. Against all these marauders there was an obvious remedy—to build a stout fence round the cane-field. This was done accordingly, and a deep trench dug outside, that even the wild elephant did not deem it prudent to cross.

The wild hogs came and inspected the trench and the palisades beyond. A bristly old tusker was observed taking a survey of the defences, but after mature deliberation, he gave two short grunts, the porcine, I imagined, for 'no go,' and took himself off at a round trot, to pay a visit to my neighbour, Ram Chunder, and inquire how his little plot of sweet yams was coming on. The jackals sniffed at every crevice, and determined to wait a bit; but the monkeys laughed the whole intrenchment to scorn. Day after day was I doomed to behold my canes devoured as fast as they ripened by troops of jubilant monkeys. Flesh and blood could stand this no longer, and so 'the war hatchet was dug up.' It was of no use attempting to drive them away. When disturbed, they merely retreated to the nearest tree, dragging whole stalks of sugar-cane along with them, and then spurted the chewed fragments in my face, as I looked up at them. This was adding insult to injury, and I positively began to grow bloodthirsty at the idea of being outwitted by monkeys. The case between us might have been stated in this wise—'I have at much trouble and expense cleared and cultivated this jungle land,' said I. 'More fool you!' said the monkeys. 'I have planted and watched over this sugar-cane.' 'Watched! ah-ha! so have we, for the matter of that.' 'But surely I have a right to reap what I sowed?' 'Don't see it,' said the monkeys; 'the jungle, by rights prescriptive and indefeasible, is ours, and has been so ever since the days of Ram Honuman of the long tail. If you cultivate the jungle without our consent, you must look to the consequences. If you don't like our customs, you may get about your business: we don't want you!'

I kept brooding over this mortifying view of the matter, until one morning I hatched that 'devil's egg,'

revenge, in a practicable shape. A tree, with about a score of monkeys on it, was cut down, and half-a-dozen of the youngest were caught, as they attempted to escape. A large pot of *ghow* (treacle) was then mixed with as much tartar-emetic as could be spared from the medicine-chest, and the young hopefuls, after being carefully painted over with the compound, were allowed to return to their distressed relatives, who, as soon as they arrived, gathered round them, and commenced licking them with the greatest assiduity. The results I had anticipated were not long in making their appearance. A cargo of sea-sick Cockneys in a storm is very disgusting, but this was even worse: a more melancholy sight it was impossible to behold. The poor wretches were groaning in attitudes of distress upon almost every tree, retching and — But I spare the reader. I felt very much concerned; and if I thought it would have been accepted, I was quite willing to stand a pint (of hot water) all round! So efficacious was this treatment, that for more than two years I hardly ever saw a monkey in the neighbourhood.

Monkeys are sometimes tamed by the natives, and taught to perform a number of very amusing tricks. I once saw exhibited, by an old man who travelled about the country with them, three monkeys, who had been trained to go through a regular dramatic performance. The first representation was the wooing of a young bride by a *boohda* (old man). A large male monkey, dressed in a yellow turban and *dhotee*, with shaggy eyebrows and wrinkled face, personified the boohda, while two female monkeys, one of them closely veiled, represented the mother and daughter. The boohda is first seen walking across his fields, with a long staff laid across his shoulders, and his two hands dangling lazily over the ends of it. After looking over his khates, and finding that the crops are thriving, he gets very self-complacent: enumerating his many acquisitions of oxen and horses, his stacks of straw, and his well-filled granaries, he proceeds to enlarge on his own personal qualities, which he of course finds unexceptionable, and winds up by declaring that he will marry a young wife to gladden his heart. During the time the showman has been reciting this soliloquy, the boohda, in the shape of the old male, has been strutting up and down at the distance of a few yards from the females. He now walks up to the mother, and with much ceremony requests the hand of her daughter in marriage, repeating to her the same catalogue of qualities and possessions we before heard in soliloquy. The mother objects to his age, when he dilates on his wealth, and goes through a piece of very natural pantomime in counting imaginary rupees from his right hand to his left. The mother appears a little mollified, and calls her daughter Moonia, who has been standing closely veiled behind the showman's back: she comes at her mother's call, with well-feigned reluctance, and seats herself with her back to the boohda, at the same time drawing her veil more closely over her face. The mother then introduces the subject of his other wives, and says her daughter is too young, and come of too good a house, to be made the servant of the other tenants of his zenana. Hereupon the boohda swears by the 'sacred waters of Gunga,' that she will never be asked even to pare her own nails; but will have numerous servants to wait upon her. Then, with the view of engaging the young girl's attention, the cunning boohda begins to enlarge upon the number and elegance of the jewels she will wear, and the richness and splendour of her dresses. The fair Moonia hitches slightly round, and by accident lifts a corner of her veil. The boohda is enraptured, and makes a motion to get nearer her; but is prevented by the mother, who bestows a sound buffet on the boohda, reminding him that the marriage has not yet taken place, and expresses her astonishment that an old man

like him does not know better. At this juncture, too, the bashful Moonia, speaking from beneath her veil, declares that she won't have him at any price; that he is only a silly boohda; that he is stingy to his other wives; and that he is *bahoot budswat* (very ill-favoured). At this the boohda gets in a passion, and with his *lahtee* commences to maul both mother and daughter, until he is interrupted by the Fates, in the person of the showman, coming to their assistance. The curtain is now supposed to have dropped, and the actors, who had before given their whole attention to the scene, now begin to amuse themselves with any stick or straw that happens to be near them, while the moral of the story is being recited by the showman, with an accompaniment on the tom-tom.

#### SOCIAL NON-CONDUCTORS.

AMONG the great natural agencies at work in the continuance and support of this still teeming and still self-consuming globe, electricity is the most mysterious and the most universal. Every day, as that dawn of science advances in whose opening twilight we of the present day have the fortune to live, some new function, some new connection with the phenomena of life is discovered, by which this unknown minister of nature is traced in its results. But the power even of electricity is modified by the character of the substances to which it is communicated. Some speed the fleet angel on its way, and rejoice in so constant a renewal of its visits that they might seem a perpetual residence: a metal wire would carry the fluid round the circumference of the globe with the rapidity of thought. Other substances retain what they receive, with a dull unconsciousness of its value, and through stolidity, as it were, rather than selfishness, arrest its progress, and neutralise a power which consists in action: these are called Non-conductors.

Electricity has been considered by some inquirers as identical with the principle of life; but at all events there is an agency at work within us which presents some very close analogies with the mysterious fluid, and to that alone we purpose drawing attention in the present paper. The agent alluded to is as mystical in its nature, and as instantaneous in its operations, as the former, and its mission is as obviously the preservation and amelioration of the kingdom of nature committed to its ministry. It has, moreover, its conductors and its non-conductors—its genial diffusers throughout the whole circle of humanity, and its unconscious recipients, who hold the angel fast without demanding his blessing. This moral fluid is called Love. We do not mean the love which is the staple of romance, for that is not a simple body, but compounded, as all passions are, of the things of the senses as well as of the mind. We do not speak of the torrent whose impulsive gush fills but one channel, and tends but to one point; but of love in that more refined, more durable, and more comprehensive character in which its mission is to link together the whole moral world, the whole human race.

Certain members of society here and there—it may be one in a family—are naturally or habitually deficient as communicants of this vital current, and to them we give the name of Non-conductors. The peculiarity of the social Non-conductor is a feature resulting principally from his mental organization: it springs from a deficiency in the mind rather than in the heart. He is insensible to the thousand minute, momentary, delicate demands and wants of his fellow-creatures, and for this reason he enjoys an immunity from much of the world's care and anxiety, and also from much of its tranquil happiness. He is merely a recipient, not a communicant. He is wrapped in a habitude which defends him from half the affections of our nature; he is free alike from their crowns of roses and from the thorns that bind the roses closer; he is not so much a bar as a blank. His

is a state negative with regard to attraction, not of positive repulsion; he is not actively and consciously impenetrable, but passively irresponsible; not deaf to the calls and cries of humanity, but unthinking, unknowing until it calls and cries. A neutralising atmosphere surrounds him as he wends his way through the world; he can excite no sympathy, and conduct no affection; the language of love or friendship may penetrate his heart, but there it stops—it cannot pass on to another's. That heart is not hard—it is only sluggish, and wants the quickening impulse of mental perception. It considers itself a destination, and not a medium: it is a droséra,\* that folds over the bonied messenger of love, and stifles him in the cold mechanical embrace. The sweetness of affection, cast into it, sinks to the bottom, and may be recovered at will in a state of preservation; but it cannot float in suspension, as if a portion of the fountain. Whence arises this phenomenon of social existence? As we said, not from a bad heart, but from a narrow mind. Self-preservation is nature's first law: it actuates us in crises, in extremities—in fact, in the exceptional circumstances of life; but healthy minds soon learn that there are other laws which preside in the hourly and daily detail, in the minutiae and trivia—in a word, in nine-tenths of the process and current of our being. These the non-conductor knows not: his mind has never progressed beyond the first law.

We must be understood as confining ourselves strictly to that current of sympathy we have called love. In the other relations of life the non-conductor may present no points for exception. He may be an excellent man of business, or a skilful mechanic, though it may be doubted whether he could ever be a great artist; for art is the privilege of genius alone, and genius implies sympathy. Business wants but talent, skill requires but application, and these are not beyond his compass. It is even probable that he may attain to wealth, respectability, and a certain station; for everything within him works towards this consummation. Many of the more dangerous vomitories of the human heart are in him closed up; and if he is incapable of transmitting sympathy, he is for the same reason safe from that waste of feeling and withering of hope which so often leave kindlier natures a ruin. He is proof against many of the seductions, and from much of the contagion of disguised depravity. He has the security of the rock, with its hardness, coldness, and insulation.

But an absolute non-conductor, be it understood, is not a common character. Most men have their conduits of sympathy, however small and unnoticeable. A man will love his dog or cat who is incapable of loving the human kind; or he will expend his sympathies upon one of his children, while the rest are strangers to his heart; or he will foster his own family with the tenderest care, while absolutely indifferent to the families of others; or he will be the Hampden of his village, without a grain of love of country; or he will stand up for the interests of his own department of business, even at the sacrifice of the rest of the national trade; or he will pride himself on the name of Englishman, and look with coldness or dislike upon the other tribes of mankind. In all these cases he is a partial conductor: his sympathies run only in one channel.

Then we have our slow conductors: men who look with suspicion or alarm upon a kindly feeling as it wells up in their bosom; with whom love is not an impulse, but a faculty; who close up their hearts as they button up their pockets, and open neither to the calls of sympathy till they see good reason why. These are prudent, wise, respectable members of society; and their love, when it comes, is worth having; but it

rarely meets with a return in kind. People will not wait for it. They see only the original coldness: and the thaw is so slow, that they are insensible of the change. When this is at length manifested in a kindly action, it excites more surprise than love. 'Who would have thought it?' people cry, ignorant that it is a natural and necessary result of a state of mind that had been long tending towards its production. Slow conductors are esteemed, but rarely loved. Even the insight into character possessed by children is at fault with them. Little girls are silent, and little boys speak in whispers when they are present. They will not encourage their advances, for the promised sympathy is too far off for their perceptions, and they see in the meantime only the cold workings of a mind into which love may enter, but where he is not born.

But non-conductibility in the present composition of society has its uses. Every instrument must be tempered for its craft; and at least a partial infusion of this element is frequently found to make the man fit for the work he has to do. It may form excellent stuff, for instance, in the composition of a military chief: it saves him at once from all those thousand petty incursions to which the feelings of other men are subject; and it acts as a sort of moral blinker to the mind, shutting out the world of light and motion that would otherwise press too strongly on his senses. Armed with this defence, he looks straight forward, and sees nothing but duty—the duty of the captain untroubled by the sympathies of the man. An efficient minister of state could not be without some portion of this element. A large share of it is indispensable to the composition of the stanch partisan and the adherent of a faction. Tracing it to another stage, we find it in the bailiff, the prison turnkey, and the public executioner; and all these are plants of necessary and inevitable growth under the present conditions of society. The distinction in such cases between non-conductibility and the mere want of humane feeling is obvious. All the functionaries we have mentioned have their own inlets and outlets of sympathy, their own affections, and friendships, and family instincts; but the principle of universal love must be either wanting in their natures, or fatal to their success.

It may be supposed that the advantages and disadvantages of non-conductibility are pretty equally balanced; but this is not our idea. The social electricity we allude to is an agent on which the welfare and happiness of mankind depend. Its transmission is committed to the highest and noblest natures: and the exercise of the function—apart from all material results—is in itself a source of such divine felicity as we suppose to be the portion of beatified spirits. A man of no universal sympathies can have no universal enjoyment. He may be successful in war, or policy, or trade—he may fill the world with his renown; but his moral being is incomplete, and he passes away from among mankind without having known what it was to exercise the loftier functions of human nature.

One more analogy, and this brief excursion of the fancy is at an end. The practical usefulness of both principles—that of the moral and that of the material world—increases with the advancement of mankind in knowledge and refinement. Electricity, formerly an awful and uncontrollable minister of nature, heard only in the roar of the thunder, and seen only in the blasted oak, the burning pile, and the blackened corpse, is now tamed, as it were, into our service, and rendered obedient to our command. It is introduced into our houses; it flashes our messages from one end of the country to the other; it traverses seas in our employment; and it will one day serve as a means of almost instantaneous intercommunication for the whole terrestrial globe. Love, in like manner—the electricity of the heart—no longer transmitted in peculiar and narrow channels, giving a character of selfishness even to our

\* The flower of this plant has the property of closing on whatever insect alights on it, until it is starved or stifled in the embrace.

most beautiful feelings, is now widening every day more and more in its ministry. It brings closer and closer the severed classes of society; it links nation with nation; and, dispelling prejudices, and assimilating interests as it flies, it will one day, if the providence of God permits its career, gather the whole of mankind into one family. Do not doubt of this, hard and cold-hearted philosophers, because as yet we are only in the beginning! The electricity that yesterday smote the church-tower into ruins, now plays innocuously round its summit, and buries itself in the earth at its foot. The love that yesterday declared its path only in narrow jealousies and selfish fondness, will encircle the whole world—to-morrow!

#### LADY EMERLIN'S WOOD.

THE retired village of S—, in a midland English county, is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Thames, which here washes the base of steep and green swelling hills, crested, and often midway covered, with extensive and dense old woods, consisting principally of beeches, with some oaks interspersed, pines, and poplars. During our explorations in these charming woods in all and every direction—often losing ourselves, and wandering until we were completely weary, and glad to rest on the inviting mossy banks—we pursued one day a different route from those we had hitherto traced; and after an unusually-prolonged ramble, we suddenly emerged from the forest land to an open patch of upland, which presented tokens of having once been part of a cultivated garden. The dilapidated stone walls, the broken-down terraces, mutilated statues, dry fountains, and tangled undergrowth of weeds, together with the impressive silence reigning over all things, rendered it a fit abode for the genius of desolation; while the bright garden-flowers which peeped forth from their neglected borders only served to enhance the mournfulness of the scene. Presently we moved onwards; and behind a bank of thick wood, which had effectually screened it from view, discovered the ivy-grown ruins of a mansion to which this garden doubtless belonged. It was absolutely and completely a ruin, yet evidencing ancient extent and grandeur. On making inquiries concerning this isolated spot, we found that our footsteps had invaded the unhallowed precincts of Lady Emerlin's Wood, well known to all the country-side from the traditionary lore attached to it: tradition more fully based on truth, as our researches afterwards proved, than such lore usually is.

The peasants liked not to pass through that lonely wood at twilight hour; nay, even in broad noonday, they preferred making a long circuit rather than approach it; and they pointed with silent awe to a venerable oak-tree, beneath whose spreading branches the rich, deep moss forms a velvet carpet, round which, they say, the Lady Emerlin wanders every night; of course at the legitimate witching hour of twelve.

Now for the tale attached to this beautiful, haunted wood, which became a favourite haunt of ours from the fact of its being so seldom tenanted, save by squirrels and wood-pigeons.

Nearly three parts of a century ago, there stood, in place of these ruins, through which the wind howls—oftentimes making wild, unearthly music, and in which congregations of owls and bats disport themselves—a substantial mansion-house, the former magnificence of whose baronial hall we were enabled to distinguish from unfailing signs of size and solidity—(a modern villa now is erected on the site). This mansion was the ancestral abode of a worthy knight, Sir Ludolf Montford, who had signalled himself in the wars, and retired late in life to enjoy domestic peace, and the society of an amiable wife; who, however, after presenting her husband with two fair children, a son and daughter, was summoned from this world to a better.

Sir Ludolf's whole affections were now centered in these children, who were in most respects promising enough to excuse the partiality of a fond parent. The young Ludolf was a year older than his sister Winifred, a gentle, blue-eyed girl, docile and timid, as her brother was bold and somewhat self-willed; for, truth to tell, Sir Ludolf spoilt them both, though indulgence had no other effect on Winny than to render her more affectionate and unselfish, and perhaps at the same time rather too sensitive for any rough contact with the rough beings of this work-a-day world. There was also another inmate at Montford Hall, a ward of Sir Ludolf's—an orphan boy about the same age as Winifred. Francis Lovel was heir to a large fortune, and his deceased father had been the knight's companion-in-arms, bequeathing his only child to Sir Ludolf's care. Frank Lovel shared with the heir of Montford in the instructions of an able tutor, who resided at the Hall, and prepared the boys for their final college career; for Sir Ludolf put off the evil day of parting with them as long as possible. There was emulation and competition between the boys in all their sports and studies, and some rivalry; but, on the whole, they were as much attached to each other as if brothers in reality, while they both regarded Winny as a beloved sister, who in return gave them an equal share of her guileless affection. Frank was far more volatile and thoughtless than his slower compeer; quicker to learn, and with a high fiery spirit, which ill brooked control. Singularly handsome and graceful even as a child, Frank became a fearless equestrian at an early age, though he gave no proofs of ever being such an adept in field-sports as young Ludolf, who frequently accompanied his father on angling and shooting expeditions; his sturdy robust frame enduring a great amount of fatigue. He was a son after the old knight's heart, who detested milk-sops; and notwithstanding his strong regard for Frank, that young gentleman's refined or dandified propensities were often the theme of Sir Ludolf's good-natured animadversions. On such occasions Winny was always near to say a kind word for dear Frank, and with tears in her sweet eyes to ward off what she considered unjust or unkind remarks. But Frank was well able to take his own part, though ever dutiful and respectful towards his guardian: he laughed at these pleasant reproofs, persevered in his own way, and not unfrequently stood in open defiance and warfare with his tutor. Nevertheless, he was a generous, affectionate fellow, fond of amusement, and a leader in any wild prank that offered; then the old Montford Woods re-echoed with youthful laughter, while many elastic young feet bounded over the springy turf, and young hands culled the wild flowers, which bloomed luxuriantly then as now.

A widowed sister of Sir Ludolf's, more than twenty years his junior, volunteered to preside over the ménage at the hall, and to superintend the education of Winny, with that of her own little girl, who wanted yet two years of Winny's age. Sir Ludolf had not seen his sister, Mrs Devereux, since her widowhood; and though the impressions he retained of her were not of the most pleasing description, he did not feel warranted in refusing her a home, which he knew, from her straitened income, would prove acceptable for herself and her daughter. Besides, Sir Ludolf had his own peculiar notions respecting female education: he detested frippery and accomplishments; and as to learning in a woman, that was a heinous sin. Winny must learn to read and write, to sew, and to superintend a house; and as he had always considered his sister, Mrs Devereux, a particularly silly personage, ill competent to instruct youth, it seemed highly probable that Winny's education would be confided to the ancient housekeeper, Mrs Rickerby.

After Mrs Devereux's introduction at Montford Hall, peace seemed to have taken wings to itself, and flown

away. At first the dazzling beauty of Ismay Devereux startled and delighted her cousins, and Frank Lovel too; but by degrees Ismay's capricious and violent temper alienated her from them: she was so exacting and selfish, and such a foolish, vain, little thing, that Frank, who at first had been enraptured with the lovely doll, was always foremost to quarrel with her—mimicking her childish ways, and declaring to his tutor that Ismay was worthy of her mother—a painted old Jezebel! There was truth in Frank's assertion, though so improperly expressed, for Mrs Devereux's whole being was absorbed in her toilet devotions; and she was indeed an empty-headed and extremely tiresome lady. Everything must be given up to Ismay—her beautiful Ismay; and the lovely but disagreeable child was pampered and petted, and essayed to rule the others with such iron sway, that although the gentle Winny succumbed beneath the tyrannical influence, the boys fairly rebelled. Thus arose domestic discord so great, that Sir Ludolf, who had ruled in the camp, found he could do so no longer, and heartily repented, having received Mrs Devereux beneath his roof. That fantastical personage, though everlastingly complaining of dulness and ennui, yet endeavoured strenuously to maintain her footing in her brother's comfortable and well-appointed mansion; strenuously, also, she endeavoured to unite her refractory daughter and Frank Lovel in the bonds of affection. What anticipations the worldly-minded mother cherished for the future, could this end be brought about, may easily be divined. Frank was wealthy—Ismay penniless. But Ismay was still too young to be made to comprehend the importance of being amiable and winning in the eyes of the handsome boy whom she provoked daily, until their squabbles ended in perfect hatred of each other.

At this juncture, how truly thankful was Sir Ludolf when an invitation, couched in the most pressing terms, arrived from General Devereux, a confirmed hypochondriac, beseeching his sister-in-law to join him without delay, as he was about proceeding to Italy for the winter, and needed female society. The general was deaf, and nearly blind, but he had money to bequeath; and, moreover, the habits of the pair were well suited. Mrs Devereux delighted in foreign habits and manners, she said; besides, on her darling girl's account, she must sacrifice her own wishes of being useful to Sir Ludolf. Ismay must be educated and brought forward: 'the plan of home education,' said Mrs Devereux, 'evidently did not answer.' Sir Ludolf, with scarcely-concealed pleasure, begged his sister on no account to let him or his stand in her way; that it was right and proper to cultivate General Devereux's regard, when he evinced such a warm disposition towards his niece, to whom, doubtless, he would eventually leave his property. Never were farewells spoken with less regret on both sides; by all except the tender-hearted Winny, who could not say 'good-by' without a pang. Even Ismay, who would not shake hands with either of the youths, when she came to Winny, put her mouth up for a kiss, saying, 'I do love you, Cousin Winny: you are too good for them;' casting a scornful glance on the laughing tormentors, and wishing, as she had often told them, 'to scratch their eyes out!'

'The form of an angel, but the soul of a'—Here Frank checked himself, because his sweet Winny was by, and turned contemptuously on his heel, whistling as he sauntered off.

Peace was restored to Montford after the departure of Mrs Devereux and her daughter; but alas! it was not to be of long continuance. A fearful doom overhung that devoted line: the father's idol, the sister's hope, the young and gallant Ludolf, met with a watery grave whilst bathing in the river, within sight of his paternal home. He was bathing alone, against the express commands imposed on him, when he got out

of his depth, and, it was surmised, being seized with cramp, sank to rise no more.

From the date of this lamentable catastrophe an affecting change was observable in Sir Ludolf Montford: when he recovered in some degree from the first overwhelming shock, his familiar associates saw with deep sympathy and compassion that he had become an aged, bowed man, as if the weight of years he bore was too much for poor humanity. The hale green decline of life had vanished, and he tottered about, supported on the weeping Winny's fragile form, smiling vacantly, and shedding piteous tears when any familiar object connected in anyway with his lamented son presented itself to his notice. His solicitude and love for Francis Lovel seemed redoubled; on him he leant, boy as he was, for support and consolation; and it was a touching sight to behold Frank's devotion towards his afflicted guardian, and the patience with which the spirited youth tolerated, nay, fostered, the peculiarities of age. As the time approached for Frank to leave Montford, and pursue his academical routine, so did the uneasiness of Sir Ludolf increase; and ere the final moment of departure arrived, the knight had confided to his ward the wish nearest his heart—which was no less than Frank's solemn betrothal to Winny, now the sole heiress of the noble Montford possessions. Frank yielded a ready and cheerful compliance, for Winifred was very dear to him, and he readily cheated himself into the belief that he loved her with all the passionate ardour of first love, though at the same time Frank marvelled at hearing that passion described in such glowing colours when he felt so calm. At eighteen, Winifred was a thoughtful, feeling woman; at the same period Frank was still a mere boy; but Winny loved the boy with more than even the ordinary depth of woman's pure affection. Winny was not calm when the avowal was made, and she knew that her fate and happiness were no longer in her own hands—they were in his. Was he aware, alas! of the sacred trust reposed in him when he so readily entered into the engagement with this sweet and guileless being? It is to be feared not, though, as time progressed, he became fully sensible that he was loved with no common love, and that were he to desert her, Winny had no latent pride to aid her, but would most probably sink broken-hearted beneath the blow. It was Sir Ludolf's own express wish that Frank should travel when he left college, ere the marriage took place: they were affianced, and the doting father was satisfied, never contemplating the possibility of change in either of them.

Since the departure of Mrs Devereux from Montford, she had only written briefly, and at distant intervals, to her brother, and then her letters were filled with details of Ismay's wondrous beauty and accomplishments, and at length with Ismay's innumerable conquests; for it appeared that the beautiful girl was introduced into public at the earliest age when misses in their teens are tolerated. When the tidings reached Montford of Ismay's marriage at sixteen with a rich nobleman of sixty, no one was astonished, or expressed surprise or anxiety as to the result; Mrs Devereux dwelt with rapture on her daughter's 'great luck and brilliant lot'—adding with pride and exultation, that 'wherever she went nothing was thought of save the captivating Lady Emerlin, who carried hearts by storm.'

'She must be extremely altered to win hearts thus,' observed Frank, smiling as he perused the letter put into his hands by Sir Ludolf; 'for of all the little vicious vixens I ever encountered, Miss Ismay Devereux, now Lady Emerlin, was the most atrocious.'

'Nay, nay, dearest Frank,' whispered Winifred; 'be not so hard upon my lovely cousin; remember how children alter.'

'You have never altered, my love,' responded Frank, fondly parting her fair hair on the smooth sunny brow;

'you were ever gentle, unselfish, and good, and even that odious child herself loved you, sweet one.'

The vain, weak mother did not long survive to enjoy her daughter's exaltation; and the last news that reached Montford concerning Lady Emerlin was the notification of her being left a widow by the death of Lord Emerlin within four years after their union. She continued to reside abroad, and in process of time almost ceased to be remembered in the woodland solitudes which she had once so successfully disturbed in her wayward, childish days. There were no locomotives in the times we are talking of—no rapid modes of transition; and travel *then* was travel indeed! Both Sir Ludolf and Winny felt a sort of desolation creep over them, as Frank, tearing himself away from their encircling arms, plunged, with the love of change and adventure natural to ardent youth, into the sea of life heaving in restless billows before him.

Poor Winny! she had cast her all on one venture; and it was well for her peace of mind that she could not discern the track of the gallant vessel freighted with her rich load of love. We have all felt, doubtless, more or less, what it is to be left behind, with the monotonous routine of daily life unchanged and undiversified, when the beloved object on whom all our thoughts and wishes centre is beyond our ken for months and years—ay, it may be for ever!

Winny felt just the same then as we should feel now, and time crept on slowly—slowly. She counted time by Frank's letters, which, during his first six months of absence, were very regular; then they became gradually shorter and less frequent, and so continued during the ensuing twelvemonth. He was to have been absent only for the space of one year; but he had procrastinated his return from time to time, until, at the expiration of another six months, Frank, in an incoherent hasty letter from Paris, signified his intention of being at Montford within the next ten days.

He kept to this determination; but could *this* be the same gay, careless Frank they had parted with but eighteen months previously—this haggard man, on whose handsome countenance the emotions of strong passion were traced? His manners, too, betrayed a restlessness, and an evident desire to feign cheerfulness, which, however, did not impose on the keen and watchful eye of love. Winifred saw there was misery at Frank's heart—an unceasing gnawing worm, whose ravages were only too visible. She shrank from probing his secret, whatever it might be. He did not volunteer his confidence, but, on the contrary, sought every opportunity of being alone; avoided Sir Ludolf's and poor Winny's society as much as possible, and plunged for hours into the deepest recesses of the woods. He often slunk, with a strange dark expression of countenance, from Winny's artless proofs of affection. She was a pure child of nature, and had not been taught to conceal the love sanctioned by a father's blessing. Nevertheless her innate delicacy and sensitive nature caused her to adopt a reserve, on observing Frank's manner, which was foreign to her heart; and matters went on in this unsatisfactory way at Montford for some months.

It now wanted but a short period of the time when Frank would attain the age fixed on before he went abroad as that at which his marriage with sweet Winny was to be solemnised. Sir Ludolf, never particularly discerning, and now in his second childhood, saw nothing of the alteration in Frank, and, as a matter of course, canvassed the approaching event with his future son-in-law. Then it was that something of Frank's old spirit again broke forth; again he was the eager delighted lover; and kneeling at Winifred's feet, he claimed her promise of becoming his bride. Words lingered on Winny's lips—words of questioning, of upbraiding; gentle, soft, and lowly breathed, doubtless, but still upbraiding—for his past singular behaviour. Wildly

her lover threw himself on the ground beside her, exclaiming, in the broken accents of remorse, 'I am not worthy of you, Winifred!—I am not worthy of you!—for you are an angel, and I am!'

'What are you, dear Frank?' said Winifred with an anxious, tearful gaze.

'A villain!' fiercely exclaimed her betrothed, as he broke away with frantic strides. He was seen no more that day. Winny was the least suspicious of created beings: unused to the world's ways, and bred in strict retirement, she knew nothing of treachery and deceit, real or fictitious; consequently she was completely puzzled by Francis Lovel's behaviour. But he had said he loved her still; and, in devoted woman's true spirit, Winny was content. Something had arisen to vex and annoy Frank, thought Winny; and perhaps, when they were married, he would confide his sorrows to a sympathising, tender wife. Winny was patient and hopeful, loving and trusting with her whole heart.

The marriage-day was fixed: Sir Ludolf was full of bustle and happy importance; troops of old friends were flocking to Montford to assist in the festivities attending the celebration of the nuptials of Montford's fair heiress with the last representative of the chivalrous Lovels.

'Another and unexpected guest is about to join our goodly company,' said the knight, addressing his daughter and Frank Lovel, as he held forth a massive bound with silken cord. 'Whom do you think *this* is from? You will never guess, my children, so I must e'en satisfy your curiosity.' And bidding Winny read it, he handed her the letter, saying to Frank—'I cannot refuse to receive her of course, though it happens inopportunistically.'

'Of whom are you speaking, sir?' demanded Frank carelessly.

'Of my niece, Lady Emerlin. She writes to offer me a short visit, as she is about to pass through the town of R—, and does not like to be within twenty miles of Montford without coming to see us. Poor thing! she is a young widow, and she alludes to the unpleasant impressions she left on our minds when she was here in childhood. I have no doubt Ismay is an altered being.—But what is the matter?' During the foregoing speech, Sir Ludolf had been busily engaged dissecting a fat capon, and too intent upon his occupation to note Frank's start of surprise and displeasure, or his abrupt withdrawal from the social meal. But Winifred had noticed far more than this—she had seen him wince when her father spoke; she had seen the ghastly pallor of his countenance, and the wild expression of his dark eyes. What could all this mean? Was it possible that Frank retained the dislike and prejudice of boyhood towards the beautiful Ismay, and that her coming to Montford made him angry now?—When they met again, Winny was shocked to perceive how really ill Frank looked. Extreme suffering was portrayed on every lineament. There was no fancy here—it was sad and sober reality; and with maidenly delicacy, but wife-like tenderness, Winny besought her affianced husband to confide to her the cause of his anguish. But he laughed—a discordant, harsh laugh it was—and assured the sweet girl that it 'was nothing'—'a mere spasm, to which he had been subject of late.'

'You don't mind my cousin Lady Emerlin coming, dear Frank, do you?' she remarked with an arch smile, gazing up in his face. 'You wont quarrel together now, as you did years ago?'

Frank, without reply, buried his face in his hands, and attempted to stifle the sighs that nevertheless burst from the recesses of his bosom. Poor Winny! vainly she intreated and prayed him to repose in her faithful love; to conceal his wound no longer; for, alas! thought she, 'a wounded spirit who can bear?'

But with a mighty effort the proud man regained the mastery over himself. His bearing became haughty

and determined, calm and silent, like one wound up to go through some difficult or trying part. Towards Winifred, indeed, he was the observant but delicate lover; yet the firmly-compressed lips and knitted brow bespoke the inward conflict of his mind.

In four days the marriage was to take place; Lady Emerlin was momentarily expected; and yet this was the moment chosen by Frank to pay a visit to his former tutor, who was installed in a comfortable living not many miles distant from Montford. The lover went, the lady came—and even Winny forgot everything for a moment but the spirit of grace and beauty which seemed to breathe a new atmosphere over the scene. Ismay's walk resembled the flow of poetry; she seemed to keep time to some strange melody, unheard by others, that tended her fairy steps; and when she thus glided into the hall, it was like the advent of a queen, attracting all eyes and captivating all hearts. Yet her softness of demeanour, her enthralling loveliness and brilliant accomplishments, were united in Lady Emerlin with a certain wild but gentle gaiety, bordering on hilarity, which might have struck some observers as forced and unnatural. But Winny saw nothing of this, and she only regretted Frank's temporary absence, from the desire she felt that he might share in her own surprise and delight. He had promised to return the next day at noon, and she looked forward with impatience to the moment when she might introduce as friends those whose past animosities she still remembered with pain. Much she wondered how so perfectly amiable and affectionate a creature could have been so disagreeable a child.

Rapidly did Lady Emerlin twine herself into the confidence of the artless Winny. With downcast eyes she silently listened to the tale of Frank's altered appearance—their betrothal—their close-at-hand marriage-day; and blushing Winny owned to her cousin how long and fondly she had loved Francis Lovel.

'And he loves you? Say—is it not so, fair-haired Winny?' muttered Lady Emerlin.

Winifred absolutely recoiled from the hissing tone in which these few words were spoken, and at the flashing eyes, which seemed to emit sparks of fire. There was concentrated passion and revenge in their glance, which for a moment petrified her on whom the unhallowed look was rivetted. But with a sudden, forced laugh Lady Emerlin regained her usual complacency, repeating the words mechanically—'Is it not so, fair Winny?'

'I hope so—I believe so—Cousin Ismay,' whispered Winifred, as the tears she had vainly essayed to restrain oozed forth, for she was bewildered, dismayed, and agitated. Lady Emerlin's glance of despair and hatred haunted her; she could not forget it; while indefinite surmises and apprehensions of she knew not what gained possession of her inmost soul. Yet there was a witchery about her Cousin Ismay which Winifred entirely succumbed to: resistance to the spell was futile, and the enchantress continued to cast her 'glamour' o'er her.

In an hour or two Frank would return; he would explain the mystery of Lady Emerlin's startling and wayward moods: no doubt it was the lurking remains of evil temper, combated with indeed, but still not quite subdued. So when Ismay embraced Winifred, as she took her unresisting arm, expressing a desire to stroll through the woods she had frolicked in as a happy child, Winny cheerfully acceded to the request, and warmly returned her cousin's embrace.

'But would they not wait for Frank? In another hour he might be with them, and how delighted would not she be to witness the reconciliation! We will both hang on his arm,' added the gentle Winny; 'and as we walk, we shall cull only the pleasantest of old thoughts to remind us of the past.'

'What, then?' said Ismay: 'we three walk together?' Winny raised her mild eyes to her cousin's face, for the tone in which she spoke, although it was not louder

than a whisper, made her thrill. The face of Lady Emerlin was deadly pale, but the eyes threw over her marble features a blaze that Winny thought almost terrible in its beauty. She hesitated; she hung back; she thought of her betrothed; she gave a long yearning look to the distance where he might be expected to appear. But Winny was a coward; she did not dare to struggle even with that gentle grasp which seemed to seduce rather than force her away. She was ashamed to acknowledge a reluctance that seemed so childish.

'This is not a bonnet for the woods,' said she; 'let me just get another.'

'Any bonnet will do for the woods!' replied Ismay, and the clasp round Winny's waist became closer and more tender.

'Let me at least throw on a veil.'

'The embowering trees will be your shade!' and as the white arm charmed rather than forced her on, Winny, half-blushing, half-pouting, her shame struggling with her fear, suffered herself to be overmastered as if by a spell.

They were seen to enter the solitary wood, arm in arm together, but they were never seen to leave it again! Hours passed away—noontide and afternoon: all were busily occupied at the Hall in their own pursuits and amusements, and the absence of the cousins was not noticed until towards evening when Frank arrived; and on inquiring for his foreign valet, was told the man had gone with Lady Emerlin's domestics to R—, whither they had conveyed her ladyship's travelling chariot for some necessary repairs. But when Frank sought for his betrothed, and found her not, and was informed that she and Lady Emerlin had gone into the woods together, and had not yet returned, who might read what the unhappy man's terrified countenance expressed? Yet not even his wildest apprehensions approached the dreadful truth: he only feared that she was forcibly carried off by the revengeful woman, with whose fierce affections he had dishonourably trifled. Captivated for a while by Lady Emerlin's beauty and wiles, the mask had fallen too soon, and Francis Lovel beheld the woman as the child had been, but in far stronger colours. He had gone too far to recede; he had raised the fearful whirlwind never again to be quelled, and he paid a terrific price for his unprincipled and weak course of action. He plunged into the woods: the twilight was gathering: he called on Winifred by name: all was silent, save the note of the wood-pigeon fondly responding to its mate. But there, beneath that ancient umbrageous oak-tree, *what is that?* Surely it is sweet Winny sleeping, extended on the soft yielding moss! Not a fold of her dress was deranged; her cheek was leaning on her arm like one in a gentle slumber; and but for the ghastliness of death which overspread her lovely countenance, even her lover might have been deceived into hope. Winny, however, was dead; either by the visitation of God, or the victim of human passion; and even if a trace of murder could have been discovered on her body, the beautiful fiend had fled securely from the hands of justice, together with her spy—the foreign valet employed by Francis Lovel.

It was rumoured many years afterwards that a woman of unenviable celebrity, when suffering punishment for other crimes, confessed a former guilt. She had slain in that wood, by means of a secret and subtle poison administered in some confection, a cousin of her own, a betrothed bride. She was not known as Lady Emerlin, but history has handed down her name to the execration of posterity, while her identity was fully recognised. On the opposite side of the water from Montford the ruins of a monastic establishment were lately removed, and an inscription discovered, signifying that the mortal remains of Francis Lovel were there interred; a man whose ascetic life and stern penances had bowed him to the grave with the weight of miserable years while

still in life's prime. Many a time and oft have we rested on the delicious moss beneath the ancient oak, nor did we find it less inviting and pleasant to repose because Lady Emerlin's restless shade was said to overshadow it nightly, with a guilty, but of course intangible presence. We thought of 'Herno the Hunter' in Windsor Park, who in a similar manner flits round an old tree, though he is by far too respectable a ghost to be associated even in a legend with the wicked Lady Emerlin of unhallowed memory.

#### NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

HAARLEM—THE DUNES—COMMIS-VOYAGEURS—WAFFLE  
KRAAMS—WALK TO AMSTERDAM—CHARACTERISTICS  
OF THE CAPITAL.

I ARRIVED at Haarlem on a Tuesday, one of the days on which the public are permitted to hear a voluntary played for an hour on the famous organ without charge. The town has the most antiquated appearance of any that I visited, and contains many very old houses: one had the date 1534 on its front. There are fewer canals than elsewhere—a fact to which Haarlem is probably indebted for its escape from such fearful ravages of cholera as prevailed in other places. After a hasty glance at the market-place, with its huge church of St Bayon occupying the centre, the ancient Stad Huus, numerous picturesque gables, and the statue of Coster holding a large type in his hand, I strolled to the Hout, or Wood—a park-like ground, as much resorted to as the Bosch at the Hague, and not less renowned in its locality. As a matter of course, I also paid a visit to the celebrated flower gardens. The season was, however, too late to see them in their glory. M. Krelage, proprietor of the one I first entered, while conducting me along his paths and alleys, remarked that in May, when there are rows of tulips in full bloom on each side of his central avenue, the sight is peculiarly gay and splendid, and attracts a continual crowd of gazers to the gate. One sort—a new species recently introduced from the Cape of Good Hope—was yet in flower; its delicate tints and graceful form will no doubt secure it a favourable reception. No charge is made for admission to these gardens—a notable fact in Holland, where gratuities are so much looked for. Your signature in a book on leaving is all that is required.

A few minutes after one I entered St Bayon's doors, from which the sounds were issuing of what sturdy John Knox called a 'kist fu' o' whistles.' Nearly two hundred persons of various grades—the men with their hats on, but with scarcely an exception well dressed—were walking to and fro in the nave and aisles, or seating themselves in the choir. Some were gazing at the models of ships suspended between two of the columns, or at the name *BILDERDYK* cut in a plain mural tablet, or at the tomb of Conrad, whose best monument is the masonry and flood-gates at Katwyk. An hour spent in quietly pacing up and down, with the music of the organ in your ears—now melodious, sweet, and flute-like; anon sonorous and mighty as the blast of a thousand trumpets—awakes many latent emotions in the heart, and sends you away with a chastened spirit. I had heard and read so much of the powers of the organ, that I was rather disappointed when all was over, and felt a desire to hear one of the private performances. I explained to the sexton my wish to form one of a party, but he declared himself unable to give any information; nor was a messenger who went round from the Leeuwerik to the other hotels

in the town more fortunate. A bookseller afterwards gave me to understand that the organist, who now charges thirteen florins for an hour's private playing, sometimes keeps his arrangements secret, with a view to form a second party of those who may have missed the first—not at all a commendable practice, if true. Once a year, at the commencement of the annual *kirmess*, he is bound to play for an hour to all who may choose to listen, and to bring out all the effects of which the organ is capable.

In the afternoon I walked out to the dunes, as the great sandhills are called which rise along the sea-shore. The distance is about three miles by a road leading through the pleasant village of Bloemendal, which, with its villas, and shrubberies, and well-kept lawns, presents an aristocratic appearance. In one of the gardens several agaves were growing, and orange-trees thickly studded with the golden fruit. The general effect was the more pleasing, that there was less of formality in the laying out than is usually observable in Dutch enclosures. Beyond the village you come to the Zomerzorg Inn—a much-frequented resort of tourists and pic-nic parties—from the grounds of which an ascent, the *blauwe treden*, or blue stairs, leads to the summit of the dunes. Not caring to avail myself of the allurements of the establishment, I took a side-road which led at once to the foot of the hills. Their inner face rises at a very sharp angle; and is so loose and soft, that you sink nearly a foot deep at every step you take upwards. It is probably kept in this condition by the continual fall of flying particles from above. I climbed to the top; and the singular prospect that there opened quite took me by surprise. It was a wild desert of sand, stretching away farther than eye could reach to the right and left, and in front to the sea, nearly two miles distant. Large patches were perfectly bare; on other parts grew a straggling and scanty herbage, with here and there a stunted bush, that seemed to shrink away from the quarter whence come the fierce and bitter blasts from the ocean. The surface is uneven; broken into irregular hills and hollows: a sort of sandy sea. Never before had I beheld so desolate a scene. I rambled some distance across it; and on descending into the hollows, the dreary and solitary aspect became more than ever oppressive; and though the shelter causes a deep stillness, you hear the wind sweeping with a solemn whisper a few feet above your head, while there is nothing in sight to indicate your position; no one point which you can seize more than another. Wo to the traveller benighted in such a region, when winter makes it more dismal and dangerous! These hills are, however, the bulwarks of Holland: they extend along the coast for nearly eighty miles from the Maas to the Helder in a triple range, the highest points of which are about two hundred feet high. The combined action of wind and sea has thrown them up, and adds perpetually to their thickness and strength. So solid is the barrier, that you see at a glance no risk of inundation is here to be apprehended: old ocean, with all his power, would find it no easy task to eat his way through. It is towards the north, at the Helder, where the dunes subside, and artificial embankments are raised, that there is danger of an inbreak of the water. Those who have visited the coast of Lincolnshire will remember that a similar formation is accumulating there. The more furious the assault of the ocean on the sandy shores, the more firmly is the bank drifted up to resist it.

I gathered a few flowers as memorials of my visit, and returned to the place where I had ascended. Near this is a wooden booth or summer-house erected on the most elevated swell, enclosed on all but the landward side. It affords a comfortable shelter from the wind; and seated

here, you have a view scarcely less striking than that towards the sea. You are carried at once from barren to luxuriant—from bleak to beautiful. Farthest off lay the brown waters of the Meer; the spires of Amsterdam, seeming to rise out of a sea, on the left; Haarlem nestling, as it were, in 'forests of uncounted trees' on the right; and Bloemendal almost at your feet: the foreground thickly wooded, shady lanes winding in pleasant and umbrageous curves, with snug little paddocks, and cozy crofts scattered here and there, and chequered with flowery gardens—the whole forming a scene as novel as unexpected. Its main features reminded me of some of the views over the counties of Hereford and Worcester from the Malvern Hills. I saw none more pleasing even in Guelderland, that paradise of the Dutch. No one who visits Haarlem should fail to see it if they wish to know what Holland really is. The short distance from the town renders it easily accessible; and for those of phlegmatic temperament, who require substantial stimuli, the Zomerzorg offers a ready means of solace and satisfaction.

On returning to the hotel, I found there a Belgian commercial traveller whom I had previously seen at the Hague. He was 'doing the road,' as the phrase has it, 'in nails,' and was not a little chagrined at the uncourteous reception which his specimens had met with from a tradesman of the town. The Dutchman, after inspecting the parcel, flung it down on the floor of his shop with the remark, 'Monsieur, we want none of your stuff here!' This rebuff so wounded the Belgian's sensibility, that, as he told me, he could only console himself by writing an account of the annoyance to his wife, whom he had left at home near Liege. He showed me his samples: they were arranged on long slips of pasteboard, similar to a tailor's pattern-book. For two or three of the smaller sorts, chiefly shoe-nails, he stated England to be the best customer; but whether it was that they were cheaper or better than those manufactured in Staffordshire, I could not ascertain. The fact is, however, important, as an instance of the multiplying resources of commerce.

The next morning I made a tour of a mile or two along the public walks laid out on what were once the fortifications. What better use could the old battle-mounds be put to? These grounds are really beautiful in their undulations and great extent; and so thickly planted and intersected with walks running hither and thither, that it is possible to lose yourself among them, or find a secluded spot wherein to meditate, should your mood invite. In this respect the burghers of Haarlem are better provided for than at any other town in the country. Doubly welcome must such pleasant promenades be where all besides is flat and monotonous.

At noon I started for Amsterdam, leaving Haarlem by the ancient brick gateway, said to have been standing at the time of the siege, when the sanguinary Duke of Alva fancied that cruelty was stronger than the spirit of liberty, and found out his mistake, as all oppressors do sooner or later. There is so much water, and so little land, on this route, that I went on foot, the better to observe the construction of the embankment, which serves at once as highway and dike, and is made of prodigious strength, to contain the broad canal on one side, and repel the floods of the Haarlemmer Meer on the other. To the left of the canal is the railway, which serves as a bank where there was none previously. It is formed of long bundles of willow-rods, laid alternately lengthwise and crosswise, one above the other, and crowned with a bed of ballast to bear the sleepers. Thus the railway is carried through the shallow water which formerly overspread the narrow strip of land between the IJ—the arm of the Zuyder Zee on which Amsterdam is built—and the canal. Its construction seems hardly trustworthy to a stranger; but the Dutch,

by long experience, know the value of willow, especially where moisture is to be resisted. Hence the countless plantations of this tree all over the country. There is perhaps nothing else that would so well suit the nature of the soil and endure the continual wash of water. All three—the rail, canal, and road—run in straight parallel lines about sixteen miles from one town to the other, with the exception of a short break at Halfwege. Look back when you will for more than half the route, you see the huge church of St Bavon looming darkly in the distance. At the village just mentioned the waters of the Meer and the IJ come together, and are only kept apart by strong gates and sluices. The difference in height of the two is several feet. There is a portage here, and travellers by canal have to get out of the boat, and walk from one end of the street to the other to resume their journey in either direction.

Here, as mentioned in the last article, I halted for refreshment, and chose the humblest-looking tavern by way of obtaining variety. The taproom perfectly resembled those which I had seen in various parts of the state of New York. There was the same curved counter in one corner, with shelves, decanters, and glasses, constituting the bar, with the same shallow, oval brass-bound tub for rinsing. On the tables stood small copper bowls with wooden handles, containing lumps of lighted turf, and matches made of dried rushes, tipped with sulphur, lying by their side. There was also a diminutive quarto newspaper, *De Reisende Nieuws-Bode* ('The Travelling News-Messenger'), of coarse material and common execution—not so good as the tea-paper used by grocers. It was filled with a series of short paragraphs of foreign and domestic news, printed all across the page; and the cost was two cents—less than a halfpenny. I was the more surprised to see 'a weekly' so small and low in price, as the best papers in Holland are not dear: the general price is ten cents—twopence. The bread, butter, and coffee, were very good. The latter more so than in most London coffee-houses, where the decoction sold is wonderfully deficient in flavour of the Arabian berry.

On drawing near to Amsterdam, the number of lust-houses, pavilions for drinking and dancing, swings, roundabouts, and other gymnastic appliances, indicate your approach to a large town. The termination of the canal, and the railway station, are just outside the Willems Poort, one of the handsomest gates of the city. Immediately within it commences the street called the Haarlemmer Dyk. Scarcely had I set foot on it, than the 'ou' *klei* of two Jews, sounding almost as familiar as the 'clo' of Houndsditch, reminded me that I had entered a town of which the population was more than one-tenth Hebrew. They looked far more dingy and dirty than Jews in London. I next threaded Nieuwe Dyk, the principal business street, and emerged on the Dam, a fine open place about the centre of the city, surrounded by handsome buildings, among which are the Exchange and the Stad Huis, or Palace. Not far from this was *De Ster*—the Star Hotel—where I arrived just as dinner was served, not sorry to rest and eat.

What a varied assemblage at the table d'hôte! Italians, Austrians, Germans, Belgians, Dutch, French, and English. At the close of the repast, as they sat sipping their wine, such a disputation arose as can only be heard at a foreign table, where the animated gesticulations make you fancy that the next movement will be a slap or a blow. One of the Frenchmen was the most voluble example of the species I had ever met: words flowed from his lips as water from a mill-race. He lauded France to the skies, as surpassing all other countries in the world, and able to do without them and England in particular. One of the Austrians brought him up short with—'Don't forget, the Cossacks went to Paris.' This silenced him for a time; but he soon recommenced with a Belgian who sat opposite me, labouring to prove his countrymen the most magnanimous nation under

the sun. The Belgian could scarcely get in a word, but when he did, it was to the purpose, and laid bare the sophisms of the other. At last the Frenchman appealed to me in support of his reasoning. 'Monsieur,' I replied, 'you argue extremely well, but you are altogether in the wrong.'

'Bah! vous êtes Anglais, voilà pourquoi!' Nevertheless he was saluted with a loud laugh, which closed the dispute. On one point, however, all were agreed: in regretting the death of Sir R. Peel—news of which had lately been received—as more than a national loss. In every quarter I heard expressions of sorrow at the demise of the great statesman.

Amsterdam impressed me less favourably than Rotterdam or Leyden. The horrible smells from the canals were perfectly disgusting; and yet, as far as I could observe, the inhabitants seemed scarcely sensible of the nuisance. You see, too, a somewhat lower grade of population than in other towns, with more dirt and approach to squalor; yet there is nothing so bad in these respects as in the large towns of England. The city may be generally described as made up of bits of Oxford Street, Thames Street, Baker Street, Wapping, and the Docks, all curiously intermingled. By the side of a jeweller's or a draper's, which would not be out of place in the best London thoroughfare, you will see a provision shop, with a huge pig split open and suspended on a frame at the window, notwithstanding the sultry weather, and a pyramid of painted dummies, red and yellow, to imitate cheeses, on each side of the door—such as may occasionally be seen in Bermondsey Street or other benighted quarters of London. Or a butcher—whose neighbours on either hand may be a *schrijnwerker* (cabinetmaker) and *boekverkooper* (bookseller)—in addition to rows of joints, hangs out an enormous calf, which by its bulk and length of horn you would take for a young cow—large veal not being disliked in Holland, and always, though overgrown, milk-fed. A little farther you come to a dairy with piles of tubs and pails, scrubbed as clean as hands can make them, turned down to drain on the trottoir. Here a man, slowly turning a coffee-roaster over a charcoal fire, blocks your way. There a shoeblack takes leave to suggest that your boots would look the better for a new coat of polish, and makes persuasive offers of service. Presently you meet a knife-grinder, who, instead of using a treadle, sets his stone in motion by means of a large wheel turned by a little boy. How the sparks fly from the steel, and how sharp the hiss sounds in the narrow street! Then a pedlar trudges past with a basket, tall as himself, strapped to his back, on gainful thoughts intent; or men with barrows full of garden-stuff, bawling at the top of their voices. Again your progress is barred by a man sawing a load of firewood into short lengths; and while you try to pass round his heap of blocks, the scavenger's cart comes lumbering by, and drives you back again. This is followed by a sledge, heavily laden with bales of merchandise, which clears its own path with water-splashes; and presently a *vigilante*, or the railway omnibus, clatters along at a rapid pace, and every one flies to the right and left to get out of the way; and if the street be narrow, stands still until the noisy vehicles are passed. Everywhere in the precincts of the Dam you are waylaid by Jews, who pester you with importunities to buy a lottery-ticket, at the same time offering you a handful to select from. Holland is in an advanced stage of civilisation as regards schools, but backward in the matter of lotteries. In every town are numerous offices; and on drawing days the fact is announced on all the walls in captivating placards. Walk to the edge of the broad canal, you see a woman rowing a long flat boat, laden with baskets of linen for the wash: here and there she stops, and adds to her cargo. Close by is the fishmarket—Billingsgate in the heart of a busy metropolis, where numbers of miserable-looking

men and women hanging about afford unmistakable evidence of your being in a great city. Stroll a little farther, to St Anthoonie's Breede Straat, you find it, as well as Weesper Straat, thronged with Jews and Jewesses, adults and children. What a multifarious commerce goes on in these thoroughfares!—from hot potatoes, through an almost endless variety of animal, vegetable, and mineral, up to old clothes and diamonds: amid discordant cries, a clamour, and a hum, a rushing to and fro, while almost every window is open, with the upper halves of two or three bodies lounging over the sill, one of the three puffing smoke from his lips. Come here on a Saturday, and you will see the gay red, blue, yellow, and pink ribbons in the caps of the dark-eyed Hebrew damsels, who assemble in groups, looking like moving beds of gaudy flowers when seen at a distance. Their male friends, no longer clad in work-a-day garments, present a respectable appearance; and what a flood of gossip is poured forth on all sides, while the multitudes of urchins playing in the lanes and alleys are brimful of merriment! Enter the chief synagogue; you will be astonished at its magnificence, and your imagination will wander back to the pomp of Jewish ceremonial in olden time.

Go back again to the Dam. It is three o'clock; the Exchange bell is ringing, and from every avenue of approach you see well-dressed men issue singly, in twos or threes, or in straggling knots of a dozen or so, and hasten across the spacious area to the building, which swallows them up by hundreds. It is often said that we are more struck in foreign countries by what resembles our own, than by contrasts; and watching the busy throng congregating in the temple of Mammon, you are forced to confess that, if suddenly transported into the streets of London, they would scarcely be regarded as strangers. Leaving them to their absorbing pursuit, go and view the palace, formerly the Stad Huis, or Hôtel de Ville. The king lodges there when he comes to Amsterdam; but you need not hesitate on that account. Go and see it, if only for the purpose of satisfying yourself that kingly ideas may exist in other than royal heads. This stately edifice was erected by the grave and portly burgomasters of former times; and its sumptuous decorations and noble proportions will convince you that great and aspiring thoughts dwelt beneath the phlegmatic exterior of those men. Few royal palaces equal it. The grand hall was the waiting-room for the public on audience-days: one does not see such waiting-rooms in our time. Is it that the public have degenerated, or that rulers are too busy to think of such matters?

I met an American gentleman at the top of the palace, with whom my having lived some years in his country was a sufficient reason for striking up an acquaintance. We agreed to visit the far-famed village of Broek in company, and crossed by the ferry to Buiksloot, and from thence to the village by *trekschuyt*, the greater part of the distance along the great ship canal, where we met Norwegian, Russian, American, and English vessels being towed by horses to Amsterdam. Near Broek a flag was flying from every windmill, to celebrate the wedding of a miller's daughter. Broek disappoints you: it is far from being so clean as you anticipate; the little canals contain various impurities; and many of the inhabitants are anything but nice in personal appearance. The girl who conducted us round Mynheer Van der Beck's queer garden had a copper cent stuck in the middle of her forehead, which, she said, was to cure the headache. The remedy, if not ornamental, was at least harmless. We—that is, the American and myself—agreed that the sight of Broek was not worth the half-day it costs you. Hillegom, near Haarlem, or Zeist, near Utrecht, are much better worth a visit. Or, instead of going abroad to look at a village, Great Tew, in Oxfordshire, will best repay the trouble of viewing. We walked back to Ba-

loot, and took steamboat at once for Zaandam. Here, independently of the chief attraction, Czar Peter's house, you see four hundred windmills in the neighbourhood of the town, which is eminently Dutch, with its numerous canals, countless bridges, quaint gables, stork's nest on the church top, and peculiar population. How they stared at and made fun of my 'wide-awake!' when all the while before their eyes were the ugly bonnets of the women, which resemble nothing so much as an oval rush door-mat laid across the head, and tied under the chin. So easy is it to deride what is new, or to dislike what we cannot comprehend! The temporary residence of the imperial shipwright is worth seeing, as a specimen of a Dutch tenement of the seventeenth century. In one of the rooms is a large portrait of Peter surrounded by his tools, and two others of himself and Catherine. Overhead the ceiling is draped with intertwined festoons of the flags of Russia and Holland. Twenty-six albums for visitors' names lie on the table—the earliest date 1809. The guide-book says there is hardly a vacant inch on the wooden wall—so thickly is it covered with names in intaglio: a mistake, for there are yet spacious patches, on which those who take pleasure in so doing may incise a record of their visit. We were well pleased with our trip to Zaandam, and returned to Amsterdam in a sailing vessel. The passage occupied one hour, fare 27 cents—less than half of the charge by steamboat.

I called on a gentleman connected with the Koninklijk Instituut, and found him not less courteous than the others of his countrymen whose kindness I have recorded. He introduced me at the Lees-Museum, where I saw newspapers and periodicals from all parts of Europe, including 'Punch,' and the 'Times,' and other English journals; besides a well-selected library of popular and historical works in various languages. We went together to the Zoological Gardens, and afterwards to the Park, where music *à la Jullien* was sounding in full harmony, while the company paced up and down the winding walks, which were illuminated by hundreds of small and brilliant jets of gas. The numerous concourse appeared to be animated by a feeling of pleasure, nor did they forget the zest of refreshments. When this was over, we went to sup at the grand restaurant on the Dam, during which I spoke of my visit to Broek and Zaandam. 'Ah,' said my friend, 'is not Zaandam a singular place? You can always tell a Zaandammer by his peculiar swinging walk, and by the way in which his clothes hang upon him. Even if his garments are made by a first-rate Amsterdam tailor, you can always distinguish him. There is no mistaking a Zaandammer. He is rich, awkward, and self-sufficient!' This opinion delivered *ex cathedra*, and by a Dutchman, I could not venture to gainsay. We afterwards talked of Broek, on which my companion again broke in with, 'Ah, I have never been there; but I know all about it. It is not what it was; Broek now lives on the memory of the past. Wealthy people once lived there: among them was an old lady who lent Willem I. 6,000,000 of florins at a minute's notice. Another time, when the Emperor Francis of Austria was here, he went with his suite to see Broek, and knocked at the door of a house for permission to enter. This house was the most curious, and the best worth viewing, of all in the village; the occupant was also an old lady. A servant opened the door; the emperor stated his wish to look over the premises; the girl retired, and presently brought out word that her mistress would permit no intrusion. One of the suite then stepped forward and declared the emperor's name and rank, and repeated the request for admission. The attendant went in once more, and a minute afterwards reappeared before the noble visitors with a positive message:—"Mistress says she wouldn't, even if it was the burgomaster of Amsterdam!"'

We sat some time in friendly converse before we rose

to go. It was past midnight when we descended to the street. How silent and deserted were all the thoroughfares! 'Not a soul was afoot; and our voices, as we shook hands and parted, seemed to be the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the sleeping city.'

## POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

### CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

*Lock-Jaw, from Injuries to the Thumb.*—It is often said that injuries of the thumb are more likely than all other injuries to produce lock-jaw. The other day a gentleman brought his servant-boy to me who had cut his thumb in slicing a piece of wood. 'Do you fear lock-jaw?' said he. 'I see no particular reason for apprehending it,' I rejoined. 'But you know,' said he—with something like a tone that implied I ought at least to know—that wounds of the thumb often produce lock-jaw.' I have seen a great many cases of lock-jaw at the hospitals, in many of which burns and other injuries appeared as the causes; but I cannot call to mind that injuries of the thumb were in greater proportion than others. Undoubtedly lock-jaw might arise from such an injury, and wounds of the tendons are thought by many surgeons to be more than other accidents likely to produce such a result. I think, however, there is a good deal of exaggeration in this idea—at any rate with respect to the thumb in particular. When we consider how often the thumb must be wounded from its opposing the fingers in every-day operations, there must be a very large amount of such wounds not followed by lock-jaw. The question will be best determined by hospital statistics; but it may be well, as far as possible, to relieve popular fears as to the frequency of lock-jaw from slight injuries to the thumb.

*Drowning.*—There is an idea entertained by some people that drowning depends on the entrance of water into the body, and hence a barbarous practice of hanging up a person by the heels to remove the water. Now drowning depends on the exclusion of air from the lungs, and death does not arise from the admission of water, but simply from the mechanical prevention of the access of air. The upper part of the windpipe, which is called the glottis, is thrown into a spasmodic action by the intrusion of any foreign body, so that very little, if any water, gets into the lungs. Water is certainly swallowed; but I need not tell you that water is harmless enough in the stomach. The water which is found in the lungs after death has probably passed into the windpipe after death, when the spasmodic closure of the glottis has ceased. It must be very apparent, then, that all attempts to empty water from the body are as foolish as they are useless.

*Sinews and Muscles.*—I may just observe that some misunderstanding occasionally arises in respect to the word *sinew*. The sinews, or tendons, are the membranous cords by which the muscles (flesh) are attached to the bones. The greater the strength of the muscles, the greater will generally be the development of the sinews; so that, figuratively, the sinews are often spoken of as the source of power, though in reality they are only the medium of its communication. We speak of the 'sinews of war' when we wish to express the very origin of its potency. Emaciation will, however, show itself variously in various structures, and it sometimes happens that the muscular structure is very far reduced, whilst the tendons or sinews remain the same as ever. Hence people will show us their arms, and tell us 'that there is little flesh, it is true, but look at the sinew!' Hamlet exclaims in one of his passionate speeches—

'Oh all you host of heaven! oh earth!—What else?  
And shall I couple hell! Oh fie! Hold—hold, my heart!  
And you my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up!'

The old anatomists, it is well known, confounded

the tendons with the nerves, probably from their white glistening appearance. There are many words still employed by anatomists which originated in this idea, as the term aponeurosis, which one would suppose, by its etymology, had reference to the nerves, and not the tendons—*απὸ*, and *νεῦρον*, a nerve). We still hear frequently expressions used which may have originated in this way. 'Nervous language' is a not uncommon phrase of criticism. A sacred poet says—

'Awake, my son! stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on!'

*Treatment of Wounds.*—It was formerly, and is still, the practice with many to put medicinal preparations into recently-incised wounds, to promote their healing, or, as it is sometimes said, to take the soreness out of them. Before the process of restoration was well understood, this was done even by the best-informed in the profession. 'In the treatment of wounds,' says John Bell,\* 'surgeons were at one time really very cruel: they absolutely delayed the cure. They never allowed the lips of a wound to fall together; they filled it with dressings and acrid balsams, or distended it with tents and leaden tubes.' So great was the prejudice in favour of these means, that even those who were better informed were forced to resort to stratagem to conciliate the opinion of the public. It was in this way, according to John Bell, that the practice arose of treating wounds by sympathetic means. The remedy was applied to a bloody towel, or to a stain, or to the knife which had inflicted the wound; nor durst the surgeon venture to unite the wound in a simple manner, without pretending that he had brought about the cure by some sympathetic, or, as it was called '*philosophical*' remedy. We may judge, as Bell says,† of the barbarity of the older surgeons by the 'continual protestations of La Motte and other good surgeons of their never having, for the sake of gain, used any tents or injections to *protract a cure*.' A simple incised wound does not, then, require any other treatment than that of bringing the separated edges into contact, unless, indeed, it be necessary to tie the extremities of bleeding vessels, in order to arrest the hæmorrhage. It is not, however, here implied that no benefit is to be derived from local applications to sores. On the contrary, it may be distinctly stated that the greatest good will arise from the use of medicinal applications to indolent sores or spreading ulcers. The object is merely to deprecate the practice of interfering with recently-incised wounds by the application of spirituous preparations, which are sold to benefit the quack doctors, and not the patients. The application of the nitrate of silver does indeed bring about results which are perfectly surprising, giving a sort of impulse to sores, or perhaps rather destroying morbid and ulcerative action, and thus converting a spreading into a common sore. I speak, therefore, only of common incised wounds which have no bad tendency, and are simply what are commonly understood as *cuts*.

*Strength.*—The great dread which some people have in illness is that of being weak. They are sadly afraid of 'getting too low.' The nurse in her heart thinks the doctor never takes this subject into a fair consideration, and therefore in his absence will be pressing her mistress 'just to take a little of something to keep the wind off her stomach.' Mothers are anxious to support the strength of their children, and as soon as convalescence commences, calves'-foot jelly seems to be looked 'to as 'nature's great restorer.' Strength is not gained by the mere taking of nourishment into the stomach, but the use which is there made of it; and if the stomach is not in a proper state for the digestion of food, it must be very apparent that, instead of gaining strength by eating, we only augment disease. The dread of weakness from want of food is perhaps a particularly Eng-

lish dread. 'He takes nothing, doctor; he has not tasted these three days,' is the constant language of the sick-room.

Along with this dread of weakness may be mentioned a somewhat curious way people have of referring different ailments to weakness, which have little or no connection with it. I have known positive pain more than once entirely referred to weakness. It is true that neuralgic pains are oftentimes directly benefited by tonic treatment; but the cases to which I allude do not fall under this category. Patients say, 'I have a pain here, doctor; but I suppose it's only weakness?' This is absolutely the phrase used, and is often both unmeaning in itself and mischievous in its tendency. These local weaknesses are generally anything but weaknesses. The term, however, like cold, is so convenient as a general term, that it will not be readily abandoned.

*Remote Causes.*—It is true enough that complaints occasionally date their origin from remote causes, but some people are unnecessarily and unreasonably fanciful in this respect. A person who has attained a mature age falls into a consumption—when his mother will all at once call to mind that when he was a child he fell into a horse-pond, or kept his wet shoes on, owing to the carelessness of a nurse-maid; or again, a person becomes afflicted with a tremor—when it is remembered that he hurt himself some fifteen years ago whilst flying his kite, or playing at marbles. The suggestion of these distant sources is, in a majority of cases, altogether fanciful. Causes of a much more recent and probable nature are also not un seldom looked for, when, in point of fact, the true source of mischief is unknown, or unwillingly acknowledged. The constant cry is, 'I must have taken some cold;' and to look beyond this is in many instances to incur the displeasure of the sufferer; at least I have known it so when I thought I was more than usually ingenious in conjecturing the true cause. Sometimes fanciful people take it into their heads that they have been cured too quickly of some disease which they formerly suffered from, and imagine that a part of the complaint has been, as it were, left behind. It is quite possible that a course of medicine may be given up too soon, but in general there is little fear of being cured too quickly.

*Disease Falling.*—It is common to speak of diseases falling and settling on parts, and it used to be literally supposed that they dropped down just as an apple would fall from a tree. This notion is in a great measure abandoned, but not entirely. People still like to fancy that their complaints are falling lower and lower. The idea seems to chime in well with popular feeling. A patient pleases himself in thinking that his complaint is about to pass out at the ends of his toenails. There is one complaint which does indeed seem to give some countenance to this opinion, and that is the gout. The gout is named from a supposed dropping of disease on to the toe; hence the French *goutte*, a drop (*gutta*, Latin). This is indeed an instance in which the old pathology has in some measure stood the test of modern science. On the other hand, there is a strange dread of diseases mounting to the heart; and it is supposed that a dropsy in this way gets higher and higher until the patient dies. There is in this, as in some other cases which I have had to notice, a certain mixture of truth with much error. Complete errors are easily dealt with, but when facts and error are mingled together, it requires some nicety to distinguish them, and occasionally a correction of the erroneous part is mistaken for a denial of the whole.

*Dropsy.*—Apropos of the dropsy, I may mention that the words dropsy and dropsical are naturally enough associated with feelings of terror, and the use of the terms is sometimes productive of considerable uneasiness, when there is no great occasion for it. Watery collections are sometimes of a partial nature connected with local obstructions, and by no means necessarily

\* Bell's Surgery, p. 17.

† Vol. I. p. 18.

**fatal.** There is a professional name, *adema*, used to designate such partial dropsies; but as it is not generally understood, and could not be readily remembered by all, it is not often employed, except in medical writings, or the interchange of professional conversation. Hence a patient finding his legs swell, will ask in alarm whether it is a dropsy? or perchance the medical man may himself have told the patient that his legs were dropsical, when the poor sufferer afterwards sees nothing but enlarged livers and impending suffocation. Some cutaneous affections produce large oedematous swellings, and yet the recovery is afterwards perfect. Some patients have an idea that dropsy may be the result of large draughts of water. I think, in these days of cold-water cures, I need scarcely stop to point out the absurdity of such a notion.

**Cold Bathing.**—I think some people have what may be called wrong notions with respect to cold bathing; I mean as to the state the body ought to be in when immersed in cold water. I have heard it stated that it is dangerous to go into cold water whilst the body is warm, but I should conceive it much more dangerous to go in cold. When the body, indeed, is in a profuse perspiration, it is improper to plunge into cold water, because in this state a kind of prostration or exhaustion may be supposed to exist, which is not the best calculated to resist the cold. A dry warmth of the body, however, will best stand a shock of cold, and it may be incidentally observed that bathers should not remain in cold water long enough to experience a permanent chill. The advantage consists in the shock and subsequent reaction which is experienced; but if the body remains too long chilled, the reaction does not ensue.

**Diseases of the Heart.**—*That diseases of the heart are more common than they formerly were.*—It cannot but happen in the progress of science that increased information will be accompanied by changes of opinion respecting matters which are little if at all changeable in themselves. What were formerly regarded as causes, may in the end be found to be only consequences; and expressions which were at first thought sufficiently precise, may be afterwards discovered to be only vague or incorrect. Hence some words will gradually fall into disuse, and others will become familiar which were before only sparingly employed. This observation has at least its applications to the medical profession; for we find many names now used in our catalogues of disease, which made little or no figure in that of our ancestors. I know it to be a general opinion that diseases of the heart are more prevalent than they were many years ago, nor can I accurately say how far this opinion may or may not be well-founded. I may state, however, some reasons which ought to be taken into consideration, at anyrate by non-professional people, when they are led into conjectures on such a subject.

With the advance of medical information there has necessarily been an increased anxiety to fix the precise seat of diseases: thus, where we formerly heard of dropsies and fluxes of blood, which were, after all, only effects, we now hear chiefly of the structural diseases in which they arise.

The ailments, therefore, remain the same; but the names have varied with the advancement of knowledge. Again, the introduction of the stethoscope has enabled medical men to detect and understand disease even in the living subject with an accuracy hitherto unobtainable, and they are not now contented with the names which were sufficiently accurate for a vaguer pathology. I have stated, however, that I did not feel prepared to say exactly how far diseases of the heart may have become more prevalent than formerly. It is said, at anyrate, that during the French Revolution there were so. The frequency with which a name is employed will not, however, determine the question.

**Blow on the Temple.**—Some people are fond of lecturing their doctors, and telling them what they consider to

be matter of fact. They do it, I suppose, to show how wise they are; but in this matter they are often far from successful. The other day I was asked to see a poor lad who had been struck with a stone on the head. 'It is well,' said the parent philosophically, 'that the stone hit him where it did: if it had been on his temple, doctor, I imagine it would have killed him on the spot?' I said I did not exactly feel certain that this would have been the case; whereupon he seemed to hold my knowledge in profound contempt. 'Oh yes,' said he; 'a blow on a particular part of the temple is immediately fatal!' 'Hem!' I added, as politely as I could well say hem! I think I have heard this same idea expressed more than once.

It is quite true that some portions of the skull are thinner than others, and that accidents may be more or less dangerous according to the seat as well as the extent of the injury. I speak only in censure of this idea as I believe it to exist in the public mind—that the danger is circumscribed to some spot on the temple, which is more than usually delicate or important. To reason with these lay medical philosophers is, as I have stated before, a fruitless task; for they lay down premises to which we cannot subscribe. Let it not, however, be imagined that I am stating that wounds on all parts of the head are equally dangerous; in this, as on other subjects, I must beg that the true limitation of my remarks may be considered. I speak of the errors as they exist, not as they may be explained away by ingenious advocates.

**Disorganization.**—Amongst verbal inaccuracies, a very common one is to use the term disorganization for disorder. I have over and over again heard people say, 'I think my stomach must be disorganized,' or, 'I fear it is a little disorganized.' I have felt strongly tempted to exclaim against such a possibility; but when I have considered it might only be meant to express a little dyspepsy, I have felt somewhat more satisfied. Medically speaking, disorganization means a breaking up or destruction of the organ, and is always a most serious, and generally fatal kind of mischief; but the 'disorganization' of common speech is a very harmless matter, and one which, ten to one, will be relieved altogether before morning.

**Toast-water.**—The custom of giving toast-water instead of plain water to invalids has always seemed to me a sort of refinement which needs explanation. For my part I think there is a good deal of exaggeration in our fears of drinking water in fevers or other complaints, and if it were not so, I can scarcely see how the toast improves the water. To give the toast as nourishment in this way would certainly be to embrace the infinitesimal dose system. If the toast be put to give warmth to the water, it does not always answer the purpose, as the drinkers of toast-water seem to take it as frequently cold as warm. I dare say if the mysteries of *cinder tea*, to which I alluded on a former occasion, were fairly unravelled, it would throw some light on this subject also, as they probably owe their virtues to the same source. If toast-water is taken because it is considered as a pleasant drink, I have of course nothing more to say on the subject; but if I mistake not, there are those who attach some real importance to it as a curative means.

#### DUTY ON WINES.

In the 'Times' of 6th November appears a circular respecting the condition of the wine trade in Great Britain, purporting to be from the pen of Mr F. G. Shaw, and which is written in a style superior to the usual literary efforts of commercial men. We can afford room for only the following passages, which will be read with interest by all who are favourable to a reconsideration of this important subject:—

It is shown by statistics 'that the consumption of

wine, with a population of 29,000,000, is now less than it was with 14,500,000, and that the revenue from it during the first ten years of this century averaged L.700,000 more than during the last thirty years.

'The consumption last year was 6,251,862 gallons, but if it had gone on with the population, it would now have been 13,000,000; and if with the means of expenditure, according to the rating of the income-tax, at L.21,500,000 in 1812, and L.57,000,000 in 1849, it should be 23,000,000 gallons; and, including Ireland, about 30,000,000, while the revenue should be about L.6,000,000, instead of L.1,767,562.

'All who have taken an interest in the question, agree that the heavy duties during many years, and even now, have not only caused this trade to remain stationary, but even to retrograde. But they appear to be ignorant of, or to overlook, the important fact, that although the duty on a pipe of port (which has long formed the great proportion of the wine drunk in this country) is now L.33, instead of L.17 in 1788, being an increase of L.16 on the pipe, the wine itself at that period cost about L.20, and now costs double and treble that sum. This arises from the tendency of a high duty to encourage the import of artificially-priced wines, and of course has the same effect to the consumer as if the duty had been increased in those proportions.

'It is within the recollection of many that the usual retail price of the finest old port was one guinea a dozen, and they are probably correct in asserting that it was a finer and maturer wine than is now generally met with. Prices varied then very little, and the power of bonding not then existing, only wine fit for bottling was imported; and as the amount of it and the duty was comparatively small, wine-merchants could afford to keep it longer in bottle, and others could more easily lay in large quantities to acquire the peculiar qualities which time alone can give to port.

'Sherry about the same time cost from L.24 to L.40 per butt, but now L.60 is a usual price, and even L.80 or L.100 are often paid; but there being no restrictions on the growth or sale of sherry, as there is on port, sherry, or rather wines from the Xeres district, are imported at very low prices.

'It is probably no exaggeration to state that we generally pay twice as much for our French wines as the Germans, Belgians, or Dutch, simply because they have a constant and large demand for the cheap wines of that country, and purchase the produce of whole vineyards in the state of grape, or just fermented, and charter vessels to carry it to their own cellars, while an English wine-merchant dares only venture to import a few hogsheads, and these generally at prices that foreigners never hear of. It can be shown that the share of wine in this country falling to each individual during the last year was one bottle and a fifth. In Hamburg, where the duty is almost nominal, it is estimated that the share is twenty-nine bottles. Let us, however, suppose the consumption with us merely to be raised to twelve, and we shall find that this would require 59,000,000 gallons. Such a change might fairly be looked for under a reduction of duty from the present rate to 1s. per gallon, or 2d. per bottle (which would still be from 50 to 70 per cent. on the cost of much that would be drunk), and this would give an annual revenue of nearly L.3,000,000. The consequence of the increased demand would be, that Spain, Portugal, and France would vie with each other in supplying our market with all that was wanted for those of the most moderate means, and for common use, as well as with the most costly and rare qualities. We should then have a good wholesome wine at 10d. or 1s. a bottle, as well as others on which the duty even now forms but a small part of the cost.

'Those who fear the moral effect of such an influx of wine, have only to go abroad where wine and spirits are

procured by the poorest, and they will perceive that where this is the case excess in either is very unusual; and they will become aware of the fact, that, owing to the ease with which wine in this country, a much stronger beverage of wine in this eating kind is drunk. To the more rapidly-intoxicating kind is drunk. To the more rapidly-intoxicating be added illustrative of the changes much might in the use of the various kinds of wine that have occurred past, the cause of which it would be for many years trace; but this would lead into a very interesting story.

We have always thought it very unfortunate, that, from any considerations whatever, and especially that, any merely fiscal considerations, the introduction of light French wines into this country should be to such a great extent prohibited. It is hardly possible, in travelling on the continent, and seeing the peasantry indulging without vicious excess in the refreshing un-intoxicating liquors of their own country, to avoid the conviction that these liquors might help in effecting a reform of the habits of the humbler classes of our own population. Climate may have something to do with the matter, and habits are not to be changed in a day; but we should certainly like to see the experiment of cheap wine as an antagonist of spirits fairly tried.

### MYSTERIOUS POISON.

THE *curare* is a violent poison, prepared by some of the tribes, chiefly cannibals, who inhabit the forests bordering on the Orinoco, the Rio-Negro, and the Amazon. It is a solid black matter, of a resinous appearance, and perfectly soluble in water, and is supposed to be procured from a species of thorn abundant in the country. Such at least is the origin assigned to it by Baron von Humboldt. This illustrious philosopher has given a relation of the feasts of the Indians upon their going each year to gather the plant, *Lasiosyris curare*, which produces the poison in the forests of Javita. He also minutely describes the method of extracting the curare, and the singular effects of this poison, which may be taken into the stomach with impunity, while, if introduced by a puncture under the skin, it causes almost immediate death. New details have since been given by travellers, but much doubt and uncertainty still rest upon the subject. The recent experiments of a learned Frenchman go far to confirm the marvels related of the poison, at the same time that they appear to complete its history.

Upon infusing a liquid solution of curare into the veins of an animal, death ensues instantaneously, without the creature uttering a cry, or manifesting any species of convulsive agitation. If the poison be introduced under the skin, its effects manifest themselves more slowly; but death invariably supervenes with similar and very singular symptoms. The animal appears not to feel the wound: a bird will fly as usual; but at the end of a few seconds it falls dead without uttering a cry, or giving the least sign of suffering. A rabbit or a dog will go and come, after the infliction of the fatal puncture, in its ordinary manner; but it soon appears fatigued, and lies down as if to sleep. Then respiration ceases; sensibility and life disappear; and it dies without a struggle.

In general, when life ceases suddenly, the nerves retain for some time the power of reaction under the influence of mechanical or chemical stimulants. If a nerve of motion be excited, convulsions supervene in the corresponding muscles; if the skin be pinched, certain special movements follow. After death by curare, none of these phenomena can be induced: there is a complete annihilation of all the properties of the nervous system. The nerves of the still warm animal that died but a minute ago are inert as those of one that has long been cold and stiff. The blood is completely black, and so much altered, that it coagulates with difficulty.

This is certainly a very terrible death; and yet one can eat of the curare with impunity. Its flavour is an agreeable bitter,' says Baron Humboldt; 'and Bonpland and I often swallowed small portions of it. There is no danger where the lips and gums are healthy. The master of the poison, which is the name they give to the old Indian, mixed with the preparation of the curare, tastes the liquid every instant, and judges of its quality by the degree of bitterness. . . . The Indians regard it as an excellent stomachic. . . . Upon the shores of the Orinoco they never eat any birds but those shot by a poisoned arrow. The missionaries themselves pretend that the flesh of animals killed in any other way is not so good.'

Seeing the complete innoxiousness of the curare when introduced into the stomach, one is apt to believe that it may be modified by the gastric juice, to the extent of totally destroying its deleterious properties; but nothing of the kind occurs. A fragment of curare having been given to a dog afflicted with a fistula in the stomach, after a little time the experimenter separated the poison from the gastric juice, and found that it still retained its peculiar properties. By a special privilege, the mucous membrane covering the *foedenum* does not admit the venomous principle of the curare. The mucous parts of the nostrils and eyes are equally antagonistic to its entrance; the pulmonary membrane is an exception. Upon introducing a few drops of the poison into the lungs, death supervened with the same rapidity as if the animal had received the venom under the skin by a wound. This membrane possesses a special texture, and is deprived of the protecting mucus that lubricates the other membranes communicating with the exterior.

From all this, it results that the curare acts upon animals in the manner of venoms and virus, and that, with the exception of their intensity, its effects present a striking analogy to the phenomena produced by the venom of the viper. But here an interesting question presents itself:—It is generally admitted that animal poisons alone possess this property of being taken with impunity into the digestive tube. All the others, on the contrary, applied exteriorly or interiorly, however little soluble they may be, poison the subject. Thus strychnine invariably produces the same effects, whether it be applied to the excoriated skin or introduced into the stomach. The curare forms the sole exception to this law; and though belonging, according to Humboldt, to the same vegetable family as strychnine, it acts like an animal poison. A doubt thus occurs, whether we are quite right as to the composition of the curare, and if it be really a vegetable poison after all. New researches would make us believe that the Indians, after having prepared the extract of *liane*, mix with it a few drops of venom collected from the vesicles of the most dangerous serpents.

It is necessary to have seen the rapidity with which the curare destroys an animal, to comprehend the danger of the experiments undertaken by M. Bernard. The idea that a single accidental movement, that the slightest puncture, would instantaneously kill the experimenter, without any human power being able to

bring him succour, is alarming in the extreme; for there is not a possible antidote against a poison that destroys so suddenly.

### THE VOICES THAT CALL ME.

THERE'S a voice from the woodland that calls me away,  
Where the sweet birds are singing from bower to spray;  
By my favourite rock the green mosses are springing,  
And far on the hillside the sheep-bells are ringing;  
By my rock springs a fountain where violets blow,  
The primrose, the cranesbill, and ground-ivy grow.  
There my favourite robin and sweet linnet bathe,  
And o'er it the brooms their gold coronals wave.  
The sunbeams are kissing the oak's glossy leaves,  
And a thousand low whispers are borne on the breeze.  
These to me are like loved voices—low, thrilling, sweet;  
These I fly to the lone wood as dear friends to meet.  
When coldness, deceit, disappointment, or strife,  
Parch up the bright dew from the fresh morn of life,  
Then the voice of my kindred things bids me come forth,  
And feel as a child in the childhood of earth.  
Gay fancies and wonder, deep thoughts and emotion,  
Like that of his bosom who first sees the ocean.  
While the chorus of voices praise Him who has given,  
And the incense of voiceless things floats up to heaven.

There's a voice from the ocean that calls me away,  
When the first shades of evening just steal o'er the day;  
When the tones of the waters, mysterious and low,  
Softly murmur bright words of the strange sights below;  
While the rose clouds of evening are fading in night,  
And far on the depths streams the last ray of light.  
There are voices that call me when wild winds are howling,  
And dark and portentous the black clouds are scowling;  
And the wild steeds of ocean, with white-crested mane,  
Like their compeers of earth, spurn bridle and rein;  
And the dash of these billows, that own not control,  
Stirs the wellspring of liberty deep in my soul.  
When in sorrow I wander, there are sweet voices nigh;  
The reeds by the river re-echoing each sigh;  
The trees as they sway, and the leaves as they quiver;  
The sigh of the winds, and the moan of the river!  
When in gladness I bound o'er the fresh smiling earth,  
The rejoicing of streams seem to welcome its birth;  
The trilling of birds and the chiming of showers,  
Announce the approach of long bright summer hours!

E. M. M.

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END OF FOURTEENTH VOLUME.









